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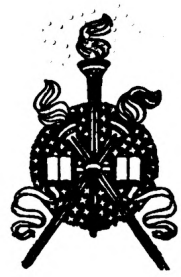

VOLUME CVIII

July, 1929, through December, 1929

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INDEX

TO

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME CVIII—July, 1929, THROUGH December, 1929

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A

ABIGAIL WANTS A RING. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Dorothy Walworth Carman* ..... 50 Dec.
AGE OF INDISCRETION. A Novel. Illustrated. Part I ..... *Alice Duer Miller* ..... 15 Nov.
AGE OF INDISCRETION. A Novel. Illustrated. Part II ..... *Alice Duer Miller* ..... 54 Dec.
ALLEY RAT. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Edmund Ware* ..... 36 Nov.
AREN'T FOLKS FUNNY? A Short Feature ..... 184 Nov.
AVIATION IS ABOUT TO BECOME OF AGE ..... *Sherman Gwinn* ..... 51 Sept.

B

BLUE WHISKERS. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Dixie Willson* ..... 32 Nov.
BOY-ABOUT-TOWN. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Howard Brubaker* ..... 30 Aug.
BOX CARS OF THE SEA. Illustrated ..... *Webb Waldron* ..... 32 Sept.
BRIDGING THE OCEAN WITH MAN-MADE ISLANDS ..... *Paul W. White* ..... 46 Nov.
BROKEN FAITH. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Elisabeth Sanxay Holding* ..... 68 Oct.
BUS—A NEW GIANT IN TRANSPORTATION, THE ..... *Lewis R. Freeman* ..... 42 Sept.

C

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS MYSTERIOUS HOMICIDE? ..... *Henry Smith Williams* ..... 66 Oct.
CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE RED MOON. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Oscar Graeve* ..... 38 Dec.
CORN LADIES. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Edith Barnard Delano* ..... 38 Oct.
CRUCIBLE. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Hal Field Leslie* ..... 30 Dec.

D

DAVE TUCKER. An Interview ..... *Magner White* ..... 74 Sept.
DARK HAPPINESS. A Novel. Part I. Illustrated ..... *William Dudley Pelley* ..... 18 July
DARK HAPPINESS. A Novel. Part II. Illustrated ..... *William Dudley Pelley* ..... 40 Aug.
DARK HAPPINESS. A Novel. Part III. Illustrated ..... *William Dudley Pelley* ..... 64 Sept.
DARK HAPPINESS. A Novel. Part IV. Illustrated ..... *William Dudley Pelley* ..... 62 Oct.
DON'T DO YOUR STRUTTING IN THE WATER! ..... *Mildred Harrington* ..... 58 July
DON'T FOOL WITH TONICS—THEY MAY FOOL YOU ..... *William S. Sadler, M. D.* ..... 22 July
DRIFT FENCE. A Novel. Part IV. Illustrated ..... *Zane Grey* ..... 54 July
DRIFT FENCE. A Novel. Part V. Illustrated ..... *Zane Grey* ..... 62 Aug.
DRIFT FENCE. A Novel. Part VI. Illustrated ..... *Zane Grey* ..... 22 Sept.
DRIFT FENCE. A Novel. Part VII. Illustrated ..... *Zane Grey* ..... 48 Oct.
DUMB ANIMALS, EH? ..... *Courtney Ryley Cooper* ..... 194 Oct.

E

EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN ..... 181 Oct.

319326

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F

Family's Problems, The ..... 158 July, 162 Aug., 182 Sept., 200 Oct., 198 Nov., 182 Dec.
Four Great Immoralities of Christianity, The ..... *George W. Gray* ..... 48 July
Freesia. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Inez Haynes Irwin* ..... 14 Sept.
Fringe of the Fantastic ..... *E. Alexander Powell* ..... 42 Dec.

G

Genius in Miniature (Socrates) ..... *Will Durant* ..... 94 Oct.
Genius in Miniature (Confucius) ..... *Will Durant* ..... 73 Nov.
Grand Champion, The ..... *Will Rogers* ..... 34 Dec.
Great Tomorrow, The ..... 152 July, 92 Aug., 82 Sept., 83 Oct., 192 Nov., 74 Dec.
Guilty Man, The. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Melville Davisson Post* ..... 16 Sept.

H

Hello, Hello, London ..... *Charles J. V. Murphy* ..... 22 Aug.
Henry Ford Talks to Young Men ..... *M. K. Wisehart* ..... 44 Aug.
How Big Men Think and Act ..... *M. K. Wisehart* ..... 30 July
How Business Leaders Are Made ..... *William S. Dutton* ..... 36 Oct.
How Deeply Are You Interested in Your Work? ..... *Harry Dexter Kitson* ..... 90 Oct.
How I Spent My Days at the White House ..... *Mrs. Calvin Coolidge* ..... 16 Oct.
How Much Do You Know About Wall Street? ..... *John T. Flynn* ..... 46 Aug.
How Saunders Norvell Sold Gold House Keys ..... *Helen Christine Bennett* ..... 24 July
How the Weather Affects Your Health ..... *E. E. Free* ..... 58 Dec.
How They Got That Way ..... 88, 174 Sept., 78, 192 Oct., 80 Nov., 73 Dec.
How to be Funny ..... *Will Rogers* ..... 61 Sept.
How Wild Things Act in Emergencies ..... *Archibald Rutledge* ..... 54 Oct.

I

I Am Ashamed of Myself ..... *Albert Payson Terhune* ..... 73 Sept.
If You Ask Me ..... 47 July, 57 Aug., 49 Sept., 61 Oct., 35 Nov., 41 Dec.
If You Have Friends You Can Endure Anything ..... *Helen Keller* ..... 62 Sept.
Interesting People:
- Belasto, Jules ..... *Neil M. Clark* ..... 68 Nov.
- Bernier, Captain Joseph E. ..... *Arthur P. Woollacott, F. R. G. S.* ..... 76 Sept.
- Brooks, Emerson ..... *Armstrong Perry* ..... 77 Oct.
- Burk, Reverend W. Herbert ..... *J. Leroy Miller* ..... 73 Aug.
- Cartotto, Ercole ..... *Mildred Harrington* ..... 68 July
- Dix, Richard ..... *Rosa Strider Reilly* ..... 78 Sept.
- Fooshe, James D. ..... *Edith Bell Love* ..... 70 Dec.
- Graham and Mrs. Green, Mrs. ..... *Magner White* ..... 82 Nov.
- Jones, Mrs. Ada ..... *Katherine Nunn* ..... 69 July
- Keating, Edith ..... *Brett Yates* ..... 77 Sept.
- Koivula, Miss Hilma ..... *Freeman H. Hubbard* ..... 74 Aug.
- Kosht, Mrs. Jean ..... *Frank Pope* ..... 69 Nov.
- Layman, Walter ..... *Mildred Harrington* ..... 194 Nov.
- Leonard, Father ..... *Dixie Willson* ..... 72 Oct.
- Lindsley, Mary A. ..... *Helen Christine Bennett* ..... 69 Dec.
- Parker, Mrs. Emily ..... *Magner White* ..... 73 Oct.
- Segrave, Major Henry O. de H. ..... *Charles J. V. Murphy* ..... 72 Aug.
- Shafer, Chet ..... *James C. Derieux, F. P.* ..... 70 Nov.
- Smith, Dean ..... *Rosa Strider Reilly* ..... 68 Dec.
- Steinhaus, Dr. Arthur H. ..... *Neil M. Clark* ..... 74 Oct.
- Taylor, Prof. Julian Daniel ..... *Thane Wilson* ..... 70 July
- Waddell, Doc—Circus Pastor ..... *Georgia Williams Moritz* ..... 81 Sept.

In Retrospect. A Poem ..... *Berton Braley* ..... 156 Dec.
It Is Never Too Hot for Me ..... *Charles A. David* ..... 155 Aug.

L

Labels. A Poem ..... *Carolyn Wells* ..... 135 Dec.
Lady Who Went to the Dogs, A ..... *Reginald T. Townsend* ..... 26 Sept.
Lionized. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Peter B. Kyne* ..... 26 July
Lost Battalion, The ..... *Thomas M. Johnson* ..... 54 Nov.
Lost Brook, The. A Poem ..... *Glen Ward Dresbach* ..... 190 Nov.
"Love Is Not Love." A Story. Illustrated ..... *Nelia Gardner White* ..... 46 Sept.
Low-Down on Salesmanship, The ..... *Neil M. Clark* ..... 22 Oct.

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M

Magic Island, The ..... *Will Irwin* ..... 26 Oct.
Mary Resigns. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Will Irwin* ..... 65 Nov.
Making Ourselves at Home in the White House ..... *Mrs. Calvin Coolidge* ..... 20 Nov.
Mark Twain as Revealed by Himself to ..... *Helen Keller* ..... 51 July
Matthew Stirling's Adventures in the Land that God Forgot ..... *William S. Dutton* ..... 58 Aug.
Minute Men of the Air ..... *William S. Dutton* ..... 40 Nov.
Mr. Money. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Dixie Willson* ..... 70 Sept.
Mute Witness. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Harold Titus* ..... 18 Oct.
Mystery at the Mill, The. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Melville Davisson Post* ..... 69 Aug.

N

New Plumes For Old. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Ellis Parker Butler* ..... 22 Nov.
"Nothing is Ever All Over With You." A Story. Illustrated ..... *Lynn Montross* ..... 24 Aug.
Not in the Headlines ..... 131 July, 176, 178 Sept., 134 Dec.

O

Old Loyalty. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Katharine Newlin Burt* ..... 33 July
One Bad Turn Deserves Another ..... *H. I. Phillips* ..... 36 Sept.
One Hundred Best Books ..... *Will Durant* ..... 26 Dec.
One Night in Flanders ..... *Captain Bruce Bairnsfather* ..... 21 Dec.
Our Billion-Dollar Christmas ..... *Ronald Millar* ..... 63 Dec.
Our Family Pets ..... *Mrs. Calvin Coolidge* ..... 24 Dec.
Our Secret War ..... *Thomas M. Johnson* ..... 36 July
Outlaws of Eden, The. A Novel. Part I. Illustrated ..... *Peter B. Kyne* ..... 11 Oct.
Outlaws of Eden, The. A Novel. Part II. Illustrated ..... *Peter B. Kyne* ..... 58 Nov.
Outlaws of Eden, The. A Novel. Part III. Illustrated ..... *Peter B. Kyne* ..... 61 Dec.

P

Pace That Bores, The. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Fannie Kilbourne* ..... 50 Aug.
Perfidy of Woman, The. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Edith Barnard Delano* ..... 38 Sept.
Perpetual Substitute, The. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Inez Haynes Irwin* ..... 58 Oct.
President Lives Under a Multitude of Eyes, The ..... *Calvin Coolidge* ..... 19 Aug.
Prince Edward—The Island Where There is No Divorce and No Crime ..... *William S. Dutton* ..... 48 Dec.
Prima Donna Stuff. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Margaret Culkin Banning* ..... 57 Sept.

R

Race is Not Always to the Swift nor to the Hard-boiled, The ..... *Magner White* ..... 52 Nov.
Reach for a Dollar Instead of a Cent ..... *George McManus* ..... 18 Nov
Rockne Made Football What It is Today ..... *John Kieran* ..... 26 Nov.

S

Salt Without Savor. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Captain Dingle* ..... 64 July
Scarab Murder Case, The. A Novel. Part I. Illustrated ..... *S. S. Van Dine* ..... 11 Dec.
Seat in the Subway, A. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Gerald Mygatt* ..... 18 Dec.
Something That's in a Man's Heart, The ..... *Mildred Harrington* ..... 66 Aug.
Sportfolio, The ..... 107 July, 136 Aug., 130 Sept., 138 Oct., 154 Nov., 109 Dec.
Stop Coddling Yourself! ..... *William S. Sadler, M. D.* ..... 68 Sept.
Strange Things Under the Sun ..... *Hugh Leamy* ..... 42 Oct.
Such a Good Sport. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Inez Sabastian* ..... 64 Dec.

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T

Teaching Animals to Behave ..... *Courtney Ryley Cooper* ..... 170 Dec.
Ten Greatest Women, The ..... *Emil Ludwig* ..... 11 Nov.
"Their Strength Was to Sit Still" ..... *Bruce Barton* ..... 24 Oct.
There's No Stopping a Woman with Courage Like This! ..... *Charles Lane Callen* ..... 28 Aug.
They Never Get Billy's Goat. An Interview ..... *Robert H. Denehey* ..... 40 July
Thinker, The. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Clarence Budington Kelland* ..... 44 July
This Picturesque World ..... 165 Nov., 140, 142, 144 Dec.
Travel Trails ..... 128 July, 115 Aug., 180 Sept., 80 Oct., 88 Nov., 29 Dec.
Tremendous Trifles ..... 167 Nov.

V

Vikings of the Middle West, The ..... *O. E. Rolvaag* ..... 44 Oct.

W

Watch Me Get Fired! A Story. Illustrated ..... *E. Waldo Long* ..... 54 Aug.
We Were Happy Till Golf Got Us ..... *H. I. Phillips* ..... 52 July
What Business Men Ought to Know About Women ..... *Sherman Gwinn* ..... 62 Nov.
What Do Trees Mean to You? ..... *Nicholas Roosevelt* ..... 34 Aug.
What Do You Say to Yourself? ..... *Harry Emerson Fosdick* ..... 35 Oct.
What It Costs You to Keep Clean ..... *Ronald Millar* ..... 50 Nov.
What It Means to Be President ..... *Calvin Coolidge* ..... 15 July
What To Do At Your Age to Protect Your Health ..... *William S. Sadler, M. D.* ..... 53 Aug.
When I Became the First Lady ..... *Mrs. Calvin Coolidge* ..... 11 Sept.
Why Gypsies Stick Together ..... *Konrad Bercovici* ..... 60 July
Why I Envy Wild Things ..... *Archibald Rutledge* ..... 54 Sept
Witness in the Metal Box, The. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Melville Davisson Post* ..... 42 Nov.

Y

You Can't Build Skyscrapers With Your Head in the Sky ..... *Helen Christine Bennett* ..... 16 Dec.
You Can't Tell Where You're Going ..... *William S. Dutton* ..... 20 Sept.
You May Be Young In Years—But Old in Hours ..... *M. K. Wisehart* ..... 52 Oct.
Young Man Who Was Prepared for Everything, The. A Story. Illustrated ..... *Clarence Budington Kelland* ..... 32 Oct.

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INDEX TO VOLUME CVIII, July, 1929, THROUGH December, 1929

AUTHORS

B

Bairnsfather, Captain Bruce ..... 21 Dec.
Banning, Margaret Culkin ..... 57 Sept.
Barton, Bruce ..... 24 Oct.
Bennett, Helen Christine ..... 24 July, 16, 69 Dec.
Bercovici, Konrad ..... 60 July
Braley, Berton ..... 156 Dec.
Brubaker, Howard ..... 30 Aug.
Burt, Katharine Newlin ..... 33 July
Butler, Ellis Parker ..... 22 Nov.

C

Callen, Charles Lane ..... 28 Aug.
Carman, Dorothy Walworth ..... 50 Dec.
Clark, Neil M. ..... 22, 74 Oct., 68 Nov.
Coolidge, Mrs. Calvin ..... 11 Sept., 16 Oct., 20 Nov., 24 Dec.
Coolidge, Calvin ..... 15 July, 19 Aug.
Cooper, Courtney Ryley ..... 194 Oct., 170 Dec.
Crowell, Merle .....
47 July, 57 Aug., 49 Sept., 61 Oct., 35 Nov., 41 Dec.

D

David, Charles A. ..... 155 Aug.
Delano, Edith Barnard ..... 38 Sept., 38 Oct.
Denehey, Robert H. ..... 40 July
Derieux, James C. ..... 70 Nov.
Dingle, Captain ..... 64 July
Dresbach, Glen Ward ..... 190 Nov.
Durant, Will ..... 94 Oct., 73 Nov., 26 Dec.
Dutton, William S. 58 Aug., 20 Sept., 36 Oct., 40 Nov., 48 Dec.

F

Flynn, John T. ..... 46 Aug.
Fosdick, Harry Emerson ..... 35 Oct.
Free, E. E. ..... 58 Dec.
Freeman, Lewis R. ..... 42 Sept.

G

Graeve, Oscar ..... 38 Dec.
Gray, George W. ..... 48 July
Grey, Zane ..... 54 July, 62 Aug., 22 Sept., 48 Oct.
Gwinn, Sherman ..... 51 Sept., 62 Nov.

H

Harrington, Mildred ..... 58, 68 July, 66 Aug., 194 Nov.
Holding, Elisabeth Sanxay ..... 68 Oct.
Hubbard, Freeman H. ..... 74 Aug.

I

Irwin, Inez Haynes ..... 14 Sept., 58 Oct.
Irwin, Will ..... 26 Oct., 65 Nov.

J

Johnson, Thomas M. ..... 36 July, 54 Nov.

K

Kelland, Clarence Budington ..... 44 July, 32 Oct.
Keller, Helen ..... 51 July, 62 Sept.
Kieran, John ..... 26 Nov.
Kilbourne, Fannie ..... 50 Aug.
Kitson, Harry Dexter ..... 90 Oct.
Kyne, Peter B. ..... 26 July, 11 Oct., 58 Nov., 61 Dec.

L

Leamy, Hugh ..... 42 Oct.
Leslie, Hal Field ..... 30 Dec.
Long, E. Waldo ..... 54 Aug.
Love, Edith Bell ..... 70 Dec.
Ludwig, Emil ..... 11 Nov.

M

McManus, George ..... 18 Nov.
Millar, Ronald ..... 50 Nov., 63 Dec.
Miller, Alice Duer ..... 15 Nov., 54 Dec.
Miller, J. Leroy ..... 73 Aug.
Montross, Lynn ..... 24 Aug.
Moritz, Georgia Williams ..... 81 Sept.
Murphy, Charles J. V. ..... 22 Aug., 72 Aug.
Mygatt, Gerald ..... 18 Dec.

N

Nunn, Katherine ..... 69 July

P

Paddock, Charley .....
107 July, 136 Aug., 130 Sept., 138 Oct., 154 Nov., 109 Dec.
Pelley, William Dudley ..... 18 July, 40 Aug., 64 Sept. 62 Oct.
Perry, Armstrong ..... 77 Oct.
Phillips, H. I. ..... 52 July, 36 Sept.
Pitkin, Walter B. .....
152 July, 92 Aug., 82 Sept., 83 Oct., 192 Nov., 74 Dec.
Pope, Frank ..... 69 Nov.
Post, Melville Davisson ..... 69 Aug., 16 Sept., 42 Nov.
Powell, E. Alexander ..... 42 Dec.

R

Reilly, Rosa Strider ..... 78 Sept., 68 Dec.
Rogers, Will ..... 61 Sept., 34 Dec.
Rolvaag, O. E. ..... 44 Oct.
Roosevelt, Nicholas ..... 34 Aug.
Rutledge, Archibald ..... 54 Sept., 54 Oct.

S

Sabastian, Inez ..... 64 Dec.
Sadler, Dr. William S. ..... 22 July, 53 Aug., 68 Sept.

T

Terhune, Albert Payson ..... 73 Sept.
Titus, Harold ..... 18 Oct.
Townsend, Reginald T. ..... 26 Sept.

V

Van Dine, S. S. ..... 11 Dec.

W

Waldron, Webb ..... 32 Sept.
Ware, Edmund ..... 36 Nov.
Wells, Carolyn ..... 135 Dec.
White, Magner ..... 74 Sept., 73 Oct., 52, 82 Nov.
White, Nelia Gardner ..... 46 Sept.
White, Paul W. ..... 46 Nov.
Williams, Henry Smith ..... 66 Oct.
Willson, Dixie ..... 70 Sept., 72 Oct., 32 Nov.
Wilson, Thane ..... 70 July
Wisehart, M. K. ..... 30 July, 44 Aug., 52 Oct.
Woollacott, Arthur P. ..... 76 Sept.

Y

Yates, Brett ..... 77 Sept.

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July, 1929

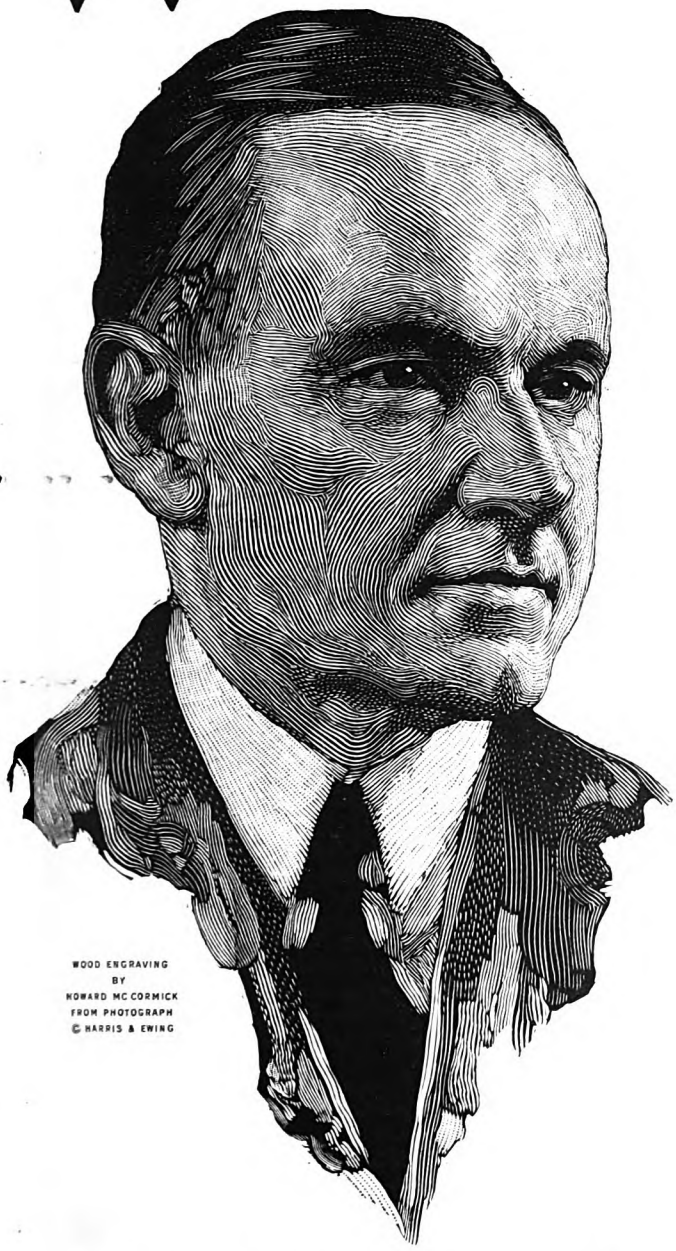
The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

What It Means to be President

By

Calvin Coolidge



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"If others make mistakes they can be relieved, and oftentimes a remedy can be provided. But the President cannot retire. His decisions are final and usually irreparable. This constitutes the appalling burden of his office"

AS I recall the mounting events of the years I spent in Washington, I appreciate how impossible it is to convey an adequate realization of the office of President. A few short paragraphs in the Constitution of the United States describe all his fundamental duties. Various laws passed over a period of nearly a century and a half have supplemented his authority. All of his actions can be analyzed. All of his goings and comings can be recited. The details of his daily life can be made known. The effect of his policies on his own country and on the world at large can be estimated. His methods of work, his associates, his place of abode, can all be described. But the relationship created by all these and more, which constitutes the magnitude of the office, does not yield to definition. Like the glory of a morning sunrise, it can only be experienced—it cannot be told.

In the discharge of the duties of the office there is one rule of action more important than all others. It consists in never doing anything that someone else can do for you. Like many other good rules, it is proven by its exceptions. But it indicates a course that should be very strictly followed in order to prevent being so entirely devoted to trifling details that there will be little opportunity to give the necessary consideration to policies of larger importance.

Like some other rules, this one has an important corollary which must be carefully observed in order to secure success. It is not sufficient to entrust details to someone else. They must be entrusted to someone who is competent. The Presidency is primarily an executive office. It is placed at the apex of our system of government. It is a place of last resort to which all questions are brought that others have not been able to answer. The ideal way for it to function is to assign to the various positions men of sufficient ability so that they can solve all the problems that arise under their jurisdiction. If there is a troublesome

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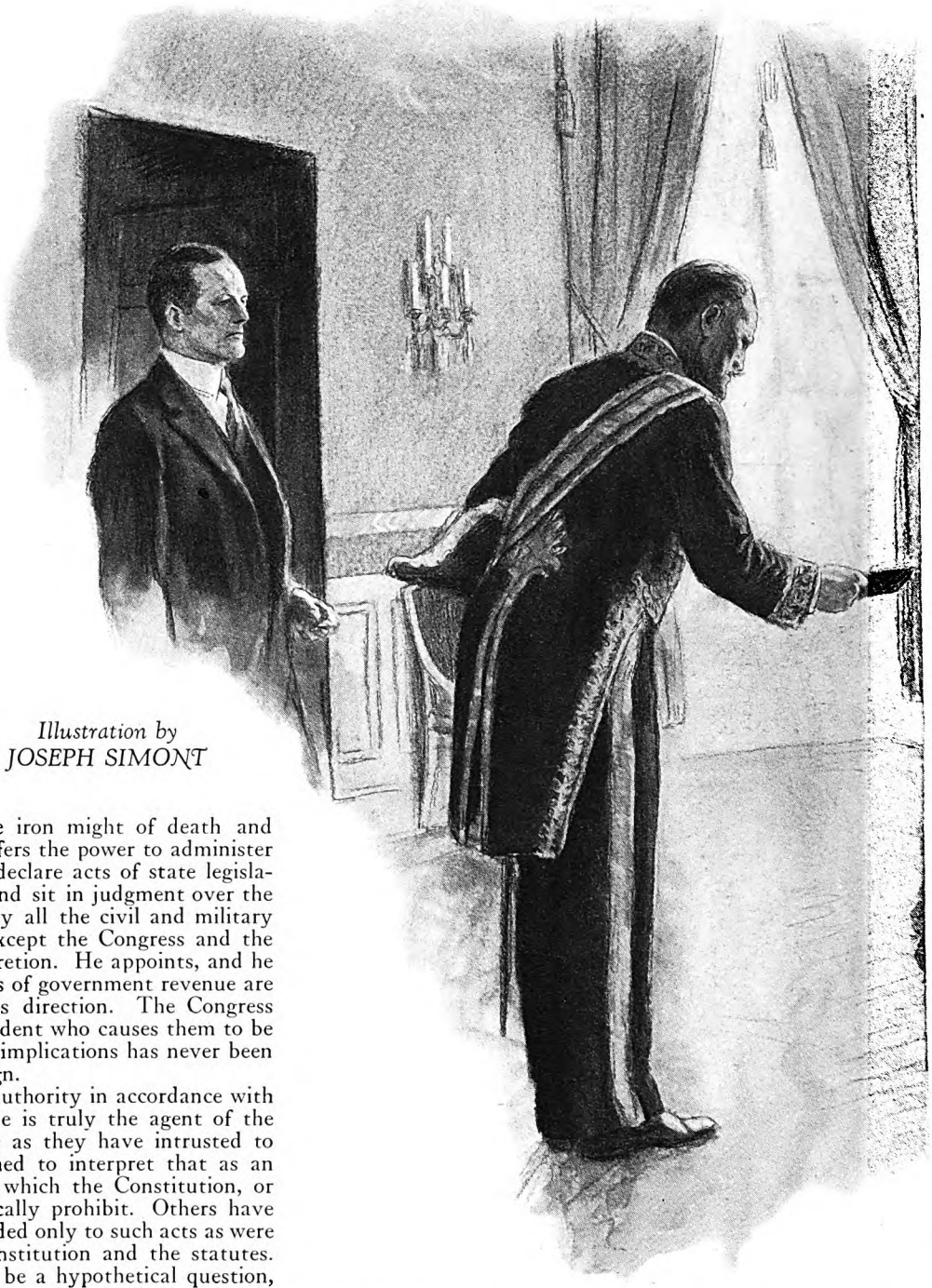
situation in Nicaragua, a General McCoy can manage it. If we have differences with Mexico, a Morrow can compose them. If there is unrest in the Philippines, a Stimson can quiet them. About a dozen able, courageous, reliable, and experienced men in the House and the Senate can reduce the problems of legislation almost to a vanishing point.



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JOSEPH SIMONT

WHILE it is wise for the President to get all the competent advice possible, final judgments are necessarily his own. No one can share with him the responsibility for them. No one can make his decisions for him. He stands at the center of things where no one else can stand. If others make mistakes, they can be relieved, and oftentimes a remedy can be provided. But he cannot retire. His decisions are final and usually irreparable. This constitutes the appalling burden of his office. Not only the welfare of 120,000,000 of his countrymen, but oftentimes the peaceful relations of the world are intrusted to his keeping. At the turn of his hand the guns of an enormous fleet would go into action anywhere in the world, carrying the iron might of death and destruction. His appointment confers the power to administer justice, inflict criminal penalties, declare acts of state legislatures and of the Congress void, and sit in judgment over the very life of the nation. Practically all the civil and military authorities of the Government, except the Congress and the courts, hold their office at his discretion. He appoints, and he can remove. The billions of dollars of government revenue are collected and expended under his direction. The Congress makes the laws, but it is the President who causes them to be executed. A power so vast in its implications has never been conferred upon any ruling sovereign.

Yet the President exercises his authority in accordance with the Constitution and the law. He is truly the agent of the people, performing such functions as they have intrusted to him. Some Presidents have seemed to interpret that as an authorization to take any action which the Constitution, or perhaps the law, does not specifically prohibit. Others have considered that their powers extended only to such acts as were specifically authorized by the Constitution and the statutes. This has always seemed to me to be a hypothetical question, which it would be idle to attempt to determine in advance. It would appear to be the better practice to wait to decide each question on its merits as it arises. Jefferson is said to have entertained the opinion that there was no constitutional warrant for enlarging the territory of the United States, but when the actual facts confronted him he did not hesitate to negotiate the Louisiana Purchase. For all ordinary occasions the specific powers assigned to the President will be found sufficient to provide for the welfare of the country. That is all he needs.

All situations that arise are likely to be simplified, and many of them completely solved, by an application of the Constitution and the law. If what they require to be done, is done, there is no opportunity for criticism and it would be seldom that anything better could be devised. A Commission once came to me with a proposal for adopting rules to regulate the conduct of its members. As they were evenly divided, each side wished me to decide against the other. They did this because, while it is always the nature of a Commissioner to claim that he is entirely independent of the President, he would usually welcome Presidential interference with any other Commissioner who does not agree with him. In this case it occurred to me that the Department of Justice should ascertain what the statute setting up this Commission required under the circumstances. A reference to the law disclosed that the Congress had specified the qualifications of the members of the Commission and that they could not by rule either enlarge or diminish the power of their individual members. So their problem was solved like many others by simply finding out what the law required.

EVERY day of the Presidential life is crowded with activities. When people not accustomed to Washington came to the office, or when I met them on some special occasion, they often remarked that it seemed to be my busy day, to which my stock reply came to be that all days were busy and there was little difference among them. It was my custom to be out of bed about six-thirty, except in the darkest mornings of winter. One of the doormen at the White House was an excellent barber, but I always preferred to shave myself with old-fashioned razors which I knew how to keep in good condition. It was my intention to take a short walk before breakfast, which Mrs. Coolidge and I ate together in our rooms. For me there was fruit and about one-half cup of coffee, with a home-made cereal obtained from boiling together two parts of unground wheat with one part of rye. To this was added a roll and a strip of bacon, which went mostly to our dogs.

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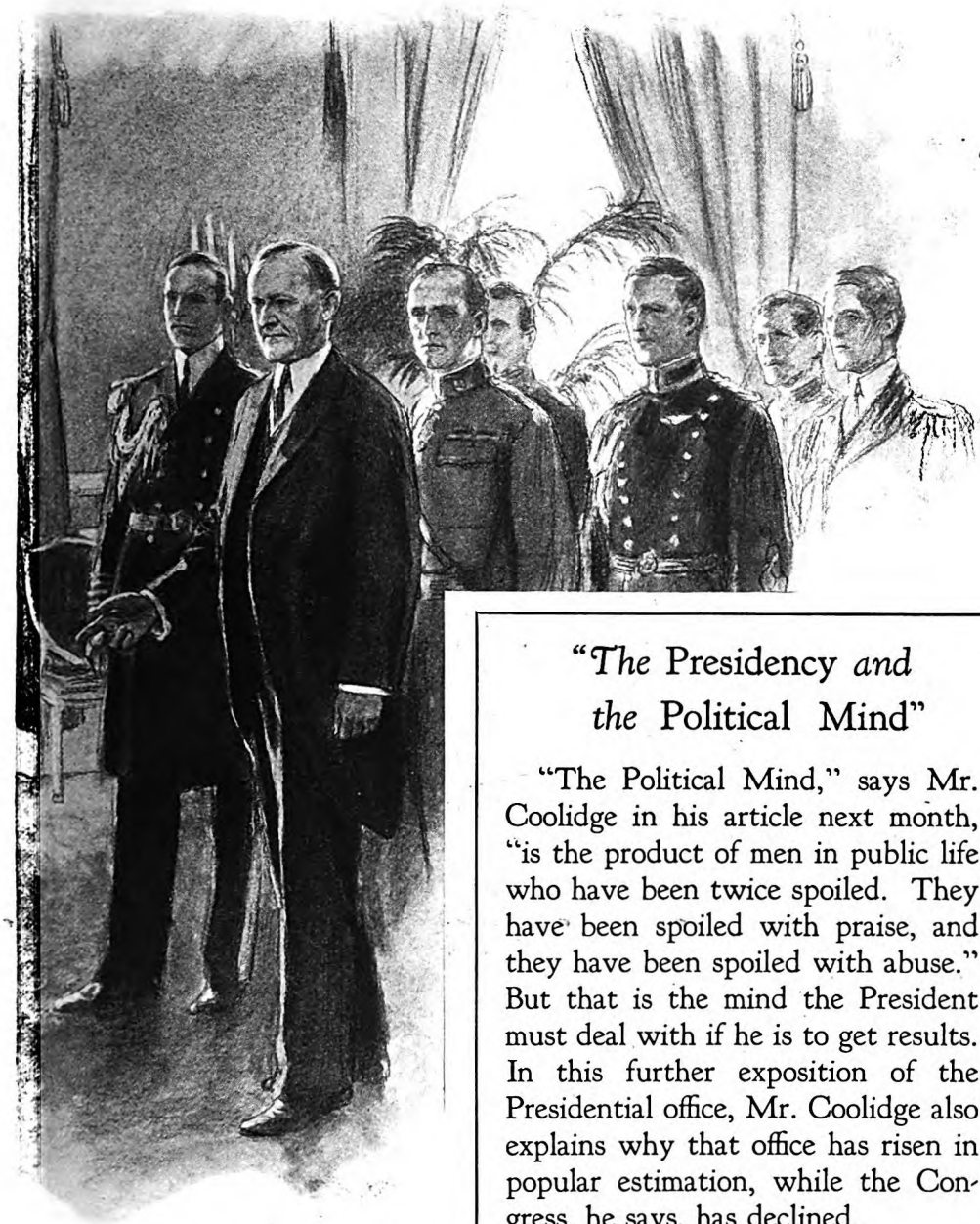

"*The* Presidency *and the* Political Mind"

"The Political Mind," says Mr. Coolidge in his article next month, "is the product of men in public life who have been twice spoiled. They have been spoiled with praise, and they have been spoiled with abuse." But that is the mind the President must deal with if he is to get results. In this further exposition of the Presidential office, Mr. Coolidge also explains why that office has risen in popular estimation, while the Congress, he says, has declined.

Soon after eight found me dictating in the White House library in preparation for some public utterance. This would go on for more than an hour, after which I began to receive callers at the office. Most of these came by appointment, but in addition to the average of six to eight who were listed, there would be about as many more from my Cabinet and the Congress, to whom I was always accessible. Each one came to me with a different problem requiring my decision, which was usually made at once. About twelve-fifteen those began to be brought in who were to be somewhat formally presented. At twelve-thirty the doors were opened and a long line passed by who wished merely to shake hands with the President. On one occasion I shook hands with 1,900 in thirty-four minutes, which is probably my record. Instead of a burden, it was a pleasure and a relief to meet people in that way and listen to their greeting, which was often a benediction. It was at this same hour that the numerous groups assembled in the south grounds, where I joined them for the photographs used for news purposes and permanent mementoes of their White House visit.

Lunch came at one o'clock, at which we usually had guests. It made an opportunity for giving our friends a little more attention than could be extended through a mere handshake. About an hour was devoted to rest before returning to the office, where the afternoon was reserved for attention to the immense number of documents which pass over the desk of the President. These were all cleaned up each day. Before dinner another walk was in order, followed by exercises on some of the vibrating machines kept in my room. We gathered at the dinner table at seven o'clock, and within three-quarters of an hour work would be resumed with my stenographer, to continue until about ten o'clock. Of course, there were many variations, but this was the usual routine.

THE White House offices are under the direction of the Secretary to the President. They are the center of activities which are world-wide. Reports come in daily from heads of departments, from distant possessions, and from foreign diplomats and consular agents scattered all over the earth. A mass of correspondence, from the Congress, the officials of the States, and the general public, is constantly being received. All of this often reaches two thousand pieces in a day. Very much of it is sent at once to the department to which it refers, from which an answer is sent direct to the writer. Other parts are sent to different members of the office staff, and some is laid before the President. While I signed many letters, I did not dictate many. After indicating the nature of the reply, it was usually put into form by some of the Secretaries. A great many photographs were sent in to be inscribed, and a constant stream of autographs went to all who wrote for them.

At ten-thirty on Tuesdays and Fridays the Cabinet meetings were held. These were always very informal. Each member was asked if he had any problem he wished to lay before the President. When I first attended with President Harding at the beginning of a new administration, these were rather numerous. Later, they decreased, as each member felt better able to solve his own problems. After entire freedom of discussion, but always without a vote of any kind, I was accustomed to announce what the decision should be.

There never ought to be and never were marked differences of opinion in my Cabinet. As their duties were not to advise each other, but to advise the President, they could not disagree among themselves. I rarely failed to accept their recommendations. Sometimes they wished for larger appropriations than the state of the Treasury warranted, but they all coöperated most sincerely in the policy of economy and were content with such funds as I could assign to them.

THE Secretary of State is the agency through which the President exercises his constitutional authority to deal with foreign relations. As this subject is a matter of constant interchange, he makes no annual report upon it. Other Cabinet officers make annual reports to the President on the whole conduct of their departments, which he transmits to the Congress. All the intercourse with foreign governments is carried on through the Secretary of State, and a national of a foreign country could not be received by the President unless the accredited diplomatic representative (*Continued on page 92*)

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It suddenly broke through Hives's opaque mentality that he still was encumbered with that implement of frog-catching

Dark HAPPINESS

THE first person to encounter the great black limousine and note the puzzling behavior of its occupants was a community half-wit, one "Hives" LaFlemme.

The encounter was unique.

Someone had gravely informed Hives of a newly discovered method for gathering frogs in quantities. With the edible properties of their galvanic parts in mind, one acquired an umbrella and likewise a shovel. Then one hunted such portion of a Vermont meadow brooklet as flowed beneath a bridge. Wading in beneath such bridge, one hoisted the umbrella, at the same time keeping firm grip on the shovel. According to Hives's informant, if one stood perfectly still for a time, the frogs gathered round. The spectacle of a human being holding a raised umbrella under a bridge so attracted and amazed them that one could easily bash them over their respective heads and harvest them copiously.

So Hives had been told. On that information he acted. Out from Lotusville toward Hebron he had trudged, umbrella in one hand, shovel in the other. Reaching the bridge that spanned Barnes Brook, he had pushed through the alders down into the water. Patiently he had experimented, testing pool after pool in the golden-brown current. He had held the umbrella close to the surface; he had hoisted it aloft; he had tried it open; he had tried it closed. One small, sleek froglet had scuttled downstream as he entered the shadows beneath the old bridge. Gone to fetch relatives, the half-wit accepted. But the afternoon waned. Soft saffron sunset closed that May day. No frogs appeared in numbers, to gasp at an umbrella and meet a lethal shovel.

NOW and then a gadfly was devoured by a trout. Two jaybirds scolded angrily at the intruder's appearance—he was a long-bodied, narrow-shouldered, small-headed youth whose thin shanks reflected like saplings in the water. Now and then, too, a farmer's noisy flivver would come out of the distance, pass over the bridge, sprinkle sand down from its flooring, and vanish

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Illustrated by
OSCAR F. SCHMIDT

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY'S *remarkable story of the strange happenings in the* House *of* Cravenside

in a dust-cloud toward Lotusville or Hebron. Hives had stayed motionless till such vehicles were gone. He had sense enough to realize that explanations might be awkward. But as somnolent twilight descended on the mountains, the conviction grew upon him that all men were liars.

He had seated himself on a granite boulder to meditate on this, feet in noiseless current, the unclosed umbrella tilting down his back, when the purring of a motor became audible above him. The acoustics of the spot in twilight were peculiar. Approaching the bridge, the machine seemed to throttle. Forthwith it halted. A safety brake rasped sharply. Whereupon came silence—a long, suggestive silence. . . .

LaFlemme grew perturbed.

Why had the car not continued over the bridge? In which direction was it headed? Why should it halt in that lonely district? No buildings were in sight—only scrub spruce pastures unroofed to the sky. Was Hives guilty of trespass? Had the driver of the car come out there to bag him? Hives had been "bagged" several times in his life. He could state from experience that such a thrill was not pleasant. He knew too of a law against taking fish with guns. Mightn't Vermont protect its frogs from umbrellas?

The halt could be caused, of course, by a tire. Or some amorous swain could have brought his sweetheart thither. . . . But the minutes ticked away . . . soundless minutes . . . and Hives LaFlemme knew panic. No auto doors banged. Came the clinking of no tire tools. Not even voices were in evidence above. Hives had to see that car and know what was happening.

HE GOT to his feet, though his foothold was precarious. Still clutching the umbrella, he skulked along the alders. Down the brook on the south he waded, found an opening in the undergrowth, pushed himself through it. He stood in scented pasture and surveyed the road above him.

That road ran east and west. Headed in the latter direction, a hundred feet from the bridge structure's eastern end, stood a

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Standing motionless an instant, one foot advanced as if feeling for some cue, paused a bare-headed woman, hair loosened to her waist!

spectral black car of magnificent proportions. No lights showed about it. Its driver's seat was empty. Slightly off-road in low weeds it was halted, a heavy glass box resplendent with much nickel.

Had it been abandoned? If so, were finders keepers? Hives LaFlemme was perfectly content to lay claim to ownership on such a basis. He had immediately perceived that no game warden would come seeking him in a car so palatial, and with that perception his nervousness vanished. He climbed to the road to investigate closer. He still was unmindful that he carried the umbrella, opened above his head, though the first stars of evening betokened no hostile elements. Over the wall the pasture-path led him. He came on the limousine from behind.

FAR back down the highway, in the easterly direction from which the car had come, LaFlemme saw two figures—a man and a woman. Walking away from him they were. They had nearly reached the curve where a road forked off toward Barnes's.

This, to Hives's intellect, held a stunning significance: The elegant contrivance was being deserted while he watched. He stared at those figures with mouth sagging open. Could he—dared he—make good his salvage rights? To one who stalked frogs with umbrella and shovel such dramatic good fortune did not seem peculiar. Joe Seaver had once found a flivver so abandoned, with no owner appearing to demand its return. That Hives had found a limousine did not alter the premise.

True, he had a bad half-moment when the possibility of an empty gas tank's causing this abandonment punctured his daze. Still, people "out of gas" would scarcely walk toward Hebron—three miles to a house, fifteen back to town—when the hamlet of Lotusville lay a mile on ahead. Furthermore, a glance at the tank showed a huge, clock-faced gauge; three-quarters full, its indicator registered.

No, this car was *abandoned*. Anyone might claim it. Hives started about it in pride of possession. He shifted the umbrella. He tried its left door—which opened with the balance of a door to a bank vault. Blue velvet was disclosed, in deep-toned upholstery.

Then suddenly he squealed.

The machine was not empty. Its tonneau held a woman.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed—at the sight Hives presented.

Hives nearly bolted. . . .

Leaning backward she had been, dozing perhaps, till something pop-eyed and rakish, overalls rolled to a pair of bony knees, sought to climb in beside her with an opened umbrella. Small wonder she was startled—as startled as Hives. The latter staggered backward.

"Where have *you* come from?" she contrived to demand. Had she been out beside him she might have glanced skyward for signs of freak aircraft. The incongruity of that umbrella, raised in pastoral twilight, suggested that Hives must have floated earthward from some empyrean dilemma, the mammoth umbrella an emergency parachute.

"Th' b-b-bridge," stammered Hives. "I come up from below."

Here was something brand-new in parachutes. One could use them, apparently, to go up as well as down.

"You came up from below? What on earth do you want?"

"This bus—I see 'em leavin' it. If I didn't take it, someone else might."

"You mean that you'd steal it?"

"Naw, only *find* it. I allus did hanker for such a machine."

THE woman repressed an impulse to laugh.

"But why are you carrying that ridiculous umbrella?"

It suddenly broke through Hives' opaque mentality that he still was encumbered with that implement of frog catching. He cast it from him as though it were hot. But it would not depart from him. It turned bottom up and screened his lean shanks.

"Oh I just had it. I allus take a umbrella when I go walkin'. No telling what'll happen 'fore I get back."

"Do you live hereabout?"

"In Lotusville, I do. I live t' Jessie Barnes's." The barnacling umbrella came in for a kick. It really was the limousine Hives wanted to kick, having it snatched from him, so to speak, by the presence of this occupant.

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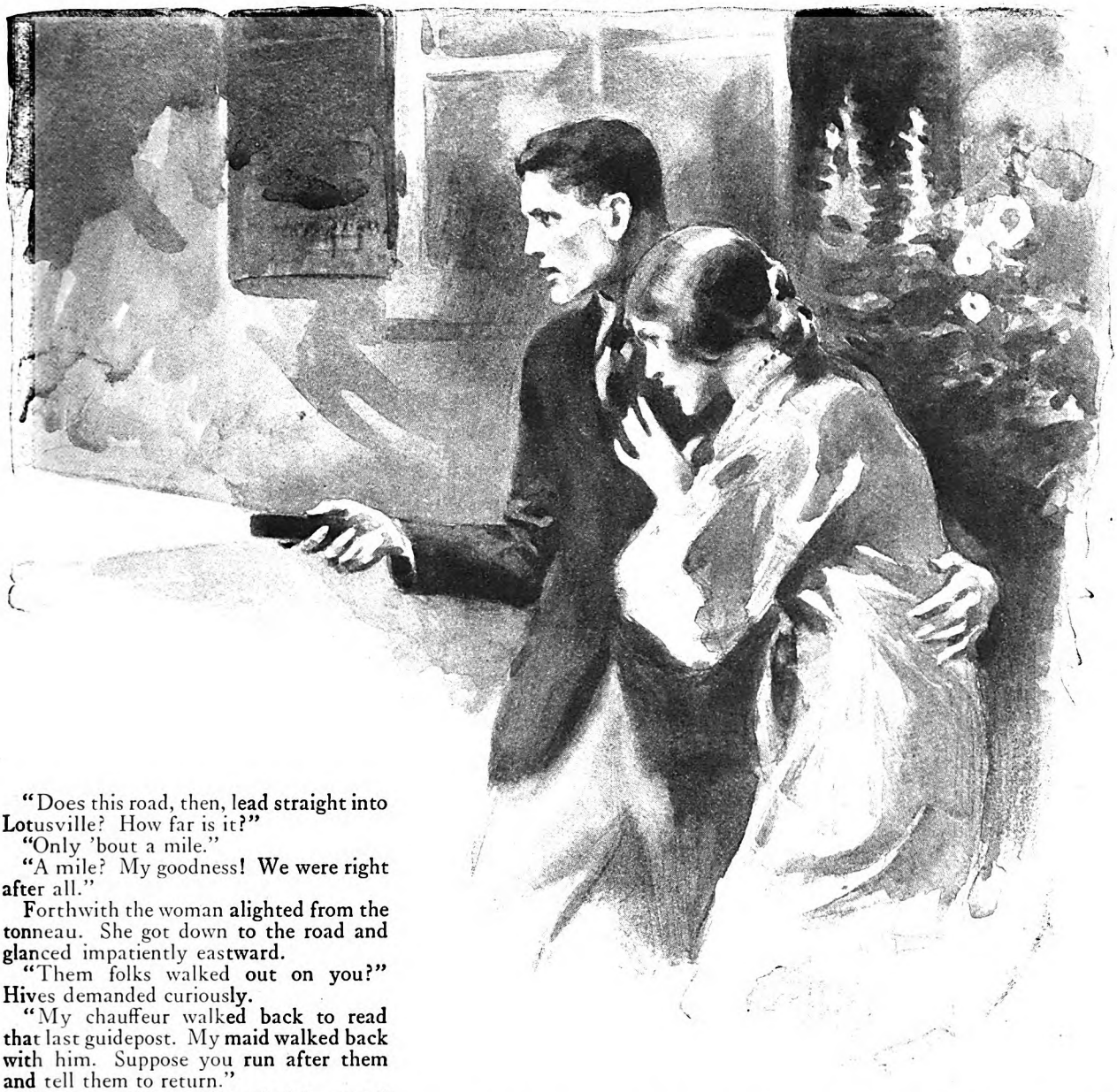

"Does this road, then, lead straight into Lotusville? How far is it?"

"Only 'bout a mile."

"A mile? My goodness! We were right after all."

Forthwith the woman alighted from the tonneau. She got down to the road and glanced impatiently eastward.

"Them folks walked out on you?" Hives demanded curiously.

"My chauffeur walked back to read that last guidepost. My maid walked back with him. Suppose you run after them and tell them to return."

Hives considered. "Naw, 'tain't sense," he finally decided. "If they've went to read a sign, they'll come back anyhow, won't they? All we gotta do is *wait!*" And with the complacent disdain of a master mathematician who has drawn a perfect equation for a novice, Hives kicked the umbrella so that it stayed kicked and turned toward the car which had almost been his property.

The woman bit her lip.

SHE was a comely brunette, some thirty years in age. Her dark hair, unbobbed, fluffed softly on her temples, waved to a knot at the back of her head. She was hatless at the moment. A frock of pastel tan showed pretty throat and shoulders with elbow-length gloves doing service for sleeves. Her waist had a trimness; her ankles a fragility. But men could determine her caste from her eyes.

They were dark, deep-set eyes under high-arching brows. The lashes were long. There were shadows beneath them. They held an appealing, troubled wistfulness, though not unattended by a certain self-possession. Gazing upward into any man's face, they would meet, not his gaze in return, but his heart. . . .

Her features, however, could be marred by her mouth. As a mouth it was pretty. And yet it could be firm. Too firm. That firmness showed now as she scrutinized the east.

"You goin' t' Lotusville?" demanded the loony. Completely around the machine he had walked, till he faced its owner, who responded by a nod.

"You don't live there," Hives contended stoutly.

"Yes, I do."

She said it as though to defend herself with conversation, though the catcher of frogs had knowledge of the servants.

"You do *not!*" he blazed suddenly. "I know everybody t' Lotusville. An' I been told 'bout enough lies t'day. You remember that. I just can't stand it."

"I'm Mrs. Donald Cravenside. If you know everybody in Lotusville, you doubtless have heard of my husband."

Again came the half-wit's audible gasp, and again he recoiled—in a manner of fright.

"You're th' wife o' th' Haunt?"

"Haunt?" The woman turned sharply.

"Don Cravenside's dead. Everybody knows it. They's folks swears they've seen his haunt. I tried to m'self but John Forsythe chucked me off. There's a feller I'm gonna kill some day—if I ever get a good knife—"

"Does all Lotusville—the whole community—really think that my husband is dead?"

LaFlemme was perplexed. What sort of woman was this who didn't know her husband's cosmic status? She repeated her question before the half-wit found his tongue. Withal she seemed confused. Her face was eerie pale.

"Huh, didn't I tell you they's folks as have *seen* him? Joe Gleason claims he met Don Cravenside on the Paris road just week 'fore last. Had a fiddle under his arm, Don Cravenside did—that's how Joe knowed him. And Joe says he—he—walked right through him—"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"ALL RIGHT. You arsk Joe. Jessie Barnes—she's seed him too. An' old Batty Baldwin swears if *he* ever meets him he'll call on God right then and there—blast him t' stay blasted—"

"I'll give you a whole dollar if you'll run back down the road and tell my servants to hurry."

"But I don't need a dollar. I already got a dollar. (*Continued on page 112*)

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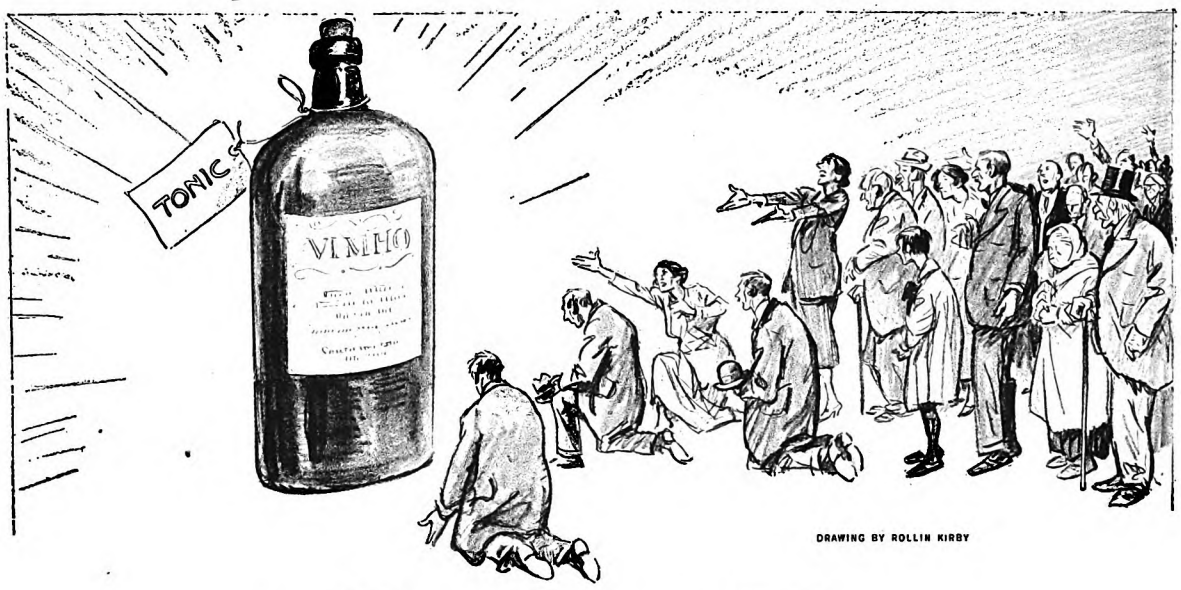

DRAWING BY ROLLIN KIRBY

Don't Fool *with* Tonics— They *may* Fool You

By

WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

PEOPLE, when they are feeling a bit run down, are all too ready, as Doctor Sadler points out, to try to get a "lift" out of a patent medicine bottle or pill box. Instead of flying to these panaceas for all ills, which are usually of little or no medicinal value, these persons could improve their general health merely by calling plain horse sense to their aid. After reading this article, sit down and figure out the why and wherefore of *your* "all-in" feeling, what you have been doing that you shouldn't, or vice versa; and in the light of the information given you, discover your own tonic at no cost to your pocketbook. The Editor.

SCENE on any city street:

One man meets another.

"Looking kind of seedy, old man!"

"Yep; I'm not feeling any too good."

"Been working too hard?"

"Guess so. I'm off my feed, don't sleep well, and generally feel 'all in.'"

"Too bad, why don't you go to a doctor and get a tonic, or hop over to the drugstore and get a bottle of Pep-u-up-at-once. Jones said he took a bottle and after a few doses felt like a new man."

And so on, far into the year, the story runs. "Feeling all in?" A few magic pellets or a few doses of tonic will pep you up again!

Bosh! Getting rid of the "all-in" feeling isn't so easy as that.

You simply cannot abuse your body—overwork it, under-exercise it, wrongly feed it, get it all nervously exhausted—and expect it to respond to a panacea out of a bottle or a box.

No. You have to get right down to brass tacks and live by the rules of health.

Not that I wish to go on record as being against all tonics. That would be foolish. Tonics have their place in the field of medicine, but it is a field that should be controlled by reputable physicians, and not entered lightly by the laity.

As a matter of fact, I do occasionally prescribe tonics for my patients, even when I know they will not benefit from them to any extent physically. I do it for a psychological reason.

If a patient is suffering from that "all-in" feeling, he is likely to be in a pretty discouraged frame of mind. The mere act of taking something which he *thinks* is going to do him good helps his mental attitude. And thought is often a mighty efficacious medicine. Then, too, there are certain simple tonics which stimulate the appetite; thus the run-down patient is persuaded to eat more, he is better nourished, builds up strength, and is more easily made to see reason.

However, I am glad to say that nine times out of ten I am able to look a patient in the eye and tell him just what a tonic will do and what it won't do. Then I ask him whether he wants to take one, or whether he is willing to fight this run-down feeling along basic lines. If he is a sensible chap, he's willing to build up basically and will follow out my health rules to the letter.

Just here, before I go any farther, I want to say that alcohol, from a scien tific standpoint, is classified as a narcoti not a stimulant, although it has an *imm diate* stimulating effect. But this is alwa followed by a depressant reaction— "morning after."

Most of the people who crave stimul tion are suffering from low blood pressur or nervous exhaustion, or both, for the conditions frequently go together.

Now, these folks are not going to *cured* by tonics. They may, on the oth hand, be temporarily cheered up a encouraged over an unusual period stress or depression by some good, ol fashioned stand-by like the iron, quinir and strychnine tonic. But what th need, and must have, is a gradual buildi up of the body and nerves by strict tention to rest, diet, exercise, and wo Yes, *work*. For work seldom kills, a taken in the proper doses, it is an exc lent tonic in itself.

BUT we are up against a somewh different proposition when we have l blood pressure *not* associated with ner ous exhaustion.

These low-blood-pressure folks are oft helped by the moderate use of those t stimulants, tea and coffee. The caffein coffee and the thein of tea exert a r stimulating effect upon the brain cells a other nerve tissue.

An interesting thing about coffee is fact that it seems to have a minim tendency to establish "habit toleranc When it is used moderately, one is able get the same effects out of the same d from month to month and from year year. With the majority of the ot stimulants and drugs, the body becor habituated to the dose and it has to gradually increased.

Nevertheless, while many persons

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tea and coffee in moderation (note I say *moderation*) throughout a lifetime, and do so without apparent harm, we see others who are made so nervous and whose digestion is so upset from their habitual use that we have to proscribe them.

Some individuals, whose blood pressure is down around 100 or below, but who are in good health in every other way, constantly yawn and can hardly keep awake all the afternoon. Very often a cup of ordinarily strong tea, taken about one or two o'clock, will put an end to their yawning. Milk or cream should always be added to the tea. This doesn't weaken the stimulating effect of the thein, but it does tend to prevent the possible deleterious effect of the tannin on the walls of the stomach.

Of course, I am aware that the use of tea and coffee represents themes on which there is a great difference of opinion, medical and otherwise. It is hard to find an intelligent and scientific discussion of the use of these stimulants, because of the fact that the personal equation enters into them. My own attitude is that we should make a special effort to see that children and young persons do not drink tea and coffee habitually; these beverages should not be used until the growth of the nervous system is fully attained. But the vast majority of adults, I think, have sufficient health margin to enable them to use tea and coffee in moderation.

I want it clearly understood that I am *not* addressing this advice to undernourished, highly nervous, irritable individuals with disturbed digestions. It is not possible to nourish nerves by stimulating them, nor to restore digestion by the aid of tonics.

People who are all a-quiver after drinking tea or coffee should have sense enough to leave it alone. There is a decided individual reaction to the use of these stimulants, a reaction not fully explained in the textbooks, and each person must work this reaction out for himself or herself. As a matter of fact, this whole health problem is one that has to be worked out thoughtfully and individually. It is impossible to formulate rules of general application. Only the broad principles of hygiene are universally applicable.

ANYWAY, why bother to buy tonics and stimulants when Nature will provide you with all you need free of charge, asking in return only common sense and self-control.

Take the simple matter of a noon-hour rest. All run-down, debilitated individuals, and those who are highly strung and chronically nervous, should make a point of resting and relaxing for one solid hour around noontime. I also advise all persons over fifty years of age to indulge in such a midday rest.

However, of all Nature's tonics, none can take the place of fresh air and sunshine. The only natural tonic that can compare with fresh air and sunshine in any way is the morning cold bath or shower, with its invigorating effect.

But—and here comes a word of precaution—if you are a bit anemic or run-down, take the cold bath in a warm room, and be careful to see that you don't perspire after it. If, two or three hours after your cold bath, you are dizzy, have a headache, or have chilly sensations up and down your spine, you have stayed too long in the bath or you haven't sufficient reserve energy to react to it. Try taking a bath in moderately warm water for a few minutes, finishing up with a very rapid cold shower.

WHEN we come to consider foods, sugar is probably our greatest tonic. An ounce of sugar contains 127.5 calories, and this energy is almost immediately available when the sugar is eaten.

If you happen to be tired out, or have some great exertion to make, take a little sugar. A few ounces of sweet chocolate bar are a wonderful pick-me-up on a tramp. Of course, like all other good things, taken in excess, sugar becomes dangerous. Here is where your common sense comes in.

A short while back I mentioned that work is a tonic. Let me tell you of a case in point.

Not long ago an unmarried woman in the early twenties came into the office with an empty bottle, saying that she had recently returned from the South and that a doctor down there had given her a tonic, as she was feeling all run down. She wanted another tonic equally good. She was persuaded to undergo an examination to determine whether she really needed a tonic. She didn't. It was a case of an idle, indolent, self-centered woman, living an unhygienic and inactive life on money from an estate. When told that there was no need for a tonic, that what she needed was a saner, normal life, the young woman consented to earn her own living for a year, not touching a penny of the income from the estate. After four months she was an entirely different being.

Let me try to make clear the difference between a medicinal tonic and a natural one. Ordinarily, when we give a medicine to produce certain reactions on the part of the body, we must, as time passes, give increasingly larger doses in order to obtain these reactions. This is the result of what I have already referred to as "habit tolerance." The body, in some way, comes to be able to tolerate increasing amounts of drugs and narcotics. This is well illustrated by the large amount of morphine which drug addicts can take, as well as by the large quantities of arsenic which the Austrian arsenic eaters are able to consume every day.

Now, if we can secure tonic effects from the use of cold baths and exercise, it develops that the same amount of Nature's tonic, or in some cases, even a less amount, will produce a given result and continue to produce it indefinitely. Take, for instance, strychnine as a stimulant for the muscles. It is a tonic and a very valuable medicine in certain emergency crises. We should hardly know how to practice medicine without it. But if we should depend upon strychnine to bring about a cure in the fatigue of neurasthenia, we should have to give increasingly large doses, until they became dangerously large.

In contrast with this, we find that the gymnasium work required to produce the same invigorating results will remain about the same, or even less as the muscles grow stronger. It is therefore evident that the best tonic for the muscular system is not strychnine but commonplace physical exercise.

Let me emphasize again that medicinal tonics should never be taken unless they are prescribed by a physician and that they should be taken only as long as the physician advises.

Someone may here interrupt and ask me about the good old stand-bys of our parents' days—sulphur and molasses, sarsaparilla, and sassafras tea, which were administered to the family around springtime. These tonics were all harmless, to say the least. And if the folks who took them believed in them—well, I've already spoken a good word for the power of thought as a medicine.

It is hard to get the public mind educated to the point where it will realize that it cannot get strength out of a bottle nor energy from a pill. Strength comes from nourishing food. Water drinking and correct breathing are also connected with this program of nourishment.

You cannot fatten or strengthen a tired-out horse by vigorously applying the whip. You must rest and feed him if you would build him up. While we recognize this fact, we also appreciate the value of having a whip handy in case the animal should take a sudden notion to stand still on a railroad track when a fast express is approaching. In such circumstances, the whip would be a life-saver. But just because a whip, a stimulant, is a life-saver in an emergency, don't take it as a steady diet; don't depend on it to take the place of nourishment and rest.

Some folks come to me thinking they need a tonic or stimulant, when really they need a sedative; they need complete relaxation and rest. They are all run down because they have been so long all wound up. These folks have to be taught how to relax, how to overcome habitual tension. Many of these nervous people are extravagant in the expenditure of their vital energy.

A middle-aged woman begged me for a tonic to pick her up. I soon saw that it was just the thing she should not have. Instead, she was given a sedative for ten days, put to bed, and then started out on a fattening diet. After resting six weeks, and gaining twenty-five pounds in weight, I heard no more from her about wanting a pick-me-up.

IF YOU who are reading this article feel that you need a tonic, or a bracer of some sort, don't resort to a medicinal tonic until you have tried some natural means of physical or nervous stimulation or relaxation. Get fresh air and sunlight, have regular hours of rest, eat the food which you find best agrees with you, and live a sane, healthy life. Take tonic baths. If you are nervous, a mild vibration to the spine, in the form of spinal manipulation or massage, is very valuable. But if you do go in for therapeutic treatments, see that the treatments are not too long. I have found that many masseurs and others who practice physical therapy tire nervous people out by treating them for too long a period at a time.

And keep this fact in mind: A tonic or stimulant may fool you into feeling better for the time being, but it is in no way adding to your energy reserve. You have to manufacture your own energy by not trying to dodge the rules of health. Remember, a tonic may fool *you*, but *you* cannot fool life.

(*The End*)

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How Saun

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A master salesman takes you into his confidence

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

BUSINESS is thoroughly rotten," said the district manager. "There are parts of my territory you *can't* sell."

The president of the Norvell-Shapleigh Company held up a restraining hand and then, leaning forward, he said:

"There isn't *any* territory that can't be sold," he said. "There isn't anything that can't be sold."

The district manager leaned back in his chair.

"Well, I'd just like to see anybody sell some of the people I've got," he muttered.

The president of the company was a young man, under forty, and he was guiding a newly organized concern over the dangers of the first years.

"Now, see here," he suggested. "Let's have a test case. You and I will agree on some object as the most difficult thing in our line to sell. You will pick out the hardest prospect you can find and I'll sell him."

Roused from his dejection, the district manager looked up with sudden alertness.

"All right," he said, "I'll do it."

The Norvell-Shapleigh Company was a hardware concern, and Saunders Norvell was its young president. Finally he and his district manager agreed upon a *gold house key* as the most difficult object to be sold. The factors that made a gold house key almost impossible to sell were these:

It was absolutely new; sales interest must be wholly built up. It cost about four hundred times as much as an ordinary key and was no more efficient. There was no talking point on value—that is, none was apparent.

For the human subject of the test they picked a banker, a man reputed to be a thorough conservative and a "crab." Norvell had a gold house key made for his own home, and arranged an appointment with the banker. He called at the bank and the two men began talking—about real estate. The gold key was on his watch-chain, and as he and the banker talked, Norvell played with it, taking it out of the fob pocket and returning it. The conversation veered to homes, and after a time Norvell said:

"YOU know, I have a great deal of sentiment about my home. To me my front door means entrance to a haven of content and rest. I've had a gold key made for that door. I don't suppose there's another gold house key on earth but this one."

He took the key from his pocket and showed it to the banker, who leaned forward to see it. Norvell detached the key from his chain and handed it over. It was a nicely made key and the shining gold gleamed invitingly. The conversation ran on, the key was returned. Norvell put it on his watch-chain.

"This key," he said thoughtfully, "epitomizes for me the meaning of home. I am having similar ones made for my wife, for my son, and for

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ders Norvell *Sold* Gold *House* Keys

. . . to prove to his faltering salesmen that anything could be sold to anybody. In this interview he explains the essentials of salesmanship as he has practiced them

my daughters. I believe that I could give them no more unusual or welcome gift."

For a time the two men talked of other things. Then the banker said:

"I'm rather interested in that theory of yours about the key to your home. I'm a sentimental man. Could you have a key like that made for my house?"

"Why, yes," said Norvell. "Of course, I could."

"Well," said the banker, "I'm going to have one and to give one also to my wife and one to my son. What would they cost?"

Norvell told him. He walked out with an order for *three* keys. He had sold the almost impossible to the most difficult prospect in the countryside. He had done more. He had started a vogue for gold house keys. Not only did the banker get his keys, but other men liked the sentimental idea and there followed a number of orders.

The men in Norvell's organization received the news of the sale with amazement. And within them was born an unbounded admiration and affection for their boss, who had called for the most difficult proposition they could figure on, and had got away with it.

TWENTY years have passed since Norvell sold those gold house keys. But the story is still told from coast to coast by traveling hardware salesmen.

In those twenty years Norvell has fully justified the appraisal of himself as a great salesman. After ten years as the president of the Norvell-Shapleigh Company, with a record of an increase in business of a million a year for each one of the ten, he decided to retire. Three years later he again entered business as Chairman of the Board of McKesson and Robbins, Inc., wholesale druggists of New York City. After another ten notably successful years, Norvell again sold out and again tried to retire. Before the end of the year, he had entered business for the third time, taking his present office, that of president of the Remington Arms Company.

Norvell, the supersalesman, has become one of the ablest executives in the country. But he earned that place step by step. He began as a shipping clerk in the great hardware company of E. C. Simmons in St. Louis, rose to order clerk, salesman, district manager, general sales manager, vice president, and then left to head the Norvell-Shapleigh Company.

When I called on him at the office of the Remington Arms Company, it was with this long record in mind.

"You want me to tell you something about selling," he repeated. "All right. The first thing I would advise any man to do if he wants to sell is to train himself to be a good listener. Americans are probably the poorest listeners in the world, as any man who has traveled much in other countries will testify. Almost every man who applies to me for a job has an idea that his sales ability depends upon his talk. Naturally, he must learn to tell his tale, but it is as vitally important that he learns to LISTEN.

"The first point in salesmanship is to get the prospective customer's attention. There isn't any surer road to a man's attention than to be a good listener to *his* talk. I have sold more goods through asking for advice than in any other way. I've sold hardly less through asking for information. When I traveled—that should be present tense as I still travel and sell—I go into a town and find out something about my best prospects. In one town I found a retail man who had the local reputation of being a shark on tools. I went to him, and asked one simple question. He and I talked for a long time—and he did most of the talking. When we had finished, my goods were sold, and he hardly knew when he bought them. And I had learned things about tools that will help me the rest of my life.

"When I was on the road I suppose I was as fond of talking as any other salesman; anyway, I found it necessary to put a check on myself. I made one week in every four a LISTENING WEEK. It worked so well that I now use it in this business. On a given Monday I make up my mind to *listen* and to *talk as little as possible*. Then I invent excuses for asking the salesmen and various heads of departments to come in to see me, and I question them. In a little while they are talking freely, and I am listening. By the end of the week I have a fund of information that, when classified, is extremely valuable. I have been receptive all week, and the receptive man always learns.

"Salesmen can do likewise. Every month should see one listening week. If a man will patiently and persistently keep notes on what he hears, and classify it, he'll soon convince himself that listening is far more important than talking.

"I ALWAYS pick a salesman who, in answer to my questions, convinces me that he is able to SEE things as well as listen. A salesman needs to see everything about him, to study the road, his customers, the stores, every happening. He needs to know the porter at the hotel or the clerk or the local banker or someone who knows how local things are going; he must learn whose business is up and whose is down, who is prospering and who is not. It isn't much trouble to get all this and it is an enormous help to any salesman.

"With observation must go A GOOD MEMORY. Now, most men have pretty good memories when they concentrate sufficiently. But I find men who read the sporting pages of the newspapers every day and can reel off the names of fighters, golfers, and ball players for years back, but who cannot remember half a dozen names in the towns they visit every year. If these men spent the same amount of time remembering their customers' names they would make better salesmen.

"LET'S summarize as far as we have gone. We have a salesman who can *listen*, *see*, and *remember*. I would now caution him to take care of the WEARINESS FACTOR in selling.

"Some years ago, when I was on the road, I sold from a hardware catalog of 75,000 items. It weighed forty pounds. I watched my sales very carefully and made notes on all of them. I found that by far the majority of the sales were made of items in the first third of the catalog. By the time the customer and I had arrived that far we were weary; we went on in half-hearted fashion and we didn't do nearly so well. As an experiment, I tried beginning with the back of the catalog and working forward. Then I found I sold more goods from the last third. After that I had a regular routine. One trip I started at the front third, the second trip at the middle third, and the third trip I began at the back. The results justified me. I began to sell the whole line and the dealers turned over their stock oftener.

"Not everyone sells from a catalog. But the same thing applies to your sales talk, whatever it is. You tire of it; you don't do your best after the first third. All right; every thirty days take it out and make it over. Put the last third first or the middle third first, or introduce some novelty. Remember that if you are tired of it, you don't do it as well.

"Another way to get results is to make every month a (*Continued on page 110*)

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LIONIZED

It's one thing to rope and hog-tie an African lion, but it's another thing to stand over him and cut the varmint loose

By PETER B. KYNE

Illustrated by WILL CRAWFORD

HE SAT beside me in the grandstand at the Salinas Rodeo—a thin, leathery-faced old man with tufts of hair growing out of his ears and the tips of two fingers on his left hand missing, wherefore I knew him for a cattleman even before I noted his hat, his thirty-dollar, high-heeled dress boots, and the tobacco tag hanging from his vest pocket. My diagnosis was further strengthened presently.

Some half-baked young fellow was trying to rope a two-months-old calf. Now, after the first day or two at a rodeo the calves used in the roping events become educated; when they break from the chutes they know what to expect, so they try to outrun the horse. This particular calf was forty feet beyond the dead line and stepping at the rate of a quarter in about twenty-five seconds, when the roper made his cast at fifteen feet—and missed.

"Arggh!" snarled the old gentleman with the tufts of hair in his ears. But the cowboy had another rope, and far down the field he managed to stop his calf. As he came crawling up the rope and endeavored to "flank" the little animal, preparatory to tying it, the calf butted him and knocked him back on his haunches. The cowboy recovered, grasped the calf again, slipped, and went down with the animal on top of him. And it was then that I knew my neighbor for the old cowboy he was.

"Hi!" he shouted in a high, thin voice, like a lobo wolf, "somebody give that calf a rope and he'll tie that cowboy yet!"

His witticism drew a laugh from the crowd, and in the democracy of the moment I dared start a conversation with the cynic.

"I see you know something about roping, yourself," I remarked.

He glanced guiltily at his fingers. "If I'd ever been a first-class roper I wouldn't have had the tips of them fingers tore off, mister," he replied candidly. "Come of letting the left hand stray over the pommel as you throw your dally and give your steer the bust. No, I ain't never been a star roper, although when I was that feller's age I could come home from town drunk, fork my pony backward, and do better roping than the majority of these so-called experts we're asked to pay a dollar to see."

I gave him a cigar, which he commenced to chew immediately. After a while he smiled reminiscently, and said: "Pete Ballantyne an' Mart Gandy was the last of the great ropers. In their prime them two cow-waddies didn't bar lions, which is a fact, because I seen 'em take on a lion that'd escaped from a circus at Tucson.

"THE critter hits for the hills straight off; he's about twenty-five miles up country when he runs across a Lazy Z yearling. With a glad roar he comes boundin' down the hillside an' nails the critter, just as Pete Ballantyne an' Mart Gandy an' me comes down the trail headed for town to see the circus.

"Me, I'm foreman of the Lazy Z at the time. Our ponies, scentin' this here lion, go high, wide, an' handsome for a couple of minutes before we get 'em under control, when we manage to ride up close enough for a look.

"'Which this here's the biggest panther I ever did see,' says Pete, who's never laid eye on an African lion heretofore, although he's seen pictures of them. 'I don't like the deep bass note in his meow, and I'd just as soon we hadn't met up with him, but seein' as how he's wrappin' himself around one of the boss's yearlin's, I reckon it's up to us to see he don't repeat the performance.' An' Pete sorts out his six-shooter.

"'You tarnation eediot, Pete,' I says, 'this here's an African lion, which the African lion is the king of beasts. And as this ain't Africa, I reckon this here anamile has escaped from that circus we're headed for to see in Tucson.'

"Mart Gandy slaps Pete's pistol down. 'Which we ain't goin' to kill no valuable piece of property like a circus lion, Pete,' he says. 'In all probability the circus wants him back, and if we capture him an' turn him over to them in good order, maybe they'll give us three a free pass into the circus, includin' the side-shows.'

"'Mart, you're just a-bustin' with bright ideas,' says Pete. 'There's merit in your contention, in addition to which most likely we bluff the circus people into paying four prices for this here yearlin' their lion has killed. Which, if we succeed, we'll each take a price and give one to the boss.'

"And Pete gets out his riata.

"'Wait a minute, Pete,' says Mart Gandy. 'Let's lay this here job out a little before we tackle it. We both seen this lion kill that there yearlin' with one pat of his paw. Don't it stand to reason he could do the same to a cowboy? An' with two pats of his paw ain't he liable to smack all the good out of a cow-pony?'

"'You got a head on you, Mart. We'll have to make long casts—and thank the

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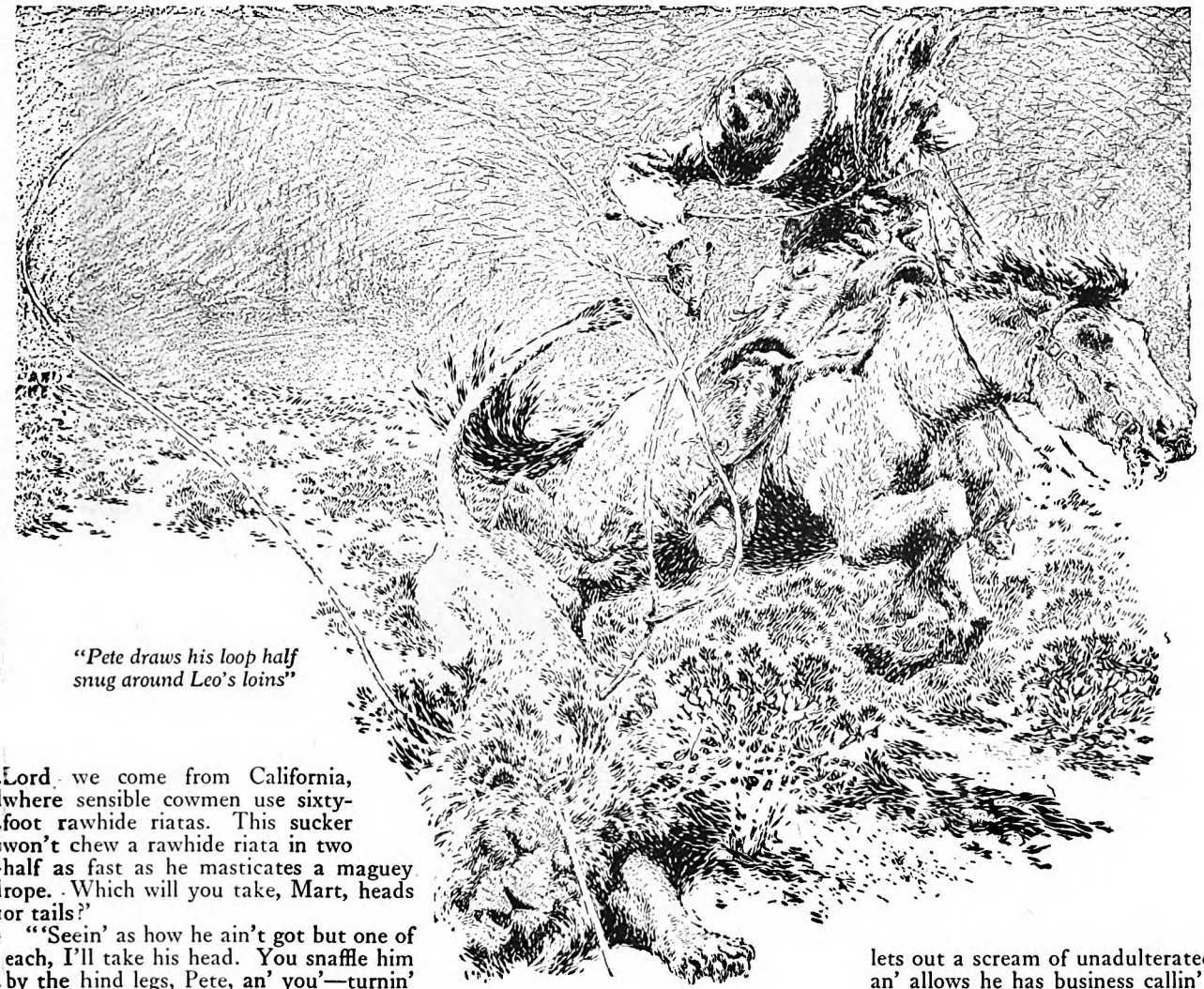

"Pete draws his loop half snug around Leo's loins"

Lord we come from California, where sensible cowmen use sixty-foot rawhide riatas. This sucker won't chew a rawhide riata in two half as fast as he masticates a maguey rope. Which will you take, Mart, heads or tails?'

"'Seein' as how he ain't got but one of each, I'll take his head. You snaffle him by the hind legs, Pete, an' you'—turnin' to me—'put your twine around his middle. You ain't an expert roper, but it don't take an expert roper to do that. Pullin' him in three directions all to onct that-a-way, I figure we can hold him.'

"'Not much, Mart,' I says. 'I got to be paid a lot of American money to get familiar with a lion on short acquaintance. My advice is to leave this critter alone. You two watch him an' see which way he heads, whilst I gallop into Tucson and notify the circus people.'

"'What?' says Pete. 'An' lose our free tickets to all three rings, not to mention the side-shows? Not for Pete Ballantyne.'

"HOLD everything,' says Mart. 'I don't figger this varmint any heavier than a two-year-old, but I've heard they've muscles like the late Señor Samson, an'll sure win over anything they get into a clinch with. I don't figger we can give him the bust. Understand, Pete, I ain't settin' up as an authority on lions, but me an' you've run an' roped many a big panther, an' we know a panther ain't a runner. If he was he wouldn't tree at the first opportunity. We know, too, Pete, that a panther gets winded in a fast half-mile dash, that he tires easy. Mebbe this imported cousin o' his is built along similar lines—so what do you say if we haze him around until he's plumb weary before we put our ropes on him?'

"'Which you're a scholar an' a philosopher, Mart,' says Pete, an' plants a bullet under the lion's nose, thus throwin' dirt into his face in a most insultin' manner. Immediately the lion roars an' charges, but we're mounted on the fastest an' best reined cow-ponies on earth, so we whirl an' dash off through the low sage. The lion chases Pete about a hundred yards, but seein' he can't outrun Pete's horse, he transfers his attentions to me. Which he gives me the thrill of my life before I'm out of his reach.

"Failin' to make connections, the lion sets down to think it over, but as it's no part of our program to let him rest, Mart makes a run at him an' the lion comes to meet him. Lordy me, boy, I can still see them long leaps of his'n; he seemed to travel over the tops of the sage. However, Pete evades him, an' when he stops, Mart puts another shot under his nose an' starts him ag'in. So, by one means or another, we keep that fool lion runnin' in circles for mebbe an hour, an' by that time he's leg-weary an' winded. So he sets down ag'in, an' nothin' we can do will induce him to give us another run.

"'Now is the time,' says Mart, 'for all good men an' true to come to the aid of their party. Pop, stand by with your pistol to stop him if the hair slips.' An' Mart makes a fast run about forty feet west of the lion, an' with a back-hand throw ropes the brute nice an' neat around the neck, throws his dally, an' gives Mr. African Lion a jerk that stifles his very best roar in its infancy.

"So the lion, bein' grossly offended, takes out after Mart, an' his horse, realizin' he's bein' asked to hold a tornado, lets out a scream of unadulterated terror an' allows he has business callin' him to Tucson in a hurry. He flattens out to the ground like a snake and keeps the rope taut, so Mart knows the lion ain't gainin' none on him a-tall, which even if the lion was, I doubt if the fool would have cut him loose, on account of thinkin' a lot of his pet riata, not to mention his standin' as a roper bein' at stake.

"'Hold him, cowboy,' yells Pete, an' takes after the lion, whilst I get out my gun an' take after Pete, who rides up alongside that there lion, makes a quick, snappy down-cast and draws his loop half snug around Leo's loins. When he throws his dally and gives the lion the bust; the rope slides down around the brute's hocks and holds!

"An' then the tug o' war starts. First the lion makes a dive at Mart, and before Mart can take up his slack, the lion reverses an' makes a dive at Pete.

"'It's ag'in' the California custom,' Pete yells, 'but we can't hold him on no dally. The horses is too wild an' scared. Tie hard an' fast, Mart, like a Texan, and let'em roll if they have to!'

"SO THEY tie hard an' fast, an' with both horses rearin' an' plungin' ag'in' the riatas, that there lion finds himself torn between two desires. For twenty minutes the battle rages across the mesa; then they come to a side-hill an' the lion, checked in a long leap at Pete, rolls over on his back. Mart's rope is stretched along the lion's neck an' between his ears, and once off his feet, with his hind legs stretched out behind him, old Leo gives a coughing

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grunt—a half sob—an' lies still, lookin' up into the sky.

"Both Mart's Baldy an' Pete's Moocher are settin' down on their hocks, holdin' on for dear life, an' snortin' an' screamin', but them saddles has been cinched on to stay on, so Mart an' Pete flop off an' approach the lion with their tie ropes. Mart makes a small loop an' snaffles one front paw as the lion dabs at him; then he snugs it up on the lion's wrist or fetlock or whatever you call it, makes a half hitch and holds on. Meanwhile, Pete has done the same from his side; then they walk around his head an' exchange tie ropes an' drag the lion's front paws crosswise in a prayin' attitude; then, while I hold one paw, Pete makes the tie with my tie rope.

"THEN Mart an' Pete remove their tie ropes an' lace his hind legs together with one of 'em, after which they use the other to tie his forelegs and hindlegs together. Which he's surely hog-tied then. An' all the time them terrified horses, unable to escape, is keepin' him stretched so flat he don't get his head up to bite us.

"'We'd ought to gag the critter,' says Pete. 'If we can tie his jaws up, he won't be able to bite the tie ropes off'n his feet when we slack up on him.'

"So Pete takes his macarte and manages to get a small loop over the lion's muzzle at a moment when he ain't spittin' an' cussin' at him, an' they draw that taut, make three half hitches around his muzzle, three around his neck, an' the deed is done.

"'I never hearn tell that African lions is elastic,' Pete puffs, 'but this one has to be or git pulled apart. Mount up, Mark; back your horse in an' I'll cast off your riata.'

"Which Mart does the same, whereupon Pete's horse, discoverin' he's lost a lot o' strain on his riata, starts draggin' that lion around somethin' scandalous. We have quite a time to separate them two, but finally we done it, an' sat down to have a smoke an' talk things over. The lion, meanwhile, sobs softly, pitches an' twists, but finally gives it all up for a bad job an' lies quiet. Which us an' our ponies are all sweaty an' more or less tuckered, too.

"'Pop,' says Pete, addressin' me by my familiar appellation, in deference to my bald head an' my job as foreman, 'you know so dog-gone much about African lions, tell us how much one of 'em is worth, F. O. B. circus.'

"'Well, now, that depends. A lion that's bred an' whelped in captivity ain't so expensive, neither is he so desirable, on account the domestic lion never achieves the size of a lion that's captured wild.'

"'This one's wilder'n hell,' says Mart. 'It stands to reason he is, or he wouldn't have run away from home. An' we're discussin' this particular lion.'

"'Well, by the time a wild lion is captured in Africa, shipped to the United States, trained, groomed, fed, an' insured, I reckon he must stand the circus about fifteen hundred dollars.' (I don't know a thing about it, but never let it be said I wouldn't make a guess.)

"'Then, in addition to the free pass to the circus an' the side-shows,' Pete opines, 'we'd ought to get a liberal reward, oughtn't we?'

"'Which that's a question that ought to be answered right soon, son,' says I, 'for down the trail I see a cloud o' dust, about forty horsemen, an' a fancy-painted circus wagon, if I ever saw one—an' I seen four, to my personal recollection.'

"'Likewise,' says Pete, 'I hear the subdued bayin' o' foxhounds off on a flank. It's them circus folks trailin' their lion or I'm a Chinaman.'

"'Which we don't give him up until our claims is settled in cash,' says Mart. 'The members o' the Lazy Z Lion Hunt will now go into executive conference as a committee on the whole. Quick, Pop. What do we ask 'em for our lion?'

"Now, I'm a man who's always prided himself on bein' a good trader. I'd bought an' sold thousands of cows an' nobody'd ever swindled me in a deal yet—an' Pete an' Mart knew this.

"'We'll ask more'n we expect to git,' I announce, 'an' come down if we have to.'

"'Which I wouldn't rope another lion to please my own mother,' Pete avers. 'Ask enough, Pop.'

"'Person'lly,' says Mart, 'I expect to grow wrinkles an' gray hairs an' mutter in my sleep for a month to come. Five hundred would be little enough. You do the talkin' for the outfit, Pop, an' we'll split our winnin' three ways. An' don't forget to collect heavy for that yearlin'.'

"Havin' the issue put up to me that-a-way, of course, I have to make good. When the lion-hunters catch sight of us, an' hear the subdued roars of the king o' beasts, they come swarmin' down on us like a stampede; when they get close enough to see everything, they just stand still an' stare. The circus manager's first to sound off.

"'Who the dickens,' he says, 'roped my lion?'

"'I don't see no brand or earmark on the critter, mister,' I announced with becomin' coldness. 'How do we know he's your lion?'

"'He's *got* to be my lion. My lion's the only loose lion in the whole state of Arizona.'

"'The thunder he is,' Mart butts in. 'We breed lions right here on the Lazy Z. This is lion-brandin' time with us; as soon as we can start a fire we're goin' to run the Lazy Z iron on this critter an' earmark him—underslope the right ear an' swallow-fork the left.'

"'BUT who in hell roped him?' the manager persists.

"'We did—if you don't believe in fairies,' says Pete. 'An' permit me to state, mister, that while a-doin' of the same, we're closer to hell than usual.'

"'Boys, it ain't done,' says the circus manager.

"'Any time a lion starts killin' Lazy Z yearlin's it's done, mister,' says Mart. 'This here panther—or lion, as some folks calls 'em—being older'n bigger than any we've roped previous, we have more or less of a fuss with him, but—there he be.'

"'An' at that,' says the circus manager, 'Duke ain't reached his full growth by a hundred pound—mebbe more. You boys sure had your nerve with you tyin' onto him. Well'—turnin' to his retainers—'our lion's gagged an' tied so he's helpless to bite or claw, so somebody cut down a young willow for a pole so we can pass it between his bound legs, fore an' aft, an' lift him into the wagon.'

"'My friend,' says I, 'one moment, if you please. That's not your lion. It's ours.'

"'Perhaps you'll tell me why,' says the circus man, a mite haughty.

"'You bet I will, mister. A lion's a predatory anamile, an' in the sovereign state of Arizona there ain't no closed season on a predatory anamile, which this here lion's been predatatin' on the Lazy Z range an' killed one valuable, pure-bred, prize-winnin' Hereford heifer the boss wouldn't have took five hundred dollars for. There's her carcass yonder. Take a look. You can tell she's a Hereford by her white face.'

"One of the circus fellers laughed. 'Boss,' he says, 'don't be misled. She ain't a pure-bred. As long as there's a pin prick o' Hereford blood in a cow she'll drop a white-faced calf.'

"PETE gets up an' walks over to this here informer. 'Which you're a-misdoubtin' the word o' my friend,' he says, an' smacks the feller down. Then Mart gets up an' stretches himself. 'Who-all's a-goin' to move this here lion into the wagon?' he inquires careless-like.

"'The African lion's only predatory in his own country,' another circus-lawyer pipes up. 'Which he ain't nominated a predatory anamile of Arizona, an' I'll prove it.'

"'Smack him, Pete,' says Mart. So Pete smacks that feller down, an' just to prove possession's nine p'ints o' the law, he sets down on the rump of the lion an' proceeds to roll a cigarette, meanwhile recitin' a piece he'd learned in school:

"'Come one, come all, this cat shall fly
From his firm base as soon as I.'

"'Now, now, now,' says the circus manager, observin' all three of us is wearin' our artillery, 'don't let's have no misunderstandin' about this here lion. I realize you boys have had some trouble an' took some risk capturin' him, so suppose I give you five dollars each an' you hand over the lion peaceable.'

"'I had him by the neck an' he chawed my best sixty-foot rawhide riata so bad that next time I give a salty steer the bust, my twine parts. An' that riata cost me four bits a foot,' Mart mourns.

"'I ain't got no riata claim, on account o' ropin' him by the hind hocks, but I'm bruised an' bent somethin' scandalous,' Pete complains.

"'You don't act like it, but I'll not argue the question, my friend.' He turns to me. 'What part did you play in this here drammer, mister?'

"'Which I'm fifty years old,' I says, 'an' not fit to get fresh with no disrespectful lion, no matter what his nativity. I was the life insurance agent in this here enterprise. I rode around the fringes o' the combat, ready to put six forty-five bullets in this here predatory anamile if he gets away from Pete an' Mart.'

"'Which the lion couldn't have chawed the cowboy's rope more'n two foot from the end,' another circus-lawyer sounds off. 'He can snip off that bad two foot or three, bend another hondoo on it an' have just as good a riata as ever. A fifty-five-foot riata's five foot longer than most cowboys use, at that.'

"Mart makes a dive for the feller, pullin' his gun as he comes, an' there's a

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general scatterin' of the circus forces, all except the manager.

"'Look here, boys,' he says, very plausible, 'I can't do business with a syndicate. I got to do business with one man. Which is your respresentative?' I said I was, an' thereupon, in the interests of peace, he says he'll give us ten dollars each an' allow Mart five extra for the damage to his riata.

"'Mister,' I says plaintive-like, 'would you rope, throw, hog-tie, an' gag this lion for thirty-five dollars?'

"'I would.' Which we know him immediate for a natural liar.

"'ALL right,' says I, 'we'll turn him loose again, loan you an' your two best men our horses an' riatas, an' you go to it. If you do what we done we'll pay you a thousand dollars. Pete'll bend a new hondoo on Mart's riata before we untie the critter. Once we cast him loose he's a predatory anamile ag'in an' belongs to the first man that can trap him.'

"'I'll make it fifteen dollars each for capturin' him, boys, throw in three bottles of arnica, have our circus doctor look you boys over for broken bones an' sew up your scratches, an' give you each a ten-year pass to our circus, includin' the side-shows. Come, come, now, that's tradin' talk.'

"I see Pete and Mart exchanges glances, but as I'm their mouthpiece they don't say nothin'. 'Thunder 'n' lightnin',' I says to the circus man, 'we wouldn't take a cent less'n five hundred dollars. The critter's pelt is worth that much to us. The boss would maybe give us more'n that for the pelt of an African lion killed on his ranch. It'd be worth that to be able to brag about it to visitors.'

"'I'll consider your proposition a minute. Meanwhile, let's discuss the depredation. How many cows has this lion killed?'

"'We only see him kill one, an' yonder's the corpus delicti. We'd have to search the range for further evidence an' this here's a big range.'

"The circus manager smiled. 'Brother,' he says, 'we've trailed this here lion with dogs every foot o' the way from Tucson, an' we're prepared to prove in court this is the only cow he's killed. If there'd been others we'd have seed the carcasses.'

"'Well, we'll take your word for that,' I says, wishin' to appear fair, for I see they had a passel o' foxhounds on leash. 'You give us five hundred dollars for that heifer an' we'll call it square.'

"'Not a cent over a hundred,' he comes back at me, 'or we'll argy it in court.'

"'Sold!' says I.

"'Gimme the owner's name.'

"I give him the boss's name, an' he took out a check book an' wrote a check for a hundred; then he wrote across the back of the check:

The endorsement of this check is acknowledgment of the receipt in full, by the payee hereof, of all claims of any nature whatsoever to date against the Babcock & Grady Circus, Inc.

"Mart gives Mr. African Lion a jerk that stifles his very best roar in its infancy"

"'We'll just reduce that to writin',' says the circus manager"

"'Now, then,' he continues, takin' out his wallet an' beginnin' to count out a mess o' yaller-backs, 'I have here the sum of one thousand dollars, which I hereby hand to you, mister, with this understanding: You an' your friends turn my lion loose, an' if, five minutes after you've done it, he ain't my lion, safe an' sound an' unable to bite or claw any man here, you can keep the thousand dollars; otherwise you give it back to me. I'm makin' a bet, an' the bet nullifies all previous offers. This is a sportin' proposition. You win a thousand dollars, or you don't get a cent an' you forthwith abandon any an' all claims of any an' all nature whatsoever ag'in' the Babcock & Grady Circus, Incorporated.'

"PETE looked at Mart, Mart looked at Pete, an' the two of 'em look at me. They nod, for there ain't a sportin' chance on earth them two won't take.

"'Sold,' says I, an' Pete an' Mart nod their confirmation, for they was both men of few words. 'With this proviso,' says I, thinkin' fast a thought that maybe ain't occurred to Pete an' Mart. 'It's one thing to rope an' hog-tie an African lion, but it's another thing to stand over him an' cut the varmint loose.'

"'Ah,' says the circus manager, lookin' disapp'inted, 'I knew you boys wasn't as game as that.'

"'We're game enough,' says I, 'but we're too smart to jump into a proposition without givin' it some thought. Some slight consideration is due our families; we'd ought to have a doctor on the ground in case o' accident, an', inasmuch as this here unbindin' of the beast is sure goin' to be the sportiest an' most technical job ever pulled off in Arizona, naturally we'd like to have all the boys down from the Lazy Z to view the spectacle.'

"'I can readily understand your feelings in this regard, mister,' says the circus manager. 'State your proviso.'

"'You an' your gang retire one mile to yonder flat. Meanwhile, I will ride back to the ranch an' fetch the boys. When the lion is ready to be turned over to you, you will be given due notice and permitted to approach within (*Continued on page 137*)

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How Big Men *Think and* Act

By M. K. WISEHART

IVY LEE has known scores of America's most powerful executives. He has worked with them—intimately. It has been his job to find out what is in their minds, and to tell them what is in the public's mind. In the course of his long experience as an adviser to important men, he has discovered five traits that are common attributes to business bigness. Here they are:

1. Accuracy of observation
2. Soundness of judgment
3. Frankness
4. Enthusiasm
5. Faith

These traits are explained and illustrated in the accompanying interview. . . .

RECENTLY, one of the regular Monday afternoon conferences in Philadelphia of the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad was the background for an incident which I think will interest anyone who has ever watched the passing scene through the plate glass window of a railroad train.

At this meeting one of the road's officers submitted a report which had to do with certain economies in operation and maintenance. Among other things, it was recommended that, instead of plate glass, pressed glass should thenceforth be used in the windows of day coaches.

Now, in railroad operation, owing to a great variety of unavoidable minor accidents in the yards or while cars are in transit, the breakage of window glass is something enormous; and it was shown by the officer's report that, because of the lower price of pressed glass, its use would mean a saving of *a hundred thousand dollars a year.*

In attendance at this meeting was a man who participates, though he is not an officer of the road, in every official discussion of matters of importance to the Pennsylvania System, and the public it serves. The pressed glass proposal having been discussed by the officers from various points of view, the operating vice president turned to this man and said:

"What do you think the *public* would think about this question?"

"Before I answer," was the response, "I should like to ask whether pressed glass has a tendency to distort the vision?"

"It has," frankly admitted the officer who had submitted the report. "But the distortion is very slight. It doesn't amount to much."

"Nevertheless, in that case," returned the man whose opinion had been asked, "it seems to me that its use is not permissible. My judgment would be that we have no right to use glass that is going to strain the eyes of our passengers, *even though it strains them to such a slight degree that they do not know their eyes are being strained.* And that, I believe, is the view the public would take."

Moreover, I can tell you that that is the view which the Pennsylvania Railroad has taken. From the moment this opinion was expressed the discussion took a new turn. Presently, the pressed glass proposal was dropped.

To the railroad man who told me this story, I said: "Who is the man who gave that opinion?"

"Ivy L. Lee."

"Why do the officers of the Pennsylvania defer to *his* opinion?"

"Because," was the answer, "they have learned that, in certain matters, his opinion, based on long experience, is as valid as a fact tested by experiment."

Today, at the age of fifty-two, with dark hair, keen blue eyes, and robust, well-knit frame, Ivy Lee sits at a desk in the front office of a suite which occupies the entire thirty-fourth floor of the Equitable Trust Company Building, 15 Broad Street, New York. A publicity man, so-called, he is dean of a profession which has some ten thousand members in the United States. Among his clients are the John D. Rockefellers, both father and son, Charles M. Schwab, and other notable individuals. Also, he is publicity adviser for several internationally famous banking houses and numerous corporations engaged in the nation's basic industries—coal, oil, iron, steel, and copper. In addition, he represents railroad, textile, and meat-packing corporations.

WHEN I called, recently, at Mr. Lee's office, I asked this question: "From your observation, would you say that there is any *one* outstanding thing which accounts for the achievement of those whom we call America's big men?"

"Not one, but at least *two* things," was his answer, "and they go together. A man may have all the admirable old-school virtues—honesty, industriousness, punctuality, and the rest—but if he lacks the patience, training, and experience and the *brains* that are necessary to develop the power of accurate observation, he is not likely to get very far.

"I think the achievements of the big man in industry, business, or finance (or, for that matter, in any other sphere) depend upon these two things: First, *accuracy of observation;* second, *soundness of judgment. They* are the great foundation stones. The first inevitably makes for the second; the second cannot exist without the first."

Follow this narrative through and you will see that more will be said of the way in which these two traits, and certain others also, show themselves in the conduct of big men. In fact, there are *five* things which Mr. Lee believes the young men of America should know about the way big men think and act.

"I HAVE already said," he resumed, "that the keystone of the career of any really important man is *soundness of judgment.* In my experience I have seen this illustrated time and again.

"The last important executive act, for instance, of Alexander J. Cassatt, then president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was the signing of an order for fifteen thousand freight cars at a cost of fifteen million dollars. At the time this order was signed everything indicated that the country was on the verge of an era of prosperity. Not long after Mr. Cassatt's death, his successor, President McCrea, detected signs of an exactly opposite character. Promptly, he did what I have no doubt Mr. Cassatt himself would have done had he been there to meet the changed conditions. He canceled the order for freight cars.

"Within twelve months thereafter, the yards and sidings of the Pennsylvania lines were crowded with idle, empty freight cars. You can readily see that had Mr. McCrea not been schooled in drawing sound deductions from carefully observed facts, the Pennsylvania would have had fifteen million dollars needlessly tied up at a time of financial depression.

"I have found that the man who has learned to *observe thoroughly and accurately* is almost certain to think straight, drawing sound inferences from what he observes. On the other hand, the man who lacks the patience, the training, and the skill for correct observation is certain to lack judgment in his business and also in his personal affairs.

"Remember this: *Observation has to do with phenomena—facts—matters—that can be definitely known by careful enumeration. Judgment, on the other hand, is the ability to decide what shall be done with reference to matters that cannot be definitely known in advance. Ordinarily, when we decide that certain acts, a line of conduct, or a policy will produce certain results, we are relying upon our judgment. Whether our judgment, in any specific instance, is good or bad, invariably depends upon past experience in observing and* (*Continued on page 125*)

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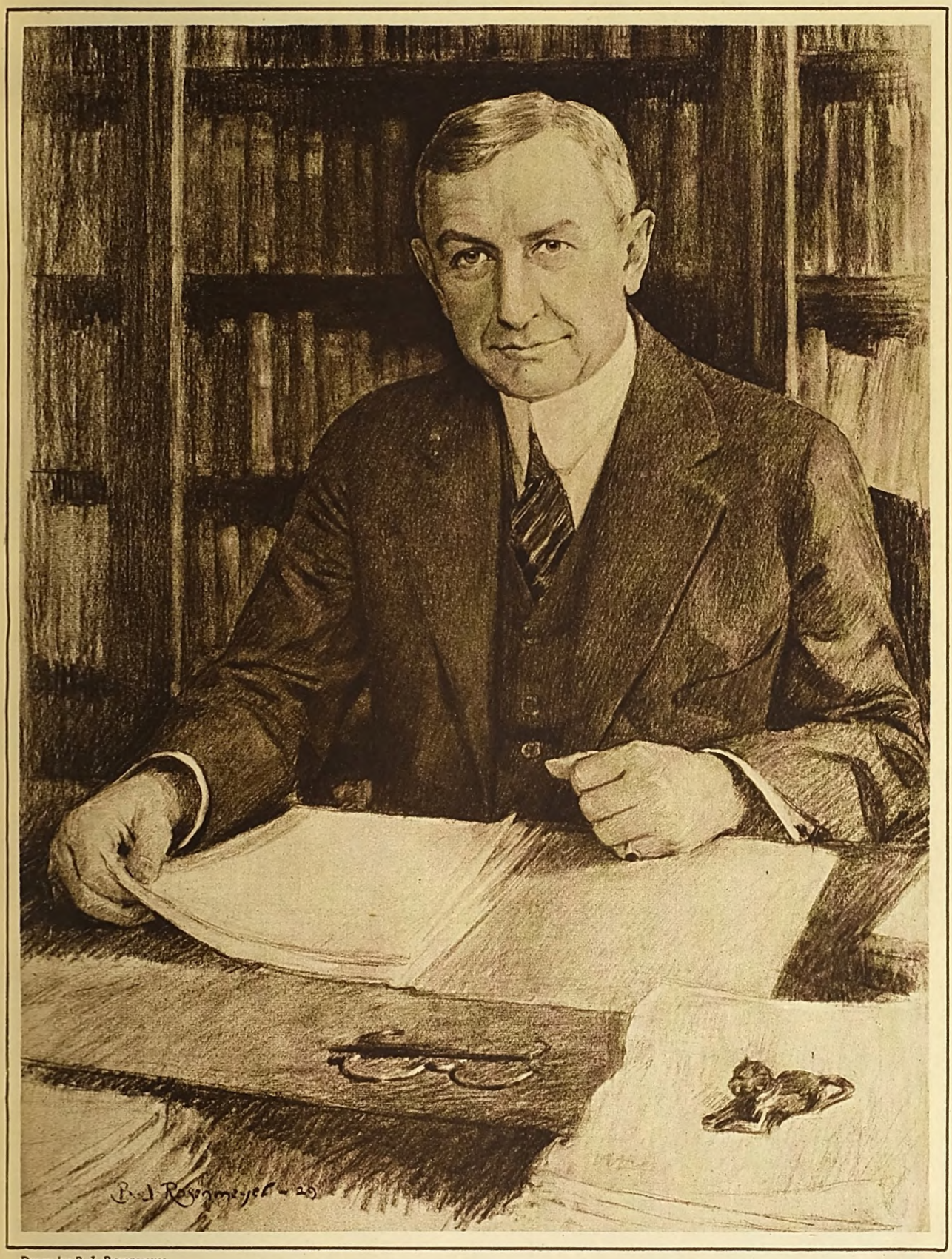

Drawn by B. J Rosenmeyer

Ivy Ledbetter Lee

IVY LEE is America's foremost publicity adviser. Among his clients are the Rockefellers, Charles M. Schwab, and other notables; several internationally famous banking houses; and corporations producing coal, oil, iron, steel, copper, textiles, and meats. He is also adviser to the Pennsylvania Railroad. In the pursuit of his profession, Mr. Lee has come to know intimately scores of important executives. He tells you, in the accompanying interview, how these men of world-wide reputation reach decisions and what traits are common to them all.

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Drawn by Hanson Booth

A symbol, that mountain, of the ultimate judge that even Kitty Grace could not escape. . . . The judge that stands, like a mountain, in the mind . . . the judge of truth to one's own truth.

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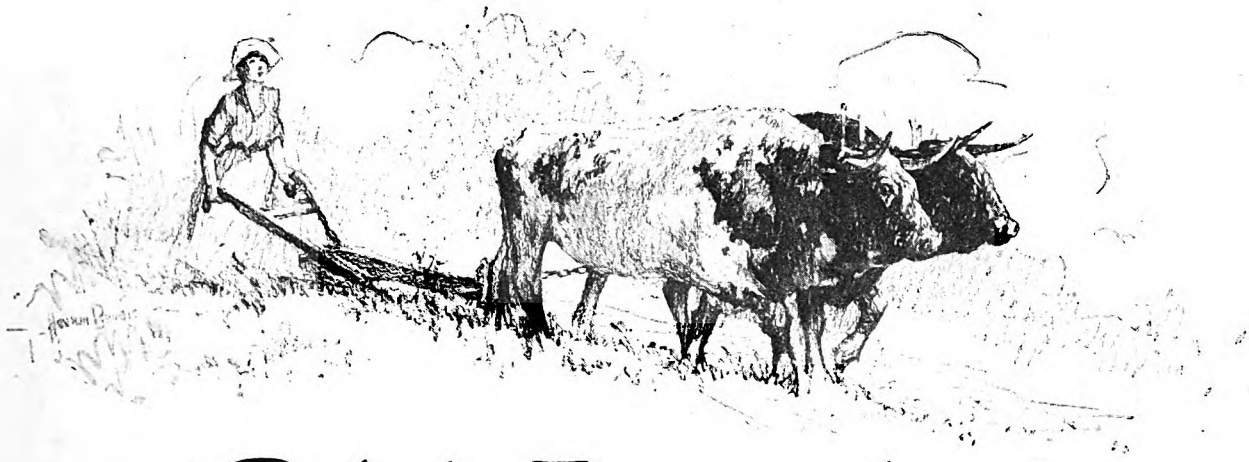

Old Loyalty

By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Illustrated by HANSON BOOTH

DOWN through the cobbled draw into Red Cañon, silent with October dusk as it had been silent with October dawn and day, came the rattling sound of horses' hoofs. It brought Kitty Grace to her cabin door with a hand against her throat.

She caught a glimpse of pack horses, white squares jogging unevenly above the chaparral, and of two riders, masculine and lean. This was enough to send her back to the wavy mirror, where, hardly for sudden excitement needing their aid to restore her vivid looks, she plied comb and powder puff and touched color to her mouth. She opened a little the neck of her emerald-green shirt, a boy's shirt dyed, turned up the bottoms of her jaunty blue-and-white striped overalls, which only a few bitter weeks before had so moved Herb to tender laughter, and replaced dusty footgear with scarlet silken stockings and a pair of slippers—Mary Anne in style, but for small brightness and for buckles, Queen Anne to look upon.

One more pat to the short, silken crop of flame and she was back again, balancing on her threshold, brilliant as some tropical spider who has felt the thrill of her telegraph wire and has run out quickly to the center of her web.

DUSK was already in the cañon with the tumbling sound of Folly River. A star glittered above the head of Old Loyalty, suddenly carved out of a pansy-colored sky.

Kitty's eyes shrank from the mountain, whose presence she had learned to fear. It was a grim, unlovely form which followed her unchangingly wherever she might move.

On her way into the valley she had been told something of its history: How, not long ago, a forest ranger had been sent into this country, then nameless as Eden in its infancy, and how, finding there a blue-eyed, lonely woman with a shining patience in her smile, who told him that her husband had left her on "business" five years before but would surely be back —would "come ridin' down some evenin'" over the red rim of Folly River—the forest ranger, after some further more personal experience, one fancies, had looked from Martha Grayle to the noble and simple starkness of the mountain, and had named it Loyalty.

It was from Martha Grayle that Kitty and Herbert had rented a cabin on the river bank for their runaway romance, and in that cabin she had found herself deserted —oh, entirely by her own fault, of course! —and there she had found herself forced to stay alone until a letter could reach Chicago and bring her, in answer, the reassurance of fresh funds. There had never before in her life been a loneliness like this strange one!—in a fiery land, a strip of emerald foliage running like a song through the red and yellow desert above it.

She would have run quickly up the hill to that other deserted woman, Martha Grayle, if, associating the woman with the mountain, she had not been afraid—more afraid of Martha than of solitude. The woman's blue eyes, Kitty fancied, had condemned her. And Kitty, who so often before had been weighed and found wanting, felt, for some reason, this woman's unspoken, her merely imagined, judgment most unbearable.

It was easier to wait alone than under the silent shining of this western woman's eyes. Yes, even if she still, in her solitude, had to face the mountain in the dusk.

Before Kitty—where she now stood at the bottom of her narrow hiding-place—all the land rose up, heightened and made formidable by the loss of detail and of foreground. Down through this steep dimness from the bright, bare land above, the horsemen were riding. They could ride nowhere, Kitty knew, but to her door. Her look was one of greediness and of suspense. The weeks of her solitude had been, for such a mind as hers, a vast obliteration of human intercourse. They had wiped the records of her facile nature as rain washes dust from a smooth rock.

The unshaded lamp in her cabin, which she thought must have beckoned down the riders from their plain above, shone strongly behind her, making bright, she knew, the edges of her fiery hair, her green shirt, her slim, silken ankles. Even the buckles on her shoes, she noticed, winked. She smiled to think how startling an apparition of ranch-wifery she must appear and, as the leader of the pack-train rode abruptly out into the circle of her light, she was glad that he was not Herbert, glad even that Herbert had so speedily returned that most eager of all tools to Kitty Grace: her liberty.

KITTY divided the world of men and women into people comfortable and uncomfortable. The comfortable people were usually her confidants; the uncomfortable, according to their sex, her enemies or lovers. This man who swung from his horse, took off his hat, and came up close before her was an uncomfortable person. The adjective always described Kitty's own sensations. The man himself was grimly and entirely at his ease, grimly and entirely, she feared, unaffected by the graceful brightness of her outline.

"My guide's been hurt," he said, and she knew him to be an easterner of the cosmopolitan type, a man of forty years or more, and a man who knew and cared little about women. Uncomfortable person . . . very. She had noted before he dismounted his handsome leanness and, as he removed his hat, the bronze head across which lay, like a flat feather, a streak of sudden whiteness. She saw now that he had somber eyes, which, changing from some more interested expression, pronounced her incredible, disappointing, but presumably useful in his emergency.

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"It's a rope burn across the leg and it's got infected, I'm afraid. He's in a fever. We saw your light and hoped . . ."

"Bring him in quickly, please," said Kitty, and the grim face before her gleamed into a weary, grateful smile, an impersonal smile, but, Kitty thought, a very charming one.

The other rider had stopped, shadowy, at the edge of the brush. Her man—already Kitty in fancy possessed him, as she possessed in fancy all handsome, charming, difficult men—went quickly back, and the equestrian figure seemed to drop down and to be steadied and led towards her . . . a pallid youth, heavy-eyed, dry-lipped, one of those western riders, of the type familiar to every traveling American and to some who can go no farther for the magic of experience than the magic shadow-makers in their village street.

KITTY helped her man to ease his burden down into her longest, lowest chair, and from it, holding his injured leg between his hands, the brown, straight-featured boy looked up at her with that touching faith of the unembittered male in the mercy and the healing power of any woman.

Kitty Grace was born to justify masculine faith in mercy. She became on that instant, and probably for the first time in her life, a competent nursing-woman.

Between them, she and the older man got "Roy" to bed.

"He'll be comfortable here on the couch. I've got my own sleeping quarters and you perhaps—" the blood that always wanted to tell tales rose to her face— "perhaps you can camp down by Folly River."

"You're alone here?" the prospective camper asked incredulously.

"Alone," said Kitty; and her sad word sang, following him like a lost little creature down his trail to Folly River.

It seemed to Kitty, who, however, felt no resentment, that the man disliked her, and this seeming filled her instantly with so deep a craving to be liked and even to be loved by him that tears came to her eyes. It would be terrible, she thought, if Herb's punishment, the days and nights of frightened, weeping solitude, had mysteriously dried up the wellsprings of her confidence, had robbed her of that volatile, that vitally important fact, half achievement and half genius, which the world of men had called her charm.

After her patient slept, his pain and fever already mitigated by her treatment of hot and cold applications and of disinfectant, she stood for a longish while in front of her mirror wondering what, to the grim eyes of a worldling, was lacking in that lovely, hungered face. He had looked up towards it at first eagerly, questioningly, then there had come disappointment, indifference—a quaint inversion of all Kitty's past experience of such looks.

As soon as might be, she thought, she would question the young guide. He must know something about this intriguing, this most uncomfortable stranger.

"HIS name's Miles Farraday," said Roy two days later, looking from his couch and, as if in childish absent-mindedness, holding Kitty's hand in his. "He's from New York. He travels all day long, like that. . . grim sort-of, silent. He goes like there was somethin' on his tracks. And, say, it's sure wonderful the way he hates that mountain." Through the open door he gestured with his free hand toward Kitty's enemy.

Her eyebrows lifted.

"Hates it?"

"Yes, ma'am. He was real strange about it, too. I telled him there was a plenty of other mountains to look at, but it seemed like he couldn't get his mind from this one. And when he looked it up on the gov'ment map, he says, 'Loyalty Mountain, eh? *That* must be an extinct volcano.' I kinder had to turn that sayin' of his over in my mind a piece afore I savvied it. Then it come to me sort-of. 'On account of its name?' I asks him, and he says, 'On account of its name.' I reckoned that a man could find some loyalty a-layin' 'round if he chose to look for it, but Mr. Farraday said, 'I've had a lot more experience than you've had, Roy, and you take my word for it. Loyalty's as extinct as dodoes.' Mrs. Grace, what's . . . *dodoes*, ma'am?"

Kitty informed him. Then, "What," she asked, "made the two of you turn down into this country? I mean before you hurt your leg."

Roy looked surprised. "Why, I thought sure he'd told you. When I reckoned Loyalty Mountain was at the head of Red Cañon, he says, 'Ever been down into that country, Roy? Ever hear of Folly River?' I told him 'No.' 'Well,' says he, slow and considerin', 'I've got a introduction to a lady on the banks of Folly River and I'd like to go down and take a look at her!'"

Kitty rose abruptly and the hand she had jerked away from Roy's she pressed against her throat. She walked from him

Farraday went quickly to his knees, and kissed both her hands

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"Stranger," said the man at the table, "I've a wife down by Folly River who's been waiting several years alone"

to the doorway, where she paused; then, with a sudden desperate purposefulness, went down the steep, short trail to Farraday's camping ground. She paused above it in an opening of the trees.

She had meant to give him full opportunity to relish the gay and lovely image she must make on this amazing morning, standing there, sunflecked in an arch of emerald foliage, but she forgot this, relishing, herself, the picture that he made. For she found him staring at the mountain. So straight and still he stood, beside the thin, blue smoke of his breakfast fire, that he seemed an Indian at worship. But his face looked worn, hard, and blackened with the marks of sleeplessness. Bitterly ridden he must be by memory, this traveler. Thought Kitty inevitably, "He must be trying to forget a woman," and, she said to herself, smiling like a mother for his weakness, "and he can't even forget a mountain. . . . Let's see," thought Kitty, "what can be done for him."

"Mr. Farraday!" she called.

He turned and looked up at her, and to her surprise his face grew darker with a flush. She had not yet visited his camp. When he had seen her it was on his dutiful visits of inquiry to the injured guide.

"Anything wrong?" he asked. "Roy worse?"

She came down, smiling, shaking her head, and seated herself upon a log close to the edge of the quick sliding water. She caught her knee in both her hands and looked up at him.

"No. He's so much better that we've been gossiping together. He told me that you had boasted of an introduction to some lady on Folly River." She could not now keep the suspense out of her voice. On his way in, he might have met Herbert . . . might even have known him.

Farraday answered quickly, with an air of annoyance. "It doesn't matter, Mrs. Grace. I mean, I had no introduction. Only . . . an odd experience." He paused, his eyes were drawn unwillingly again towards the harsh and brooding outlines of Old Loyalty. "And . . . I received a strange sort of message from a man . . . who fancied that there was a woman waiting alone down here . . . for his return."

KITTY'S face felt itself grow smaller, paler. She had forgotten the existence of Martha Grayle. The message seemed inevitably to be destined for her ears by Herbert. Herbert knew that she must wait and he meant to reassure her . . . to the point, that is, of sending him some repentant, some beseeching letter, that would make possible and dignified his own return. . . . "His name?" she whispered in a changed, dry little voice which brought Farraday suddenly over to her, his eyes lighted with astonishment.

"It . . . it can't be . . . *you?*"

Her suspenseful look glanced towards him, then wandered to the stream.

"Why . . . can't it be . . . me? Of course . . . it's me. I . . . I've been waiting." Her gesture outlined an eternity.

"Mrs. Grace. I'm sorry. I'm bitterly sorry. I don't know the man's name. I'll tell you about his message, if it can be called that. I was at Imbray's road house out in Copper City."

Herb would have gone out that way . . . . Kitty hid her face. She trembled. All the emotion associated with Herb seemed to force itself up from a blocked channel of her nervous system. She saw Herb's face, tender, delicate, impassioned, and her throat tightened with what was really only the memory of longing.

Farraday went on, looking at her anxiously. His whole attitude towards her had changed completely, almost violently. "I had been talking," he said, "to the barkeep about the plan of my trip, mentioning some of these valley names and asking for information, when, suddenly, a man seated at one of the tables spoke . . ."

"A man . . . ?" Kitty implored.

"A big, western-looking fellow, clean-shaven, fair . . ." Kitty unintelligibly gasped. "He said, 'If you're going into the Blue Forest country, stranger, you might swing over into Red Cañon and drop down to the bank of Folly River. I've a wife down there who's been waiting several years now alone . . . waiting for me to come back to her.' And he looked up then, Mrs. Grace. I keep seeing his eyes. They were the color of mica in the sun . . . brilliant, tragic, unforgettable."

KITTY sat still with her face covered, trembling. She had been wounded afresh and freshly punished. In the place of Herb's slight person, with his city air and his fine, dark moustache, there had been presented to her suspenseful mind a big, slow-speaking man. . . . Herb had sent her no message. She would never see him again—that tender, passionate face of his. Instead, forever Herb would remain—to harden and to hurt her soul—tight-lipped, pinched, jealous, gray.

"I did not believe then," Farraday was saying softly, "no, nor when I first saw you, that there could be such a woman."

And they were then both silent. Folly River talked.

Kitty began again to be aware of this man beside her, whose last speech she had hardly heard, certainly not understood. She felt a restrained emotion in his silence and, being sensitive to such disturbances, she knew that it was for her, this feeling, and that it had a vibration, moving and, hitherto to her, unknown. She looked up timidly and slowly towards him.

He was staring past her again towards the somber mountain, and something prompted her to speak of it . . . Roy's story of Farraday's unwilling obsession coming at the moment to her mind. She was anxious, besides, to get away from the burning pang of her disappointment. It would be a picturesque introduction for the story she meant to tell Farraday of Martha Grayle, whose husband out at Copper City must have made that strange announcement.

"Hereabouts," she said, speaking more softly even than her habit, "they call that mountain Old Loyalty, Mr. Farraday. It was named not very long ago by a forest ranger . . . in honor of a woman."

Farraday looked quickly at her.

"You are that woman," he said.

Now, there was at that moment in Farraday's grim blue eyes, hitherto so careless of her personality, a look that Kitty Grace had never seen in the eyes of any man before, and, half in scorn of his simple-minded blindness and half because, at that moment, she could ill (*Continued on page 73*)

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Our Secret War

By
THOMAS
M.
JOHNSON

Illustration by Marshall Frantz

ON THE night of May 27, 1918, German lookouts crouching in the ruined French village of Cantigny felt as cheerful as men can feel in the front line. Across No Man's Land, the American trenches seemed quiet, peaceful. That day the Crown Prince had surprised Foch, the new Allied Generalissimo, broken through French and British on the Chemin des Dames, headed toward Paris. A good day. Germany might yet win before too many *verdammt* Americans came. A perfect spring evening.

"*Stille nacht, heilige nacht,*" hummed a gray *feldwebel*.

Suddenly, his pipe dropped from his lips, and he leaned forward, every nerve and muscle tight, ready to give the alarm. In the darkness, where the American front-line trenches were, he had seen spurts of flame, heard shots. Now he heard a single cry. Then silence.

"*Was war das?*" a companion asked, hurrying up. Both stared and listened, but they saw nothing, heard nothing. Minutes passed. More minutes. The first hint of dawn came through the ground mist. They relaxed with relief. A nervous American sentry, they thought, seeing things—nothing to worry over. Chuckling, they relit their pipes in the shadow of coal-scuttle helmets. Sixteen minutes before six, the matches showed. End of a quiet night.

BUT they never saw the day. With the sudden crash and roar of doom, behind the American lines hundreds of guns opened, hurling a torrent of bursting shells that made Cantigny a place where none could stay above ground and live. After the barrage came the doughboys, three thousand eager fire-eaters of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, first time over the top in their young lives. They swarmed over Cantigny, and what Germans would not surrender, they bayoneted. The first real American attack of the World War was a complete victory.

To make that possible, before a gun fired or a doughboy charged, the Americans had won another victory. It was not in the open war that the world knew, but in the war amid the shadows, the war known to few, who never told—the secret war of spy and counter-spy. Sometimes the turn of tide on its dark battlefields swayed great events more powerfully than did the struggle in the light of day. So, just as the night before Cantigny ended, there were shots and a cry—then silence.

That silence has shrouded to this day what happened in the American trenches. Few have heard of the dark figure, in American uniform, helmet, gas mask, clutching something beneath his slicker, that darted around a traverse of a front-line trench, into a little sap jutting out into No Man's Land. Few know of two other dark figures, similarly clad, that followed, hid around the traverse corner until their quarry climbed into No Man's Land and started running, bent over in the mist, straight for the German trenches. Then both sprang to the parapet.

"Halt!" one shouted sternly, and once more, "Halt!"

Then, in an instant: "Get him!"

Pistols flashed together, and just at the edge of the barbed wire the runner stopped, cried out once, fell, and lay still. The pursuers crept over to him.

"Got him," one whispered grimly.

The other held up what had been hidden beneath the dead man's slicker.

"Trench code book," he said.

That is why the Germans did not get the warning of coming attack that a German sergeant enlisted in our First Division tried to take to them the night before. That is how that sergeant died, whatever the official records may say. That is how the lives of many Americans were saved and Cantigny written in our history a surprise attack—swift, sure, successful. Our secret war was sometimes to the knife.

In unhallowed conflict, its furtive armies struck at one another over the world. "From the ends of the earth to the ends of the earth," its agents were at

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How it was carried forward by 50,000 "*Silent Watchers*" and a few hundred colorful "I. P.'s"

"We must take an oath!" cried Diaz. . . . "An oath in blood! 'Death to the Americans!'"

their unending game, seeking bits of information, large and small, to fit somehow into the eternal puzzle—"What is the enemy up to?" Fully fifty thousand Americans did some sort of secret work in Europe, yet that fact and others remain secret as the work they did.

WHO has heard, then or since, about accomplishments of American secret service abroad? Some were highly important, some were thrilling, some were amusing; almost all were interesting. Time now that they heard true tales of G-2-B, of the I. P., an astonishing body of men, of the "Silent Watchers," army within an army, unsuspected by the rest of the A. E. F., whereof they were part. These were not the M. P., the military police, nor the D. C. I., crime detectives. They were the ones who spied upon the enemy and upon his spies, who fought his secret service, who waged the secret war.

It is easier to thwart enemy spies than to spy successfully upon enemies. For that and other reasons, we attempted and accomplished more in counter-espionage, spy-chasing, than in actual espionage, spying. At the very beginning we had startling proof of the grimness of our task.

The Germans tried to wipe out the original American Expeditionary Force before it set foot on French soil. Two of the three transport convoys of the First Division, A. E. F., were attacked by submarines off the coast of France. The attacks were repulsed, the troops landed, partly because of American secret service. Before the first convoy sailed, the censorship on incoming and outgoing cable messages, established immediately we entered the war, had intercepted a cable to Amsterdam, asking quotations on various quantities of milling machines—in lots that corresponded exactly with the numbers of the regiments in the convoys, and almost exactly with the numerical strength of each regiment! The address in Amsterdam was one already suspected of covering a forwarding station of the German secret service. The sender of the cablegram, who did a small export business in Brooklyn, was already on the Allied suspect list. He spent the rest of the war interned.

While their submarines kept trying to torpedo American transports, German secret agents planted bombs aboard American ships leaving our ports, as already they had planted them aboard Allied ships. All told, they succeeded at least fifty times in New York harbor alone. Despite every precaution, they hid bombs in the coal bunkers of two American troop transports that caught fire at sea. They tried to blow up the old German liner, De Kalb, which, as a transport, crossed and recrossed the Atlantic repeatedly with crankshaft cut four-fifths through by German sabotage—which no one discovered until after the war. Several British tramp steamers out of New York blew up at sea, more caught fire, from German bombs, especially the chemical type ignited by slow-eating sulphuric acid after the ship had sailed. They were more dangerous than the clockwork type, which searchers sometimes heard ticking. The German bombs were small, covered with tar, and shaped to resemble chunks of the coal that hid them.

SINCE the days of Stieber, most notorious of all super-spies, the German secret service had been, with the exception of the Czarist Russian political police, the most vicious such organization in Europe. Stieber's stock in trade was human weakness. Perhaps his World War successors were more scrupulous, but the Americans were never sure of that. No wonder, when they discovered a German attempt to make drug fiends of American aviators.

That was a real plot, with ramifications in several American flying fields in France, especially the field at Tours, headquarters of the Services of Supply. Its weapons were that worthy pair, cocaine and loose women. Their prey were the young flying cadets, in training, just getting used to going into the air, taking each day their lives in their hands, seeing each day some comrade crash. The method was devilishly simple.

The women, some French, all utterly abandoned, would waylay the Americans each evening when they sought relaxation from the day's strain. They would lead the way to apartments where, pitying the "*pauvres garçons*," they would produce

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liquor. Sometimes the liquor was drugged; often it was merely preliminary to powders. Before they realized it, a number of aviators were becoming slaves of the drug, unable to still the craving that was making its first deadly inroads into physical and moral strength. Which was what the Germans had hoped.

They were furnishing this vicious munition of the secret war to a group equally vicious, long experienced in drug peddling. This information the American secret service gathered and turned over to the French police, who recognized the members of the ring as desperate criminals. It took time to round them up, but it was done.

The scandalous affair of the Black Book showed again what the German secret service would do. The American secret service in Switzerland was able to thwart this game through the help of a German, known to this day only as Zero. It was he who revealed, without a cent of pay, how the Germans, in the twilight of their power in the fall of 1918, hoped to gain advantage in the negotiations that preceded the Armistice by blackmail.

Before 1914 many German agents abroad, not only in France and Russia, but also in England, were women, in varied positions: loose women, keepers of brothels and gambling houses; barmaids, governesses, nursemaids, chambermaids, in the homes of good, even exalted, families; and there were men club servants. Most of the secrets such ears would hear would be scandals—about the second apartment this one kept in another part of the city, and where that one's wife really spent her afternoons, and about the week-ends of Lord So-and-so. Not diplomatic or military information, but grist for the German mill. Every story, every scandal, every bit of filth, went into the Black Book, whose size is indicated by the title the British gave it—"The book of forty thousand names."

ALLIED secret services had heard of the book, but of little attempt to use it. They had even heard that the Kaiser had forbidden the only use to which it could be put. Late 1918 was the time, Germany's desperate need the cause, that brought it forth. Armed with its forty thousand barbed secrets, the German service set about forcing a propaganda in Allied countries for acceptance of German terms, a quick and easy peace.

"Germany wants peace," they would say. "You have influence in your country, political, military, financial, journalistic, whatever. Use that influence now to secure acceptance of the German proposals, or we will tell. You don't think we know? Ah, well, here is just a little of what is in the Black Book."

Some highly placed men and women faced sheer ruin, social or financial, sometimes both. By great good fortune, the Allied secret services were enabled, through information furnished by the Americans, to scotch this nest of blackmailers, and to close the Black Book. It remains closed, but where? How many people would like to know!

What manner of organization was this Imperial German secret service? How did it work, at whose command? Even eleven years afterward, very few, even in Germany, could answer that last question fully. The Allies never knew all about it.

When they accumulated some American prisoners of war—the total was 3,550, contrasted with 48,280 prisoners we took—the Germans tried to weaken their loyalty and possibly to recruit spies among them. Did any Americans turn traitor and join the German secret service? Colonel Nicolai, head of the German Military Intelligence, says not, and so far as this writer knows positively, he tells the truth.

The German General Staff had estimated before unrestricted submarine warfare was decided upon that a real American Army could never be raised, trained, and landed in France in time to prevent Allied defeat by starvation. But gradually the possibility dawned that the German General Staff was wrong. The Kaiser's secret agents were told to get the facts, and their estimate of how many Americans were in France from month to month was generally accurate, based as it was on secret service reports, but checked up for them by the periodic announcements of the American Chief of Staff, General Peyton C. March.

MORE and more proof comes to light of the influence this knowledge had on the German final demand for peace. The latest such proof is in the memoirs of Phillip Scheidemann, one of the leaders in the German revolution and the republic that followed. He reports a meeting of the Ministry of Prince Max of Baden, in mid-October, 1918, to decide what course to pursue in the armistice negotiations with President Wilson. To find out what chance, if any, Germany still had to win the war, the Ministers called in Colonel Heye of the Military Intelligence, now Commander of the German Army. This conversation took place:

Prince Max: "How many Americans land monthly in France?"

Colonel Heye: "An average of 250,000."

General Ludendorff: "In April, May, and June it was 350,000."

(A slight overstatement. Ludendorff's nerves were giving way.)

Prince Max: "How strong will the American Army be next Spring?"

Colonel Heye: "The American military leaders count on having 2,300,000 men by spring."

(It would have been fully that.)

Prince Max: "And have they the corresponding equipment?"

Colonel Heye: "If they continue at the present rate, they will have. The Americans have always been accurate in their estimates."

General Ludendorff: "Before we accept these armistice conditions, we ought to say to the enemy: 'Fight for them.'"

Prince Max: "But when they have won them by fighting, won't they impose worse terms?"

General Ludendorff: "There are no worse terms!"

Prince Max: "Oh, yes! They would break through into Germany, and devastate the country."

The ministers decided to tell President Wilson that his conditions for commencing armistice negotiations had been met. So we can be glad that German Intelligence, helped by General March's propaganda, was accurately informed of how our war effort was succeeding.

Yet, for all its reputation, the German secret service lost the secret war.

Colonel Nicolai says so. So does Field Marshal, now President, von Hindenburg in his memoirs:

"Our spy service produced only miserable results. In this sphere, even German gold succumbed in the struggle between our enemies and ourselves."

No little gold spent in that victory, especially in 1918, was American, financing Allied secret operations.

General Van Deman and Colonel Coxe, influenced partly by their English assistant, Colonel Dansey, stamped upon American secret service, whether at home or abroad, a character it never lost. They said:

"Spying and counter-spying are and always have been necessary in war. The spy who gets information that enables his army to capture a city serves his country as truly as the soldiers who scale the walls. Properly conducted, there is nothing disgraceful about secret service. There are temptations, hazards to character as well as to life. The greater the honor to those who can endure."

Today Americans and Englishmen who were "in that work," or "the service," are proud of it. Many are listed by Who's Who or Dun and Bradstreet or in the Social Register—college professors, musicians, bankers, brokers, lawyers, newspaper men. An unusual group gathers around the table at one of their occasional dinners in New York. If, as General Nolan once said, "It is sometimes necessary to have some accomplished liars in G-2," they lied like gentlemen, in a good cause—their country's.

THIS secret work was directed largely from the office behind the black door marked "S. S." in the old French barracks at American G. H. Q. in Chaumont. The original chief of the Division was Colonel Read, now dead, an old comrade of General Pershing. Later Colonel Coxe took his place. The two subdivisions of espionage and counter-espionage, spying and spy-chasing, were headed by two unusual men, Lieutenant Colonels N. W. Campanole and Aristides Moreno, masters of a half-dozen languages each. Their executive officer, Major J. S. S. Richardson, was a former newspaper man who, before we entered the war, helped the British secret service chase German spies. Since most of G-2-B's secret work was counter-espionage, this article is devoted to spy-chasing. American counter-espionage had two powerful arms—the Silent Watchers and the I. P.

"Silent Watchers" was not, of course, an official name, but it describes what they did. Forty or fifty thousand of them played in the A. E. F. a double rôle—outwardly soldiers like any others, drilling, hiking, fighting, but, unlike the others, never relaxing eyes, ears, wits in their search for spies and traitors in their midst. Their unsung service was heavy as it was unsuspected.

But their service was of incalculable value. Thanks in no small measure to it, the A. E. F. was probably the most loyal army that ever served the United States. More honor for its bright record, but honor also where hitherto it has not been bestowed, to the Silent Watchers. They detected the disloyal, who were quietly

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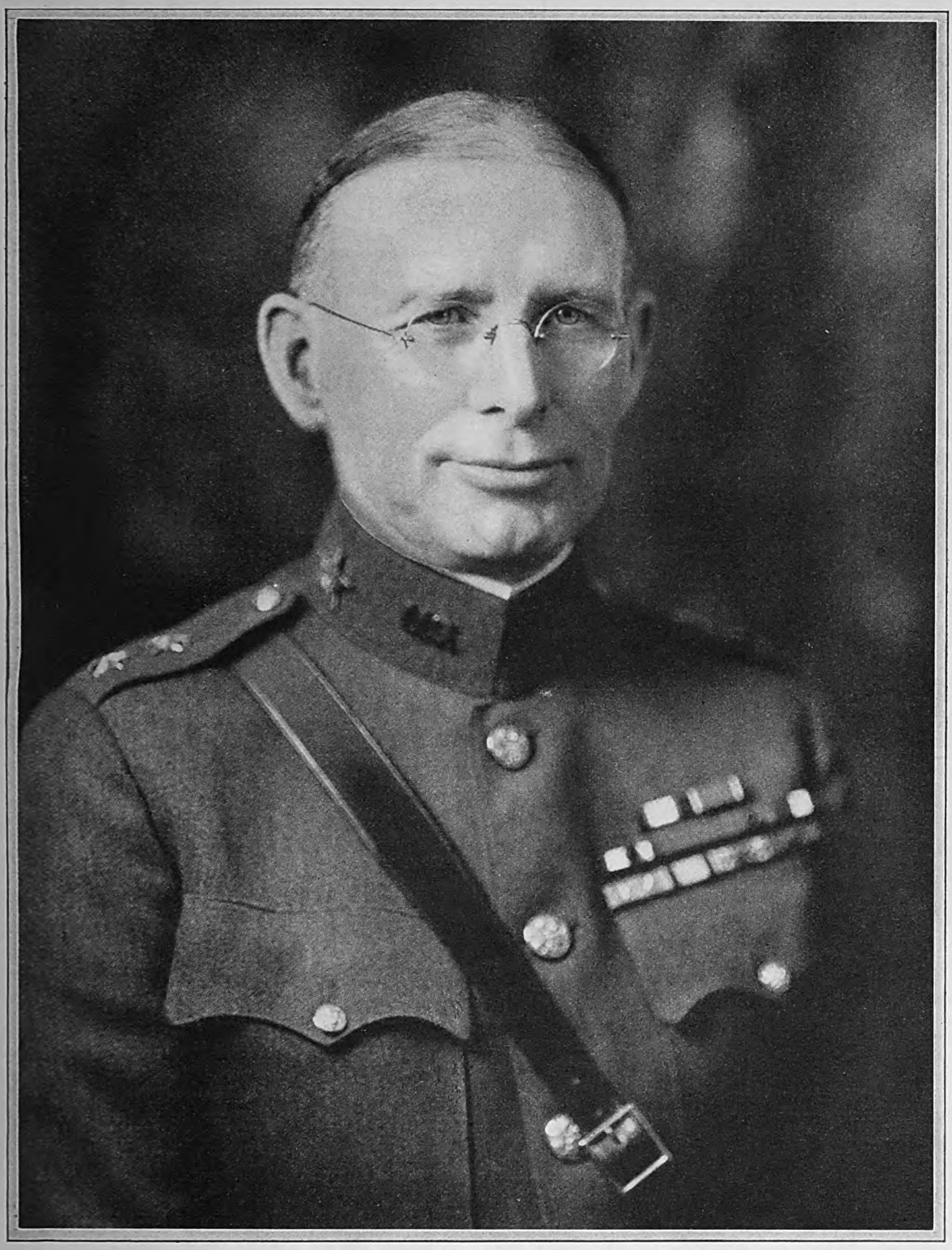

Major General D. E. Nolan was Chief of Intelligence, A. E. F. He is now commanding the Fifth Corps Area, with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio

transferred where they could do no harm—usually before their units left the United States. In the Seventy-seventh Division alone, the polyglot New York City draft division, 800 men were weeded out and left behind through the work of the Silent Watchers.

Throughout the A. E. F., roughly, to every platoon, to every group of sixty men, there was one Silent Watcher. Nobody knew of his existence except one officer in his company to whom he reported. This officer, in turn, reported to another higher up, until the peak of the organization was reached in an officer of the Division Headquarters Staff, who, in his turn, reported directly to G-2-B at Chaumont. The organization had only one purpose, and stuck to it—to detect spying and disloyalty. (Silent Watchers did not report violation of regulations, lax morals, nor even crime.) The policy was to take no chances, but to transfer suspects without waiting for proof. An ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. Nor could the Silent Watchers reveal themselves or their organization by testifying in court.

The system worked so well in the Divisions that it was extended to the whole A. E. F.—Services of Supply, ports, replacement centers, hospitals—so that it covered every uniformed American in France or England.

It was the Silent Watchers who got the sergeant and his stolen code book the night before Cantigny. Barely in time, their suspicions had been aroused. The Silent Watchers discovered a movement to stir up race hatred among the negro troops, which resulted in their being sent home first of all (*Continued on page 132*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

No matter how Cranky passengers are

They Never GET Billy's Goat

An interview with the Chief Steward of the LEVIATHAN

By ROBERT H. DENEHEY

ONE of the greatest corporation lawyers in America sat down beneath the large dome in the dining-room of the steamship Leviathan and picked up the menu card, with its several hundred suggestions. The ship had left New York for Southampton that day, and now, on the first evening out, dinner was being served to the passengers. The lawyer scrutinized the menu and then glared at the waiter.

"See here, son, bring me some fried ham," he said.

The waiter presently returned with the ham and placed it before the noted jurist. That personage adjusted his glasses and looked at the piece of ham. Then he exclaimed: "That is not my idea of ham. Take it away. Bring me another slice with less fat."

When the waiter returned with another offering, which the chef had taken great pains to prepare, the lawyer gave it a swift appraisal and ordered in a surly voice: "Waiter, tell the chief steward I want to see him at once."

It took the chief steward only a few minutes to learn that it wasn't ham the lawyer wanted. What he really craved was special attention. It was an old, old story. The chief steward, however, knew what to do. Within ten minutes the waiter marched through the dining-room carrying a large platter on which were nineteen slices of fried ham. Some were thin, some were thick; some were all lean, while a few were fringed with fat. The lawyer looked them over carefully and selected a piece from the center of the plate.

When the waiter saw what had happened, he was the most dumfounded man on the boat. The lawyer had selected the same piece of ham that had been served to him the first time.

"Now, I call *that* real ham!" he exclaimed, as he began to cut it with his knife.

As the waiter made his way back towards the kitchen, he glanced curiously at the chief steward. That person, however, looked totally unruffled. He had just pleased another passenger and he was happy. The passenger may have been a crank, but pleasing cranks is a high art with William J. Linn, chief steward of the Leviathan.

A SEAGOING and salty chap is this man Linn, known affectionately to thousands of transatlantic tourists as "Billy." He has sailed the seas for twenty-six years and knows every "bump" on the ocean. Standing only five feet five inches in height, he is of fire-plug build. He has a smile that serves him equally well with passengers who travel *de luxe* and with those who cross in the steerage.

Twenty-six years ago, Billy Linn ran away to sea. Today his friends include Queen Marie of Roumania, General Pershing, Al Jolson, Cardinal Hayes, Sir Thomas Lipton, the Duchess of

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Norfolk, former Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mary Pickford . . . and hundreds of other persons not so much in the limelight who have traveled on the Leviathan between the shores of Europe and America.

Billy Linn's job brings him into rather intimate contact with famous men and women, "get-rich-quicks," cranks, and plain, everyday citizens. He has charge of the dining-room and kitchen and everything pertaining to food, and he must please every passenger on the ship.

"I have been asked frequently by my friends if I am ever stumped when a passenger calls for a special dish," he said. "I am not. I tell them that Billy Linn never says 'No.' And that goes for all requests within reason. I can't go out and catch a pink elephant on the crest of a wave, but I can serve mousseline of chicken favorite, Pomeranian goose giblet soup, or prepare any sort of meal that a man is likely to call for."

A MAN in Billy Linn's position must have crazy questions hurled at him on every trip, so I began by asking: "What was the most unreasonable request ever made of you?"

"Well, on one trip I was bothered by a wealthy Philadelphian who insisted that I place him at the same table with a famous movie actress. In fact, he wanted to sit next to her. Now, the seats around this actress were taken by her friends. In the face of my explanation of why it was impossible to accommodate my passenger from Philadelphia, the man produced a thousand-dollar bill and said to me: 'You get me the seat I want, and the thousand is yours.'

"The gentleman kept his thousand-dollar bill, and of course he did not get the seat he wanted.

"Movie actresses, as well as other stage folk, always like to sit beneath the big dome in the dining-room where they can be seen and will attract attention. And nearly every passenger believes that the best tables are in the center of the room. As a matter of fact, it is just the other way round. The best tables are along the sides of the room, because I always place my best waiters there. During mealtimes I have two points of vantage. One is at the kitchen exit, where I can watch the waiters when they pass into the dining-room with food. The other is at the head of the room, near the center. From this point, I can keep my eye on the waiters in the center of the saloon. Those who serve the tables at the sides are hidden by pillars, so you can understand why I pick my best men for the outside tables."

"Do you select passengers to sit at the captain's table?" I asked.

"I do not," said Billy Linn with emphasis. "Many passengers have the impression that I arrange the seating at the captain's table. The fact is, the captain selects his friends to dine with him, or more often the lucky ones are chosen at the head offices of the line."

Very few ocean travelers know, at first, whom or how much to tip. I asked Linn whether there was a guiding rule that he could give me to govern the distribution of money to waiters, stewards, bell boys, and other attendants.

"First of all," he said, "the so-called ten-per-cent tip as practiced on land is not heard of on board a ship. This is obvious, because the meals are paid for in advance.

"Waiters do not expect tips until the last meal. Before the war it was customary to tip your table waiter $2.50 at the end of the trip. Nowadays, they receive on an average $5.00, although many passengers tip more generously. I refer to first-class passengers. Second-class passengers usually tip about $3.50, third-class $1.75, and tourists about $2.00. The bedroom steward, the stewardess, and the deck steward, usually receive $5.00 apiece from each first-class passenger. Second- and third-class stewards receive about the same as waiters of their class. This includes rug and chair, with the exception of third class, where the tip is much smaller.

"SOME persons tip everybody. The bath steward often receives $2.00, and the smoking-room, social hall, and library stewards receive $1.00. Some passengers tip only the dining-room waiter. Others often remember everybody on board with a flat sum to be distributed. From this money even the chef, elevator boy, musicians, printers, swimming-pool attendants, and others receive a share.

"As for myself, I do not accept tips. One day, however, I was approached by an old lady who said in a motherly sort of way that she just had to thank me for what I had done for her on the trip over. Along with the speech, she handed me a dollar. The dear old lady was so sincere that I knew she would not understand at all if I refused to accept the dollar, so, rather than hurt her feelings, I took her tip. But I take pleasure in turning down a thousand-dollar tip from a millionaire."

I asked Linn how much a first-class passenger should tip if he desired to remember everybody on the boat; that is, if he desired that his tip should be distributed according to the scale

Sketches by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Now, I call that real ham!" the lawyer exclaimed, as he began to cut it with his knife

One of the most annoying types is the fellow who has picked up a lot of dough in a hurry

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established by the stewards themselves.

"Fifty dollars would cover it," he replied.

Billy Linn's fondness for children and aged persons is well known in transatlantic shipping circles.

"One day," he told me, "I was called to the gangplank by a wealthy New York woman, who said: 'Here is little Johnny. His uncle will meet him in Southampton.' That was all. Johnny was placed in the hands of a steward and soon became acquainted with other children on the ship. He was only five years old and he had the run of the boat.

"The Leviathan has a special room fitted up for children, where special food is served, toys provided, and the best of attention given to the youngsters.

"On one trip we had on board a baby, one month old, who was traveling alone. She was placed in charge of a stewardess, and the entire crew sort of adopted the child as its own. Every morning I inquired about the little one's health. Of course, I was not able to prepare fancy dishes for this passenger, but I did see that she was treated like a queen.

"Another time a young girl walked into my office and said: 'Mr. Linn, you hardly remember me, but when I was eight years old I made my first Atlantic crossing. I shall never forget that trip. Everybody from the captain down made me enjoy the trip and I was so happy. I just had to call at your office now and say "How do you do?" I remember yet that you gave me a doll to play with and prepared special food when I got a little seasick.' This girl was going to be married in London, and of course she brought her husband back on the Leviathan.

"We have very few cases of seasickness on the Leviathan. The boat is the largest in the world and therefore it does not rock very much. The orchestra is playing every night to a packed dining-room, and everybody eats heartily.

"Some people, of course, overeat. Then when they feel uneasy in the region of the stomach, they blame it on the roughness of the sea. Naturally, an ocean trip stimulates the appetite. Persons who at home would eat only some orange juice, cereal, and rolls at breakfast, walk into the dining-room on the boat and order eggs, steaks, hot cakes, and several cups of coffee. If they would go at it a little easier, they would not jolt their stomachs and invite indisposition."

I ASKED Linn what he does with the pets that passengers bring on board.

"I'll say this," he began, "that the funniest thing happened one day, when one of the stewards reported that a woman had a dog in her room and refused to allow anybody to take the animal away from her. I hurried to the room with the steward, expecting to find a lap dog cuddled up on a pillow. But I was fooled. I was met at the door by a low growl, and looking into the room, saw a Great Dane. I call them flea dogs. He stood over two feet high.

"'Listen,' said the woman. 'Boxer and I have slept in the same room for eight years and we're not going to be separated now. He's my pal. Please let me keep him in my room, Steward!'

"I told her that we had a special place for pets on the boat—a room especially heated, where special meals were served to meet the requirements of each pet. She said she had never heard of such an arrangement, but when she saw the room, she realized that her dog would be properly cared for.

"Often women smuggle small dogs into their rooms under their coats. One night a section of the ship was aroused by a constant barking and we found two dogs in the room of a movie actress. Sometimes, we close our eyes and wink when we see very small dogs, such as Pekingese pups, smuggled on board. But don't think for a moment that the passengers fool us. We know what is going on. Yes, they come on board with all sorts of animals: lizards, cats, parrots, snakes, monkeys, and rabbits."

MY NEXT question of Linn concerned the romances that are born at sea.

"Of course, acquaintances formed at sea often lead to the altar," he said. "Many will recall the affair of one of America's most popular cartoonists, who met a beautiful woman on board the Leviathan while en route to Europe. It was surely a play in three acts. Their courtship was the talk of the ship. And I was surprised to see both of the lovers board the boat for a return passage to the United States. But I didn't expect them to ask the captain to marry them on the high seas. They did, however, and they actually took a third trip over to spend their honeymoon on the ocean.

"As a rule, steamship captains are not fond of marrying couples on the high seas. Often the love is merely temporary, the principals being blinded by the glamour of the sea, the steamship, and the trip. When they reach land, their love frequently cools.

"However, all is not love at sea, but I do what I can to promote harmony as far as possible. One time I was roundly abused because a prominent oil man among the passengers discovered that his waiter had served on a German submarine during the World War. He refused to be waited upon by a 'Hun' he said.

"I invited the oil man to step into my office some day when he had time for a little talk. He did. I asked him whether or not he knew that this German waiter was a naturalized citizen of the United States, and that he had married an American girl and had two American children. I asked him also if he realized that war is war and that this German boy had fought for his country just as millions of Americans had fought for theirs. He said he had never before looked at the matter in that light. He must have conquered his prejudice, because I learned afterwards that this waiter received a ten-dollar tip from the oil man."

"I suppose," I said, "that there are some passengers who want this, that, and everything else."

"Of course," admitted Linn, "I run into all sorts aboard ship. One of the most annoying types is the fellow who has picked up a lot of dough in a hurry. Perhaps he is a man who has made a quick fortune in the stock market, or who has received a legacy from a forgotten uncle. He comes aboard with his brand-new luggage and wants to meet the captain immediately. I tell him very gently that the captain is engaged with his navigation charts, but that I am prepared to render him any service. He usually shakes hands, offers me a cigar, presents his card, and tells me he is a friend of the Secretary of the Navy, Connie Mack, the president of the line, or Chief Justice Taft. This type of passenger is nearly always a loud talker who desires to impress everybody with his importance.

"Perhaps he hasn't got a room with a bath and wants to move into a suite for the same price, or desires to have a special steward cater to him alone during the trip. Or maybe he wants to know who the celebrities are on board, or perhaps he wants me to introduce him to an actress or to a prince. He knows full well that some of the requests cannot be granted, but he just has to get them off his chest.

"The cheapest passenger I ever encountered was a chap who raised Cain when his suit was smeared with fresh paint. He was going to sue the line for this and that and everything, but when his complaint was investigated I found that he was a stowaway. He had never paid his fare!

"Running a close second to him are the passengers who ask for rebates on their bills because seasickness prevented them from eating their meals regularly. A woman who had been seasick asked the matron for some caviar and other expensive foods when she was nearing port. She wanted to take these delicacies ashore and eat them in place of those she missed at sea.

"THE most interesting affair I ever had on board centered around a woman who was what I might call a 'professional trouble maker.' That is, she had a reputation in American and European hotels for raising disturbances without the least provocation. I had been tipped off before leaving Southampton that she was on our passenger list, so I was prepared for anything. In this case, the London office of our line had actually wired me to be on the lookout for her.

"I was sitting in my office on the first afternoon out, when a woman walked in with a cigarette in her mouth. She was a beautiful woman.

"'See here; of course you know who I am,' she began. 'I'm here to raise a little hell and I'm going to start in with you.'

"I offered her a chair, but she didn't even look at it. I then told her I did not know who she was. (I did, however, because the cable from our London office identified her!)

"'So you don't know me, eh?' she shot back. 'Well, I'm Mrs. So-and-so. I've stirred things up on every liner I ever sailed on and in hotels in Europe and the United States, and I'm here now to raise some more hell if I don't get the kind of service I pay for and demand. I want a table next to a window and I want it right away.'

"I made a quick decision. It was better to have it out with her right then and there.

"'Listen, Mrs. So-and-so,' I said. 'There is no hell going to be raised on this ship. If there is, I am the one to raise it. Now, go and take that table I gave you or—'

"'Stop!' she said. 'I shall see the captain at once. I have been insulted.'

"I called a steward and said: 'Steward, take this lady to the captain immediately.'

"Did she go to the captain? She did

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not. I called her bluff, and people tell me I was the first man who ever dared call her down. But she accepted the table I assigned to her. During the remainder of the voyage I had her watched carefully and every little whim was catered to by the dining-room captains and bedroom steward.

"Before she left the boat she reserved the same room for the return voyage and when she came on board I greeted her with a smile. I asked her if she cared for a nice table by the window and wanted the same stewards. She became one of my best friends and uses our line exclusively.

"ONE of the most amusing things we ever had happen on board the ship occurred one day when I walked up to a man who was leaning on the rail as the boat approached the shores of England. My curiosity was aroused because the man had not appeared in the dining-room during the entire trip, although he was the picture of health. I knew that he had regularly had sandwiches served to him all the way across and that he had tipped the waiter a quarter for each serving.

"Here is little Johnny," said the wealthy New York woman. "His uncle will meet him in Southampton."

"'Why didn't you come into the dining saloon?' I asked him. 'We have a lot of fun there.'

"'I can't afford it,' the man replied.

"When I recovered from the shock, I walked away without commenting. The poor chap actually did not know that his meals were included in the payment for his passage. And I was afraid to tell him the truth because I had an idea he might jump overboard when he realized he had paid for something he did not get!"

When I asked Linn who was the best traveler he ever had, he hesitated a minute. Then he said:

"The big people are always the best travelers. When I say big, I mean the men and women who have some personal achievement to their credit. Take, for example, Queen Marie of Roumania. On the voyage to America, the Queen wanted to know all about our people, their habits and customs, and what they ate in various sections. So, from time to time, I would see that she was served with Boston baked beans, with hot cakes and scrapple for Philadelphia, fried chicken à la Maryland for Baltimore, and a very heavy breakfast for the West.

"Her Majesty is one of the most democratic of women. She frequently enjoyed a dip in our swimming pool, where she was instructed by 'Jimmy' Connolly, the ship's swimming teacher. Queen Marie isn't a fancy swimmer—that is, she hasn't a great variety of strokes. Indeed, she uses only one, the breast stroke, but she uses that very well and she has splendid endurance. She visited the pool every day, and one morning she swam with the breast stroke for forty minutes continuously. Of course, she used the pool privately.

"Princess Ileana was quite 'ritzy,' but she was also popular with the passengers.

"ONE of the easiest persons to please is the Duchess of Norfolk, of the third ranking family of England. She is a very pleasant person to serve. She, too, is democratic and an experienced traveler.

"The man whom I have found the most liberal and easy to satisfy is William F. Kenny, friend of former Governor Al Smith. His breakfast consists of a glass of milk and his lunch is the same. For dinner he selects one cup of soup and a piece of toasted bread. Nothing ails him. He is as healthy as an oak—but he just believes in being a light eater. He is very generous too. He always sends several boxes of cigars down to the fireroom, and in some way or other remembers every man on board the ship.

"Al Jolson is another man we are always glad to see aboard. He is liberal with remembrances and songs. He is one of the best entertainers in the world and will sing anything any time when we are out on the high seas.

"General John J. Pershing is an ideal traveler. He is always the same—modest, quiet, and unassuming. He never makes a request for special favors, such as sitting at the captain's table or demanding a certain seat in the dining saloon.

"Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous English sportsman, eats alone and does not want to be fussed over. I recall that Sir Thomas is very fond of rice. Indeed, he used to carry a Hindu with him to prepare it in a special way. Later he taught one of our chefs how to prepare it. He is fond of oatmeal too, but I never saw a man eat it the way he does. He puts a lot of butter and salt on it and then dips it into a bowl of milk which he keeps on the side. I suppose this is the Scotch fashion of eating oatmeal."

"DO YOU have many girls and young women traveling alone?" I asked.

"Nowadays, a large number of young women travel alone," Linn replied. "Years ago, a young girl who went across the Atlantic unchaperoned would be considered a fit subject for a mental examination. Now it is quite the thing to do, and many avail themselves of tourist cabin rates for the May, June, July, and August trips.

"There are masters-at-arms or bedroom stewards within earshot of every stateroom. They patrol the halls of the ship every night just as regularly and as vigilantly as marines patrol a valuable government building. You can see for yourself that there is mighty little chance for a would-be criminal to get away with anything. It isn't like being on a railroad train—you can't get off at the next station—and a man who is caught in any wrongdoing can't jump off the ship into the middle of the Atlantic when he wants to escape from those who are after him.

"Of course, we still have card sharks aboard now and then. With all the well-worn warnings against them, it is amazing to think that passengers still fall for that friendly-game-of-cards gag, which is just as old as the shell game staged annually at the county fairs.

"My job isn't an easy one," Linn concluded. "The Leviathan is 960 feet long and she has thirteen decks. If stood upright, she would extend 250 feet higher in the air than the Woolworth Building. We burn 21,000 lights, or sufficient electricity to furnish light for a city of 70,000 inhabitants. The average number of meals I serve on a round trip is 144,000, so you see time never has a chance to hang heavy on my hands. And that's the way I like it to be—something doing every minute!"

(*The End*)

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The THINKER

By
Clarence Budington Kelland

SCATTERGOOD BAINES was not what you would call a reading man—except when Mandy was away on a visit. That was an emergency he was prepared for by owning a book. It was a good book; and he had been reading it off and on for forty years. The name of it was "Frederick the Great," by Thomas Carlyle. He read it through about once in four years, and then started in again. Mandy wanted to know why he didn't get him a fresh book, but he told her he had tested this one out, knew it was good, and couldn't afford to experiment at his time of life.

He had been reading in bed until nearly ten o'clock before he got drowsy and then fell asleep in the silent house.

It was midnight when he was awakened by a light in his eyes and a rude hand upon his shoulder.

"Wake up and shut up," said a voice behind the beam of light.

Scattergood sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"W-al," he said. "W-al. How be ye?"

"Git up and dress," said the voice.

"Expect a body to find his pants in the dark?" asked Scattergood.

"Light the lamp," the voice ordered; and a second person touched a match to the wick of the lamp by which the old hardware merchant had been reading. Scattergood saw two men, whose features were concealed by red handkerchiefs. One of them held an electric flash-light and another object which undoubtedly was a revolver.

"Dunno's you'll git much to repay your trouble," Scattergood said mildly. "But the's pie in the ice box."

"Git dressed, and shut up," said the man who, apparently, was in command.

"Can't ye burgle a man's house with him in his nightgown?" asked Scattergood.

"You're goin' out," said the robber. "'Tain't anythin' to us if you go dressed or undressed."

"Goin' out, be I? Um. 'Tain't robbin' then, but kidnapin'." He chuckled. "Who d'ye calc'late's goin' to pay a reward to git me back?"

"You'll git back when we're through with you."

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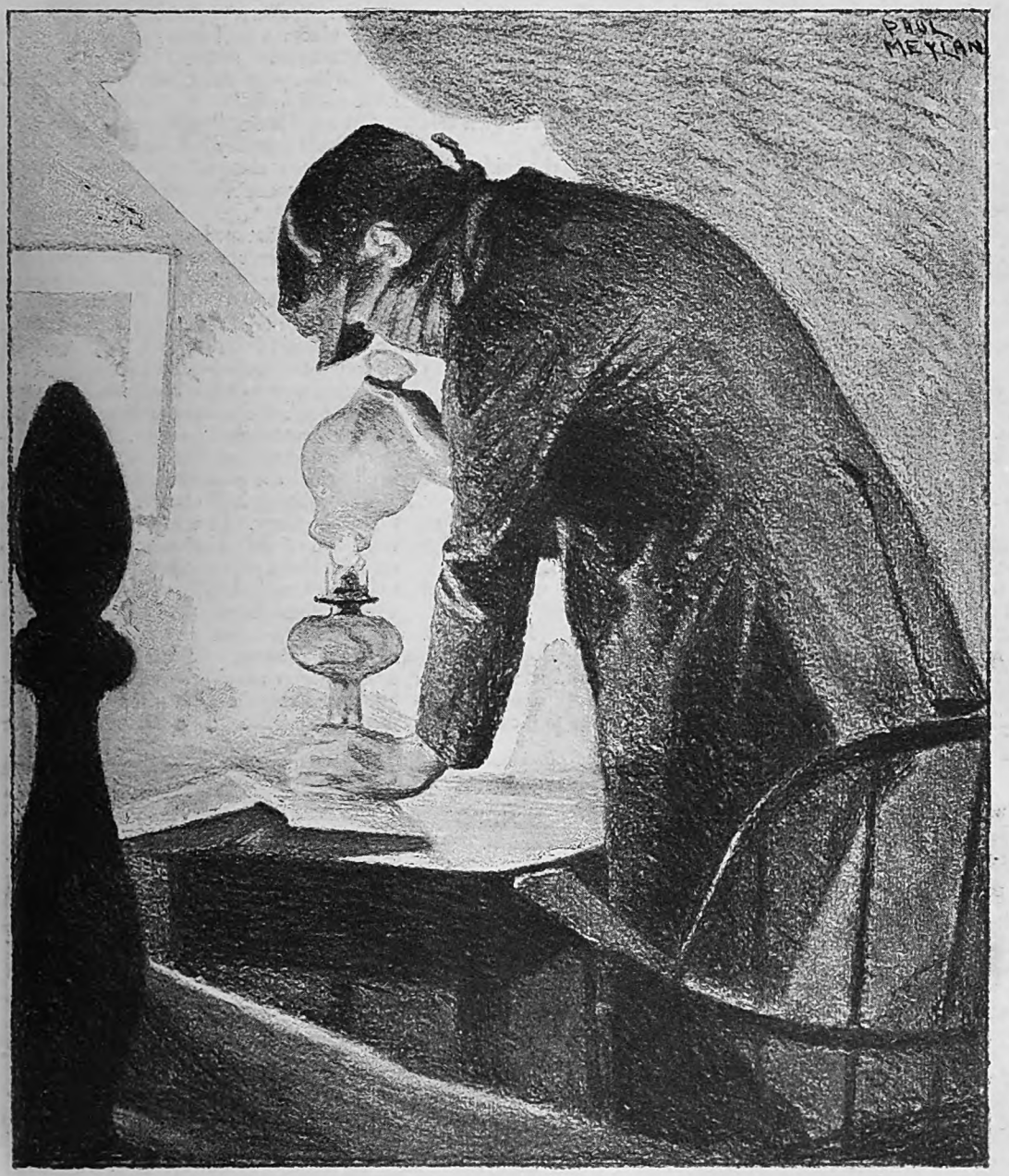

It was midnight when he was awakened by a light in his eyes. . . . "Wake up and shut up," said a voice behind the beam of light

Illustrated by
PAUL MEYLAN

"All most folks' heads is useful fer is to grow hair on," said Scattergood. "They'd be better off if they could use 'em to grow garden truck"

"You kind of int'rest me," said Scattergood. "What d'ye figger to use me fer? Eh?"

"We're goin' to take you to the bank," said the man; "and you're goin' to let us in and open up the vault. We know how much money the' is there. Then we'll tie you up, and you'll be found in the morning."

"Good idee," said Scattergood. "Shows consid'able intelligence. But what if I hain't of a mind to open up the vault?"

"I guess we'll manage to change it for you then."

"Time locks hain't to be opened till the hour they're set fer."

"There ain't no time lock on that vault door. Think we undertook this job without findin' out that?"

"Thorough, hain't ye. W-al, there'll be a time lock this time next week. Better lock the stable after the hoss is stole than never lock it at all. I dunno's I care about folks makin' a habit of kidnapin' me and forcin' me to open up. People'd be apt to criticize me if I done it twice."

"Stir yourself," growled the robber, and for a moment or so Scattergood was silent as he drew on his trousers and bent to lace his shoes. Then he straightened up and scratched his ear.

"STRANGERS around here, be'n't ye?" he inquired affably.

"Not so strange we don't know what we're doin'."

"Seems as though. Um. Hain't folks goin' to be kind of cur'ous seein' you drag me through the streets this time of night?"

"Nobody was ever awake in this town at this time of night," retorted the robber.

"You never kin tell," said Scattergood. "They might be runnin' fer a doctor, or have a house on fire, or what-not. Or some of the young fellers might be gittin' back from settin' with their best girls."

"It ain't your worry," said the robber. "Hustle! Ain't no time to waste."

"Still an' all," said Scattergood, "them's the kind of things a body ought to think about. It's jest little unexpected happenin's that upset plans. If I was a-goin' to rob a bank, I calc'late I'd set and think up everythin' that could happen, and then I'd git ready fer it. I wouldn't leave nothin' to chance. I shouldn't wonder but what I'd 'a' made a spankin' good robber if I'd set my mind to it."

"You're a spankin' good talker," said the robber. "We ain't no slouches, I guess. Hope you got them payrolls all done up in sacks," he went on, grinning. "Sacks saves a heap of trouble for us boys. Shag!"

They went out the back door, and Scattergood saw standing at the side of the house a rattletrap motor-car with a covered body, such as grocers use to deliver to their customers. Its rear doors stood open.

"Git in," ordered the robber.

"I swan," said Scattergood admiringly, "if you boys don't think of everythin'! Calc'late to carry me through the streets in that, eh? Now, that's what I call perty slick. Nobody kin see me."

"Yes," said the robber, "and if anybody hears you, you're goin' to git hurt. Jest let out one beller and see what happens to you. Git in."

Scattergood climbed with some difficulty over the tail of the car and sat heavily on the floor inside. The second of the robbers accompanied him; the first took the wheel. They removed the red handkerchiefs.

"Folks," said Scattergood presently, "is a-goin' to wonder what a delivery

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wagon is standin' by the bank fer."

"Think so?" asked the robber on the seat.

"And what'll they be thinkin' if they see me unloaded out of the back of this here wagon, like I was a side of beef, eh? Tell me that now. Hain't sich a sight calc'lated to raise suspicions?"

"Anybody 'd think you was scairt we'd be caught," said the robber.

"'Tain't that," said Scattergood. "I hope you be caught. But when anythin's goin' on I'm int'rested in it, kind of. I like to see how it's a-goin' to work out, as you might say. Now, you boys got a good scheme here that nobuddy could help but admire, kind of, and though I figger to come in for consid'able criticism over these doin's and my part in 'em, why, I'd kind of hate to see it all ruined jest by suthin' careless, or kind of unexpected."

"Huh," grunted the robber.

"YOU kin understand how I feel," Scattergood went on. "Kind of like a feller watching a ball game. He allus wants one team or tother to win, even if he hain't got no int'rest in neither. And it's funny, if you rode on the train or the bus with one team, that's allus the one you want to win. You feel kind of acquainted, I guess. Folks is funny that way. Folks is funny anyway," he added as an afterthought, shaking his head.

"Aw, shut up. You take my mind off my drivin'," said the robber.

Scattergood was silent a moment or so, but then he spoke again: "You boys do much of this here kind of work?"

"Plenty."

"Mostly night work, hain't it? Keeps ye away from home and all."

The robber snorted.

"Pay well?" asked Scattergood.

"It's goin' to tonight."

"Ye ought to be rich," said Scattergood.

"If we was, we wouldn't be monkeyin' with this."

"But a body wouldn't have to rob more'n two-three banks to git well fixed. Here folks goes and saves up their money, and puts it into banks all convenient fer you boys. Scads of it. Then you come along and git it. If 'twas me I calc'late I'd git rich on about three bank robberies."

"Well, we ain't," said the robber.

"Can't be a very good trade to foller, then," said Scattergood. "What ails it?"

The robber laughed shortly. "Folks ain't fond of havin' banks robbed. 'Tain't everybody comes along with a key to open up, like you do."

"Oh," said Scattergood, "then the's times when you hain't successful?"

"Some."

"You git up plans to rob a bank, and the plans fall through?"

"Sometimes."

"I'm gittin' kind of hopeful," Scattergood said. "Mebbe this here'll turn out to be one of them times."

"This time won't," said the robber.

"But s'posin' somebuddy was to see you unloadin' me and git suspicious, and go hollerin' fer help?"

"They won't, and if they do, why you're goin' to soothe 'em down. If there's anybody on the street you're goin' to say to 'em that we had some engine trouble and was out of spark plugs, so we waked you up and fetched you down to the store to git some."

"Um. . . . You do think of everythin', don't ye? Competent boys, that's what I'd say." He waggled his head. "Bein' as able as you be, I don't see why you hain't got rich."

"Luck," said the robber. "Say, you're a kind of a cool customer, ain't you? Most people 'ud have been kind of upset to git waked up in the night this way. Or are you jest dumb?"

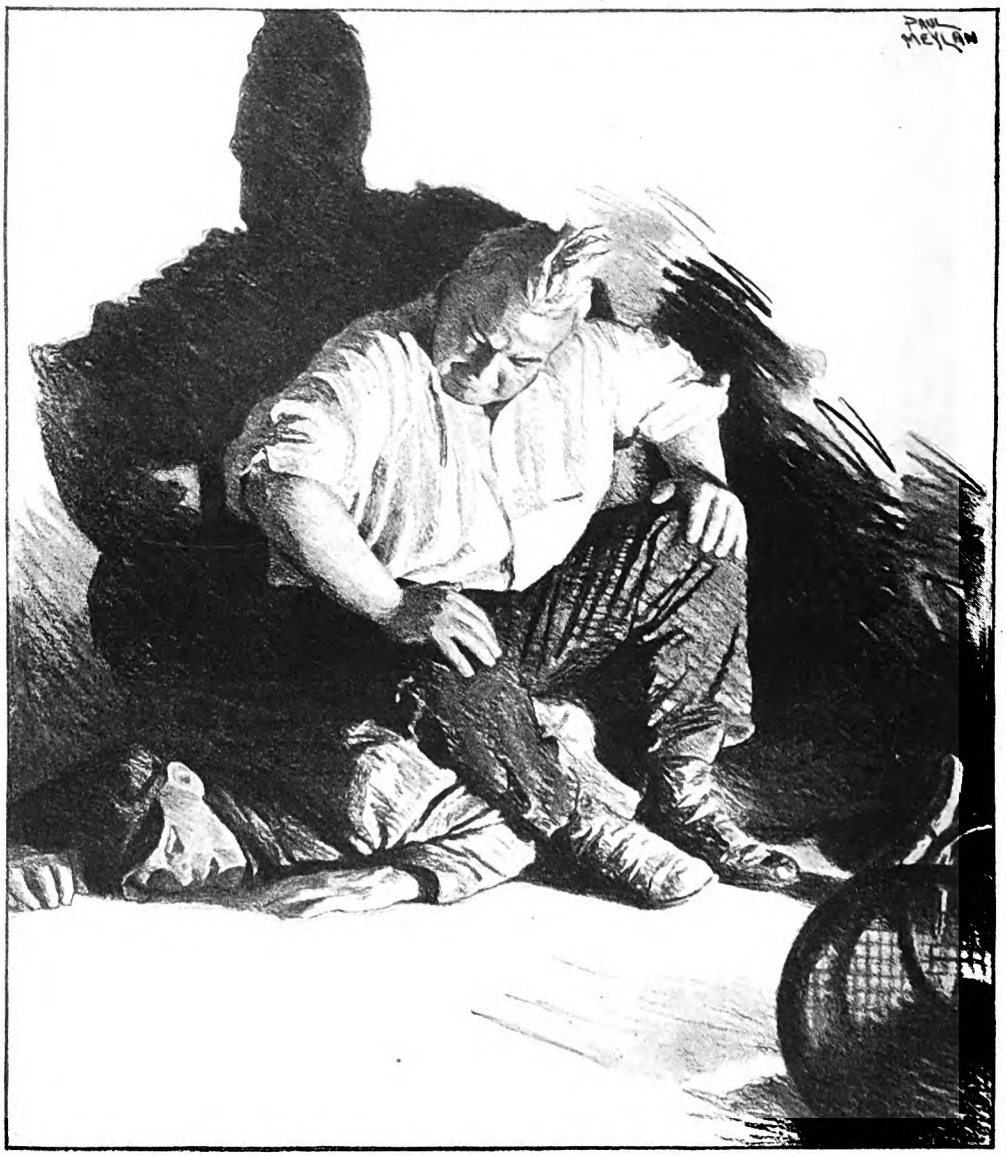
"Hain't never been able to figger it out for myself," said Scattergood. "Some days I think I'm cool, and some days I think I'm dumb, and some days I don't care which, 'cause it seems to git the same results. We're jest passin' Deppity Hopper's place; you better go careful. He might suspicion suthin'."

"Anybody 'd think you wanted us to have good luck."

"What I want," said Scattergood, "is to git back into my bed with a whole skin. I come to a time of life where sleepin's more important'n cash money."

THE car hastened along the dusty road and Scattergood was not comfortable as he sat on the floor boards. The springs were not calculated for the pleasure of passengers, and there were periods when he found it advisable to keep his mouth tightly shut, lest he bite off his tongue. The situation was neither pleasant nor dignified, though the matter of dignity did not trouble Scattergood greatly. What attention he had to spare he was giving to the interests of the depositors in his bank.

The robbers had chosen well the time for their foray. It was the time of the week and of the month when it was necessary for the bank to carry heavy sums in cash to meet the payroll demands of various local enterprises, and when unusually large deposits were received. If these robbers succeeded in making a clean sweep of the stacks of currency and the bags of gold and silver coin, the condition of the bank would be serious.



"I dunno how long we got to stay here 'fore somebuddy comes along," said Scattergood; "but looks like you was a-goin' to be more uncomfortable'n what I be"

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As is well known to all investors in the stock of banking enterprises, each stockholder is liable for double the amount of the face value of the stock he holds. And since Scattergood owned all the stock of the bank, with the exception of the shares necessary to qualify the other directors, the major part of the calamity would fall upon him. He did not regard the situation with equanimity.

But it did seem to him more economical to lose even that large sum of money than to invite by some rash action a bullet from one of the determined men who held him prisoner. His age and weight did not make for agility; he had been taken utterly unawares, with no opportunity for resistance, and the thing had been so well planned and so efficiently carried through to this point that its success seemed certain.

HE TALKED because he thought better when he talked, and because talking amused him. It was better to lose money and enjoy the delights of conversation, than merely to lose money in dour silence. So he chatted on, rather to the amazement of the hard citizens who guarded him, and who wondered what manner of individual he could be. This was so much on the right side of the ledger. It was bound to occupy a certain part of their minds when they would need the whole resources of those mental engines in the carrying through of their project.

"Somebody standin' on the sidewalk," said the driver in a whisper. "You git here on the seat beside me. Tim, you keep that gun against his ribs."

Scattergood scrambled over and sat down at the right of the robber, while something hard and unpleasant and threatening pressed against his spinal column.

"Don't forgit them spark plugs," said the driver.

"'Tain't nobuddy but Pliny Pickett; and what he's doin' up at this hour of the night's a conundrum," said Scattergood.

"You do the talkin'," said the robber.

The car moved along slowly now, and Pliny regarded it with curiosity, and then, as it came under the light, with astonishment. What in tunket was Scattergood Baines doing up at this hour of the night! And why was he riding in this delivery car? But his hunger for information was satisfied speedily.

"Evenin', Pliny," said Scattergood. "Up kind of late, hain't ye? Eh? Settin' the boys a bad example?"

"Been settin' up with Elder Hooper. He was took bad about eight o'clock. Better now, seems as though. Suthin' about his heart."

"Now, hain't that too bad. Um. . . . (*Continued on page 154*)

If You Ask Me:

The Market is Always Glutted With Speckled Axes

I WAS lunching with one of the wisest men I know. He's a genius in construction, management, and finance—an alchemist who turns into gold the base metals out of which buildings are built. They say that much of his achievement is due to the canny way in which he picks people for important jobs.

"What special mark do you look for in men?" I asked him.

"Granted average ability and honesty," he replied, "I want to know just one thing about a human being. Is he a *finisher*? If you ask him to do a job, will he always go get it, put it in a sack, tie a string around it, and set it on your desk? If he will, I'll back him against the world; if he won't, he's not worth office room.

"I spend much of my time watching our new men. I don't care particularly *what* they do or *how much* they do. But I'm keen to discover if they carry each job through to completion, instead of letting up when it is 'practically done.'

"On the race track, most beaten horses get tired in the last quarter. The same thing is true in business. Give me the man who'll fight through to the finish and I'll give you the man who's three whoops and a holler better than any obstacle that fate is likely to dump in his path."

SOMEHOW or other, these words sounded mighty familiar. I've heard other big business men make the same kind of talk. Staying qualities seem to be in great demand these days.

A choice story in Franklin's "Autobiography" is the one about the man with the new ax. It will bear repetition. This man, relates the immortal Benjamin, bought an ax of his neighbor, the smith. The cutting edge, of course, was sharp and bright, but all the rest of the ax-head was a dull black. The buyer announced that he wanted the whole of the surface as bright as the edge.

The smith consented to grind it all bright if the buyer would turn the grindstone. He turned and turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the ax heavily on the stone. This made the turning very fatiguing. More and more frequently the man kept stopping to see how the grinding was getting on. Progress seemed disconcertingly slow.

"I'll take it the way it is," he said finally.

"Oh, no," retorted the smith, "turn on, turn on! We shall have it bright by and by; as yet it's only speckled."

"Yes," returned the man, "but I think I like a speckled ax best."

EVIDENTLY the business world today is a bit burdened with men who like speckled axes best. Otherwise we should not hear so many reports of big positions going begging for the right men to fill them.

Yesterday, in turning the pages of a book, I came across a picture of Sir Isaac Newton patiently blowing soap bubbles in his garden (as he formulated his theory of light), while his idle neighbors mocked his childlike pursuits.

This reminded me of Sir Isaac's answer to the man who asked him how he discovered the law of gravitation. "*By thinking about it all the time!*" he replied.

By the way, isn't that the answer to most achievement?

Merle Crowell

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The Four Great Immoralities of Christianity

By GEORGE W. GRAY

AN AMERICAN missionary who had been seventeen years in India was home on furlough in 1925, and between speaking engagements he took a month off and wrote a book.

It was pounded out in a fever of haste, for he was eager to get back to his work in Asia. Indeed, he wrote only at the urging of a church executive who wanted a record of his missionary impressions. After it was finished, the writer was so doubtful of the literary value of his writing that he added a preface which was half apology. Leaving the manuscript to others to publish or not as they saw fit, he hurried to India; and he thought no more of it until a printed copy reached him in the interior late in the year.

By that time the English-speaking world was reading this book: "The Christ of the Indian Road." It was fast becoming a best seller. By December it had run into four editions. By 1929 it had sold to the extent of nearly 400,000 copies.

If you have read the book you know that it is an account of religion in practice—glimpses of how Christ's precepts work when freed of prejudice and self-interest. The book so impressed certain political leaders in England that they instructed their party's members of Parliament to read it as a help toward understanding India.

In London, a famous concert singer—who had scoffed at missionaries as creed peddlers—devoted an evening in Albert Hall to a sympathetic review of the book before a crowded audience.

In New York recently, a group of the "saved" on the Bowery were using it as their study manual; and at the same time, in New Jersey, the book was engaging the serious attention of a group of free thinkers. So far and so widely has it ranged.

But E. Stanley Jones lived this book before he wrote it—and therein, I think, is the secret of its amazing appeal. He, himself, has never ceased to wonder at the world-wide response which his simple portrayal has evoked. Letters, clippings, reviews have poured into Hindustan telling him what "The Christ of the Indian Road" was doing to people in other lands—how it had helped them to religious reality. Statesmen asked his advice; people in far-away places put their religious perplexities up to him. Suddenly this modest missionary found himself an international figure. He was being quoted all over Christendom. His church elected him bishop; he endured the office twenty-four hours and then resigned, praying to be allowed to go back to his work on the Indian road.

Last winter Doctor Jones was home again on furlough. That means, not a rest, only a change of scene. And in February the scene changed daily. Night after night he was filling engagements in cities throughout the United States, addressing great mass meetings, and next morning leading the local clergy in a two-hour conference. To interview him, I had to go along and use such time as he could spare.

> "HUNDREDS of thousands in India who reverence Christ," says Doctor Jones, "will not go into a Christian church to hear about Him. Said a prominent Hindu: 'A Christ cult is growing up in India entirely separate from the Christian church.' Jesus has become naturalized in India. He is part of their heritage now. They are proud that He was born in Asia, that He, too, came from a subject people; and there is even a local movement to prove that Jesus spent His hidden years in India. They are accepting Christ, but drawing a very sharp line as to what they accept of the church. What the East regards as 'Christian Immoralities' explains this attitude."

ONE day we met early in a quiet anteroom before the morning audience gathered. Another time, while pacing a railroad station platform waiting for a late train, the interview continued. Again, it was in the passenger coach that we talked. The longest session was during an automobile ride of one hundred and twenty-five miles, bumping and sliding over icy roads for nearly five hours. Thus the article was welded together in the field and represents not only what Doctor Jones said, but also what I observed and absorbed as he pushed cheerfully through the fagging ordeal of a two-thousand-mile speaking tour.

He was born in an old-fashioned Maryland village, Clarksville, in 1884; attended City College in Baltimore and Asbury College in Kentucky; and in 1907 went to India as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His preference was Africa, but the board had a vacancy in India, and so asked him to go there.

"I went gladly, eagerly," he said, "but there was a 'but.' I yearned to convert the 'heathen,' but I didn't want to scratch or nick my own theology in the process. So I was afraid to find any good in the non-Christian religions lest it impair the superiority of my own. I went to teach, not to learn—and the intuitive Hindus, with their deep religious sense and keen perception, were not slow to size up the situation. The whole atmosphere seemed charged with criticism, suspicion, resentment. I scarcely ever looked into a native newspaper that the acid did not eat into my soul.

"I ENGAGED in public debates with Hindus, Buddhists, Moslems, arguing the superiority of Christianity. I had a long line to defend—the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation; the miracles; the doctrines, rites, and discipline of the church; the practices of Western civilization. And it wasn't easy. The pundits came prepared—long lists of questions culled from the skeptical literature of the ages, facts from history, ugly stories of the hypocrisy and rapacity of the so-called Christian nations. Those early days in India were a tense and nervous struggle.

"I found that I was holding too long a line. I decided to shorten it. I would take my stand at Christ and make Him the central issue. Here I was on the universal. For Christ appeals to the soul as light appeals to the eye, as truth fits the conscience, as beauty speaks to the esthetic nature.

"The nonessentials had been blocking Christ there on the Indian Road.

"I once asked Gandhi, the great Indian leader, what we should do to naturalize Christianity in India.

"Gandhi replied: 'I would suggest four things: First, that you Christians, missionaries and all, should begin to live more like Jesus Christ; second, that you practice your religion without adulterating it or toning it down; third, that you make *love* your working force, for love is central in Christianity; and, fourth, that you study the non-Christian faiths more sympathetically in order to find any good in them and that you might have a more sympathetic approach to the people.'

"These four points went to the heart of things. I resolved to put them into practice. My chief emphasis should not be numbers and additions, but the production of Christlike character. Numbers would take care of themselves.

"Since I took (*Continued on page 143*)

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Drawn by William Oberhardt

E. Stanley Jones

DR. E. STANLEY JONES is one of the greatest men in modern missionary life. For seventeen years he worked in India, where he discarded what he considered the nonessentials from his own beliefs and emerged with a faith which, expressed in his book, "The Christ of the Indian Road," has made him an international figure. On the heels of his fame came election as a bishop of the Methodist Church, an office which Doctor Jones resigned at once, asking that he be left free to continue his work in India. He is a native of Clarksville, Maryland.

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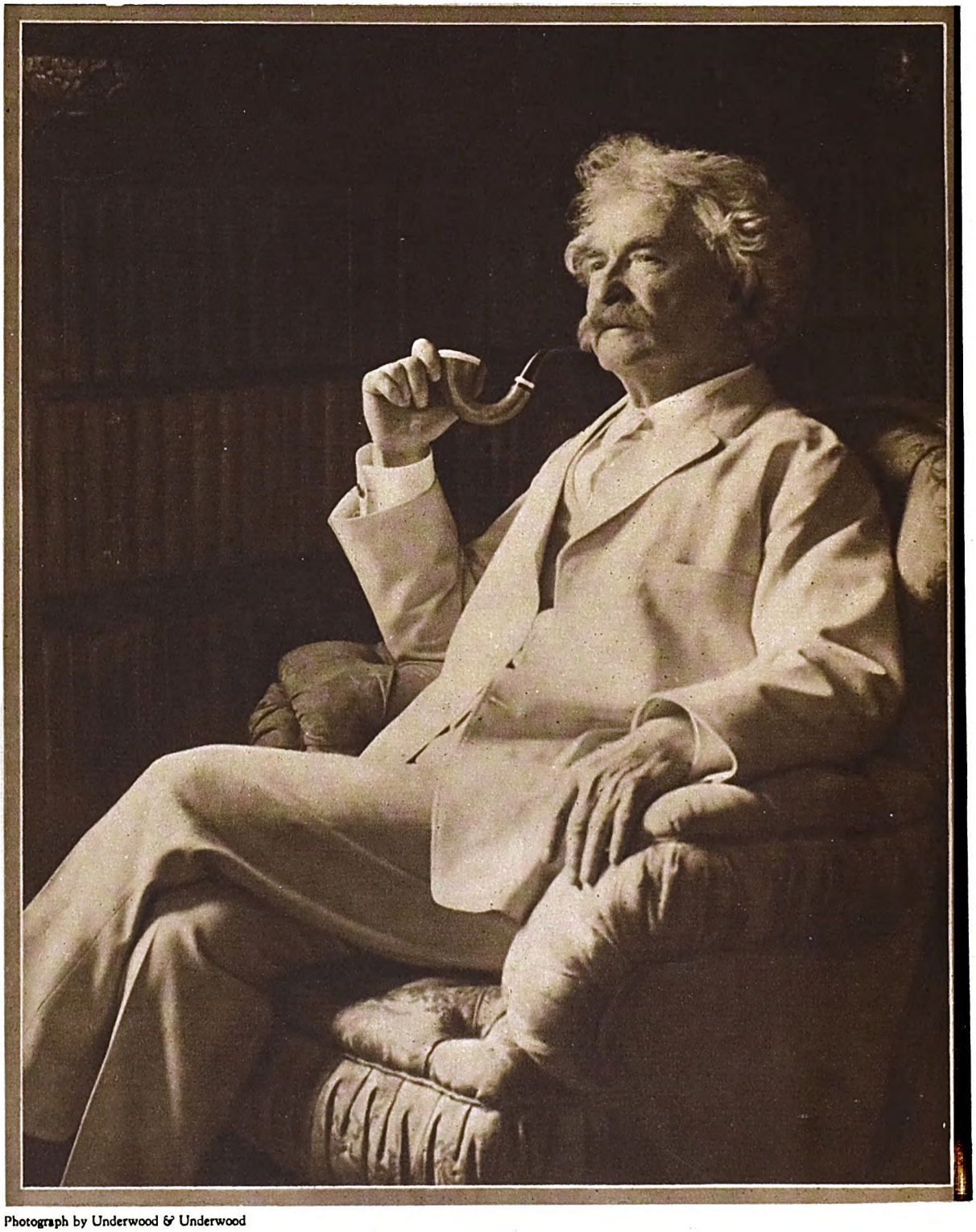

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Mark Twain

"THERE are writers who belong to the history of their nation's literature," says Miss Keller. "Mark Twain is one of them. When we think of great Americans, we think of him. He incorporated the age he lived in. To me he symbolizes the large, free, humorous point of view of men who blaze trails through the wilderness. Mark Twain and the Mississippi River are inseparable in my mind. . . . For me, it was a wonderful experience to have him for a friend; he knew that we do not think with our eyes and ears, and that our capacity for thought is not measured by what we take in through our five senses."

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MARK TWAIN
as Revealed *by* Himself *to*
HELEN KELLER

ONE of the most memorable events of my life was my visit to Mark Twain.

My memory of Mr. Clemens runs back to 1894, when he was still vigorous, before the shadows began to gather. Such was the affection he inspired in my young heart that my love for him has deepened with the years. More than anyone else I have ever known, except Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, and my teacher, Mrs. Macy, he aroused in me the feeling of mingled tenderness and awe. I met him many times at the home of my friend, Laurence Hutton, in New York, and later in Princeton; also at the residence of Mr. H. H. Rogers and at his own home at 21 Fifth Avenue, and last of all at Stormfield, Connecticut. Now and then I received letters from him. We were both too busy to write often, but whenever events of importance in our ives occurred we wrote to each other about them.

He knew with keen and sure intuition many things about me; how it felt to be blind and not to be able to keep up with the swift ones—things that others learned slowly or not at all. He never embarrassed me by saying how terrible it is not to see, or how dull life must be, lived always in the dark. He wove about my dark walls romance and adventure which made me feel happy and important. Once when Peter Dunne, the irrepressible Mr. Dooley, exclaimed, "God! How dull it must be for her; every day the same, and every night the same as the day," Mr. Clemens said, "You're damned wrong there. Blindness is an exciting business, I tell you. If you don't believe it, get up some dark night on the wrong side of your bed when the house is on fire and try to find the door."

The second time I met Mr. Clemens was in Princeton during a spring vacation when we were visiting the Huttons in their new home. We had many happy hours together at that time. One evening, in the library, he lectured to a distinguished company—Woodrow Wilson was present—on the situation in the Philippines. We listened breathlessly. He described how six hundred Moros—men, women, and children—had taken refuge in an extinct crater bowl near Jolo, where they were caught in a trap and executed by the Americans. A few days afterwards, the Americans captured Aguinaldo by disguising their military marauders in the uniform of the enemy and pretending to be friends of Aguinaldo's officers. Upon these military exploits Mr. Clemens poured out a volume of invective and ridicule. Only those who heard him can know his deep fervor and the potency of his flaming words. All his life he fought injustice wherever he saw it in the relations between man and man, in politics, and in war. I loved his views on public affairs; perhaps because they were so often the same as my own.

He thought he was a cynic, but his cynicism did not make him indifferent to the sight of cruelty, unkindness, meanness, or pretentiousness. He would often say, "Helen, the world is full of unseeing eyes—vacant, staring, soulless eyes." He would work himself into a frenzy over dull acquiescence in any evil that could be remedied. True, sometimes it seemed as if he let loose all the artillery of Heaven against an intruding mouse. But even then his "resplendent vocabulary" was a delight. Even when his ideas were quite wrong, they were expressed with such lucidity, conviction, and aggressiveness that one felt impelled to accept them—for the moment at least.

HE WAS interested in everything about me—my friends and little adventures and what I was writing. I loved him for his beautiful appreciation of my teacher's work. Of all the people who have written about me, he is almost the only one who has realized the importance of Mrs. Macy in my life; the only one who has appreciated her "brilliancy, penetration, wisdom, character, and the fine literary competences of her pen."

He often spoke tenderly of Mrs. Clemens and regretted that I had not known her.

"I am very lonely, sometimes, when I sit by the fire after my guests have departed," he used to say. "My thoughts trail away into the past. I think of Livy and Susie and I seem to be fumbling in the dark folds of confused dreams. I come upon memories of little intimate happenings of long ago that drop like stars into the silence. Some days everything breaks and crumbles. It did the day Livy died." Mr. Clemens repeated with emotion and inexpressible tenderness the lines which he had had carved on her tombstone:

> Warm summer sun,
> Shine kindly here;
> Warm Southern wind,
> Blow softly here;
> Green sod above,
> Lie light, lie light.
> Good night, dear heart,
> Good night, good night.

The year after her death, he said to me: "This has been the saddest year I have ever known. If it were not that work brings forgetfulness, life would be intolerable." He expressed regret that he had not accomplished more. I exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Clemens, the whole world has crowned you. Already your name is linked with the greatest names in our history. Bernard Shaw compares your work with that of Voltaire, and Kipling has called you the American Cervantes." "Ah, Helen," he replied, "you have a honeyed tongue; but you don't understand. I have only amused people. Their laughter has submerged me."

THERE are writers who belong to the history of their nation's literature. Mark Twain is one of them. When we think of great Americans, we think of him. He incorporated the age he lived in. To me he symbolizes the pioneer qualities—the large, free, unconventional, humorous point of view of men who sail new seas and blaze new trails through the wilderness. Mark Twain and the Mississippi River are inseparable in my mind.

When I told him that "Life on the Mississippi" was my favorite story of adventure, he said, "That amazes me. It wouldn't have occurred to me that a woman could find such rough reading interesting. But I don't know much about women. It would be impossible for a person to know less about women than I do." After some badinage back and forth about women, Mr. Clemens's manner changed. A sadness came into his voice. "Those were glorious days, the days on the Mississippi. They will come back no more, life has swallowed them up, and youth will come no more. They were days when the tide of life was high, when the heart was full of the sparkling wine of romance. There have been no other days like them," he said.

It was just after he had read my book, "The World I Live In," that he sent a note to me saying, "I command you and Mrs. Macy to come and spend a few days with me in Stormfield." It was indeed the summons of a beloved King. His carriage met us at Redding station. If my memory serves me, it was in February; there was a light snow upon the Connecticut hills. It was a glorious five-mile drive to Stormfield; little icicles hung from the edges of the leaves and there was a tang in the air of cedar and pine. We drove rapidly along the winding country roads; the horses were in high spirits. As we approached the Italian villa on the very top of the hill, they told me Mr. Clemens was standing on the veranda waiting. As the carriage rolled between the huge granite pillars, he waved his hand; (*Continued on page 80*)

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We Were Happy *till* Golf *got* Us

By H. I. PHILLIPS

COMPANIONATE golf, as I call this man and wife business, doesn't go hand in hand with thrift. It is significant that President Coolidge has never been seen on a golf course. Ben Franklin, too, avoided it, and John D. Rockefeller became a swing-and-miss addict only after he had made his first fifty million.

When a man plays golf, he finds it expensive enough, but when his wife takes it up, it becomes something of a financial orgy. One of life's most pathetic spectacles is that of Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Whooziss trying to keep the wolf from the door with a mashie-niblick.

Woman's participation has put golf on a fancy-dress basis. Not so long ago a man could consider himself a completely equipped golf lunatic if he had a four-dollar cloth bag, six clubs, a dozen repainted golf balls, one pair of short pants, an old pair of shoes, one change of golf hose, and a couple of flannel shirts. As women began to dot the courses, he began dolling up more and more, until today he finds himself participating in a sort of male beauty contest. Some men dress better today for a round of golf than they do for a wedding. The competition in the matter of snappy golf hose has become particularly keen. Seven out of ten golfers today appear to be striving for recognition on the ground of sox appeal.

When a man and wife join a golf club, however costly, the initiation fee and dues are the cheapest part. It isn't the initial cost of golf, it's the upkeep. It is staggering how many checks two members of the same family can sign in a golf club grill in one month. Add the cost of frequent lessons, golf balls, guests, caddies, and Smart Modes for the Lady Golfer and you have a grand total the last day of each month that will smack the family budget for a row of papier-mâché savings banks.

In my case the worst is yet to come. Mrs. Phillips is now trying to convince me that I should really buy a second automobile, so that when I use the car to drive to the links with some male companions, she will have her own bus to use should a golfing mood seize her the same day. It looks pretty goofy to me. A cheaper way out, I think, would be to build a house across from the links.

Woman's place is, in the opinion of more and more wives and mothers, on the golf links.

Home in many parts of the country is becoming more and more regarded as the place to which Mommer and Popper go when it gets too dark to follow the flight of the ball.

Home is just a place to go to when it gets too dark to drive

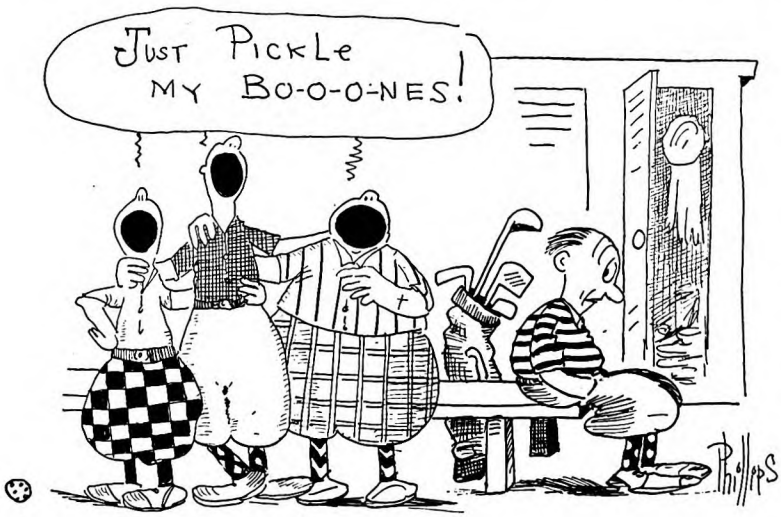
The cricket on the hearth is too often the squeak made by Mother as she sandpapers her putter; the old-fashioned fireplace is fed chiefly with golf scores; and the old domestic picture showing the housewife at the sewing machine, baby at her side, while Pop, smoking a long pipe, plays with the kitten, is now being rapidly replaced by a scene showing Mommer practicing her back swing in front of a mirror, Popper trying to sink a twenty-foot putt across the living-room into a toy cup, and the maid rushing downstairs with the alarming news that the baby has just swallowed a handful of celluloid pegs.

Wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, cousins and aunts have gone over to golf in a body.

It was bad enough when Father roamed around Home, Sweet Home with a frustrated expression, reading aloud from Vardon's "Gist of Golf." But now that the girls have taken to arguing over the styles of Jones and Hagen, socking cotton golf balls all over the house, and breaking into long crying spells because "that terrible slice has come back again without the slightest warning," the situation in the Great American Home has become serious, if not tragic.

FOR five or six years I played golf now and then —say a dozen times a year—entirely for exercise and with no concern about my score. Golf meant nothing in my young life. I regarded it as a rather silly game out of which a man could get a kick only when grown too plump for vigorous pastimes and too prosperous to enjoy any exercise that could be had for nothing.

It seemed to me to be a social enterprise rather than an outdoor sport, and I never could see why a man who wouldn't walk from his porch to the corner delicatessen store without a court order, should walk four or five miles through swamps and woods and call it a pleasure simply because he had to buy



Puzzle: Find the quartette member whose wife is on the clubhouse veranda

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"Fore" Better or "Fore" Worse

He loved his wife devoutly—
His faith in her was great—
Till, on the green
In seventeen,
Her putts ran up to eight!

She thought him strong and able,
A man among all men—
Until the sap
Got in a trap
And then got out in ten.

Their home life it was happy
In fair or wicked weather—
But, sad to say,
Not after they
Went in for golf together!

wo thousand dollars' worth of stock and pay dues of three undred dollars a year for the privilege.

It was my general theory that once you had socked the over-zed quinine pill two hundred yards you had shown yourself its aster, and that it was the height of folly to go on doing it all fternoon just because there were different trees each side of you.

OR many years I had considerable contempt for golfing en-thusiasts. I thought the game a bit "snooty." My idea was hat most addicts played golf, not because they liked the game, ut because it was accepted as indicating they could fford to meet people who professed to like it.

Two summers ago I took up the game in a serious way. Last summer I joined a club. Three months later my wife oined a club. Then the fun began.

Our home life isn't what it used to be. A new force as come into our lives, and what I am trying to decide is whether it is for better or for worse.

Time will tell. Maybe I should have known better than to take up the game. Maybe I made a greater mis-take letting my wife take it up. There are moments when I think archery, trap shooting, and pistol dueling safer domestic sports. All I can say for the experiment to date s that while it hasn't done anything for golf, it has given us lots of outdoor exercise and been a great help to us in the matter of lucid vocal expression. Our domestic life is more exciting. We have many more arguments. Golf—that's our weakness now.

Life with us has become a matter of swings and misses. I think of it in terms of the locker-room. Golf has so en-veloped us that only last week Mrs. Phillips stumbled over a living-room rug and unconsciously turned to re-place a divot.

She measures all distances, even from the house to the shopping district, in yards, and in all moments of indecision looks inquiringly around in search of advice from a caddy.

We even read the stroke-by-stroke reports of golf tourna-ments, and we take four different newspapers so we can read all the syndicated "How to Play Golf" articles by the established stars of the game. A hotel near our home has put a nine-hole miniature golf course on its roof and we would move there if we could break our present lease. It's all pretty ter-rible.

And expense! You never know what golf runs into until you have two people in the same family trying to play it. I can lose enough balls in one afternoon to work havoc with any budget. When we're both on the links it becomes a matter for the Repa-rations Commission. And even at that we use repaints. I am thinking of simplifying matters by asking my employer to pay me my salary in seventy-five-cent balls. It will be easier to strike a weekly balance.

The moss-grown joke about the wife who ransacks her hus-band's clothes for money during the (*Continued on page 149*)

The beginning of a great distrust

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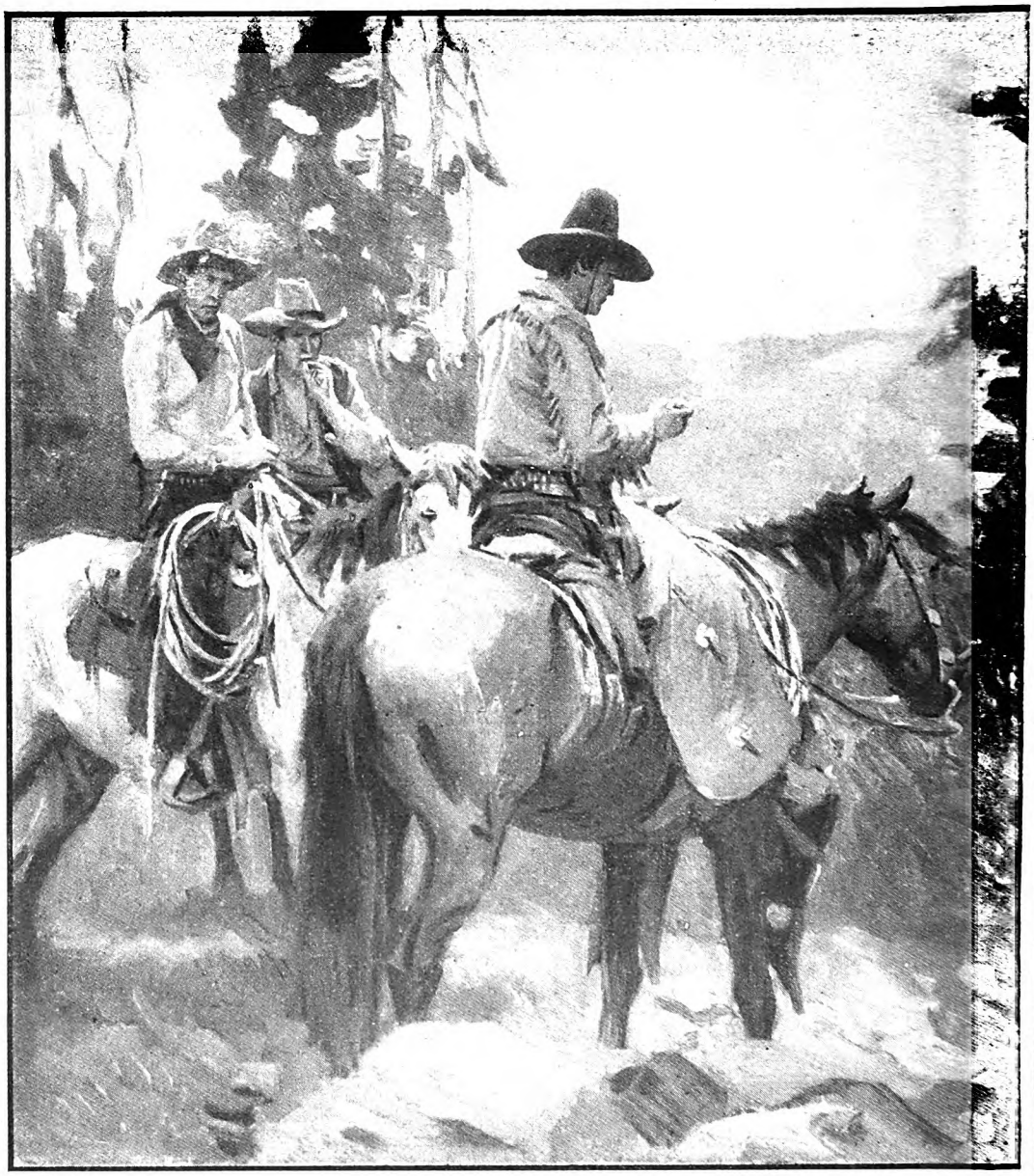
Young Jim Traft is "Tenderfoot Jim" No Longer



"Nope," replied Slinger. "I don't like the deal. An' if I happen to run into any of you Cibeque gents up on the Diamond, I'll take particular offense. Savvy thet?"

THE Drift

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

WHEN old Jim Traft sent to Missouri for his nephew, "Young Jim," to take charge of the rough Diamond outfit of cowboys and oversee the building of a hundred-mile "drift fence," he little dreamed what he was getting the boy involved in. For one hot afternoon, worn out by the constant heckling of the Diamond outfit, Jim rode into Flagerstown to a rodeo dance. And there he fell in love with little Molly Dunn of the Cibeque! Then he discovered that she was the daughter of a worthless homesteader and the sister of "Slinger" Dunn—notorious leader of the Cibeque gang of cattle rustlers who had sworn to stop the building of Old Jim's fence. Back in camp, Jim was faced with double misery: Insurrection of the men under him and gnawing doubts about the girl he loved. These latter were fed by the allusions of the outfit—half of whom had been in love with Molly and spurned by her. In one victorious fight after another, Jim began gradually to win the respect of his outfit, and the building of the fence went on despite the continued insubordination of Hack Jocelyn of the Diamond and the efforts of Slinger Dunn, Seth Haverly, and other members of the Cibeque gang. But he was still torn between his doubts and his love.

At last the fence was within a few miles of where Molly lived—in a tumble-down log cabin with her dreams and her longing to *be* somebody, and her hopeless love for the nephew of rich Jim Traft. Then things began to happen quickly. Jocelyn waylaid Molly in the woods and frightened her badly. She got away from him—but Slinger heard about it and that meant trouble. Also, Andy Stoneham, who had long loved Molly, told her he suspected that Jocelyn was making up to the Cibeque gang—and Molly did not know which way to turn. Finally, stirred by a new tenderness in her brother's manner, she told him the whole story of Jocelyn's holding her up, and confessed her love for Jim Traft. But this only infuriated Slinger. For days he hardly spoke to Molly, and early one morning she watched him ride off, a pack tied behind his saddle, on what mission she could only guess.

PART IV

FOR three endless days there came no word of Slinger Dunn. But on the third day, in the village with her mother, Molly heard that her brother was there, drunk and quarrelsome. At the store she met Andy Stoneham, who was a clerk for Enoch Summers. While waiting upon Molly, he contrived to whisper: "Heaps goin' on, an' hadn't I better come out tonight?" Molly nodded, and joined her mother.

Old Enoch was full of talk. "Did you heah the latest aboot Jim Traft, Mrs. Dunn? Wal, it's shore news. Young Traft has had notices put up thet he'd make no claim to cattle already drifted down into Sycamore Canyon. His drift fence has crossed the head of Sycamore an' is now

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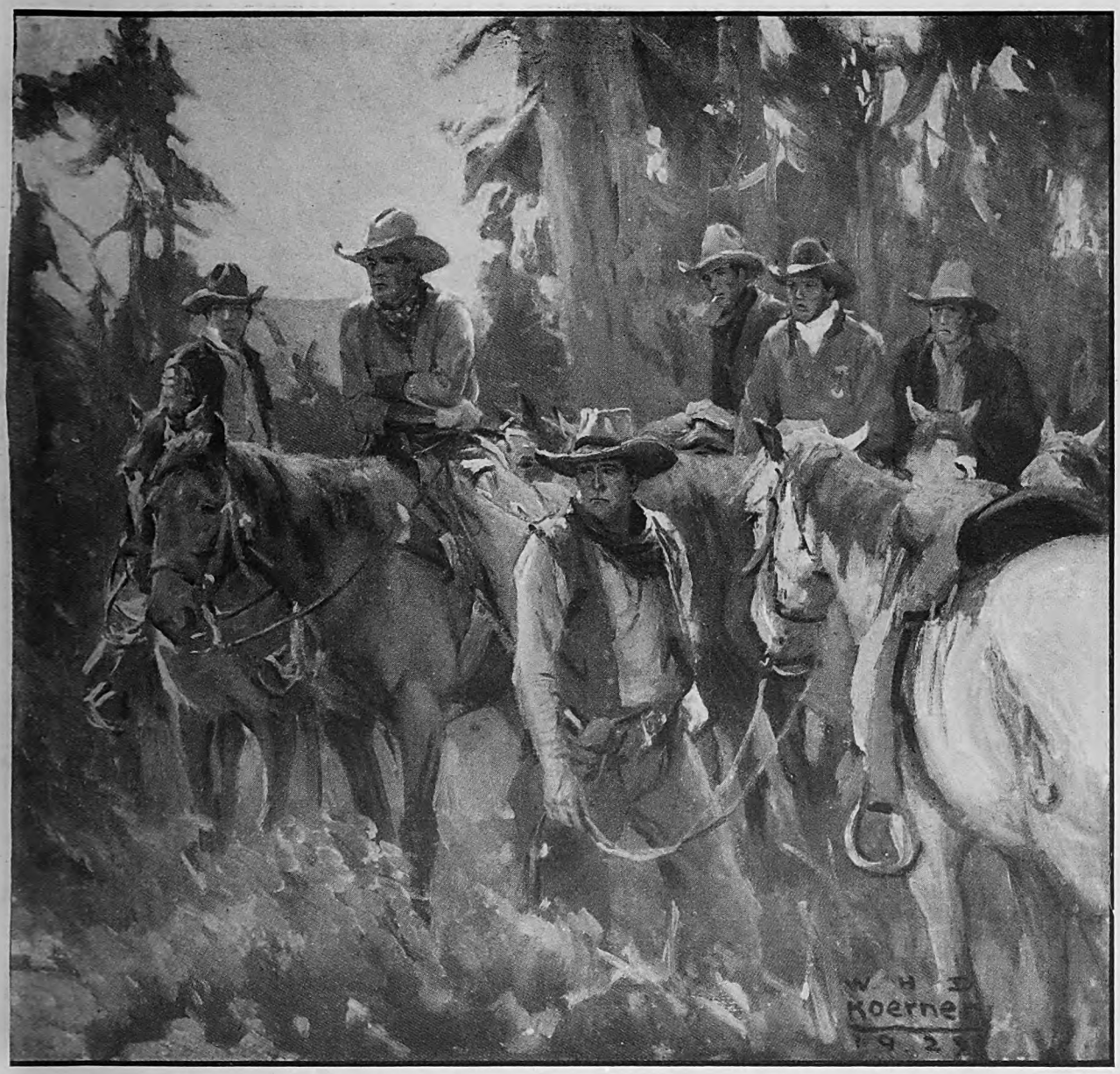

Fence

By ZANE GREY

out on the Diamond, an' movin' right along."

"Is *that* all the news," said Mrs. Dunn indifferently.

"Wal, most folks is agreed thet Jim Traft was shore more than square to the Cibeque when he done thet," went on Summers. "Mebbe there's more'n a thousand haid of steers, let alone cows an' calves, in the brakes of Sycamore. Seth Haverly an' his outfit sold near two hundred two-year-olds hyar yesterday. Forty-eight dollars a head! An' they've gone back fer another drive. Reckon they'll have most of thet stock, before the other boys get wind of it."

"Forty-eight a head!" ejaculated Mrs. Dunn, who appeared to be conjuring with figures. "Arch was in on that?"

"Wal, it seems not. He's had a fall-out with the Cibeque, or somethin'. Anyway, he was in town last night. It was Slinger who busted in here with news thet the drift fence had reached Tobe's Well. It shore upset all reckonin's around West Fork. Tobe's Well is way out on the Diamond."

WHILE her mother completed her purchases, Molly waited in the grip of conflicting feelings. She could not help a thrill to hear Jim Traft kindly spoken of, nor a start at the information that he had passed Sycamore Canyon with his fence. This was the dead line drawn by the riders of the brakes. Traft had disregarded their notice. Molly calculated that he was then actually within ten miles of West Fork and not more than forty from the east end of the Diamond.

After supper that evening she waited at the gate for Andy, something she had never done before.

"Shucks!" he ejaculated. "It's different when you want suthin' of somebody, ain't it, Molly?"

"I reckon so, Andy. You see what bein' friendly does. I'm doin' a heap of worryin' an' I'm just low-down enough to want your help."

"Wal, you've cause to worry, Molly Dunn," he said. "Let's get out of sight somewhere. I'm plumb scared of thet Hackamore Jocelyn."

Molly led him back of the cabin along the edge of the clearing to the creek, and halted beside a huge fallen pine. The amber creek babbled over the rocks below; the squirrels and jays were noisy; the woods were full of the golden glow of sunset.

"Molly, last night I happened on suthin' thet's got me scared stiff," he began. "After work I went up the crick to ketch a mess of trout. An' as I was comin' back

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Molly stood transfixed. . . . She drew her horse behind a thicket of pines

along the crick trail I seen Seth Haverly an' some riders. I ducked into the brush an' squatted down. I reckoned they'd pass. But I'm a son-of-a-gun if they didn't stop in a little glade not forty steps from where I hid. With Seth was his brother Sam, an' Hack Jocelyn. The Haverlys stayed in their saddles, but Jocelyn got off. He acted oneasy. An' he walked up an' down the trail. They was waitin' fer someone."

"I'll bet it was Slinger," said Molly, who sometimes in excitement used her brother's hated sobriquet.

"It shore was. Wal, fust off, Jocelyn swore Slinger wouldn't come an' Seth said he would. . . . Molly, they stayed there till dark an' I could repeat every blame word they said. But heah, short an' sweet, is what it all means. . . . Hack Jocelyn has got in with the Cibeque outfit, an' they're aimin' to double-cross Slinger. They're goin' to cut the drift fence an' lay the blame onto Slinger. They're goin' to kidnap young Jim Traft an' squeeze a big ransom out of his uncle. Thet's the stake Jocelyn is playin' fer. But I seen, if Seth couldn't, thet Hack is playin' a deeper game than they savvy. Mebbe Slinger is onto him. 'Cause Slinger wouldn't heah of Jocelyn throwin' in with the Cibeque. He wouldn't go in on the cattle drive they're plannin'. Thet all came out in their talk before Slinger got there."

"Oh—did he come?" cried Molly breathlessly.

"Yep. Jest before dark. Hart Merriwell an' Boyd Flick was with him. 'Seth,' says Slinger, cool-like, 'I'm splittin' with the Cibeque. No hard feelin's. You've got mebbe a better man than me in Jocelyn. Anyway, I cain't take the share of this cattle money you sent me. Much obliged, Seth. An' heah it is.'

"AN' THEN Seth says," went on Andy, after a pause, "'All right, Slinger. You're shore your own boss. An' if there's no hard feelin's on your side, there's shore none on mine. But you ought to come in on thet kidnapin' deal. Why, it's a gold mine. Old Jim Traft won't blink an eye at a hundred thousand.'

"Slinger owned it was a pretty slick deal an' easy money, but he jest couldn't see it thet way. 'An' there's more'n one reason for thet,' says Slinger. 'But particular with me is thet I happen to be goin' to shoot Jim Traft.'

"'So we figgered,' says Seth, 'but cain't you wait till we've got thet ransom money?'

"'Nope,' replies Slinger. 'I don't like the deal. An' if I happen to run into any of you Cibeque gents up on the Diamond, I'll take particular offense. Savvy thet?'

"'We ain't deaf, Slinger. But I, fer one, am shore plumb surprised,' answers Seth, slick-like.

"'Wal,' went on Slinger, 'I've been sort of surprised myself, lately.' . . . An' he shore said it full of meanin'. Slinger rode away then, an'—"

"YOU heahed all this last night?" interrupted Molly.

"Yes, before sundown."

"But we heahed Slinger was drunk!"

"Nary drunk. Somebody lied to you. He was as cool an' hard as ice. Those fellars was scared of him, Molly. I haven't seen him since. Now, to go on with what happened. You never heerd such cussin'. Some from Seth an' most from Jocelyn. Then they got their haids together again. It was all right with them aboot Slinger goin' to kill young Traft. But they didn't want that to spoil their stake. An' they reckoned they'd have to give up the ransom idee. Hack Jocelyn busts in then with another. An' it was that if Slinger did queer their kidnap deal by killin' Traft they'd have a chanct to rustle a big bunch of stock an' lay thet onto Slinger also. This struck Seth an' his brother all right. An' they won over the other fellars. Then they started off. One of the horses must have smelled me, fer he shied an' didn't come far from jumpin' on me.

"By this time I was pretty scared an' I up an' tore through the brush. Mebbe Jocelyn didn't let out a roar. An' he shot three times after me. I don't want no bullets closer to me."

"Oh, Andy, they'll find you out," cried Molly fearfully.

"Wal, mebbe, but I don't see how they can. I'd hate to have thet Hack Jocelyn meet up with me very soon, an' you bet I'll see him fust."

"But Jim Traft will never see *Slinger* first," wailed Molly.

"I reckon not. Molly, ain't you a little over-concerned about Traft?" asked Andy.

"No more than I am about Slinger," retorted Molly. "It's an awful mess. Oh, Andy, what can we do?"

Andy, roused to a sense of his importance, repeated parts of his story, and then guardedly leaned toward the possibility of telling Slinger of the plot against him.

"Molly, you might let on you heerd all

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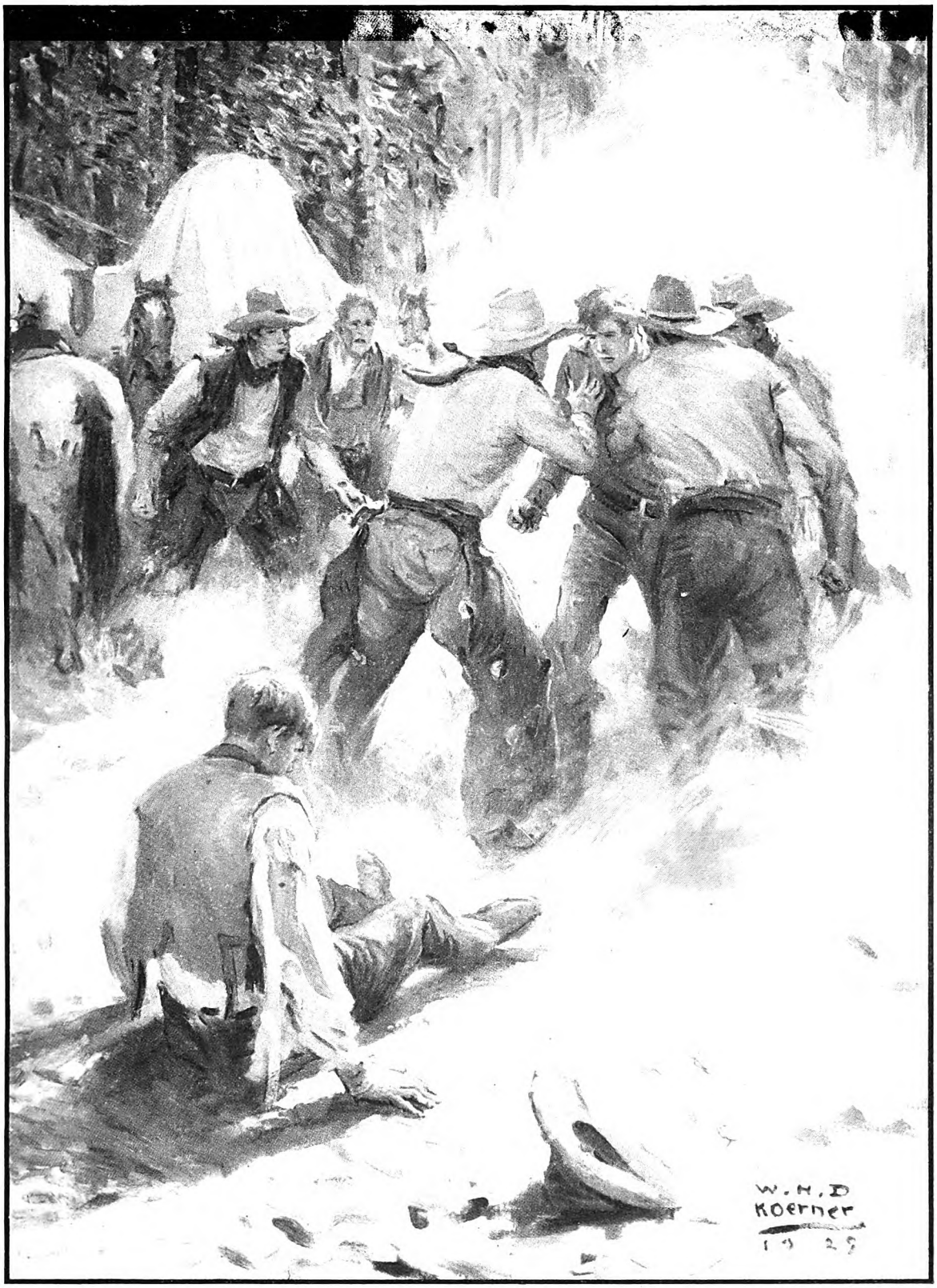

Between them, they dragged Jim off the bloody-faced Jocelyn, who sat up groggily

this yourself," continued Andy. "I reckon Slinger would believe you. Shore he would. An' thet'd let me out. I'm plumb afraid of Hackamore Jocelyn. He's got it in fer me because of you."

"Andy, I'll not give you away," said Molly earnestly. "An' I'm shore owin' you a good deal. . . . Yes, I ought to tell Slinger. Oh, I must think. . . . Andy, I'll go back now. I don't want to risk missin' him."

They walked through the woods in the gloaming, and Molly did not repulse Andy when he timidly took her hand. He deserved some recompense for his interest in her brother's fortunes and his loyalty to her.

SHE went as far as the gate with him. "Andy, you've been good to me lately," she said. "An' I like you for it. I haven't a friend in all this valley, unless it's you. I wish I could be more to you. But I—I cain't."

Bidding him good night, she ran back to the cabin. It was quite dark under the porch. No lamp had been lighted.

"You better come a-runnin'," came in a slow, cool voice from the gloom. "Who was thet with you? Looked like Andy."

"Oh—Arch—" panted Molly, feeling her way to the porch. "Yes, it was Andy."

"Wal, Andy ain't as no-good as some of them. He works. An' he doesn't guzzle drink all the time."

"Arch, are you (*Continued on page 84*)

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DON'T DO YOUR Strutting in the WATER!

All set for a racing start

By MILDRED HARRINGTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY WINEMILLER & M

Nita Sheffield, noted teacher of swimming, insists that a swimming certificate should be a necessary requirement for graduation from the public schools

LAST year, 466 New Yorkers were drowned on the various beaches near the city. Of those persons drowned, only twenty-one were women. In other words, to every woman, there were twenty-two men who lost their lives in the water. As a rule, during the bathing season, there are about an equal number of men and girls on the beaches. Yet any life guard will tell you that he is called on to rescue at least half a dozen men to one woman.

Does this mean that women are better swimmers than men?

According to Nita Sheffield, noted teacher of swimming and co-author with her sister of several standard books on the subject, it means nothing of the kind. It simply indicates that the average male cannot resist the temptation to strut a bit in the water. On the other hand, if a woman is bent on showing off, the chances are that she will choose to do so on the beach where both she and her new bathing suit are safe.

"It's perfectly natural for a man to enjoy demonstrating his strength and skill in the water," said Miss Sheffield. "It's especially natural for him to spread himself a little before his wife, or his sweetheart. The trouble is, he often gratifies instinct to show off by swimming out ther than either his strength or his s warrants him in doing.

"I HAVE noticed, though, that a mar man with children will not take chances which a bachelor, or even a nev wed, will laugh at. It is the young fell who are 'on the carpet' who see to it th life guard earns his board and keep!

"Several summers ago, a party young folks were bathing on

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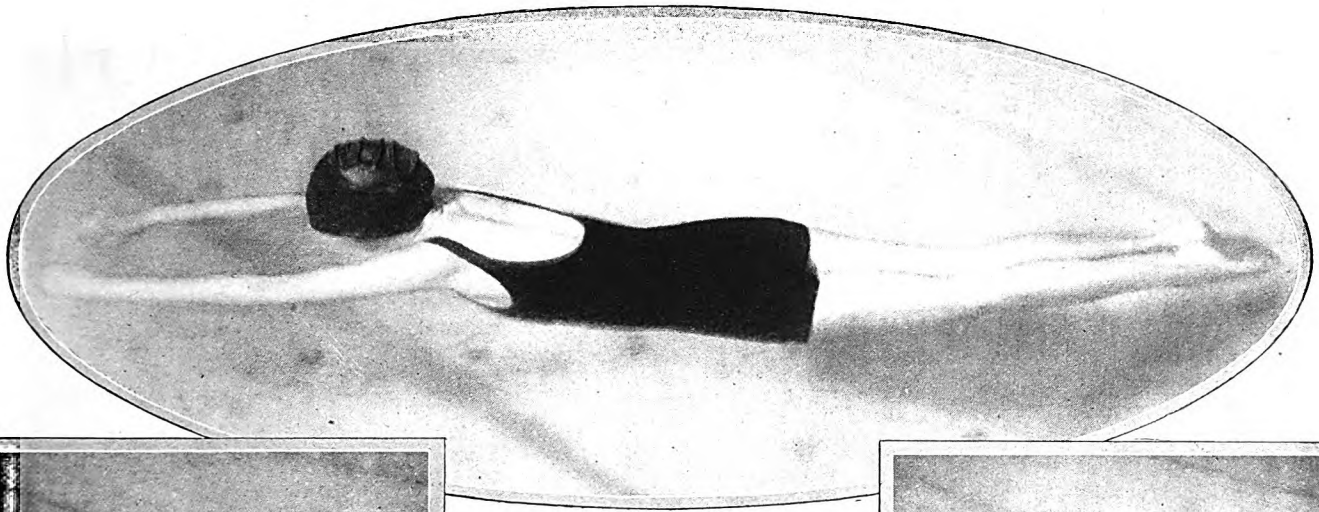

(Above) The face float A good way to practice proper breathing in the water, and also to test the buoyancy of the body

(Left) Under-water swimming or rescue work necessitates holding the breath properly to safeguard against choking

(Right) Treading water is an important safety measure for deep-water swimming, and is a good way to rest

Jersey coast. Late in the afternoon, two boys who had been competing for the favor of a pretty girl by exhibitions of fancy diving, suddenly decided to match their prowess by swimming out to a small island about a mile and a half from shore. They were warned by the life guard that it was not safe to go out so far at that time, as the tide was soon due to turn. One young chap sensibly returned to shore; the other refused to do so, condescendingly explaining to the guard that he was a long-distance swimmer and that he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself.

"AN HOUR later, when his companions reported that he had not yet returned, a guard went out in search of the young man. He was found about a mile from shore in a state of extreme exhaustion. Tired out by his swim to the island, he did not have the strength to fight his way back against the tide. Worst of all, he had completely lost his head. When the life guard approached him, he did his best to drown both himself and his rescuer by grabbing frantically at the guard's neck. It was only by waiting until he was so weak that he could no longer struggle that the guard was able to handle him at all.

"All of the cockiness was knocked out of the boy. Indeed, he was so thoroughly unnerved by his frightful experience that by the time he got within wading distance of the shore, he yelled feebly, 'Help! Help!' Even after he was safe, he continued to call for help. It was some time before his friends could quiet him down.

"All in all, the long-distance swimmer had made a pretty sorry spectacle of himself. Yet such is the perversity of the feminine heart that the girl in the case proceeded to lavish upon him the most devoted attention. From the way she acted, you would have thought he was a great hero instead of a foolhardy and badly scared young man.

"The first thing that this young fellow did," said Miss Sheffield, "was to let his desire to impress his sweetheart get the better of his common sense. He must have known before he started out alone that he was taking a good-sized chance. But his second mistake—that of losing his head when he found himself in a tight place—was a much more serious one. I wish that you could write this down in letters as tall as a box car: *Nine tenths of all the persons who drown do so because they lose their heads.*

"IF PEOPLE would only keep their wits about them, there is no reason on earth, or in the deepest ocean, why anybody should drown. Even those who can't swim could save themselves in most emergencies if they would not allow themselves to be stampeded by fear.

"The human body is lighter than the water which it displaces. Practically everybody can float if he only keeps cool and believes that he can. In all my experience in teaching folks to swim—and in the course of fifteen years, I have taught more thousands than I should like to stop and count up—I have found only two men and not a single woman whose body gravity was such that they could not float.

"All you have to do in order to float is to throw yourself on your back in the water, letting your head, with the chin held well in, go as far back as it will. Don't be alarmed if your face is partly submerged. Just as long as your mouth and nose are free of water, you are as safe as you would be lying on your own bed at home. If you are one of those extremely rare persons who find it hard to float while perfectly motionless, paddle gently with your hands palms downward, being careful not to lift your hands out of the water any more than is absolutely necessary.

"REMEMBER, the minute you throw an arm above your head, you are starting out to drown yourself very thoroughly and very scientifically. Every *upward* push of your hand or arm thrusts you down under the water. Every *downward* push sends you shooting up to the surface. Above all things, don't try to climb out of the water, as you would try to climb out of a pit, for instance. There is no quicker or more effective way to drown yourself. And don't 'holler' all the air out of your lungs. As long as your lungs are full of air, you can't drown.

"If, because of cramps, or for any other reason, you find yourself in a critical situation in the water, keep your head, take your time, and conserve your strength. If you are in the ocean and can manage to keep afloat, the waves will usually carry you to shore and safety anyway. The trouble is that the average individual is likely to exhaust his energy immediately in a wild effort to make land. What he ought to do, of course, is to use just enough strength to swim quietly, or (*Continued on page 102*)

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WHY Gypsies Stick Together

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

Illustrated by HOWARD McCORMICK

The Gypsy *calls a* Fiddler Instead *of a* Doctor!

IN THE gypsy language, sickness and sadness are represented by the same word," says Mr. Bercovici. "A sad man is a sick man; a happy man is a healthy man. If sadness is the mother of all illness, reasons the gypsy, then surely gayety is the daughter of health. Therefore, instead of calling the doctor, he calls the best violinist, or surrounds himself with the most grotesque dancers, or listens to the most hilarious tales.

"And I, who have lived years among the gypsies, pledge you my word that I have seen more cures effected among them by this kind of medicine than by drugs!"

A PEOPLE like the gypsies, spread thinly over the surface of the globe, differing so greatly in their way of living from the people of the countries they traverse, must have their own laws by which to govern themselves, in order to preserve their identity. Such laws —oral because the gypsies have neither a literature nor an alphabet of their own—vary with every tribe. And yet the gypsies of Spain, the Balkan gypsies, the roaming gypsies of England, and the wanderers in the Americas, speak among themselves of a *leis pralo*, the law of the gypsy brotherhood, to which every brown brother and sister submits.

The attitude of the gypsies toward the laws of the country in which they find themselves is so totally different from their attitude toward their own law that it needs an explanation. Gypsies think that the laws of the *Gajo*, the white man, are not meant to be followed strictly; that they are a sort of game played by the white man. When a gypsy is caught in meshes of the white man's law, for thievery, vagrancy, or any sort of lawlessness, he is sympathized with by his friends because he has been unlucky; he doesn't lose caste because of dishonesty.

How different the attitude of the gypsy toward his own laws! The gypsy found guilty of a crime against his own tribe loses caste with the gypsies of the whole world; is branded forever with the mark of Cain!

No gypsy, whoever and wherever he may be, is outside the reach of the *Manlaslo*, the secret tribunal. A circular piece of wood with a peg driven through it, placed by a secret hand at the flap of a tent, or on the seat of a car or wagon, summons the gypsy before the tribunal. If the wood is uncolored, it summons a man. If the wood is painted red, it summons a woman.

A woman may be called before the *Manlaslo* and charged with infidelity to her husband even when that husband has brought no charges against her. When a gypsy woman receives such a summons, she will go to the nearest stream on the east and there find indications of where the judges are waiting. She has the right to defend herself against the accusation. The judges are masked. The chief of the tribe is ready to help the accused, but woe to the gypsy who tries to save himself from punishment by lying! If the culprit is a woman, she will never return to her tent. When her banishment is pronounced, she is made to leave there and then and go away in the direction opposite to that taken by the tribe.

The most severe punishment the *Manlaslo* can inflict upon a gypsy, next to capital punishment—so rare one seldom hears of its occurrence—is banishment, temporary or permanent. Banishment from all gypsy tribes is more cruel than death. The gypsy is such a peculiar kind of being that robbing him of the right to mix with his own kind is equivalent to burying him alive. A gypsy man or woman so banished will never mingle with other gypsies, no matter how far away is the country where he has been found guilty. I have met such gypsies in Europe and here in America. They are like fish out of water.

ALL scholars of gypsy life have harped upon the gypsy woman's purity and fidelity. In the Balkans, a gypsy wife will be severely reprimanded and punished if she but looks provokingly at another gypsy. The white man condemns much more sharply the woman who gives herself for gain than the one who succumbs to temptation. Not so the gypsy. The fundamental reason back of the severe punishment inflicted by the gypsies in cases of infidelity is that divorces are so easily obtained.

Should a man cease to love his wife, he can divorce himself from her by applying to the chief of the tribe and telling him he no longer wants to share his tent with her. The woman can do the same. There are neither social nor economic reasons why two people who no longer love each other should stay together. If there are children, they will be taken care of just as well as if the parents lived together. Indeed, considering the more or less communistic life led by every gypsy tribe, the children will hardly know the difference.

There is no "for better or for worse" in a gypsy wedding ceremony. Instead of committing himself eternally, the gypsy promises not to share the couch of the other when love has flown.

Marriage laws among gypsies are not everywhere the same. A gypsy is found guilty or innocent according to the laws of his own tribe, and not according to those of the tribe he happens to be with. The greatest sin is breaking faith with his own people.

Gypsy tribes in Turkey and the Balkans are polygamous and there are husbands who have a dozen and more wives, all of whom are sworn to fidelity to him. In Soka Banga, in Serbia, the woman chooses the man. The groom never has a word to say in the arrangement of the wedding. He is bought by the father of the girl. Should she want more than one husband, she can buy as many as her father's purse will permit, or as he will allow her.

Infidelity is one of the rarest crimes committed by gypsy men or woman. The passionate temperament, the almost absurd devotion to their children, keep gypsy families so absorbed, so amused, and so entertained, the partners have no time to think of each other's shortcomings.

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The most severe punishment the "Manlaslo" can inflict upon a gypsy, next to capital punishment—so rare one seldom hears of its occurrence—is banishment, temporary or permanent

Some years ago I came upon a small, happy gypsy tribe near White Plains, New York. They were English gypsies. One of their girls, a brown-eyed, round-armed *Tchai*, had in a mysterious way picked up the ability to read and was reciting aloud a popular poem which began as follows:

"Tobacco is a filthy weed; I like it—" The gypsies roared with amusement. It expressed exactly their sentiments. The other girls pointed at young love partners and recited with a hundred different nuances, "John Kobra has a broken nose, but I like him." Husbands pointed at their wives: "Her hair is gray, her nose is short, but I like her."

I wondered whether that innocent poem had ever before caused as much merriment and had helped people express themselves as well. The readiness with which gypsies reach for every little thing that can make them laugh is their greatest secret, their key to happiness. The gypsy lives to laugh, love, sing, dance, and wander. How much happier would we all be if we could laugh as easily; if we could accept life with a broad smile! The man who laughs whole-heartedly and frequently does not have to knock at doors; they are all wide open for him.

THE gypsy believes that illness is caused only by man's negligence. To be ill is to have committed a crime against oneself. The intensity of the pain one suffers is simply punishment for the crime. A sick man, therefore, calls forth no sympathy. Gypsies don't believe in the existence of infectious diseases, and they scoff and laugh at germs and microbes. They will eat foods that would poison any other human being, yet they will never eat unless really hungry, and will never eat unless happy and contented. They have no definite lunch-hour, dinner-hour, and breakfast-time. Gypsies always sing and laugh and tell amusing stories while they eat. They believe that the mind taints and poisons the food that one tries to force into himself. Sadness, they say, is the distiller of all poisons, while happiness turns every poisonous morsel into healthful food.

In the Balkans, in the south of France, in Spain, and in some parts of England, the gypsies have been compelled to act as nurses and gravediggers every time cholera, the pest, or the plague has hit a city or a region. They carried out the duties imposed upon them with ease of heart and alacrity—the only people immune to infectious diseases, though they came in closer contact with the sick and the dead of the pestiferous regions than any white people. In recognition of such services, the white people frequently burned the gypsies as witches when the plague had diminished; burned them as witches because they had come in such close contact with the diseased and had not been infected.

Some people maintain that gypsy blood is immune to contagion because it developed immunity years ago in India. Here, pestilential diseases ravaged the populations for tens of centuries. The gypsies are the survivors of those natives who, in some mysterious natural way, possessed immunity from the diseases which hit India thousands of years ago.

ANOTHER theory equally acceptable and scientific is that the gypsy mode of living, out in the open air exposed to the wind and the sun, and his belief that he is immune to infectious diseases, make him immune. However, whenever and wherever gypsies have settled down in cities and towns they have not proved to be immune. On the contrary, they are the first to fall victims to such diseases. The White Plague claims more victims from the gypsy settlements in Chicago and in New York, and the settlements of Hungary and Roumania and Russia, than from any other people. The gypsy who has settled down and lives an unnatural life has lost his gayety; has become sad; and sadness is the mother of all illness.

Who knows how many sick people would be better helped by a visit to a funny play than by a bottle of medicine? If sadness is the mother of all illness, then gayety is the daughter of health.

In the gypsy language, sickness and sadness are represented by the same word. A sad man is a sick man. A happy man is a healthy man. Modern science tends more and more to confirm this gypsy truth. Sickness is often more psychological than physiological. Instead of calling a doctor, the gypsy calls the best violinist, or surrounds himself with the most grotesque dancers, or listens to the most hilarious tales. I pledge my word that I have seen more cures effected by this kind of medicine than by drugs.

While traveling with my family in Roumania, I once came upon a gypsy tribe that had pitched yellow, red, green, and blue tents along the shores of the Danube. The children were foraging for themselves and the cattle as best they could. The adult gypsies were all out working alongside the peasants in the wheatfields. Sometimes one or both of the parents would return to the tent at night, but more frequently the gypsy men and women were too tired to walk back the few miles, and remained to sleep in the fields, burrowing themselves into straw piles or using the wheat sheaves as pillows.

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At the noon-hour we came upon a threshing scene. The big English threshing machine was roaring and spitting chaff and dust. A half dozen gypsy men were pitching the heavy golden sheaves to the women who stood on top of the thresher. Oxcarts were carrying away the bulging bags filled with wheat, each bag weighing over a hundred pounds. The peasants worked silently. The gypsies kept up an uninterrupted chattering and singing and laughing.

When my eyes pierced through the cloud of dust, I saw on top of the machine a young gypsy woman so noticeably heavy with child that I turned around and reproached the owner of the farm for permitting the woman to do such heavy work.

He smiled. "It is indifferent to me," he said, "who does what kind of work. I have hired the gypsies to do the harvesting and threshing, and they have distributed the work amongst themselves as they think best. If they have put that woman up there to bend low and to raise the sheaves of wheat over her head, it is because they know. Try to interfere if you can, and see what happens!"

He had hardly finished talking when the woman was assisted down from the machine. She seemed to be in pain. I was urging the women in my company to help her. But the gypsies permitted no interference, though they recognized me. An old woman took the mother-to-be back of a stack of hay. The gypsies stopped work and began to dance and sing and make an ungodly noise. Two hours later, when the engine was started again, the young gypsy woman was sitting near the stack of hay and sewing bags. A brown bundle of flesh was lying beside her in a nest made of golden straw and was trying out its lusty lungs.

AT SUNDOWN the naked brown child was made the center of a large circle. The mother had been put to sleep on a pile of straw. The men and the women feasted. And though the wind got sharper and sharper as the night advanced, the child remained uncovered.

No gypsy woman is afraid of pregnancy. No gypsy woman anticipates childbirth with fear. As to the pregnant woman being made to work to the last minute, other people are more competent to speak of the wisdom of that action than I am. However, modern physicians no longer preach inaction to mothers-to-be. Another thing, the gypsies refer to a pregnant woman as a beautiful woman, and say that a woman is never so beautiful as when she is expecting a child. If all people felt that way, we should have a more contented womanhood in this world!

WHAT mother or father would allow a new-born baby to remain naked overnight outdoors while a sharp north wind is blowing? The child born indoors by an indoor mother must be kept under conditions favorable to its health. A child born of outdoor parents and destined for an outdoor life under all conditions, exposed to the snow and wind and sun of all climates, is hardened, seasoned, to such a life from the first hour of its birth. To begin by shielding the child from the very conditions it is going to meet throughout its life is to weaken it. If it isn't strong enough to survive such conditions, it is better dead than alive. Yet I can vouch for the fact, and others who have lived with gypsies will do the same, that the child death rate among gypsies is lower than the child death rate in America; lower than the child death rate in Germany, France, or England.

The third day after its birth, the Hungarian gypsies baptize the child by holding it over a little fire; probably a throwback to primitive fire worship. Some gypsies lay young children smeared with walnut juice in a concoction of herbs before the fire or in the sun. Roumanian gypsies anoint the child after it is first bathed in hare's fat and goose fat, the first supposed to protect the child against heat and the goose fat against cold.

For the first forty-eight hours of its life, the gypsy child belongs to the tribe. After that, it is given to the mother. Gypsy babies are all fed at the breast for at least two years. A gypsy woman would rather see her child dead than fed "on a bottle." Should the mother of a baby be sick and unable to feed it, the child is fed at the breast of some other woman, preferably that of a near relative. Breast feeding is one secret of the low death rate amongst gypsy children.

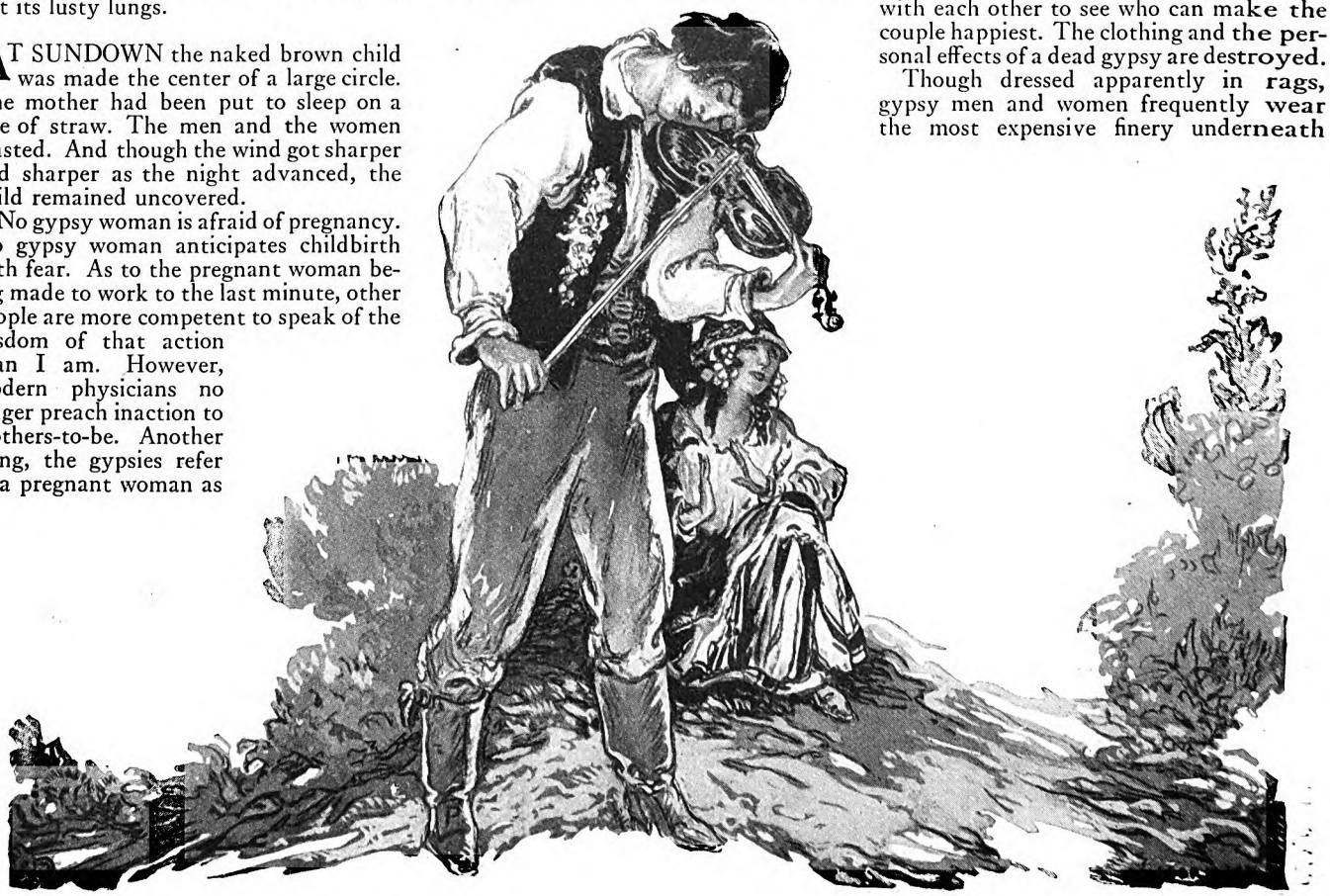
After the child has been christened, the chief of the tribe formally declares it a member of the tribe. Every member assumes an obligation toward it. "Until this moment," the chief says with pride, "I have been chief over one hundred and forty-two people. From now on I am chief over one hundred and forty-three." "One hundred and forty-three," every gypsy calls out. "We are one hundred and forty-three."

No matter what happens to the parents, that child will never lack food or shelter. It can never happen that a gypsy child will be well fed in one tent while another child in another tent will be undernourished or starving.

A GYPSY cannot understand how two people who have never passionately loved each other can live together. It is equally difficult for him to understand why people who have ceased loving each other should live together. Every gypsy is firmly convinced that children born from parents who are not deeply in love with each other are born crippled or mental defectives. The child's health and beauty depend entirely, according to the gypsy, upon prenatal conditions.

When a gypsy is sad, he never sleeps in the same tent with his wedded partner. When a gypsy loses father or mother, he separates himself from his wife for forty days. The return to the family tent is celebrated with as much gayety as the original wedding. The other gypsies vie with each other to see who can make the couple happiest. The clothing and the personal effects of a dead gypsy are destroyed.

Though dressed apparently in rags, gypsy men and women frequently wear the most expensive finery underneath



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their outside clothes. This manner of dressing symbolizes their contempt for the outer world and the great respect they have for their own bodies, as well as the inordinate pride they have in them. Before a marriage agreement is concluded, the parents of both parties strip the youngsters and examine their skin closely. Many a marriage is called off because of the coarseness of the bride's or the groom's skin or because of a defect in it. The most important part of the dowry of a gypsy girl consists of a trunkful of the finest linen and silk. After the groom has inspected his wife's finery, the bride is led to look at his treasures.

The Customs House men are frequently "flabbergasted" when they inspect the baggage of immigrant gypsies dressed in worn garments and discover in their trunks rich stuffs which they would naturally expect to find only in the possession of the wealthy.

ALONGSIDE the other lost secrets of Europe, there is the secret of the gypsies' Sea Mary church at the bottom of the Camargue country in the south of France near Arles, on the Gulf of Lyon. Every year, for the last three or four hundred years, the gypsies of Europe have come to look at their secret. On the 23d of May they arrive before the little parish church, coming in droves of hundreds—families, clans, tribes—and block the road and the dunes with their camps, their horses, and their wagons. They spend the first night singing and telling tales to one another. The smoke of hundreds of camps spreads over the surrounding villages. On the 24th of May they file in and out of the little church in a continual procession, looking at the image of their saint, and walking out as tight-lipped as if they had just been sworn to a great secrecy.

The little stone church is very old. The stone altar is decked in tinsel, and the plain wooden benches creep into the crypt under the sanctuary. Perched over the altar are the three Sea Marys carved in stone. One is Mary Jacoba; the second, Mary Salome; and the third, Mary Sarah. The third one is the gypsy saint. They come to see her. What do they say to her? Why do they come to look at her, at her only? I have joined the pilgrimage more than once, yet I have never grasped nor understood what happened under my eyes. Mystery of mysteries!

The third day they are gone; not a sign remains of their camps; not a single gypsy is left. The rest of the year the gypsies will give the little village where the church of the gypsy Sea Mary stands a wide berth. No European gypsy has ever divulged the secret. No one has ever told, or ever will tell, the reason for the yearly visit to the village at the bend of the Gulf of Lyon.

This yearly conclave in the south of France is not the only conclave of the gypsies. It is common practice for the gypsies to spread the news for months by the aid of *patterans* and then hold a grand conclave somewhere. In Roumania, they gather every fifth year before a little monastery in the Carpathians and stay for seven days. A few years ago, a grand gypsy conclave took place on Long Island.

SUCH periodical conclaves are very important to a roaming people. Not only do they get acquainted with one another in this way, but information about the roads is imparted rapidly and efficiently, and towns, villages, and cities are marked for their tolerance or intolerance to the brown brothers. Woe to the gypsy who has misinformed his kindred, even when the misinformation has not been deliberate! I have known gypsies to be ostracized from their own tribes because of such carelessness. Correct information is the first and highest virtue. "I did not mean to do wrong," is no excuse before a gypsy tribunal.

Not long ago, a young gypsy violinist came to this country in the wake of trumpet-blares of publicity. His tribe had preceded him. His managers, or whoever manipulated the affairs of the young man, set him up in one of the better hotels of the city. The great man, however, spent his nights sleeping on the floor of an empty store on the East Side where his people were located.

This young gypsy met a beautiful young actress with whom he fell deeply in love. He did not tell her he was a gypsy, but let her understand he was a Hindu. When his parents and his tribe found out that he intended to marry a white woman, they put on white clothes—mourning clothes for gypsies. The young gypsy was the son of a chief whose tribe prided itself on having kept racially pure through all the centuries of wandering. However, to help the young man keep up appearances, to help him marry the woman of his choice, the tribe impoverished itself, selling everything to buy the young man an automobile and fill his pockets with gold; that he might entertain lavishly the lady of his choice. They did all this with heavy hearts and broken spirits, but believing that a man's love was a man's love. The bride never knew and will never know her husband's origin; she will never know whence comes all the money her artist husband lavishes upon her.

ONE morning, the whole tribe was assembled around the father and mother, who sat in the center of a circle. A little before noon, a young man dressed as a Hindu appeared at the door. The gypsies bowed their heads. They had hoped and hoped that something might happen at the last moment. The father himself now pronounced the banishment of his son; excommunicating him, his children, and his children's children from the tribe. Yet after the excommunication, the old man said to his people:

"Rejoice! for my son has found great happiness. He knew he was going to lose forever the friendship of his brothers and sisters and the nearness of his father and mother. Yet so great was his love for this woman, he sacrificed everything after weighing carefully his love and us in the balance of life."

Suddenly the gypsies threw off their white clothes and began to sing, happy that one of theirs had found great happiness, even though that happiness was hurting them so much.

Where else can one find such deep understanding coupled with such lofty tolerance! (*The End*)

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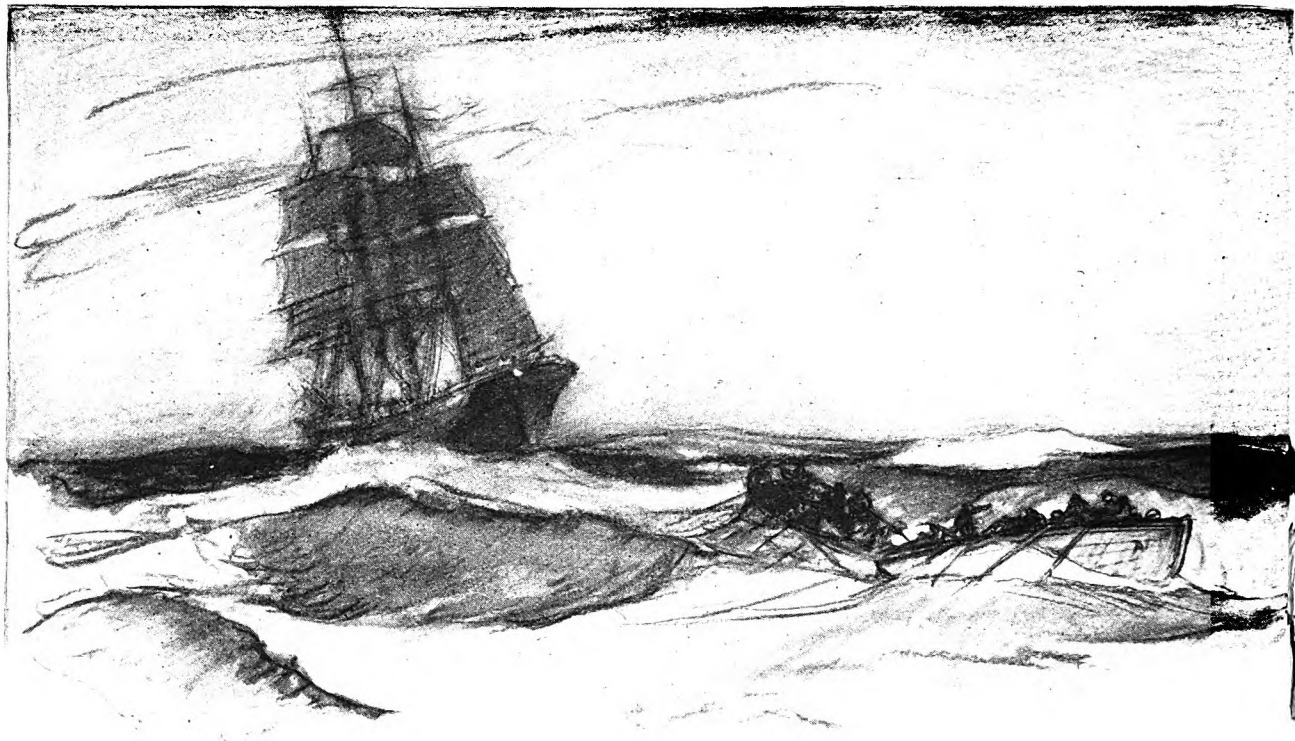

Salt *without* Savor

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

Illustrated by W. J. AYLWARD

THE first effect of the loss of his certificate upon Captain Keith was daze. Then he abruptly sprang to full realization that his life's work, his career, his good reputation, all, had come to a bad end. To cap the realization came the shameful fact that it was the spite of his trusted mate that had ruined him; then Keith went utterly mad.

He wandered the port for three days, seeking Talley to kill him; until friends who heard him muttering as he wandered took him away on pretense of helping him find his enemy, and watched him until his madness gave place to collapse. Then he suddenly disappeared; the port knew him no more.

He had passed half a lifetime as master of the ship Circe. No man sailing the seas had a higher reputation or a finer record. But all had been wiped out in that one crashing instant off the Horn, when his ship ran down and sank a Chilean steamer with four hundred lives. He had been drinking. That was the damning charge.

Forty days of bitter gales his ship had weathered, trying to gain past Old Stiff. For forty days he had never left the deck except to change into dry clothes. Sleep he had scarcely known, snatching cat naps on the settee in the chart-room. His mates had slept in their turns; but not he. He had given his mates, and his men, fair rations of stimulating grog; but he took none.

Then the weather cleared, the wind came fair; he allowed himself sorely needed rest. And to put life into his chilled blood, he did, at that last hour, permit himself to mix a hot toddy before falling into his bunk.

That had come up at the inquiry, to his mild surprise at first. He had not denied it. But he had suddenly discovered that Talley was stressing it. The steward, too, made a lot of it in his evidence.

"A drinking man, eh, Captain?" the grizzled old inquisitors nodded.

"I never drank at sea!" Keith had protested. He saw the grim unbelief in their eyes, they having heard the testimony, and he blurted, "That was the only time. I had been forty days out of my bed!"

THEN the helmsman had something to say. He had not seen the steamer, but he had noticed that the lookout never struck the bell, or reported the lights burning brightly. His binnacle light was out, but it was near the end of his trick and he had steered by a star until he had a chance to trim and light the lamp. The mate? Mr. Talley was in the chart-room over the chart. They were too near to Cape Horn.

The Board calmly wiped out the labor of a lifetime, and Keith faced a hostile world. He went as far from that port as the country would let him. He knew that Talley had got command of the Circe. The steward was with him too. T helmsman had been made bos'n. Keit kindly features twisted into a bitter mace which grew into permanency. hoped the precious trio would enjoy th good fortune. He knew he would m Talley again some day. He would or his life to that end. Then—

HE WORKED on a farm for th months. His beard grew, and his ha hardened to unaccustomed manual wo Then he got ink eradicator and altered oldest ships' discharges, and his na seeing no wrong in it, but driven to it desperation. He sought and found ployment on a little coaster. Short trip the coast, little intercourse with men of big ports, frequently changing crews. was sanctuary to him. No long pass to brood in. His skipper liked him, he was quiet, sober, utterly dependa

His shipmates of the forecastle were so warmly appreciative. His quiet al ness they called surliness; he never joi in their shore amusements. Nor woul drink with them. They called hir louse, drinking alone. And he knew much. All his efforts to be one of th could not hide a lifetime habit.

Most men in his place simply haule a rope when told, never knowing or ca why. If told to steer a course, they w hold that course and let the skipper w about current or tide, even thoug sudden unsuspected eddy, when in sigl

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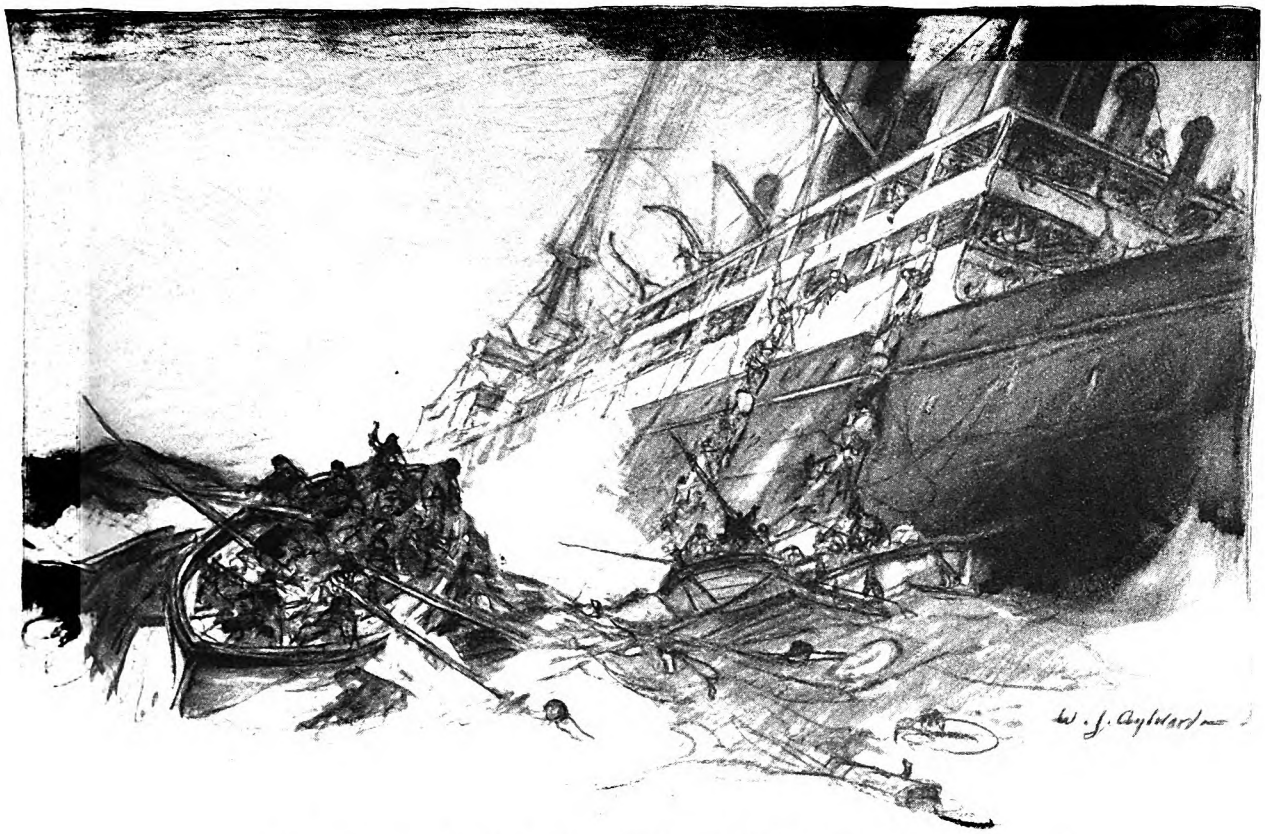

No man sailing the seas had a finer record than Captain Keith, but all had been wiped out in that one crashing instant off the Horn

the land, swerved the vessel from her given course.

Keith shrewdly allowed for such influences, as a matter of habit, never thinking it necessary to speak of it. When tacking or wearing the little brigantine, he went straight to the proper gear as soon as the first order was given, knowing the principle. They, caring nothing for principle, let go, or hauled, or trimmed when told, and not before.

FOR six months he nursed a scheme of ultimate vengeance against Talley. He would adjust himself to this new life until he lost his old perspective, then set himself upon Talley's heels. It might be that he would wait his chance and ship as a sailor aboard the Circe. Oh, it was a gaudy crowd on the Circe! Very nicely had Talley seized upon disaster and made it a ladder on which to climb to command. And, in climbing, he had not forgotten the rungs of the ladder.

Keith came nearer to smiling than he had in a long time when he thought of Talley, outwardly in command of a fine clipper and actually beholden to a couple of menials who knew far too much.

At the end of a year, he was surprised to find himself thinking less bitterly about the Circe and Talley and the rest. Men had come and gone in the little brigantine. Keith stayed on. The mate left for a bigger vessel, and Skipper Harris overtook Keith on one of his rare walks on the dock.

"Trent," he said, using the name Keith sailed under now, "Trent, you ought to try for your mate's ticket. If you had it now, I might offer you the mate's berth. If you're fond enough of the Janet to stay by her a whole year, you might as well be comfortable."

"I'm comfortable, thank you, sir," growled Trent, and a new mate was shipped. But the skipper's encouragement worked. It was something, it was a great deal, to know that even in the depths of disgrace and humiliation there was one man watching him with an eye to his advancement. By the time the Janet had made one of her rare long salt-fish voyages, he had made up his mind to challenge Fate again.

The new mate was dissatisfied—had already announced that he was quitting next time home. When the Janet docked, Trent told the skipper of his resolve, and got a glowing recommendation from him. Then he boldly presented himself for examination, and sat for an Only Mate's ticket. The moment of application tried him to the core. Would he be recognized? He was not. Nobody on that part of the coast had ever known him, except by the newsprints and photograph, and the affair of the Circe was going on for two years old now.

The examination, except for the mental strain at first, was child's play for the old deep-water master. He felt as proud of his new ticket as he had of his first deep-water parchment. It seemed to prove to him that the past was dead; that he might yet regain the eminence he had fallen from. And when he heard the skipper praise him to the owner, he went hot with queer pride. When he completed his first sea watch and went to his tiny, snug berth, an officer again, he slept without one recurring thought of the black past, without one trace of rancor.

Seamen still talk of that February gale that strewed the coast with wreckage and swept away the light on Burnt Ledge. The Janet groped in from the south in a blizzard dense as fog, seeking the light. The skipper was nervous. The cargo shifted. The light did not appear. The skipper had a weak heart too. He knuckled under to nervousness and heart together, and left things to his mate. That was a day of trial for Trent. From shifted cargo to reeling deck he alternated, sweating and freezing by turns, until through the mad sleet he caught the loom of the land where the light should be. There was no light.

"Ready about!" he yelled, taking the wheel himself.

He clawed the brigantine off. He detected a flicker of light, a lantern in anxious hands ashore, warning seamen that the big light was dead. And then the blizzard again, the murderous sea, the dead onshore gale. Trent held the wheel for ten hours, thrashing his vessel clear.

WHEN almost ready to drop, his stinging eyes saw the dizzy spars of a great full-rigged ship storming in from sea, groping for the light that was not there. Beset though he was, his innate seamanship urged him to intercept that ship and warn her of her peril. Long before a ship of that size could get near enough to see the flickering lanterns, she must strike, so deep would be her draft.

"You'll drown us!" the men cried. He carried on. And as he steered straight across the bows of the ship they rushed to him, trying to wrest the wheel from him. He fought them off, ran his vessel sheer across the big ship's stern, and roared his warning to two peering figures on her poop. He saw a hand waved in acknowledgment, then the ship passed out of sight; but he heard the thunder of her gear as she came about. And as he sped by her stern he had seen her name. The men saw it too.

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"Circe!" a man bawled, pointing. "Ain't that the ship that sunk that steamer and lost—?"

"Go up on the foreyard and keep a sharp lookout!" Trent shouted him down.

"It's good they were not sleeping!" he mused, bowed over the helm. The years came back. Years that had been full of hate had become mellowed by returning success. There was no bitterness now. He was glad his old ship was safe, and that he had been the instrument.

BUT when he brought his small vessel home, the doctor told him his feet were frostbitten. They amputated some toes. As for the skipper, his weak heart had scared him. He would never go to sea again. The owner visited Trent in the hospital as he was about to leave.

"If you care to get your master's ticket, Trent, you may take the Janet to sea," the owner said.

"It's kind of you, sir," said Trent confusedly. "I'll do it."

There was no word of trying. The owner smiled at the assurance, but Trent knew what he knew. He sat, filled his papers, took the quiz, and emerged once more the master mariner. He stepped a bit proudly, that was all. He took the skipper's cabin with a subdued sigh of gratitude. For the first time since his disaster he put pictures on his bulkheads. Soon there would be no past, only a tranquil present and a future full of content.

He read in a shipping paper that the Circe's owners were building a bigger ship, and that Captain Talley might have her. Trent even smiled gently at that, for his own employer had told him of a bigger vessel in view, and had hinted favorably of his interest. Much depended on the profits of this voyage in the Janet.

"I'll do my best, sir, and thank you," the new skipper replied.

The best was very good. The Janet made an outward passage so fast, landed her cargo so well cared for, that freight usually kept for a steamer was offered her and quickly loaded. The little tramp steamer that should have taken it rolled in on a cloud of smoke as the saucy little brigantine sailed out. And though the steamer left again the same evening, hard upon the Janet's heels, she never once caught sight of the brigantine's fore royal.

The Janet slipped into her home harbor under sail, disdaining a tug, passing by the pilot, and anchored within a line-throw of her own wharf before her owner had well digested the news of her quick outward passage.

When the owner came on board, all glowing with praise, there was a hawk-faced city man with him who scrutinized the skipper narrowly.

"Come to the office as soon as you can, Captain," the owner said in leaving. "We'll have a chat that'll perhaps interest you."

As the two men walked along the wharf, the keen-faced man talked animatedly to the owner, who turned, stopped, and gazed for a long minute at the skipper on the little vessel's deck. The skipper felt borne up on the tide of appreciation. They were still talking about his fine voyage. He hurried to reach the office.

"Captain," the owner greeted him, standing up and looking uneasy, "I'll not condemn a man unheard. Are you Keith, who commanded the ship Circe when she ran down that steamer?"

No reply was needed. Keith's face was ghastly. He tried to maintain a man's right to what he had won It was useless. The owner nodded, close-lipped; then said curtly:

"Sorry. You've served me well, Keith, but I'd never have let you step aboard plank of mine had I known you were the man who drowned those poor souls off the Horn. Of course, I'll give you a reference for the time you've served me. Good day."

A REFERENCE! He had a letter setting forth his merits. But everywhere he presented himself he found himself challenged as Keith. Bad news sped like the wind. After two refusals to employ him, all the shipping men along the coast had the rumor on their tongues that Keith, of the Circe, was looking for a ship again, under another name.

After six months, in which most of his new savings were eaten up, he stood on the shore one night and cursed all mankind. He saw Talley limned against the stars, and cursed him so deliberately and bitterly that a drunk staggering past from a beach speak-easy was brought up short for one stupefying moment, and afterward went sober to his bed.

KEITH, no longer hiding behind Trent, gravitated to the seashore, scratching a living from the sea with a net. He drifted from place to place, seeking solitude which would still be not desert enough to starve him. He bought an old boat, and patched her to seaworthiness. His fishing gear was poor, and clumsy; but he never sought markets, selling only the fish he could not eat, or when he needed new gear or other provisions.

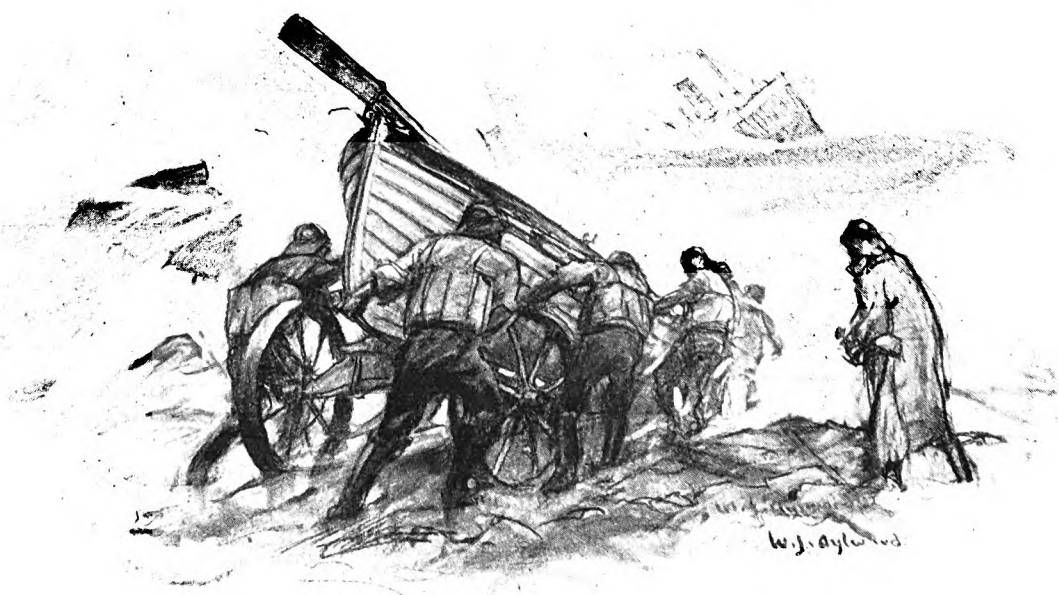
Nobody knew him now. Even Keith was unknown down-shore. He almost built a shack in a lonely spot where fishing proved good; but the day when he put up the posts for his shack, a genial rum-runner visited him, with a full jug in a poacher's pocket, hailing a fellow craftsman. Who else would be building a shack there?

"If you want truckin' done, Cap'n—" the visitor winked, and hauled forth his jug. Keith's eyes blazed. Reaching out a shaking hand for the jug, he stuttered with rage. The man laughed, shoving the jug forward generously.

"Gosh A'mity! You need it bad, Cap'n! Take a good one," he said. Keith took it, dashing it in reeking shards on the rocks.

"Get yourself away from me!" panted Keith. "And don't ever come near me again, or it's you that'll get smashed! Go on! Shove off!"

His visitor sidled away, glancing back fearfully every few yards until at a safe distance; then he broke into a clumsy,



"There's work for you this night!" Keith shrieked, as the boat was run down to the tide edge

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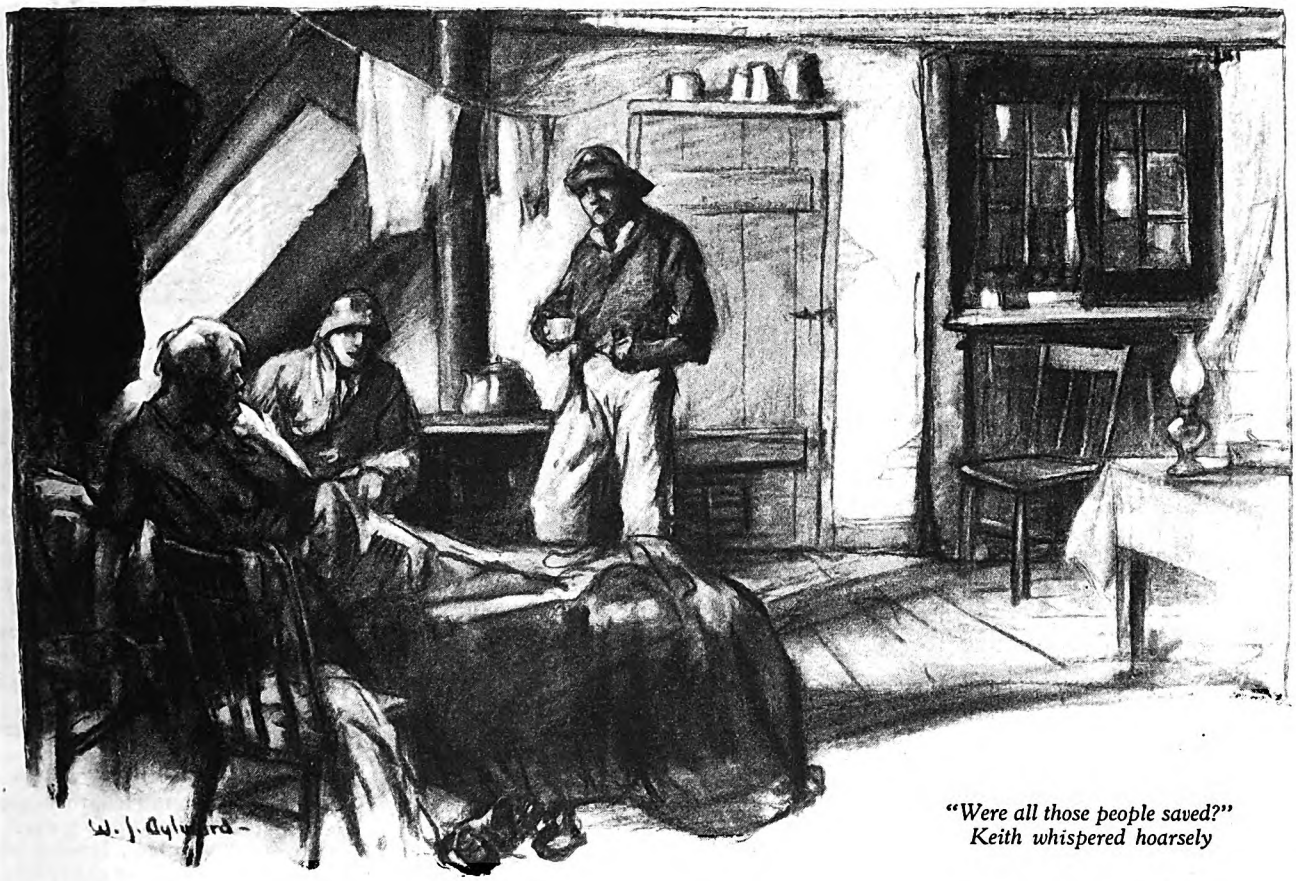

"Were all those people saved?" Keith whispered hoarsely

broken-winded trot and kept on going.

Keith tore down his posts, loaded them in his boat, and sought a new sanctuary. He found it within sight, but out of sound, of the building of the new lighthouse on Burnt Ledge. His shack was set up and his stores laid in; he made a runway for his boat and built a lean-to shed to shelter it. And he settled down to lave his torn spirit in the solitude.

Days and nights alike soothed him. There, in the sound of the surf, with the strong ocean breezes in his face, the silent rocks and the whispering sands all about him, Keith found surcease. No man ever broke in upon his privacy. The gulls were not afraid of him. He sat for hours gazing seaward. When a sail or a smoke smudge broke the horizon, turning to a new course as soon as the land was identified, he watched almost breathlessly until the danger was past.

ONCE, when he had been there half a year, he saw the Circe make land again, and the lighthouse was not finished yet. He sat there as she came in from the sea, his face set and grim, his eyes hard and brilliant, like the points of ice that had cut his face that hideous time off the Horn. The weather was mild and the wind fair. The Circe changed her course, as others had done, and swam slowly down the coast for her port. When she was out of sight, hours later, Keith straightened stiff limbs and left the rock he had been sitting on. He was cold and aching, for all the weather's mildness.

"One time he'll come, and it won't be fine weather!" he gritted.

Watching for the Circe became his life's mania. He planted himself a little garden among the rocks, where he grew vegetables. Life he would not have about him. A cat wandered along, from the Lord knew where, and rubbed against his leg before he had noticed it. He leaped to his feet, cursing, and stoned the cat as far as he could run.

He grew ragged and haggard, his beard was tangled and rusty. One day he saw in the distance a new bit of activity afoot. The lighthouse was finished. The great, strong beam of light swept the skies like a friendly finger. And a new life-saving station was being established beside it. Men had realized the need; Keith saw a new intruder only.

For a long time his solitude was undisturbed; then one day a couple of clean-cut young fellows from the life-saving station rambled his way and stumbled upon his shack while he was out fishing. They were inspecting his little garden when he returned; as his boat grated on the shingle they stepped down and hauled it in, greeting him civilly.

"What d'ye want of me?" he growled surlily. "If you think to find rum here, you're—"

The youngsters only laughed good-humoredly. They dragged at his boat as long as he did, until it was safely on the runway. That job usually took half an hour. It was finished in five minutes with those young muscles at work.

"We're not in that business, sir," one youngster said. "We're life-savers. We're just rambling; that's all. Sort o' looking the new place over. Sorry if we're intruding."

They strolled away, but the old fellow caught himself gazing after them. They were civil; respectful; nothing like others he had fallen foul of since his misfortune. Besides, they lived down there at the life-saving station. When wrecks were doing, they were the lads with the front seats. If the Circe chanced along, one fine stormy night, and her lookouts were sleepy—! The next time they rambled along shore they struck off inland before coming to his shack. But he waved to them, singing out in his rusty old voice, quivering a bit:

"D'ye want some fresh fish, lads? You're welcome."

They hurried to accept. And before they left, they had been listening breathlessly to his profound lore of the deep waters. In spite of himself he talked, so eager was his audience. They invited him to visit the station, where there were a dozen young fellows like them. And after a week of backing and filling, of self-argument and indecision, he went, carrying fish, and feeling that he was going where he had no business to go.

IN HALF an hour all the crew were gathered about him while he changed some fittings on a new, untried boat. His sailorly fingers seemed to conjure wire and hemp; stiff, shop-new gear gave way under Keith's cunning hands and took on a useful suppleness that even a greenhorn could appreciate. He rigged a hauling tackle so tremendously more efficient than the one they were using that two men could haul and house their biggest boat in half the time it took six men to do it before.

When he started back to his shack, two lads walked with him, and they kept talking. The officer at the station had glanced at him, had warned the crew against giving an old beach comber too much freedom, but had left him unmolested with them. Not one man had mentioned the Circe. When asked his name, he said "Keith," in utter indifference. What more could man do to Keith (*Continued on page 140*)

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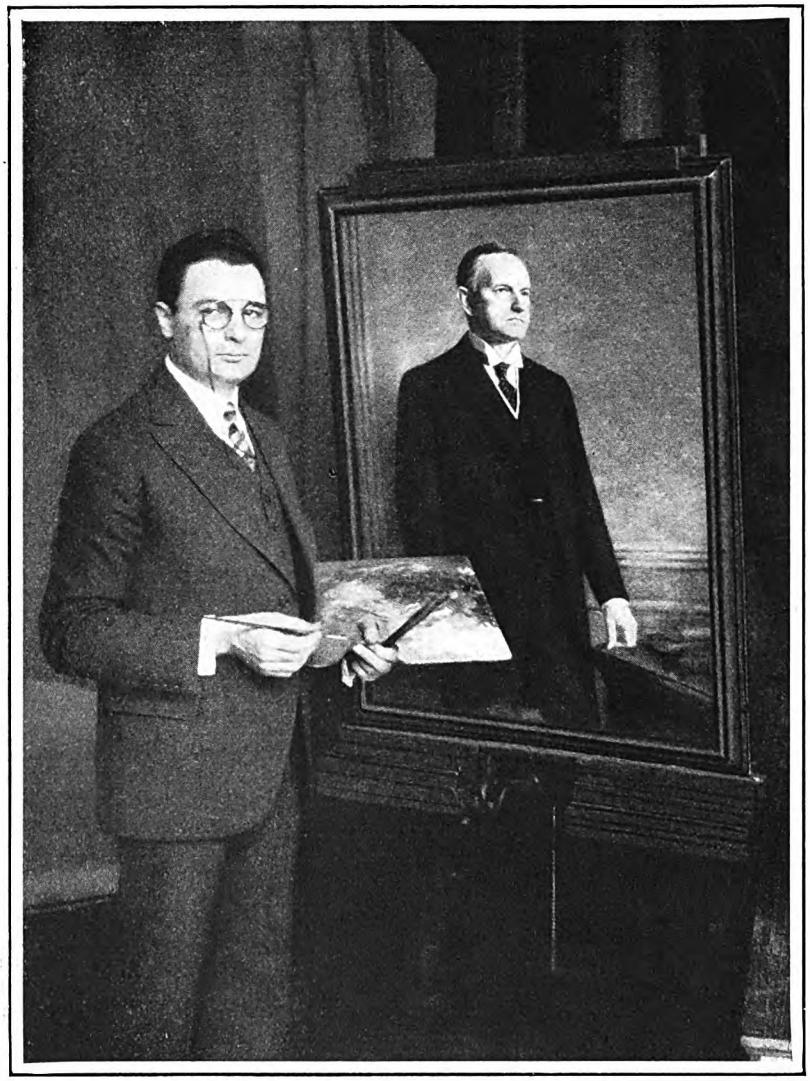

Mrs. Coolidge said of the painting on the easel, "When I close the door upon that picture I feel as if I have closed it upon Mr. Coolidge himself"

He Captured in Oils The Man Inside Calvin Coolidge

HEAVENS, what a nose! If a painter could get into a portrait the character expressed by that nose, he would need no other achievement to prove him a great artist. It says, 'I am strong and unyielding, like granite; yet I am just, even kindly. I am inquisitive; want to know all, yet remain a riddle myself. I am a sphinx!'"

These were the thoughts that raced pell-mell through the head of an Italian immigrant boy who, on a certain spring morning twenty-three years ago, sat in the courthouse at Northampton, Massachusetts, and with avid interest drank in the homely drama about him.

The boy, a dark-haired, darker-eyed lad of sixteen, was seated as close to the front as he could get. He had listened with a mixture of eagerness and perplexity to everything that had gone on. Now his eyes were fastened upon the spare, keen-faced New Englander whose nose had arrested his attention. Its owner had paused a few feet away to exchange a laconic greeting with a fellow attorney.

"Some day, when I am an artist," the lad vowed to himself, "I shall paint that nose. Then all the world will know, and remember, that face!"

The boy thought all this in Italian, for in the few months he had been in America, he had learned barely enough English to get to and from his work in the big woolen factory in Northampton. That was why he was in the courthouse: to learn the language of his new country.

The lad's name was Ercole Cartotto.

The owner of the nose was Calvin Coolidge. Years later, the young artist's ambition was fulfilled, and he was called upon to paint three portraits of Mr. Coolidge.

One was made for Amherst College, Mr. Coolidge's alma mater; another for the Phi Gamma Delta House in New York City; the third, a study in silver point, was designed for Mrs. Coolidge's private collection.

The other day I sat in Mr. Cartotto's studio in New York and watched him while he worked at the portrait of a great business executive. After his sitter had gone, I asked Mr. Cartotto to tell me something about what happened between that far-away day in the courthouse at Northampton and that other memorable day last winter when he got a telegram bidding him go to the White House to paint the portrait of the President of the United States.

"Only this," he told me in his gentle, precise English, "I never got over wanting with all my heart to be an artist. After a miserable year or two of trying to learn to paint alone, I was fortunate enough to find somebody who was willing to lend me the money to go to Boston to study at the Boston School of the Museum of Fine Arts. At the end of seven years, they gave me an exhibition at the school and told me that I was ready to strike out on my own. But America had just gone into the World War. I went in, too.

"In 1918, I was back in this country. I settled down in New York, determined to become a portrait painter. A year later I won a prize offered by the National Academy. People began to want me to paint their portraits.

"One of my earliest New York patrons was George D. Pratt, a trustee of Amherst College. Several years ago Mr. Pratt conceived the idea that I must paint President Coolidge. One afternoon last December I got a telegram from Mr. Pratt which read: 'Can you be in Washington tomorrow morning by nine o'clock?'

"By seven-thirty the next morning I was at the White House. I had been warned that Mr. Coolidge is an early riser, and I did not want to risk missing a moment that I might have with him. Upon my arrival, I was immediately shown to the room in which I was to work, where I waited with some nervousness, I confess, for my distinguished sitter to appear. A few minutes after eight, the President entered.

"'So you have come to paint a portrait of the President?' were Mr. Coolidge's first words to me.

"'I have come to *try*, Mr. President,' I replied.

"Weeks later, he said to me in his dry way: 'You fellows all come to paint the President. Most of you overlook the man; you never even *see* me.'

"I did not dare remind him that he does not make it easy for people to *see* him, as he puts it. The President sat down in the chair I had placed for him and fell easily into the pose which is so characteristic—

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knees crossed, hands folded in his lap, eyes alert in an otherwise impassive face.

"From the start, he was keenly interested in everything that I did. I could see he was observing me closely. As I drew, he watched to see what part of the body I was working on. If it were the head, he was careful not to move his head the least fraction of an inch. If a hand, he was careful not to disturb the position of that hand. Every now and then he would get up and cross the room to see how I was getting along. But he never offered a criticism until a sitting was finished. Then he always hit the nail squarely on the head. Outside a few fellow painters, he is the best critic I have ever had.

"At the end of the second morning, I had a satisfactory drawing of the President. Up to this time, he had expressed no feeling about my work. Now he nodded his head and said, 'That's me.' I could not have wished for higher praise.

"I never knew a man harder to work with, or one more inspiring. He put me on my mettle every moment I was in his presence, and he made me drive myself to the last limit of my endurance.

"In repeated sittings with him, I think I may say that I came to know the President very well indeed. I do not believe that he ever struck a pose in his life. He may not always be graceful, but he is certainly never unnatural.

"I had many evidences of the President's thoughtfulness. Once, when I told him that I should be unable to get home for the week-end, he sent Mrs. Cartotto a beautiful box of flowers. On another occasion I happened to mention that I expected to spend Sunday with the Chief Justice in Washington. 'I am glad of that,' said Mr. Coolidge. 'His folks are out of town; the poor fellow must be mighty lonesome.'" MILDRED HARRINGTON

Of Such Was America Made!

Mother Jones with three of her daughters, who help her run her bus lines in Dallas. When Marguerite, the one next to Ma, isn't driving a bus, she is running a church, being a full-fledged preacher

DISASTER struck viciously at Mrs. Ada Jones when it took her husband and left her to be both mother and father to nine children, the youngest barely more than a year old. But overwhelmed by the tragedy as she was, the wants of her brood gave her little time for useless grieving. So, before her widow's tears had dried, she crowded her sorrow to the background, leaving indulgence in grief to those who had leisure for it.

That was thirteen years ago.

Today this woman, known to thousands as "Mother Jones," is directing head of two bus transportation systems, on which three of her daughters and two of her sons are drivers. She is completing the rearing of her family to be respectable and self-sustaining citizens.

Hers is a saga of victory—victory despite overwhelming odds.

Mrs. Jones was living on their small truck farm near Whitesboro, Texas, at the time of the disaster in which her husband lost his life. She had always worked hard, but now she worked harder. And every child of school age went to school the full term. After school hours the children helped their mother to grow and sell produce.

The family rocked along, and even managed to save a little—enough to purchase sixteen dairy cows. Prices were good, and under "Mother's" fine management, the hard-working family prospered. But, one by one, as the four older children grew up, they went to Dallas to get jobs. Mrs. Jones decided that a family should stick together, so later on she followed them with the five younger children. They located in Freemont, a new little suburb of Dallas.

Then Old Lady Luck decided once more to interfere in the affairs of this fine, husky family. The children, for one reason or another, lost their positions. In the meantime there were taxes and payments to meet on their modest home, as well as food and clothes to purchase.

Whereupon Mother Jones became the mother of invention.

A little two-seated automobile, rusty and rattlesome, was the only means of transportation the family possessed. Few others in the new little suburb had even that much. The streets had not then been improved, and many homeseekers turned away from Freemont, with no desire to "live in the mud." So, in 1923, Mrs. Jones started one of her boys to hauling passengers between Freemont and Dallas in the little car. The next year she was able to put a fleet of six cars on the road, with her boys and girls as chauffeurs.

Today there are eleven commodious busses in the service, and she has had to hire extra help. Her three oldest boys and the oldest daughter are married, but they have all located within three blocks of their mother.

Florence, 19, Marguerite, 21, Ada May, 23, and the two younger boys, Timothy, 17, and Elton, 14, all man busses. After buying out another line, the Dallas-Lisbon, Mrs. Jones's business has trebled. Not only has she been able to build a modern, comfortable home for her family, but she has reached out to bless those around her.

Besides doing the little kindly deeds that won her the name of "Mother Jones" among all who knew her, Mrs. Jones took the interest of the entire community to heart. She donated the lot for a church. She advanced the money to build it and prayed for its life, as she helped establish it with less than fifty members.

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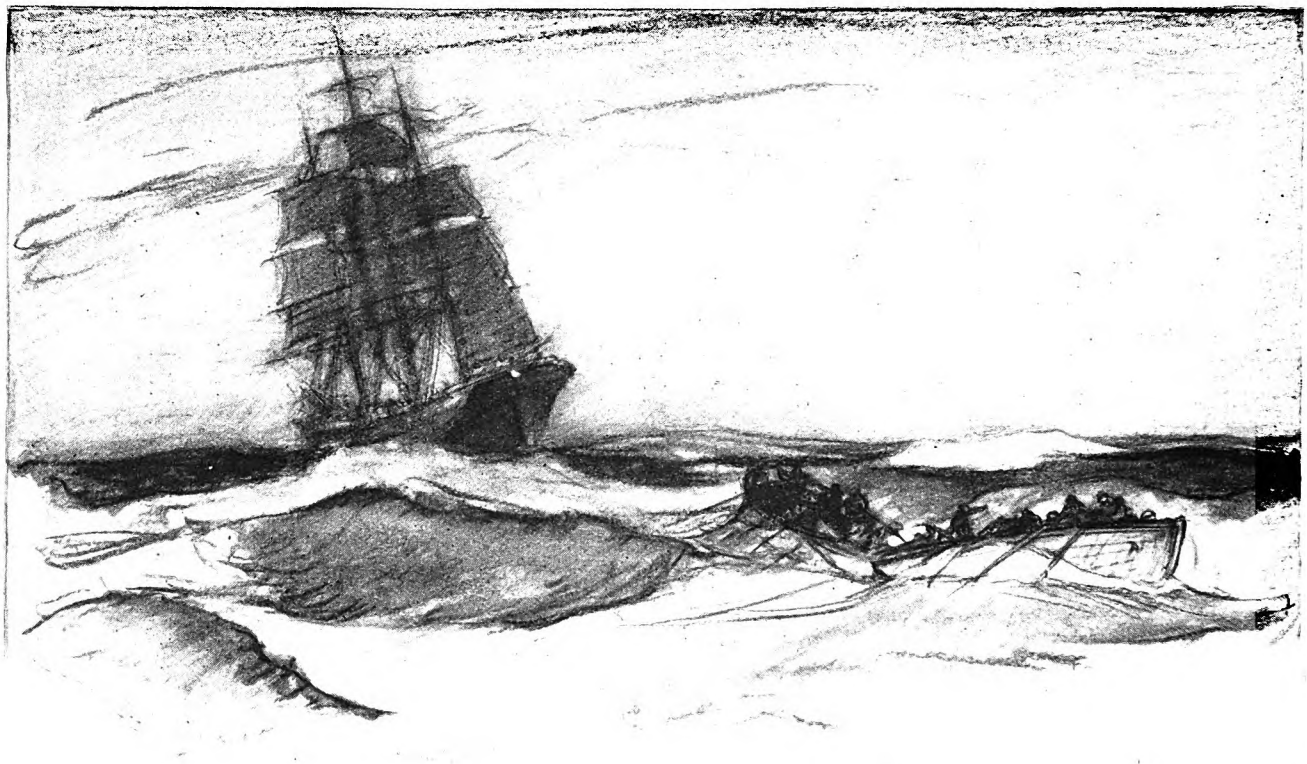

Salt *without* Savor

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

Illustrated by W. J. AYLWARD

THE first effect of the loss of his certificate upon Captain Keith was daze. Then he abruptly sprang to full realization that his life's work, his career, his good reputation, all, had come to a bad end. To cap the realization came the shameful fact that it was the spite of his trusted mate that had ruined him; then Keith went utterly mad.

He wandered the port for three days, seeking Talley to kill him; until friends who heard him muttering as he wandered took him away on pretense of helping him find his enemy, and watched him until his madness gave place to collapse. Then he suddenly disappeared; the port knew him no more.

He had passed half a lifetime as master of the ship Circe. No man sailing the seas had a higher reputation or a finer record. But all had been wiped out in that one crashing instant off the Horn, when his ship ran down and sank a Chilean steamer with four hundred lives. He had been drinking. That was the damning charge.

Forty days of bitter gales his ship had weathered, trying to gain past Old Stiff. For forty days he had never left the deck except to change into dry clothes. Sleep he had scarcely known, snatching cat naps on the settee in the chart-room. His mates had slept in their turns; but not he. He had given his mates, and his men, fair rations of stimulating grog; but he took none.

Then the weather cleared, the wind came fair; he allowed himself sorely needed rest. And to put life into his chilled blood, he did, at that last hour, permit himself to mix a hot toddy before falling into his bunk.

That had come up at the inquiry, to his mild surprise at first. He had not denied it. But he had suddenly discovered that Talley was stressing it. The steward, too, made a lot of it in his evidence.

"A drinking man, eh, Captain?" the grizzled old inquisitors nodded.

"I never drank at sea!" Keith had protested. He saw the grim unbelief in their eyes, they having heard the testimony, and he blurted, "That was the only time. I had been forty days out of my bed!"

THEN the helmsman had something to say. He had not seen the steamer, but he had noticed that the lookout never struck the bell, or reported the lights burning brightly. His binnacle light was out, but it was near the end of his trick and he had steered by a star until he had a chance to trim and light the lamp. The mate? Mr. Talley was in the chart-room over the chart. They were too near to Cape Horn.

The Board calmly wiped out the labor of a lifetime, and Keith faced a hostile world. He went as far from that port as the country would let him. He knew that Talley had got command of the Circe. The steward was with him too. The helmsman had been made bos'n. Keith's kindly features twisted into a bitter grimace which grew into permanency. He hoped the precious trio would enjoy their good fortune. He knew he would meet Talley again some day. He would order his life to that end. Then—

HE WORKED on a farm for three months. His beard grew, and his hands hardened to unaccustomed manual work. Then he got ink eradicator and altered his oldest ships' discharges, and his name, seeing no wrong in it, but driven to it by desperation. He sought and found employment on a little coaster. Short trips on the coast, little intercourse with men of the big ports, frequently changing crews. It was sanctuary to him. No long passages to brood in. His skipper liked him, for he was quiet, sober, utterly dependable.

His shipmates of the forecastle were not so warmly appreciative. His quiet aloofness they called surliness; he never joined in their shore amusements. Nor would he drink with them. They called him a louse, drinking alone. And he knew too much. All his efforts to be one of them could not hide a lifetime habit.

Most men in his place simply hauled on a rope when told, never knowing or caring why. If told to steer a course, they would hold that course and let the skipper worry about current or tide, even though a sudden unsuspected eddy, when in sight of

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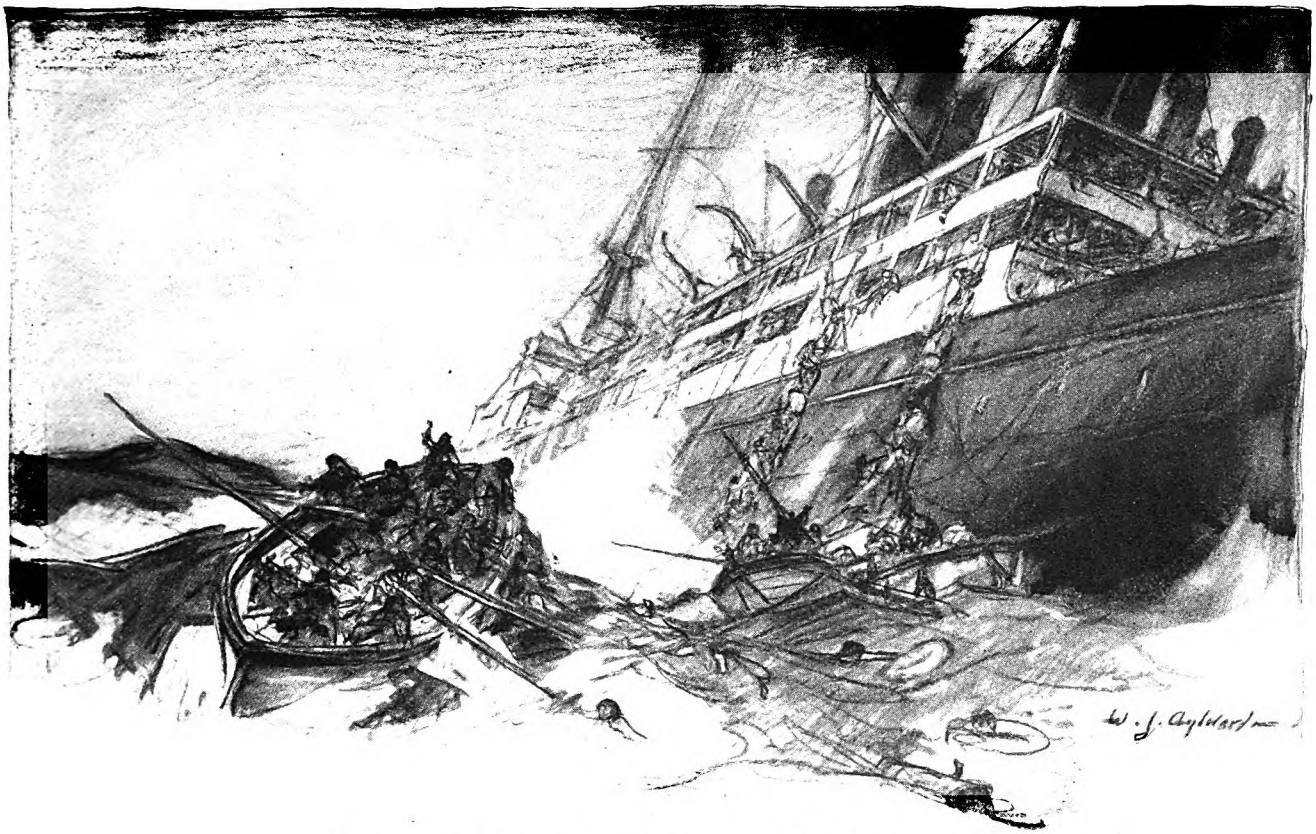

No man sailing the seas had a finer record than Captain Keith, but all had been wiped out in that one crashing instant off the Horn

the land, swerved the vessel from her given course.

Keith shrewdly allowed for such influences, as a matter of habit, never thinking it necessary to speak of it. When tacking or wearing the little brigantine, he went straight to the proper gear as soon as the first order was given, knowing the principle. They, caring nothing for principle, let go, or hauled, or trimmed when told, and not before.

FOR six months he nursed a scheme of ultimate vengeance against Talley. He would adjust himself to this new life until he lost his old perspective, then set himself upon Talley's heels. It might be that he would wait his chance and ship as a sailor aboard the Circe. Oh, it was a gaudy crowd on the Circe! Very nicely had Talley seized upon disaster and made it a ladder on which to climb to command. And, in climbing, he had not forgotten the rungs of the ladder.

Keith came nearer to smiling than he had in a long time when he thought of Talley, outwardly in command of a fine clipper and actually beholden to a couple of menials who knew far too much.

At the end of a year, he was surprised to find himself thinking less bitterly about the Circe and Talley and the rest. Men had come and gone in the little brigantine. Keith stayed on. The mate left for a bigger vessel, and Skipper Harris overtook Keith on one of his rare walks on the dock.

"Trent," he said, using the name Keith sailed under now, "Trent, you ought to try for your mate's ticket. If you had it now, I might offer you the mate's berth. If you're fond enough of the Janet to stay by her a whole year, you might as well be comfortable."

"I'm comfortable, thank you, sir," growled Trent, and a new mate was shipped. But the skipper's encouragement worked. It was something, it was a great deal, to know that even in the depths of disgrace and humiliation there was one man watching him with an eye to his advancement. By the time the Janet had made one of her rare long salt-fish voyages, he had made up his mind to challenge Fate again.

The new mate was dissatisfied—had already announced that he was quitting next time home. When the Janet docked, Trent told the skipper of his resolve, and got a glowing recommendation from him. Then he boldly presented himself for examination, and sat for an Only Mate's ticket. The moment of application tried him to the core. Would he be recognized? He was not. Nobody on that part of the coast had ever known him, except by the newsprints and photograph, and the affair of the Circe was going on for two years old now.

The examination, except for the mental strain at first, was child's play for the old deep-water master. He felt as proud of his new ticket as he had of his first deep-water parchment. It seemed to prove to him that the past was dead; that he might yet regain the eminence he had fallen from. And when he heard the skipper praise him to the owner, he went hot with queer pride. When he completed his first sea watch and went to his tiny, snug berth, an officer again, he slept without one recurring thought of the black past, without one trace of rancor.

Seamen still talk of that February gale that strewed the coast with wreckage and swept away the light on Burnt Ledge. The Janet groped in from the south in a blizzard dense as fog, seeking the light. The skipper was nervous. The cargo shifted. The light did not appear. The skipper had a weak heart too. He knuckled under to nervousness and heart together, and left things to his mate. That was a day of trial for Trent. From shifted cargo to reeling deck he alternated, sweating and freezing by turns, until through the mad sleet he caught the loom of the land where the light should be. There was no light.

"Ready about!" he yelled, taking the wheel himself.

He clawed the brigantine off. He detected a flicker of light, a lantern in anxious hands ashore, warning seamen that the big light was dead. And then the blizzard again, the murderous sea, the dead onshore gale. Trent held the wheel for ten hours, thrashing his vessel clear.

WHEN almost ready to drop, his stinging eyes saw the dizzy spars of a great full-rigged ship storming in from sea, groping for the light that was not there. Beset though he was, his innate seamanship urged him to intercept that ship and warn her of her peril. Long before a ship of that size could get near enough to see the flickering lanterns, she must strike, so deep would be her draft.

"You'll drown us!" the men cried. He carried on. And as he steered straight across the bows of the ship they rushed to him, trying to wrest the wheel from him. He fought them off, ran his vessel sheer across the big ship's stern, and roared his warning to two peering figures on her poop. He saw a hand waved in acknowledgment, then the ship passed out of sight; but he heard the thunder of her gear as she came about. And as he sped by her stern he had seen her name. The men saw it too.

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Today the little white church is thriving, and Marguerite Jones is the pastor.

Right after her graduation from high school Marguerite felt the call to preach. She received her inspiration through her grandfather, the Reverend W. F. Pickett, who was once a circuit rider.

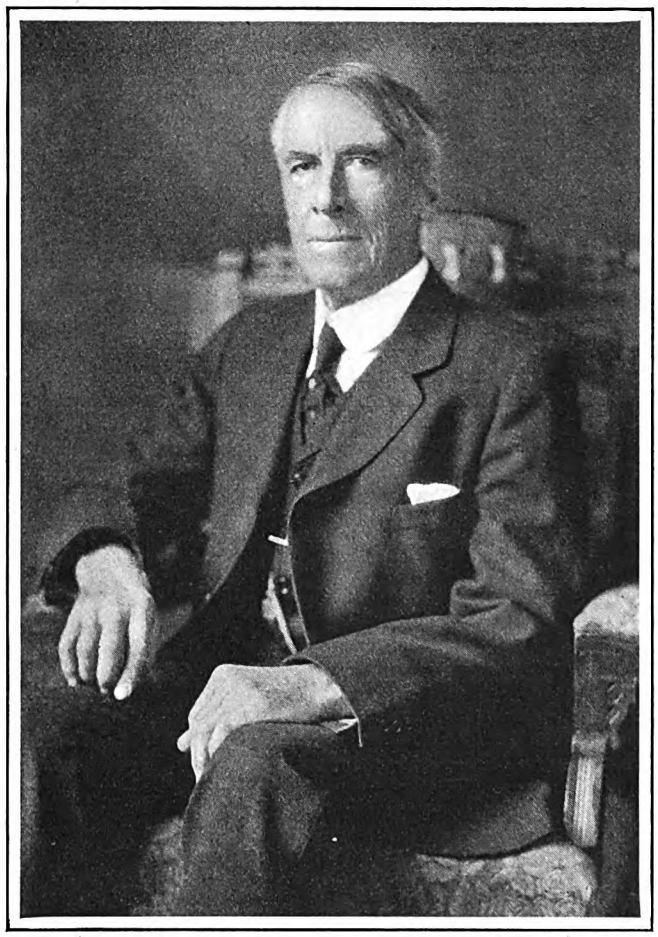
Although only just of age, she has married twenty-five couples and has baptized more than fifty in the little creek near the church. She has conducted over a dozen funerals. She preaches two sermons every Sunday and drives her bus thirteen hours a day, six days a week.

Every member of the family attends the church and takes active part in the worship. Florence is the song-leader, and Ada May, the pianist.

All the girls are extremely pretty. They adore each other and nowhere will a more congenial family be found. The brothers are pals, and the mother is "looked up to" and revered. Hats off to the Jones family!

KATHERINE NUNN

The Great Adventure of Life is Life Itself



Professor Julian Daniel Taylor, who has taught Latin in Colby College for sixty-one continuous years—a record unparalleled in the educational annals of America

ON JANUARY 29, 1846, not long before the United States declared war with Mexico, a boy was born on a farm in Winslow, Maine. Eighteen years later, while the battlefields of the Civil War were still red with blood, he entered Colby College, in the neighboring village of Waterville. President Andrew Johnson's stormy career was rushing toward the impeachment proceedings when the lean farmer boy received his diploma. And that autumn—1868—he stood up in the classroom he had just vacated as a student and taught his first college class in Latin.

Thirty years passed. The nation sprang to arms once more—to the battle cry of "Remember the Maine." That same boy, then a man of fifty-two, was still teaching Latin in the same college. Another twenty years, and American doughboys were breaking the "Hindenburg Line." He was still there—still teaching Latin. And today he sits at the same desk, in the same room, pouring knowledge (and wisdom that is more than knowledge!) into the stream of youth that flows in and out.

Sixty-one continuous years as a professor. In the same subject. And the same college. It is a record the like of which is unknown in the educational annals of America.

Julian Daniel Taylor wears his years as lightly as his honors. His fine, intellectual head still rides high. His clear blue eyes still look on the world with a keen interest. His step is firm, his mind alert. Save in the coldest days of a Maine winter, he walks without an overcoat from his home to his classes or to the conference room of the largest bank in the city, where, as the very active vice president, he prides himself on never missing a meeting of the board.

Two years ago, all by himself, he shingled the roof of his little farmhouse in Winslow, where he was born.

From the classroom of Julian Daniel Taylor have gone forth men (and women) who have made history in the land. He has fought in no wars—but he has given to the army and navy high-ranking officers. He has held no political office, but he has trained the minds of governors, senators, and congressmen by the score. In the waves of youth that have beaten against his desk there have been future captains of industry, scientists, explorers, college presidents, surgeons, supreme court justices, and journalists.

Perhaps some of the financial shrewdness of Brigadier General Herbert M. Lord, Director of the Budget of the United States, is due to the years he sat at the feet of "Judy" Taylor. It's more than likely, for everyone at the Ticonic National Bank pays tribute to the canniness of the venerable vice president.

A few paragraphs back, I mentioned Professor Taylor's great span of continuous service. And I meant *continuous*. No "Sabbatical years" for him. No leaves of absence for special purposes. Except for rare and brief illness, he has never missed a class in all this time.

His persisting vigor is largely due to his essential kinship with the spirit of the youth he handles, and to the calm and clear philosophy of life which has been his ballast for more than two generations. He has found that the Great Adventure of Life is Life itself.

"I have lived with and for Colby," he said to me, in that beautiful, clear-cut English which is the heritage of his training. "Within the sound of its bell, I was born. In hope and aspiration toward it, I passed my childhood. By this venerable institution my youth was molded and shaped. Within its walls my life-work has been done. Under its eaves I expect to spend my remaining days. And at the last, if anything be left of my ashes, any living spark, it will be my love for my college and for my old college friends."

"Have you ever regretted that you chose the quiet life of a professor?" I asked.

"Never for long. Teaching, of course, is a dangerous profession for the man who chooses it because he craves its shelter and its slippered ease. But it is a high calling for the man who sees its boundless possibilities in serving, in molding lives."

If he lives to be a hundred, there seems little chance that Professor Taylor will have any of that "slippered ease" to which he referred. For example, when Colby, a few months ago, decided to attempt the gigantic task of raising a half-million dollars for a Development Fund, the eighty-three-year-old professor of Latin was made vice chairman of the drive. Also, he still spends many hours a week in directing the affairs of the Sunset Home for Aged Women, which he helped to found and for which he has a lively sentiment.

"It is sentiment that rules the world, and woe would be the world if it did not," he said to me.

THANE WILSON

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR!

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Old Loyalty

(*Continued from page 35*)

bear to destroy out of her hurt life that look of incredulous and amazed respect, Kitty, who lived by the light of men's eyes, made no denial.

If this man could worship only loyalty, then, for her immediate purpose, loyalty must be Kitty Grace.

She sat there with bent head, her small hands nervously occupied the one with the other, tears upon them.

Farraday went quickly to his knees, kissed both her hands, and lightly rose.

"I didn't know," he said, "that there was left in the world a woman with eyes and lips like yours who could love one unworthy man so faithfully."

It became necessary then for Kitty to rise and to go quickly out of his sight, for hysterical laughter was climbing up her throat, the laughter that is a ragged cloak for tears.

SHE was next driven to cover up the tracks of her deceit. That evening to her patient she said lightly:

"Roy, will you do something for me?"

Their adobe room was firelit and beautiful, the more so for Kitty's shining presence near her hearth, and not the less so certainly for Roy's, half dressed, half draped in a gorgeous Navajo blanket, sleekly brushed and washed, and restored to the natural deep brilliance of his healthful coloring.

In answer, he just looked at her.

"I want you to tell Mr. Farraday something when he next comes in to see you —something about Martha Grayle."

"Who's that?" asked Roy. "The woman you get things from?"

"Yes. She lives on the ranch just above us . . . in fact, this is really part of her property too. She is . . . a widow. Her son is away at present but will be back very soon. I would like Mr. Farraday to know those two facts."

Roy's clear young eyes showed his astonishment. "Why, sure," he said. "You think he's made acquaintance with her?"

"No. I don't believe he's even seen her yet. But I suppose he's bound to run into her, or she may happen upon him. And I've a good reason for wanting him to know just—well—just what she is, and to know it from you. You won't forget?"

"No, ma'am. I think I saw her," murmured Roy, "pushing a plow along up yonder. I thought 'twas a man."

"Yes, that would be Martha. Roy, tell me . . ." she moved closer, in the wondering, shy-appearing fashion of a little girl, "if you were in the habit of thinking about people, what would you think of me?"

"It ain't what I would, it's what I do," said Roy. "Hadn't I this leg here, I'd learn you quick enough what I been thinkin' about you, Mrs. Grace."

"You have . . . *learned* . . . me already," Kitty sighed. Then she came over and kneeled beside him, pressing her silken and disordered head against his side. "A sweet, wise, bad boy," she said.

And after a few minutes, during which Roy did the talking, she added, softly laughing, "What difference would your hurt make, Roy, in telling me all this?—Hush," she then said, rippling up, drawing herself away. "I think I heard someone." She fled over to her place beside the hearth and stood there, looking over to him with a finger on her lip. "Be careful, Roy, I'm trusting you," she said.

Roy understood perfectly that she was trusting him and with what, but his face had a changed look when he turned it a moment later in Farraday's direction . . . a watchful, twisted look. Roy was by no means incapable of jealousy. And the limited but profound experience of such wandering lives as his, combined with the western habit of shrewd and unbewildered observation, had made Kitty entirely comprehensible. There was no need to tell Roy who and what she was. Not with all the romantic inclination in the world could he have fitted to her Martha Grayle's pathetic history.

Farraday seemed to notice the change in his young guide's expression, for he jerked a quick and rather searching look from him to Kitty, standing the full width of the room away. Kitty's face felt itself color. She bestirred herself.

"Would you care for a cup of coffee, Mr. Farraday? Or some of the soup I made for Roy this evening?"

"Thanks, no. I can't stay a minute. I came to give you a message from a neighbor. I discovered this afternoon," and a harsher note in his voice betrayed suspicion to Kitty's throbbing anxiety, "for the first time, that we have a neighbor on Folly River."

"The widow-lady," Roy drawled.

Farraday turned quickly upon him.

"You know her?"

"I know somethin' about her. I know her husband died a while back and that she lives here with a growed son. He's away just now. Be back shortly."

"Ah!" said Farraday. Then he turned to Kitty.

"Martha Grayle told me to tell you that she was going out for the mail on Saturday." And he added, this time to Roy and almost with harshness, "When will you be ready to ride again, Roy?"

"I don't rightly know," said Roy, beseeching Kitty. "What you think, Mrs. Grace?"

"Not for a while yet, I'm afraid," said Kitty, and she saw Roy's young face flame and his eyes fall, trying to hide their ecstasy.

FARRADAY moved to the door, hesitated, then, with a look, beckoned Kitty out of doors.

"Tell me, won't you, Mrs. Grace . . . you're not having any trouble with Roy, are you? When I came in, it seemed to me, perhaps, that you were keeping the width of the room between yourself and him and that—well, I may be wrong . . . I fancied I caught an expression on his face . . ."

"Don't let that worry you," Kitty protested lightly. "I am quite capable of managing a child like Roy. Boys of that age fall in love with any not too hideous woman that happens to be in their line of vision. But Roy's a westerner, and a gentleman."

"I hope that's always a synonym," said Farraday dryly. His eyes traveled across the little space between the log-building which contained her living-room, her kitchen, and her invalid and the smaller cabin where she slept.

"Can he walk?"

"I think not, without a great deal of pain. Please don't imagine things, Mr. Farraday. I feel very safe . . . with you near by."

She just touched his arm and found herself tingling at the hard warmth of it, its mysterious radiation of response. And his face, she thought, had changed. . . .

Roy called groaningly. "Oh, Mrs. Grace, can you help me move this foot? . . . I got a cramp."

She went in to him but she did not hear Farraday's departing steps until she called to him a reassuring, sweet "Good night."

Then he walked down towards his own quarters. Kitty sang on her way to bed that night. She was not so much happy as excited. Her very uneasiness . . her fear of the old difficult, dangerous web she wove about two victims . . . made for her delight. Jealousy . . . dormant and unspoken, a growing disturbance in the detached soul of Farraday . . . Roy's enslavement . . . the use she could make of it to waken the sluggish blood of this uncomfortable stranger . . . matter enough for song and quickened pulses.

DURING the copper-shining days, the quicksilver-shining nights, that followed each other rapidly, the wavy mirror gave Kitty back a happy image, rejuvenated, lovely, feminine, and, looking at it, Kitty could only use an urchin's grin for Farraday's stupidity. That face to wait alone at the bottom of a desert cañon . . . for any man's return? Of course, he thought he had her word for her own history, but even with that, Kitty told herself, he should have given his perfectly obvious astonishment its rein and that would have led him directly to the truth.

But, no—this honorable gentleman, more that, surely, than the worldly-wise man she had at first imagined him to be, repressed his own astonishment and incredulity with sternness. His reverence for the woman he thought her to be moved Kitty. Under it she became gentle, and a little sorrowful—shy. Her hours with him, for all the delight they gave her, were rather difficult. And yet she would not spoil them. With one hand of her confused spirit she beckoned to the man, and with the other—the gloved and borrowed hand of Martha Grayle—she held him back.

She began to imagine a confusion in his eyes. He was sleeping badly. He told her that he was tortured by the lack of sleep; the least excitement, any disturbance of his nervous system, kept him wakeful until sunrise. Kitty did not ask what, down here in the bottom of Red Cañon, could possibly excite him.

It was a curious situation, for Kitty Grace. She knew that here was the sort of man whom her soul needed. She knew, as he looked at her with those blind eyes of his, that the brief reverence she now re-

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ceived from him was the elixir that could cure her ills . . . that, once she struck its phial from his hand, it would be spilled forever to its last drop . . . that never in all her life could she taste the precious drink again. And she began to love him, because of this elixir, deeply, bitterly. And, by the same token, to be bored with Roy, in whom, quite naturally, her careful measuring of sweets bred an increasing hunger.

SO, UNHAPPY, restless, Kitty brought upon herself the crisis she had planned so nicely to avert. On the Saturday of Martha's absence in search of mail, Kitty tormented Roy. She taunted him, standing beyond his crippled grasp and laughing at him for a silly young boor who fancied, forsooth, that a beautiful woman of experience could possibly take his love-making *au grand sérieux* . . . "and that means in English, Master Cowboy Roy, with a great, long, solemn red face like yours."

Thus, with the little switch of her tongue and the great whip of her eyes, did she chastise him, until of a sudden up rose her invalid, bronze pale save for two bars of color across his cheek bones and, gritting his teeth, swung forward at her with all the young frenzy of outraged desire.

Kitty fled from him with such laughter and such cries as flying witches use, but, at the opening of Farraday's trail, he caught her and, with one last scream, she surrendered and let him taste her lips. Good—unalterably good—it was, to be so unthinkingly, so wildly embraced . . . she closed her eyes.

She opened them as Roy was wrenched violently away and saw . . . Farraday's dreadful face, satanic, twisted, white as his own panache. He struck at Roy as if he would strike him out of life forever.

"He thought I called for help," Kitty's scared wits informed her; "he thinks Roy has insulted me. He'll kill the man!" She heard herself calling, "Don't . . . don't hurt him, Mr. Farraday. Remember he's lame!"

But she did not hear herself calling to him the truth that would have saved Roy, body and honor, at a word. No—her wailing intercession had not the strength of truth. Farraday was minded to punish, to destroy with punishment, a savage who had insulted the woman whom he reverenced. And, though at first Roy's strong youth made the fight almost an equal one, his injury brought it to a quick end. . . .

Roy went down in silence, and in silence took his punishment, and when he was bidden to rise and make apology, he obeyed and spoke with bleeding, dusty lips, not looking his betrayer in the eyes: "I'm sorry, ma'am; I sure apologize."

"And now," Farraday said, between shifting teeth that worked themselves loose from their clenching, "since you seem able to stand and walk, and even to run upon occasion, I think you are able to catch up our horses and pack them. We'll move camp at once. Mrs. Grace has had too much of us."

Roy gave him one look, a look that froze Kitty's blood and might have served Farraday for warning, and limped away. Farraday stood moving a palm across his torn knuckles. He was winded and very white.

"I—I heard you call," he stammered gaspingly. "I—I saw you in his arms . . . That was unbearable to me." He came close to her and held himself taut there. "Well?" he asked her. "Well . . . ?" And then, before she could move or breathe, he caught her furiously in his own hard arms.

It was by no motion or protest of her own that she was freed. He pulled his muscles slowly from her and went back and away and down towards Folly River.

Neither of them, except for his queer questioning "Well?" had said a word.

Kitty turned and ran up the steep trail. She wanted to escape from the Cañon and its occupants. She wanted to stand out above them for a moment . . . free. She arrived, breathless, at the rim. All about her, like that groping human phrase, forever and forever and forever, stretched the golden land, rising by shallow layers, turquoise and copper and salmon pink, into quivering air, made tawny by its sun-drenched dust of a long desert day. There was no motion anywhere, no life nor sound. Only—stark, unaltered, having risen with her, Loyalty Mountain stood, looking her in the face.

There was no place—no wall, no crack, no bush—up here, within which she could hide away from him. He looked upon her, and she knew the reason for her hatred and her fear.

A symbol, that mountain, of the ultimate judge that even Kitty Grace could not escape. The judge that stands, like a mountain, in the mind, and makes all mountains beautiful or hateful. The judge of truth to one's own truth. Old Loyalty. No creed, no pronouncement, no theory, no revelation; just the dread necessity imposed upon an isolated mind . . . of ancient Loyalty. Let your truth be a malformed idol, if your ignorance is limited to a form so insignificant, but let your truth be . . . true.

FOR the first time in her life, Kitty, facing—instead of the usual soft human flatterer—that hard embodiment of truth, admitted sin without excuse. For vanity, for a liar's vanity, she had betrayed a friend, a gentleman, whom she had trusted and who, under torment, had been faithful to her trust.

There stood the mountain uttering speech.

For longer than she could endure its persecution, she faced it, then, remembering with a sharp sensation of fear that Farraday had given Roy his marching orders, she realized that in an hour or less the Red Cañon would again be desolate. Before that moment, she must do penance, be absolved. She must, for the peace of her own solitude, surrender to the spirit of the Cañon.

Kitty ran as a child runs who fears to be left alone in a dark place.

It was just before she entered into the steep downward trail that she heard the shot.

It brought her a terrified, breathless weakness. She stood still. No use trying to persuade herself that there might be a hundred natural causes for the firing of a gun. She could not forget Roy's face just before he turned it away to go and do Farraday's contemptuous bidding. Roy might be true to her trust in his magnanimity, but he would, with his own half-savage code, be true to his own honor.

Kitty knew this fact by instinct. It was instinct that had brought her to that frozen standstill of sheer horror on the trail. If she had only run faster . . . if she had not stood so long facing her mountain. How dark it was already down there in Red Cañon, filled with the troubling voice of Folly River.

There was no light anywhere, no camp fire. Nor did she hear a sound. . . . Yes . . . suddenly, beyond her . . . above her . . . horse's scrambling hoofs. Some man was riding fast and dangerously up to the desert level, riding as fast as if the law were at his heels.

"He has killed Farraday," said Kitty, "and that is my fault. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before."

She said this dazedly aloud and began, as if against its will, to direct her body down the cañon side.

FARRADAY lay across her threshold in a pool of blood. She saw that it was running from his leg, that his breeches were soaked red and his boot was filling. He seemed unconscious but, as she bent above him, opened his eyes.

"He told me . . . that . . . I . . . could have my turn at playing . . . invalid . . ." and, smiling in a twisted fashion, he showed Kitty his wound.

Kitty helped him to the lounge that Roy had occupied. "He gave me a chance to fire," Farraday then told her in a stronger voice, "but I couldn't believe he was in earnest and, after I was hit, though he waited, I . . . I couldn't shoot at him."

Kitty brought water and with a knife cut away the cloth from his hurt. A bullet had ripped through the flesh above his knee. It was exactly the location of Roy's own injury, an act of nicely measured justice. Roy would not betray his nurse, but he had put Farraday in case to understand the peril of her ministrations.

Had he seen Farraday with his arms about her? Would he presently come back to kill them both? Come back presently for some purpose somehow she knew he would.

Farraday lay there looking at her with his somber and enchanted eyes. She had still his reverence. She might have, she felt, his love. Later, perhaps, when she was sure of him, she might bring herself to spill that sweet elixir. A man who loves, forgives. . . . No, Kitty told herself, not a man like this one. There is in this man no forgiveness. He measures as the mountain measures, by stone and ice. Kitty, pale and shrinking, her eyes afraid, tended him ardently.

In his fever that night he talked of another woman, of Phyllis, who had been unfaithful to him.

He was sure, in that fever, that Kitty Grace was Phyllis. He begged that she would not touch him, please, only to leave him in peace, to recover from the wound that she had given to him. For physical pain became confused with mental misery, and Farraday had forgotten Roy, remembering his wife.

And toward morning he spoke about Old Loyalty. "I know you're in my own mind, you damn' staring, waiting heap of flint." He flung his arm before his face to shield it from the mountain. "Don't cry, Phyllis," he said. "It won't do any good. I am not going to forgive you." Then he would wait, sleep perhaps, until, seeing

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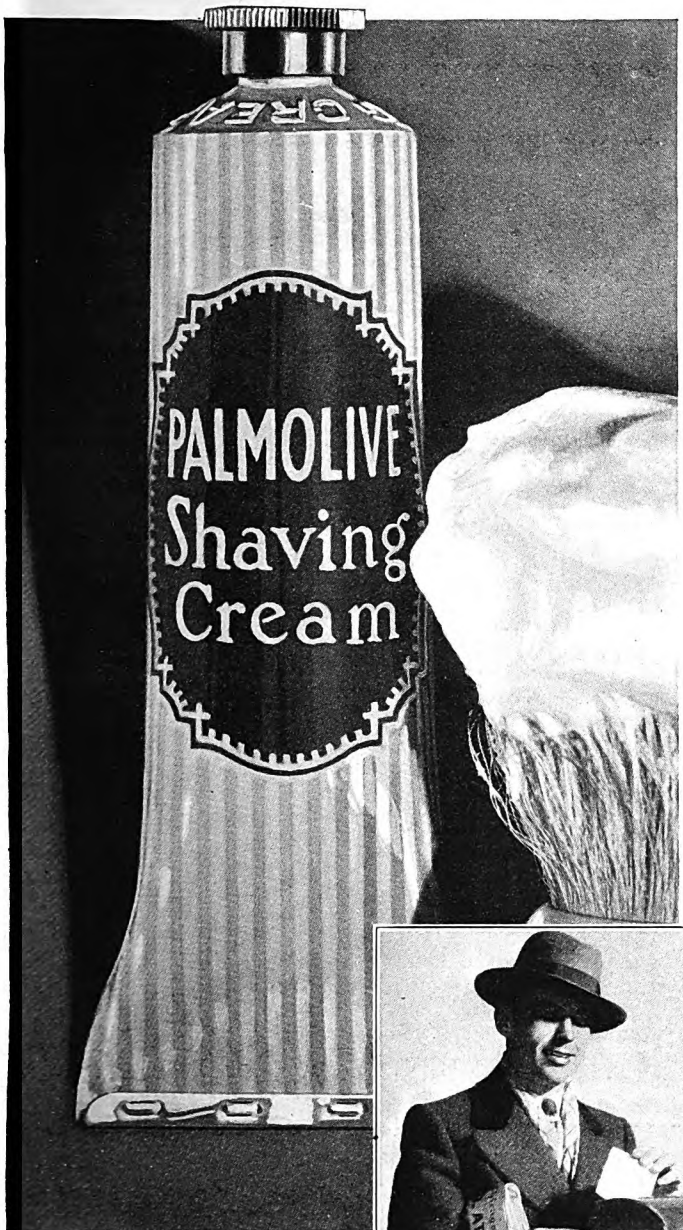

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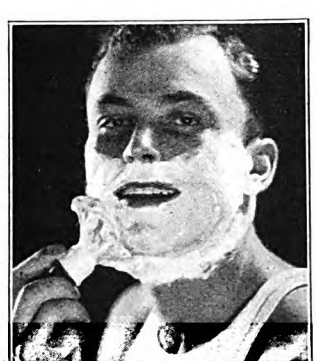

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Kitty's face, he would begin to talk to her again. "You have her eyes and lips . . . but you are true, aren't you? You've waited . . . years. Phyllis couldn't wait six months. I had to go away. I had to leave her, Kitty. What makes you look so like her . . . and yet be true? That's hard to bear, you know. And I want so much to kiss your mouth . . . Phyllis's mouth. Why aren't you like her? Why are you true to that brute that won't come back to you?"

BY AFTERNOON of the next day, he was clear in his head and free from fever. His hurt had begun to heal. But he was startlingly weak. Kitty made him some of her nourishing soup and held his head up so that he might drink it.

"I think I've told you," he said, between spoonfuls, in a whisper, smiling up at her, "I think I've heard myself telling you that you look like Phyllis, haven't I?"

"Yes," Kitty answered, wincing. "She is . . . she was . . . your wife?"

"She was . . ." said Farraday, and fell to sobbing. He was too weak to control this pent emotion that had fed upon his heart.

"Is Phyllis . . . dead?" asked Kitty, clinging to his hand, which had clenched itself on hers.

"No. I have . . . turned her out."

Kitty drew her hand away from his and walked slowly over to her window. The wind was blowing, and across Loyalty's face were driven golden veils of desert dust. The sun was visible only in a nimbus.

So . . . he had turned her out.

Farraday slept. That evening, sitting by her fire, she heard him speaking to her in a stronger voice:

"Will you come over to me, Kitty, please?"

She came. His eyes were lifted to her with a thirsty look. She faltered down beside him and leaned her head against his arm. With the other hand weakly he stroked her silken hair.

"Don't wait for him any longer, Kitty," he pleaded. "They're not worth waiting for . . . these leprechauns."

Under his hand Kitty winced.

"Leprechauns . . . ? What do you mean?"

"Trolls . . . demons . . . flibbertigibbets . . ."

"Ugly words. I don't know what they mean."

"They mean unfaithful lovers—women who throw that dirty little feather they call their love to any passer-by; women with cruel, childish eyes who pull the wings off a man's faith and laugh when they see it crawling about, blind and hideous and maimed. I mean . . . the little, soft, dark-eyed, sweet-lipped women whose body your soul mysteriously moves about in, Kitty. The miserable little traffickers in desire, whose vanity is their only soul."

Kitty crouched there beside him, hiding her face from him, shrinking under his lash. He spoke again in a tired and gentle voice:

"Kitty Grace, we have been deserted and deceived. We've loved and lost . . . our leprechauns. My traitor I will not forgive. How long are you going to waste your loyalty for yours?"

His hand that stroked her hair was tender. She knew that he had surrendered weakly, blindly, to that power of hers, and temptation opened its rose-mouthed pit for all her facile senses.

Curiously, it was the image of another woman that stood between her and acceptance—loyalty to a misnamed human being whose weakness, whose tragedy, whose punishment she understood.

She raised her head, so that his hand slid down, and looked Farraday straight in the eyes. They were bitter still, but the grimness had gone out of them.

"Do you believe in loyalty, Miles Farraday?" she asked him. "I wonder if you can tell me what you mean by loyalty."

He said nothing. He lay there, half lifted on his elbow, his face deeply flushed.

"Is it loyalty," said Kitty slowly, uncertainly, as if she were really seeking for a truth, "is it loyalty to be true to someone who has never done you any wrong, never given you cause for doubt or pain or anger? Is it loyalty to stand by the man—or the woman—who has always stood by you, who has never failed you nor looked away from your interests to right or left? Is it loyalty to be easily faithful, with no provocation to a lack of faith? If the friend is in deserved disgrace, in ruin, if the lover has fallen under temptation too strong for her weakness . . . is that no time for loyalty?

"You speak of leprechauns . . . of hobgoblins . . . soulless creatures . . . but it seems to me that love . . . your kind of loving . . . is as inhuman as a stone!"

Here Farraday said, looking up at her as a chastened worshiper will look, "Only a woman like you, a woman young, beautiful, who has waited alone for her man here in Red Cañon, has a right to plead for an unfaithful wife."

THEN Kitty remembered her stern mountain and she rose from her knees, making a lovely gesture of throwing aside that royal cloak she had borrowed for her crippled soul.

"I haven't waited here, my friend. The loyal wife whom you have so admired is Martha Grayle. I lied to you . . . but I believed you might have seen that story, in spite of my lie, written in *her* face and eyes and smile. But, no, it is the dark-eyed, sweet-lipped women that you, for very loyalty, must love and follow and cling to, Miles Farraday!"

Tears rained down across her face, surprising, angering her.

"Oh, I could take you from Phyllis, if I would. I could take you here and now and give you all that is left in me of loving. I could. I could. I don't just know what is preventing me. But when you tell me of her tears . . . how she implored you to forgive her . . . then, it seems to me that even *I* should teach you loyalty . . . its meaning. I have cried and begged, myself. And I have been treated to your brand . . . of faithfulness. Martha Grayle knows how to love and wait. But you don't love . . . nor wait . . . nor forgive. That man whom I implored didn't love . . . nor wait.

"No, he turned me out, a broken hobgoblin, who loved him—yes, as warmly as any real woman could—turned me out for a fault of loneliness and quick emotion and the very softness, I suppose, which made me in the first place lenient to him. He couldn't forgive. He couldn't wait for me to grow up to his measure. He preached his brand of loyalty . . . I call it treason. Treason to the weakness which must rely upon the mercy and the help of strength.

"Yes, I am a divorced woman—deservedly, disgracefully divorced. And my lover left me a few weeks ago because he was jealous of a man I flirted with, a sort of stray who camped down by your stream. When you and Roy came down I was lonely, desperate. I let Roy love me. It was my fault that he caught me down there by your trail and kissed me on the mouth. Roy was loyal. He wouldn't give that truth away. But he has left you here, wounded, to find out, without any word from him, the truth. Well, now you have learned it! You know just what I am.

"I've been waiting down here for a letter so that I might have money to get out of here, to go back to my old way of living. Some day your Phyllis will be waiting for a letter—in some Red Cañon of her life—and a man like you will come to her. . . . Ah, well, *who* turned her out, when she was a human being, to race and run with this world's . . . leprechauns? If you don't go back to her and show her the meaning of real loyalty, the feeling you've been hating, fighting with—some day your Phyllis will be . . . Kitty Grace!"

SHE turned then and saw Roy standing in her open doorway.

He looked unnaturally tall in his long, graceful cowboy's costume, of leather belt and chaps and high-heeled boots, tall and splendid and alarming, with his gun against his hip. She fell back from him to shelter Farraday. But, at the little faint cry of terror she had given, Roy smiled and slipped his weapon into its holster, relaxing as he did it, so that he leaned, slack and graceful, against the side of the opening. He rolled and lighted a cigarette.

"I heard you tellin' your . . . truth," said Roy.

Kitty looked pitifully from one to the other of the two men whose tall condemnation she had drawn down upon her littleness, and a profound longing for Martha Grayle surprised her heart. "Any time you want me, I'm here," Martha had said.

Kitty bent her head and moved fast, but, as she came to Roy, he stood back gravely, taking off his hat. Startled by his courtliness, she glanced at him sidelong, and caught the deep and shining tribute of his look—a look of incredulous and amazed respect!

Roy, who had known her from the beginning, knew just how brave a thing this Kitty Grace had done. And strangely, as she met his look, she knew that she was still as young as he was, as simple, at the bottom of her tired heart.

She stumbled past him and went out. There stood Old Loyalty, a somber vision under the moon. She stood to face him, and was aware of her release and renovation, a sensation strangely akin to ecstasy. Had not Roy offered to her the elixir which was the one need of her soul? She would not look back at him, although she felt his eyes fixed splendidly upon her. She turned away and chose the path to Martha Grayle.

Forgive her experience, if she went in the full knowledge that he would follow her.

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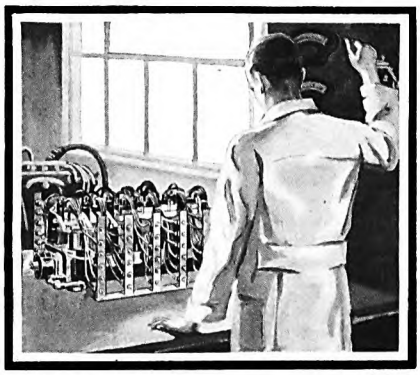

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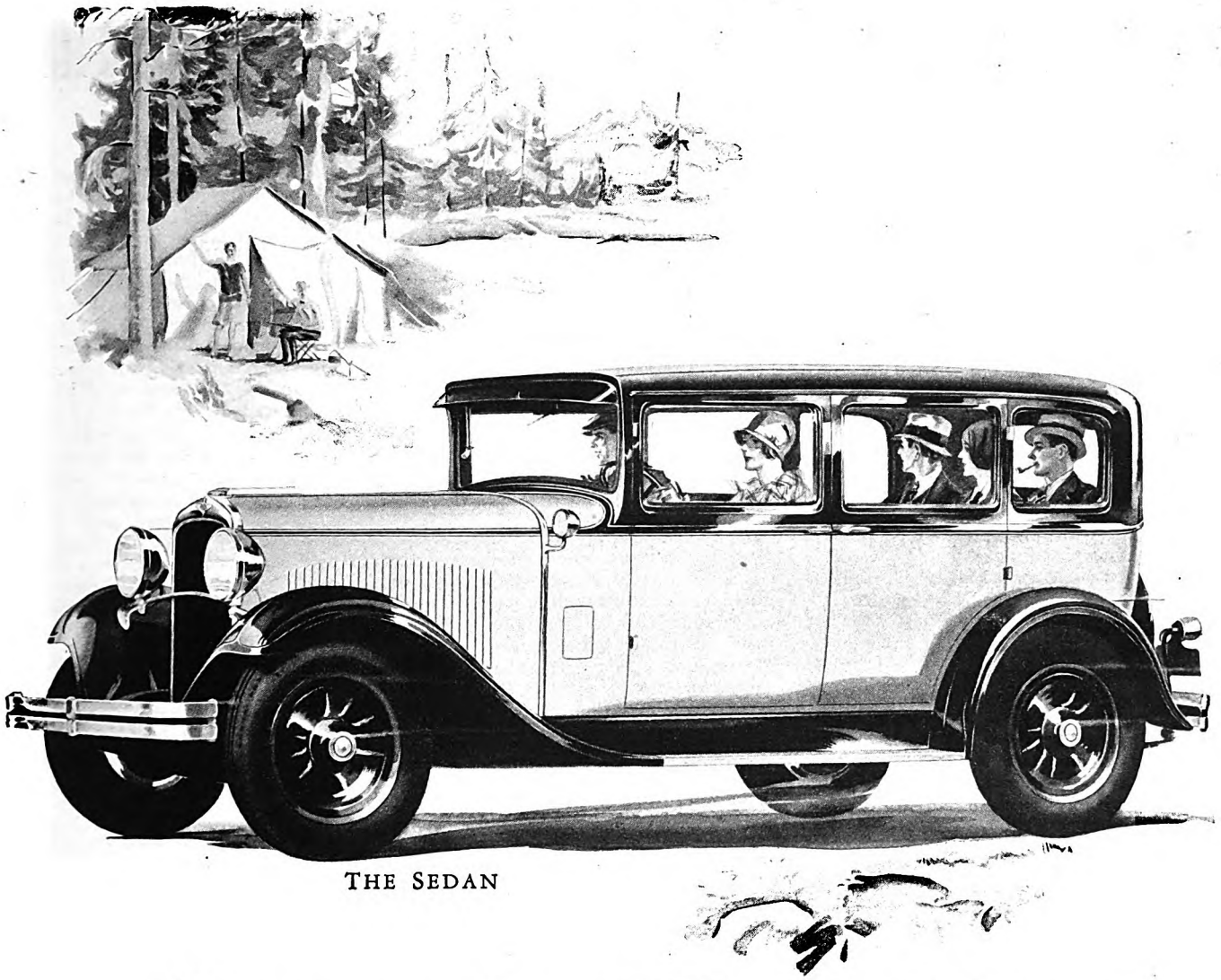

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Mark Twain as Revealed by Himself to Helen Keller

(*Continued from page 51*)

Mrs. Macy told me he was all in white and that his beautiful white hair glistened in the afternoon sunshine like the snow spray on the gray stones.

We were in the land of enchantment. We sat by the fire and had our tea and buttered toast, and he insisted that I must have strawberry jam on my toast. We were the only guests. Miss Lyon, Mr. Clemens's secretary, presided over the tea table.

It was obvious that Mr. Clemens took great satisfaction in his unusual house. He told us that it had been designed by the son of my lifelong friend, William Dean Howells. Delightedly he pointed out that the architecture was exactly suited to the natural surroundings; that the dark cedars and pines, which were always green, made a singularly beautiful setting for the white villa. Mr. Clemens particularly enjoyed the sunlight that came through the great windows and the glimpse of field and sky that could be seen through them. "You observe," he said to us, "there are no pictures on the walls. Pictures in this house would be an impertinence. No artist," he added, going to the window and looking out, "has ever equaled that landscape."

Our suite of rooms was next to his. On the mantelpiece, suspended from a candlestick, was a card explaining to possible burglars where articles of value were in the room. There had recently been a burglary in the house, and Mr. Clemens said that this was a precaution against being disturbed by intruders.

WE STAYED in our room till dinner was announced—dinner in Mr. Clemens's house was always a function where conversation was important, yes, more important than the food. It was a rule in that house that guests were relieved of the responsibility of conversation. Mr. Clemens said that his personal experience had taught him that you could not enjoy your dinner if the burden of finding something to say was weighing heavily upon you. He made it a rule, he said, to do all the talking in his own house, and expected when he was invited out that his hosts would do the same. He talked delightfully, audaciously, brilliantly. His talk was fragrant with tobacco and flamboyant with profanity. I adored him because he did not temper his conversation to any femininity. He was a play-boy sometimes and on occasions liked to show off. He had a natural sense of the dramatic and enjoyed posing as he talked. But in the core of him there was no make-believe. He never attempted to hide his light under a bushel.

I think it was Goethe who said, "Only clods are modest." If that is true, then in all the world there was not less of a clod than Mr. Clemens. He ate very little himself, and invariably grew restless before the dinner was finished. He would get up in the midst of a sentence, walk round the table or up and down the long dining-room, talking all the while. He would stop behind my chair and ask me if there was anything I wanted; he would sometimes take a flower from a vase, and if I happened to be able to identify it, he showed his pleasure by describing in an exaggerated manner the powers that lie latent in our faculties, declaring that the ordinary human being had not scratched the surface of his own brain. This line of observation usually led to a tirade upon the appalling stupidity of all normal human beings. Watching my teacher spelling to me, he drawled, "Can you spell into Helen's left hand and tell her the truth!" Sometimes the butler called his attention to a tempting dish and he would sit down and eat.

To test my powers of observation, he would leave the room quietly and start the self-playing organ in the living-room. My teacher told me how amusing it was to see him steal back to the dining-room and watch stealthily for any manifestations on my part that the vibrations had reached my feet. I did not often feel the musical vibrations, as I believe the floor was tiled, which prevented the sound waves from reaching me, but I did sometimes feel the chord vibrations through the table. I was always glad when I did, because it made Mr. Clemens so happy.

We gathered about the warm hearth after dinner and Mr. Clemens stood with his back to the fire talking to us. There he stood—our Mark Twain, our American, our humorist, the embodiment of our country. He seemed to have absorbed all America into himself. The great Mississippi River seemed forever flowing, flowing through his speech, through the shadowless white sands of his thought. His voice seemed to say, like the river, "Why hurry? Eternity is long; the ocean can wait."

WHEN the time came to say good night, Mr. Clemens led me to my room himself and told me that I would find cigars and a thermos bottle with Scotch whisky, or bourbon if I preferred it, in the bathroom. He told me that he spent the morning in bed writing, that his guests seldom saw him before lunch-time; but if I felt like coming in to see him about ten-thirty, he would be delighted, for there were some things he would like to say to me when my Guardian Angel was not present.

About ten o'clock the next morning, he sent for me. He liked to do his literary work in bed, dictating his notes to a stenographer. Propped up among his snowy pillows, he looked very handsome in his dressing gown of rich silk. He said if doing my work that way appealed to me, I might have half the bed, provided I maintained strict neutrality and did not talk. I told him the price was prohibitive, I could never yield woman's only prerogative, great as the temptation was.

It was a glorious bright day and the sun streamed through the great windows. Mr. Clemens said if I did not feel inclined to work after lunch (which was by way of sarcasm, he having previously remarked that I did not look industrious and that he believed I had somebody write my books for me), he would take a little walk with us and show us the "farm." He said he would not join us at lunch, as his doctor had put him on a strict diet. He appeared, however, just as dessert was being served. He said he had smelled the apple pie and could not resist. Miss Lyon protested timidly, "Oh, Mr. Clemens—" "Yes, I know," he conceded, "but fresh apple pie never killed anybody. But if Helen says I can't, I won't." I did not have the heart to say he couldn't, so we compromised on a very small piece, which was later augmented by a larger piece, after a pantomimic warning to the others not to betray him. I suspected what was going on and said, "Come, let us go before Mr. Clemens sends to the kitchen for another pie." He said, "Tell her, I suspected she was a psychic. That proves she is."

AFTER luncheon, he put on a fur-lined greatcoat and fur cap, filled his pockets with cigars, and declared himself ready to start on the walk.

He picked out a winding path which he thought I could follow easily. It was a delightful path, which lay between rocks and a saucy little brook that winter had not succeeded in binding with ice fetters. He asked Mrs. Macy to tell me there was a tall white building across an intervening valley from where we were standing. "Tell her it's a church," he said. "It used to stand on this side of the brook; but the congregation moved it last summer when I told them I had no use for it. I had no idea that New England people were so accommodating. At that distance it is just what a church should be—serene and pure and mystical."

We crossed the brook on a little rustic footbridge. He said it was a prehistoric bridge, and that the quiet brown pool underneath was the one celebrated in the Songs of Solomon. I quoted the passage he referred to: "Thine eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim." It was a joy being with him, holding his hand as he pointed out each lovely spot and told some charming untruth about it. Once he said, "The book of earth is wonderful. I wish I had time to read it. I think if I had begun it in my youth, I might have got through the first chapter. But it's too late to do anything about it now."

We wandered on and on, forgetful of time and distance, beguiled by stream and meadow and seductive stone walls wearing their autumn draperies of red and gold; vines a little dimmed by rain and snow but still exquisitely beautiful. When we turned at last and started to climb the hill, Mr. Clemens paused and stood gazing over the frosty New England valley; he said, "Age is like this; we stand on the summit and look back over the distance and time. Alas, how swift are the feet of the days of the years of youth."

We realized that he was very tired

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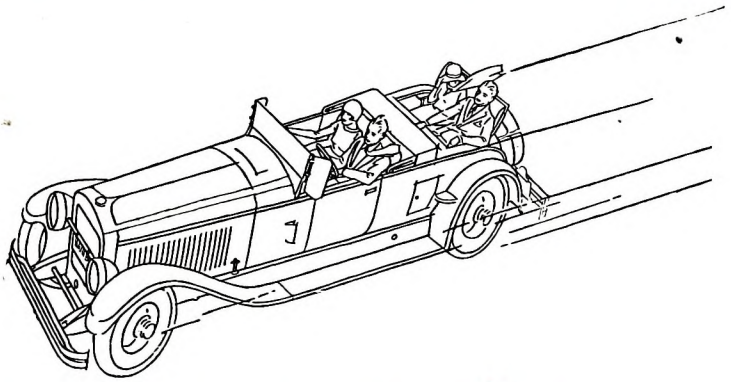

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We used well-known makes of cars bought in the open market, and averaging in crankcase capacity 6 quarts of oil.

Running these cars at high speed — much of the time at sixty or more miles an hour—we discovered this: The New Mobiloil gave approximately 20% more oil mileage than we obtained with other oils generally sold for the same motors.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

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With reasonable care, the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. We say "confidently" because Mobiloil has actually kept the first-year feel in many test engines for more than *twice* 30,000 miles!

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the New Mobiloil

GARGOYLE

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Somebody suggested that one member of the party should return cross-lots and meet us on the road with a carriage. Mr. Clemens thought this a good idea and agreed to pilot Mrs. Macy and me to the road, which he had every reason to suppose was just beyond that elephant of a hill. Our search for that road was a wonderful and fearsome adventure. It led through cow paths, across ditches filled with ice-cold water into fields dotted with little islands of red and gold which rose gently out of the white snow. On closer inspection, we found that these islands were composed of patches of dry goldenrod and huckleberry bushes. We picked our way through treacherously smiling cart-roads. He said, "Every path leading out of this jungle dwindles into a squirrel track and runs up a tree." The smiles proved to be ruts that ensnared our innocent feet. Mr. Clemens had the wary air of a discoverer as he turned and twisted between spreading branches of majestic pines and dwarfed hazel-bushes.

I remarked that we seemed to be away off our course. He answered, "This is the uncharted wilderness. We have wandered into the chaos that existed before Jehovah divided the waters from the land. The road is just over there," he asserted with conviction.

"Yes," we murmured faintly, wondering how we should ever ford the roaring, tumbling imp of a stream which flung itself at us out of the hills. There was no doubt about it: The road was just there "where you see that rail fence." Prophecy deepened into happy certainty when we saw the coachman waiting for us. "Stay where you are," he shouted. In a few seconds, he had dismembered the rail fence and was transporting it over the field. It did not take long to construct a rough bridge, over which we safely crossed the Redding Rubicon. And sure enough, there was the narrow road of civilization winding up the hillside between stone walls and clustering sumachs and wild cherry trees on which little icicles were beginning to form like pendants. Halfway down the drive, Miss Lyon met us with tearful reproaches. Mr. Clemens mumbled weakly, "It has happened again—the woman tempted me."

I think I never enjoyed a walk more. Sweet is the memory of hours spent with a beloved companion. Even being lost with Mr. Clemens was delightful, although I was terribly distressed that he should be exerting himself beyond his strength.

THE last evening of our visit we sat around a blazing log fire, and Mr. Clemens asked me whether I should like to have him read me "Eve's Diary." Of course, I was delighted. He asked, "How shall we manage it?" "Oh," I replied, "you will read aloud, and my teacher will spell your words into my hand." He said, "I had thought you would read my lips." "I should like to," I answered, "but I am afraid you will find it very wearisome. We'll start that way, anyhow, and if it doesn't work, we'll try the other way."

This was an experience, I am sure, no other person in the world had ever had. "You know, Mr. Clemens," I reminded him, "that we are going home tomorrow, and you promised to put on your Oxford robe for me before I go."

"So I did, Helen," he agreed, "and I will—I will do it now before I forget." Miss Lyon brought the gorgeous scarlet robe which he had worn when England's oldest university conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters. He put it on and stood there in the firelight, the embodiment of gracious majesty. He seemed pleased that I was impressed. He drew me towards him and kissed me on the brow, as a cardinal or pope or a feudal monarch might have kissed a little child.

HOW I wish I could paint the picture of that evening! Mr. Clemens sat in his armchair, dressed in his white serge suit, the flaming scarlet robe draping his shoulders, and his white hair gleaming and glistening in the light of the lamp which shone down on his head. In one hand he held "Eve's Diary," in a glorious red cover. In the other he held his pipe. "If it gets in the way," he said, "I'll give it up, but I feel embarrassed without it."

I sat down near him in a low chair, my elbow on the arm of his chair, so that my fingers could rest lightly on his lips. And then the play began. Everything went smoothly for a time. I had no difficulty getting the words from his lips. His pleasant drawl was music to my touch. But when he began gesticulating with his pipe, the actors in the drama got mixed up with the properties and there was confusion until the ashes were gathered into the fireplace. Then a new setting was arranged. Mrs. Macy came and sat beside me and spelled the words into my right hand, while I looked at Mr. Clemens with my left, touching his face and hands and the book, following his gestures and every changing expression.

As the reading proceeded, we became utterly absorbed in the wistful, tender chronicle of our first parents. Surely the joy, the innocence, the opening mind of childhood are among life's most sacred mysteries, and if young Eve laughs she makes creation all the sweeter for her heaven-born merriment. The beauty of Mr. Clemens's voice when Eve sighed her love, and when Adam stood at her grave grieving bitterly, saying, "Wheresoever she was, there was Eden," caused me to weep openly and the others to swallow audibly.

To one hampered and circumscribed as I am, it was a wonderful experience to have a friend like Mr. Clemens. I recall many talks with him about human affairs. He never made me feel that my opinions were worthless, as so many people do. He knew that we do not think with eyes and ears, and that our capacity for thought is not measured by what we take in through our five senses. He kept me always in mind while he talked, and he treated me like a competent human being. That is why I loved him.

Perhaps my strongest impression of him was that of sorrow. There was about him the air of one who had suffered greatly. Whenever I touched his face, his expression was sad, even when he was telling a funny story. He smiled, not with the mouth but with his mind—a gesture of the soul rather than of the face. His voice was truly wonderful. To my touch, it was deep, resonant. He had the power of modulating it so as to suggest the most delicate shades of meaning, and he spoke so deliberately that I could get almost every word with my fingers on his lips. Ah, how sweet and poignant the memory of his soft, slow speech playing over my listening fingers! His words seemed to take strange, lovely shapes on my hands. His own hands were wonderfully mobile and changeable under the influence of emotion.

It has been said that life has treated me harshly; and sometimes I have complained in my heart because many pleasures of human experience have been withheld from me; but when I recollect the treasure of friendship that has been bestowed upon me, I withdraw all charges against life. If much has been denied me, much, very much, has been given me. So long as the memory of certain beloved friends lives in my heart I shall say that life is good.

The affluence of Mr. Clemens's mind impressed me vividly. His felicitous words gushed from it with the abundance of the Shasta Falls. Humor was on the surface, but in the center of his nature was a passion for truth, harmony, beauty. Once he remarked, in his pensive, cynical way, "There is so little in life that is not pretense."

"There is beauty, Mr. Clemens," I reminded him.

"Yes," he agreed, "there is beauty, and beauty is the seed of spirit from which we grow the flowers that shall endure."

Time passed at Stormfield as it passes everywhere else, and the day came when we had to say good-by. The kindly white figure stood on the veranda waving us farewell, as he had waved his welcome when we arrived. Silently, through Mrs. Macy's eyes, I watched the stately villa on the white hilltop fading into the purple distance. We said to each other sadly, "Shall we ever see him again?" And we never did. But we knew that we had a picture of him in our hearts which would remain there forever. In my finger tips was graven the image of his dear face with its halo of shining white hair; and in my memory his drawling, marvelous voice will always vibrate.

I HAVE visited Stormfield since Mark Twain's death. The flowers still bloom; the breezes still whisper and sough in the cedars, which have grown statelier year by year; the birds still sing, they tell me. But for me, the place is bereft of its lover. The last time I was there, the house was in ruins. Only the great chimney was standing erect, a charred shaft of bricks in the bright autumn landscape.

As I sat on the step where he had sat with me one day, my hand warm in his, thoughts of him, like shadowy presences, came and went, sweet with memory, and with regret. Then I fancied I felt someone approaching me; I reached out, and a red geranium blossom met my touch! The leaves of the plant were covered with ashes, and even the sturdy stalk had been partly broken off by a chip of falling plaster. But there was the bright flower smiling at me out of the ashes. I thought it said to me, "Please don't grieve." I brought the plant home and set it in a sunny corner of my garden, where always it seems to say the same thing to me—"Please don't grieve."

But I grieve nevertheless.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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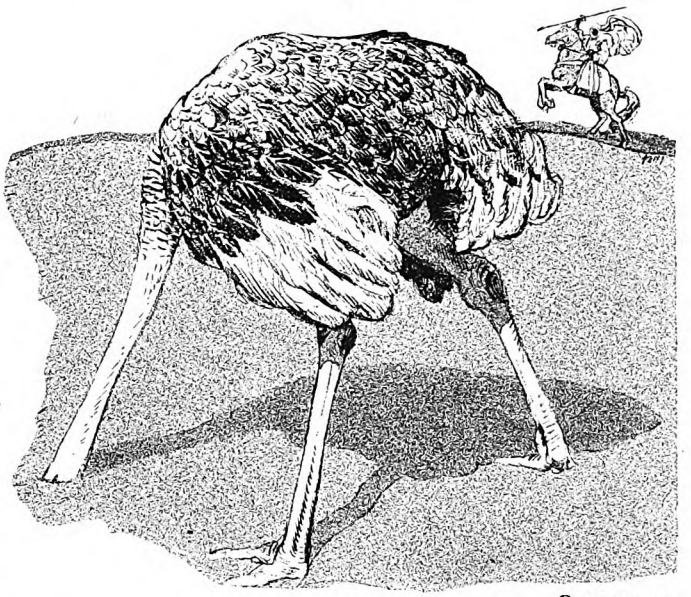
Cancer—Ostriches

THE old notion that ostriches have the habit of hiding their heads in the sand in time of danger has been disproved again and again. Nevertheless the expression "hiding his head in the sand like an ostrich" aptly describes the man who seeks to avoid danger by refusing to recognize it when it comes.



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EACH year thousands of people die of cancer—needlessly—because they accept as true some of the mistaken beliefs about this disease.

No. 1—That every case of cancer is hopeless. *It is not.*

No. 2—That cancer should be concealed because it results from a blood taint and is disgraceful. *It is not.*

No. 3—That nature can conquer a malignant cancer unaided. *It can not.*

No. 4—That cancer can be cured with medicine, with a serum or with some secret procedure. *It can not.*

Many cancer patients are neglected or avoided because of the mistaken belief that cancer is contagious. *It is not.*

Be on Watch for First Signs of Cancer

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or swellings or sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from any part of the body. Do not neglect any strange growth. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size.

If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

In its early stages, various kinds of cancer yield to skilful use of surgery, radium or x-rays. Frequently a combination of surgery and x-rays or radium saves lives that would otherwise be lost. But with all their skill and with their splendid records of success, the best doctors in the world are powerless unless their aid is sought in time.

Beware of Plausible Quacks

Because cancer is usually spoken of furtively or in confidence, and because its nature and origin are largely shrouded in mystery, quacks and crooked institutions reap a cruel harvest. They prey upon the fear and ignorance of those who do not know the facts concerning cancer. They are often successful in making people believe that they have cancer when they have not. Later, with a great flourish, they boast of their "cures".

Gratefully the patients of the fakers, first thoroughly alarmed, later entirely reassured, are glad to sign testimonials with which new victims are trapped. Beware of those who advertise cancer cures.

An annual physical examination by your family physician, or the expert to whom he sends you, may be the means of detecting cancer in its early stages. Do not neglect it.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Address Booklet Department, 79-A, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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The Drift Fence

(*Continued from page 57*)

goin' to be home a while now?" asked Molly, sitting down beside him. She bumped against his gun, which contact gave her an icy little shudder.

"Pa had one of his sinkin' spells tonight," said Arch, ignoring her query. "I been sittin' heah thinkin', Molly. What're you goin' to do—when we bust up?"

"Oh—Arch," faltered Molly, and she felt for his hand, slipping hers into it.

"Might as well face it," he went on. "I'm goin' to get killed or have to leave the Cibeque country. Pa won't last long. An' Ma will go back to Illinois. Will you go with her?"

Molly pondered a long moment. "I wouldn't if she didn't make me. I'd hate to leave heah. . . . Arch, I can get work in Flag."

"Shore. An' it ain't a bad idee. But don't get any moonshine idees in your haid."

"What you mean, Arch?"

"Wal, aboot Jim Traft. Because you'll be in fer a heap more hurt than you've had."

MOLLY had fortified herself for the very thing hinted in his slow drawl; nevertheless, it made her blood run cold.

"I'm shore in for more hurt any way you look at it," said Molly sadly.

"Natural like. Life ain't no *fiesta* fer the Dunns. . . . If I'd only knowed when I was a kid what I know now!"

Molly thought the moment propitious.

"Arch, the Cibeque outfit is goin' to double-cross you. Hack Jocelyn is at the bottom of it. But Seth Haverly is as treacherous. They want you to throw in with them an' kidnap Jim Traft. Hold him for ransom. Course, you know this, because you refused to be in it. But there's a lot you don't know."

"Wal, you darned little wood mouse!" he ejaculated. "You was there last night—What was thet shootin' aboot, after I left?"

"Hack Jocelyn heahed a noise in the brush an' shot three times."

"Wal! I come darn near ridin' back. . . . Molly, what did you heah?"

Briefly then she told him what had happened along the trail, as related by Andy; and though the supposition was that she had been there, she did not actually lie.

"— —!" muttered Slinger Dunn, and he held her hand tight. "I had a hunch. I didn't trust Jocelyn. But thet Seth could be so low-down! My Lord!"

"Arch, it couldn't be no worse," went on Molly, in agitation. "They mean to cut the drift fence an' lay it onto you. An' if the ransom deal falls through—owin' to you killin' Jim Traft—they'll rustle a big bunch of cattle. An' it'll all be laid on you!"

She felt him freeze, and he was silent so long that she could not restrain an appeal for him to abandon the idea of revenge and to go away somewhere.

"An' leave it easy fer them?" he queried harshly. "I know their deal now. . . . I'll settle with them afterward."

He slipped off the porch. His moccasined feet made no sound and his dark form vanished in the gloom. Molly clapped a hand over her mouth. Of what avail to call out! Shaken and wretched, she climbed to her loft and crawled to her bed. Through the hours of distress that followed, one growing resolve at last found permanence, and then she slept.

In the gray of dawn she was peering down from the loft watching Slinger Dunn—while he rolled out of his bed on the porch, and pulled on his boots and buckled on his spurs and gun-belt—while he slipped off in the gloom, to return with his horse—while he packed blankets and biscuit and meat, and then rode away on his mission.

Molly sat there thinking out her plan. She would let Slinger get some miles ahead, then she would follow, climb the Diamond, and when some distance from Tobe's Well, she would make a detour and hit the trail beyond Traft's camp, and ride back to it.

Before her mother was up, Molly put on her buckskins and slipped down out of the loft with a blanket, which she carried out to the barn and strapped on her pony. She fed him grain. Then she coiled a lasso and tied it to the end of his halter.

After breakfast, the first moment that offered she ran to the barn, and leading Jigger out, she mounted him and rode into the woods.

Soon she came to the trail, in the dust of which she espied the tracks of Slinger's horse, and turning into it, she rode north. Jigger was not shod and his hoofs padded softly. It was still and cool in the forest, and Molly soon reached the zone where the Diamond cut off the morning sunlight. Here the dark shade was almost like twilight. At every turn of the trail Molly would peep around before going on. Always, too, she had a keen eye for Slinger's tracks.

After a few miles the forest changed and thickened. The wall of brown-streaked green rose on both sides. Through openings in the foliage she saw the lofty, gray crags of the Diamond promontories. Soon she would be climbing in earnest, and then she must exercise extreme caution.

Presently she missed Slinger's tracks in the dust of the trail. Molly rode back, bending in anxious scrutiny. She had been careless. Soon she found where he had turned out of the trail. Molly slipped off her horse. What could this mean? She dared not go on for fear she might get ahead of him. Perhaps he was going to climb the Diamond by a trail known only to himself. Molly stood in dismay, pondering the problem.

Suddenly, up the trail, a rifle shot rang, clear and sharp. A wild cry followed. Molly stood transfixed. Then came the clatter of rapid hoof beats. She drew her horse behind a thicket of pines.

IT WAS weeks before that sudden shot broke the forest stillness for Molly that Jim Traft, resting on the soft, fragrant mat behind a spruce tree and waiting for the call to supper, inadvertently heard conversation not intended for his ears.

They had made camp on Pine Creek, in the forest, on what was called the Saddle, halfway between Black Butte and the Diamond. Jim had long since worked and ridden out the soreness of muscle and bone that had made him suffer so excruciatingly. He was strong and hard. He could stick in a saddle. He could dig fence-post holes all day. In truth, he seemed vastly changed and improved, and almost happy, despite periodic spells of depression. The months had not paled Molly Dunn's charm.

"Nope!" Curly Prentiss's voice came clearly to Jim's ears. "You cain't deal no more cairds to me. I won't take a hand in any more deals against the boss."

"But, Curly, we all reckon you wasn't at your best when he licked you," rejoined Uphill Frost.

"How so?"

"Wal, you'd been drunk. An' you know how weak likker makes you. An' you was sort of in fun. You didn't get mad."

A silence betrayed that no doubt this eloquence and persuasion were balm to Curly's wounded vanity.

"Mebbe so. Dog-gone! . . . But he hit me on the nose an' seen how it hurt. Then he kept pokin' me again right there. An' thet's what he'll do to you, Up. An' you, Jack Way, if you pick a fight with our boss, Lord help you. Because you're weak spots all over. An' ev'ry time he cracks you with one of them big fists, you'll yell. I'll bet a month's pay."

"TAKE you up. Heah thet, Frost?" grumbled Way. "Fact is, though, I'm afeard he *will* lick me. He shore put it all over Lonestar last Saturday. But we gotta fight him. *Somebody* has gotta do it or the Diamond is done fer on the range. Hack Jocelyn says so an' Hack's an old-timer heah."

"You'd be smart not to listen to him," replied Curly, in lower tone. "Hack's out fer trouble. Not fun! He's stuck on Molly Dunn an' he cain't stand fer the Flag talk aboot the boss winnin' Molly. There'll be a fight one of these days as will be a *real* one. An' I wanna see it."

"Natural, you'd like to see Hack get licked proper," growled Frost.

"You can shore bet on thet," said Curly emphatically.

"Wal, you an' Bud have double-crossed us," complained Jackson. "Bud is clean out with it. He says, 'You can all do what you please. I'm sidin' with the boss.'"

"Boys, you cain't blame Bud much. The boss kept me out of jail but thet ain't a marker to what he done fer Bud. An' if you look back, hasn't this heah Jim Traft done somethin' fer each of us, 'ceptin', mebbe, Hack? Now, I ask you."

Both cowboys were significantly silent.

"I'm gonna pick a fight with him, anyway," concluded Up Frost. "He's sore at me an' it'll be easy."

"When you aim to pick it?"

"I had my mind made up more'n onct. But when I get near the son-of-a-gun, I don't stick to it."

"Ahuh. You jest cain't help likin' Jim Traft. If Hack Jocelyn wasn't in the outfit we'd all be fer the boss pronto."

The cowboys strolled away into camp, arguing and complaining, while Jim Traft lay there amused and touched and singularly pleased.

The call to supper disturbed his reverie. He got up, and keeping the thick, low-

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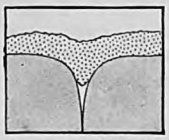
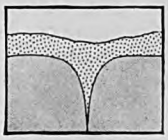
How this Penetrating Foam Cleans Your Teeth Better

**Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high 'surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

. . . and only 25¢ The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

It not only polishes the outer surfaces . . . but its penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles which cause trouble in the tiny crevices.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—that is easy. But be extra cautious about cleansing the tiny crevices where lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodge. Don't invite decay.

To wash away these hidden impurities, nothing equals Colgate's, accepted by dental scientists as having a greater penetrating power* than any other leading dentifrice.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't.

Remember, the one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No toothpaste can cure pyorrhea; no toothpaste can correct acid conditions of the mouth. Any claim that any toothpaste can do these things is misleading.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1605, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." **FREE**

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spreading spruce tree between him and camp, he walked off into the woods, and, circling, came back to camp on the other side. Meanwhile, he had evolved a plan.

He found the boys at supper, and a sudden cessation of voices proved he had interrupted something unusual, for cowboys seldom talk during their brief meal time.

"Sorry to spoil your talk, boys," he said. "But I can't go without my meals to let you gab about me."

"Boss, you might flatter yourself," said Bud Chalfack.

"Sure. But not this time," said Jim, as he surveyed the masklike faces. "Hack looks mighty innocent and indifferent. The rest of you, though, strike me bad."

"We was only talkin' aboot the fence," put in Frost. "Me an' Jack stand by our argyment of this mawnin'. You're runnin' thet line wrong lately, keepin' to this thick woods hyar."

"Well, tomorrow we'll run off a way, then, into the open draws. And I'll give you and Jack the job of digging post holes for a few days."

A long howl of mirth made the welkin ring. After that had subsided, Uphill and Jackson rendered the air blue around camp.

JIM stood it a while and then, though it was not out of the ordinary, he pretended to take exception to such profanity.

"Shut your dirty mouths," he ordered. "If you want to rave, you can do it without such cuss words."

"Wha-at!" bawled Uphill. "Ain't this hyar a free range? Cain't I open my mouth?"

"Why don't you eat with it? This is supper-time. And the rest of us are hungry."

"You heered thet, Jack?" roared Up, in real or assumed wrath.

"I shore did," yelled Jack.

Whereupon the two of them burst out with another long string of profanity. Jim got up and deliberately punched Uphill in the mouth and then Jack. That certainly and effectually stilled the profanity, as well as all other vociferations.

"After supper I'll oblige you boys with all the satisfaction you want," said Jim, sitting down again.

Another silence fell. This time Hackamore Jocelyn broke it.

"So the Diamond's come to this!" he exclaimed, in derision. "My Lord! No wonder we're the talk of the range."

Jim bent a clear, straight gaze upon his one real enemy.

"Jocelyn, the Diamond is doing fine, according to reports from Flag," he said deliberately. "And I can see how it could do better."

"Ahuh. So can I," replied Jocelyn, with far less subtlety than Jim's.

"Aw, thunder," interposed Bud Chalfack, "there ain't no outfit on the range thet could run this drift fence."

"Wal, cowboy, you mean *would* run it, an' thet's no lie," returned Jocelyn sneeringly.

Uphill Frost finished his meal in remarkably quick time for him. And he arose to make most elaborate preparations for the fray.

"Any money to bet, Up?" inquired Curly. "Lay you ten to one you cain't lick Jim."

"*Jim!*" ejaculated Uphill, with a fierce snort. "Who's Jim?"

"Why, our boss, you darn fule," replied Curly innocently.

Jim got up with alacrity, and threw off his vest.

"Come on. Let's get it over," he said. "We've fence to build, you know."

After a few passes at each other, Uphill swung in like a snorting bull, and Jim, making a feint with his right, came up hard with his left. It connected. Bam!

"Wow!" yelled Curly.

Up had begun valiantly, evidently adhering to a preconceived plan of battle. They danced around, and presently Jim ran in to take a couple of blows in order to plant another, at the pit of Up's stomach. *Biff!* It had a solid sound. Up let out a groan, and from that instant he became a changed man. He left his face and head wholly unguarded, endeavoring to stem the attack on his lower anatomy.

Jim took the fight in hand then.

"You cussin' cow-puncher," he said, imitating the vernacular of his men. "You lazy, hole-diggin' gopher! Take this one in the gizzard." . . . *Wham!* . . . "You bow-legged, biscuit-eatin' rhinooscerosss!" . . . *Pop!* — "Right on the kisser! Forgot you had a face, hey, Up? Look out now!" . . . *Crack! Smack!* . . . *Zugg!*

That last one, a solid blow over Up's rather stout middle, elicited an awful groan from him. He sagged, and bent forward like a jackknife.

Jim lowered his fists.

"Have you got enough?"

"A-plenty," groaned Up.

"All right, then, provided you call it square for keeps and shake hands. Otherwise—"

"Boss," interrupted Frost hastily." I've ben ag'in you, jest natural an' cussed. But there was no sense in it. An' hyar you are!"

UPHILL showed the true manliness back of his contrary, cowboy, cantankerous spirit.

"Now, Jack, come on. It's the only way for us to settle the difficulty."

"I reckon so, boss," returned Jack ruefully. "But it ain't fair. My pore body has too many sprains an' dislocations an' cracks to stand your hammerin'. All the same I'll take my medicine."

And he did take it, putting up a better fight than Frost's, though at obvious pain to himself and less fun for the cowboys. Presently Jim caught him in the ribs. Jack went down in a heap, rolled over, and laboriously sat up, his face ashen.

"Jim—it was—bad enough—hittin' all my other—places," he panted. "But them busted—ribs! I knowed you'd find them. . . . Would you mind—callin' it off fer keeps?"

"If you want," replied Jim. "But I reckon I'd like to soak you some more."

"Aw, no. Take it out on Hackamore," replied Jack beseechingly, and he got up to offer his hand to Jim.

His suggestion instantly charged the atmosphere with something more compelling.

"Strikes me," said Jim quickly. "How about it, Jocelyn? You've a sore head. You've been mean and full of poison talk. And I haven't been as decent as I might have been. Let's have a whack at each other. It can't do any harm and it might do good."

"I wouldn't soil my gloves on you, Mister Traft," drawled Jocelyn, with undisguised malignity.

"Oh, wouldn't you? I reckon you're thinking more of your handsome face."

"Yep, I ben told it's handsome lately, an' I'm shore keepin' it so," returned Jocelyn, with caustic significance. No one there could have misinterpreted him.

Jim bit his tongue. It was no time for him to say more, nor make a move. Jocelyn packed his gun with the look of a man who would strain any chance to use it.

THAT incident marked the definite break between Jim and Jocelyn. Both Bud and Curly had warned Jim to let Hack alone, to take his own time. They assured Jim that Hack would go presently, but they could not quite figure just what he was up to. Jim was glad of their advice and this late evidence of friendship. It seemed, indeed, that Jocelyn was now the only thorn in the flesh of the Diamond. Day by day he became more alienated from Cherry Winters and Hump Stevens, who had been the last of his stand-bys.

Another Saturday came. Some of the boys went to Flagerstown. Hack had disappeared before daylight and, according to Bud and Curly, his horse tracks led south.

"Boss, he's gone to West Fork," claimed Bud, with a wise look.

"Shore as you're born," agreed Curly, wagging his bright head.

"Curly, let's ride down there too," suggested Bud.

The idea found favor with Curly.

"It ain't a bad idee, boss. We'll hit the Sycamore trail at Tobe's Well an' go off the mountain there. Thet's aboot at the haid of the brakes. We'll get a line on driftin' cattle, an' mebbe other thin's too."

"Go, by all means," replied Jim, and he found himself fighting an almost irresistible longing to go with them.

That was the longest week-end Jim had put in since his advent in Arizona. He was on pins and needles until Bud and Curly returned, late Sunday night. To his disappointment, they seemed uncommunicative and brought no news of any moment. They had not seen Hackamore Jocelyn. They did not mention either Slinger or Molly Dunn. They reported considerably more cattle than they had expected to run across. Numerous dead cows, and old carcasses, none of which had been killed by wolves or lions, lying in the open along the trails, attested to a changed and startling condition of affairs since the drift fence had been commenced.

Jim was too sick at heart to go into the subject of stolen stock any deeper that night. What had he expected of the boys? When he lay alone in the dark, his eyes peering through the canopy of foliage at the stars, he confessed to himself that he had yearned for even a word of Molly Dunn. Next morning at an opportune moment he asked Bud about her.

"Shore, I seen Molly," replied the cowboy frankly. "At the village. But she didn't see me."

"Did you hear anything about Hack?"

"Yep. An' it ain't good news," replied Bud soberly. "I wanted to tell you an' Curly talked ag'in' it."

"Jocelyn went to see Molly Dunn," asserted Jim quietly.

"He shore did, which ain't none of our bizness. But, boss, this is darn queer: Hack

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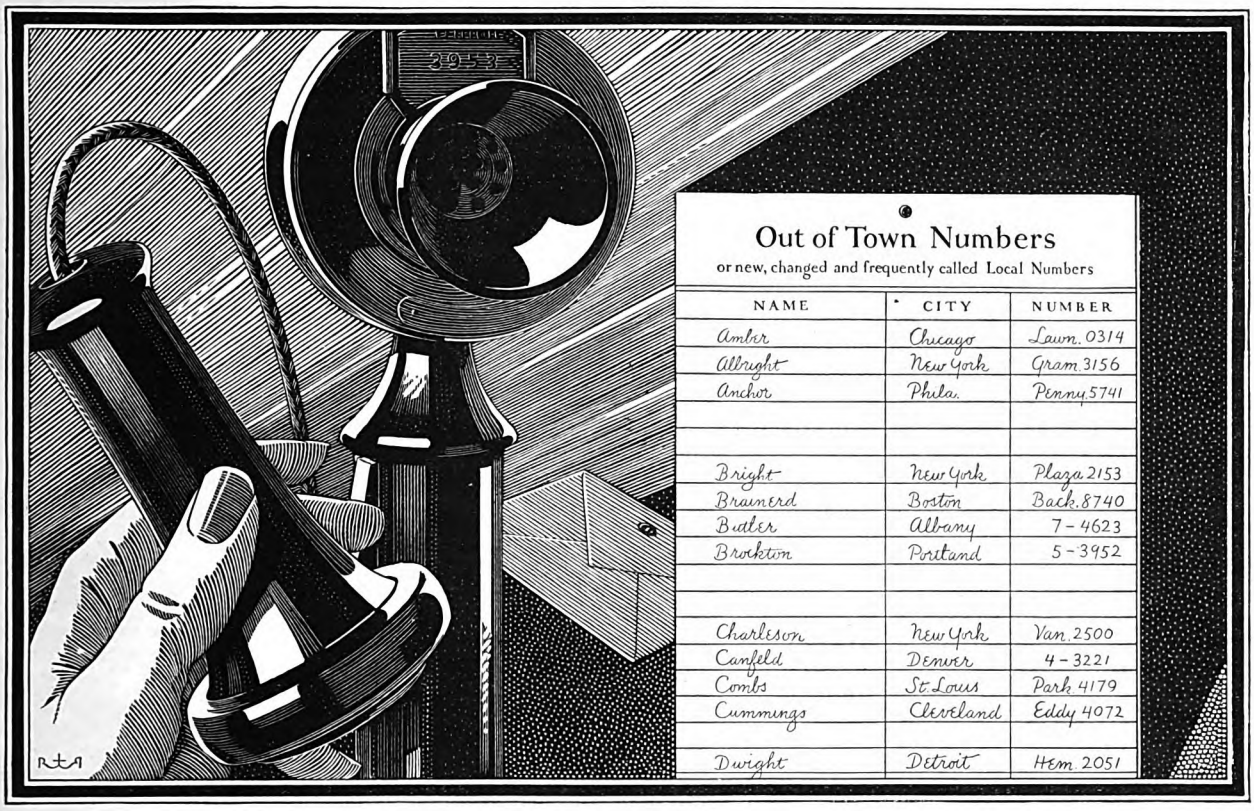
Calling by Number takes *less* Time . . .



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If there are a lot of them, write to the nearest Bell Telephone Business Office and ask them to make out the list for you.

If you want some one in a hurry, the telephone number is as important as the street address. That is why many concerns print their telephone numbers on their letterheads and send their telephone numbers to all of their customers, asking them to telephone when some service or shipment is wanted in a rush.

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is makin' up to the Haverlys. An' thet means the Cibeque outfit!"

"Well, what of it? I wish he'd quit us, as he's hinted."

"What of it? Gosh, I don't know. But if Hack quits us, I'll shore tell you what Curly an' I think."

Hackamore Jocelyn did not ride into camp until late Monday night. This was breaking rules, and Jim saw that the cowboys were keen to get his reaction to it.

"Where've you been, Jocelyn?" he asked.

"Down in the brakes to see my gurl," replied the cowboy, almost gayly. He had not been drinking. There seemed to be a singular elation or buoyancy about him.

"Why didn't you get back Sunday night, same as Curly and Bud? They went down to West Fork."

In a twinkling Jocelyn was his old self. "Wal, if you want to know, I was havin' too sweet a time with Molly."

"I'm not inquiring into your private affairs," said Jim coldly. "But if you take another day off without permission, I'll fire you. . . . Do you understand?"

"Wal, I ain't hard of hearin', Mister Traft," replied Jocelyn softly.

No more was said. Jocelyn ate his supper alone. The cowboys sat silent. Jim sought his bed presently, and tried to find ease from his pain in slumber.

THE drift fence went on mile after mile, and one camp followed another. And early in August, young Jim Traft, acting solely upon his own judgment and responsibility, celebrated his fencing off of the many heads of Sycamore Canyon from the brakes of the Cibeque by posting notices that the Diamond would lay no further claim to stock in and north of Sycamore and west of the drift fence.

It was a strategic move on Jim's part. It caught the fancy of every cowboy in his outfit, except Jocelyn, who, nevertheless, was staggered by it. Jim won his cowboys by that act, and further alienated Jocelyn. The homesteaders called at his camp, unmistakably friendly and grateful. They all profited by it. One of them told Bud that he could now make a good start at ranching.

"He was stealin' a few cattle," vowed Bud. "An' he admitted it. Any honest cattleman will admit he's run a few haid not strictly his. . . . Dog-gone it, boys, Jim Traft has hit one plumb center!"

In mid-August, the drift fence, now up on the great triangular promontory, received its first backset from enemies. Half a dozen stretches, where it crossed the heads of Rocky Canyon, had been laid low, with wire cut and hopelessly tangled and posts broken down. Two days of hard labor were required to repair the damage.

"Boss, let me trail them hoss tracks," begged Curly Prentiss. "I can find out in two days who cut our wire."

"Suppose you do, Curly. What good will that do?"

"Wal, we can stop it from happenin' again! An' we cain't help matters by waitin'. Bud an' I agree it's thet Cibeque outfit, though we cain't prove it."

"Prentiss," spoke up Jocelyn bitingly. "I reckon you know it's onhealthy to speak names when you cain't prove nothin'."

"Hack, I can shore prove one thing darn pronto," snapped Curly. "I take offense at your speakin' up fer the Cibeque."

"Ahuh. But what does thet prove?"

"It proves you can git my game any minnit."

"Wal, if thet's so, there ain't any awful rush. I've a date with my gurl, Molly, on Sunday an' I shore wouldn't want to miss that."

"Aw, you're a liar, Hack," retorted Curly passionately.

Jim got between the two, and by backing Curly away from the camp fire he prevented more trouble for the present.

"Boss, he makes me see red," raved Curly, when they were alone. "I could uv stood his crack aboot the Cibeque, but he's all the time throwin' pore little Molly Dunn up to me. I liked her orful well, Jim. An' I cain't believe she's thick with him. I cain't! *Mebbe* she is. But I jest cain't believe it. He's a — — — liar!"

"Thick!" echoed Jim. "What do you mean by thick?"

"Wal, it's pretty low-down fer a gurl as sweet an' young as Molly."

"But you—it might be true?"

"Lord, yes. Thet's what hurts so. Shore, he'll marry her sooner or later, if it's true. Gurls like Molly don't grow on all the bushes. An' I reckon most uv the cowboys would take her no matter what she was. Bud swore he would."

"How about you, Curly?" asked Jim, in a strangely level voice.

"I would too. In a minnit," replied Curly, with his fair head lifting in a way to thrill Jim. "What chance has thet pore kid had? Her father's no good. An' they say her mother will cock her eye at a cowboy. An' Slinger Dunn! He'd be enough to ruin any gurl."

Jim made no immediate reply. "Curly, I wish I were as much of a man as you are," he said presently.

"Aw, boss, thet's nonsense. You shore are an' more," burst out Curly, nonplused, yet pleased. "It's bin a drill fer you—this Diamond job. But the outfit's with you. Honest, Jim, an' heah's my hand on it. We cain't count Jocelyn. I reckon you'd better fire him pronto."

"Curly, I couldn't answer for my temper—if I faced him again tonight," replied Jim unsteadily. "Perhaps tomorrow or soon."

"Jim, ain't you takin' this hombre too serious? After all, you're boss of the Diamond. An' who's Hack Jocelyn?"

"It's not *who* he is, but what he *claims* that's dug into me," replied Jim frankly.

"Claims! You mean aboot Molly?" asked Curly incredulously. "Fust Bud, an' then me. An' now you! Aw! . . . Who'd ever thunk it?"

"Curly, I'd bet my life she's decent," declared Jim, with emotion.

"So would I. But it's a long shot, an' we're takin' odds!"

THE day came when Jim Traft had his first look at the country from the rim of the Diamond.

It was from the western promontory, under which the Cibeque curled like a winding snake. The splendid panorama transported Jim. He gazed long, and ever his eyes traveled back to the picturesque little homestead in the bend of the Cibeque, where he imagined Molly Dunn lived.

He lingered there a long while. This, his first sight of Arizona land from a lofty prospect, had staggered him with its vastness, its magnificence, its tremendous note of solitude and the wild. For weeks a subtle happiness in his surroundings had been almost imperceptibly stealing over Jim. He had grown to love the forest and the life in the open. He could not hate this beautiful wilderness, though through it he had received the cruelest hurt he had ever suffered. And when at length he clambered over the rocks, up to a level and to his horse, he realized that Arizona had claimed him.

On the way back to camp, while riding across one of the grassy draws which headed on the western side of the Diamond, Jim found another placard nailed to a tree. It was identical with one Hackamore Jocelyn had brought in from the head of Sycamore, and its crude, misspelled message read the same—the Cibeque specified the limit for the drift fence. This notice, however, had a round black spot in the center. Upon tearing the placard loose Jim saw that the spot was a bullet hole. It stirred a curious heat in his veins. And he was reminded of Curly's admonition, not to ride around alone through the forest.

"An' please take another hunch from me," Curly added. "From this next camp we're makin' I'm advisin' you to have one man whose job is to keep back off the fence line an' watch."

"That's not a bad idea, Curly," replied Jim. "You can take turns, one man a day."

Next day Jim moved camp to Quaking Asp and inaugurated the scout duty for one man. It was hailed with satisfaction, except by Jocelyn, who ridiculed it as another "newfangled idee from Missourie."

ANOTHER Saturday arrived, and at noon, when the cowboys knocked off for the week, Jocelyn, with more than usual of his donning his best and gaudiest, made a parade of his start for West Fork.

Jeff Davis, the dumb cook, electrified Jim and prostrated the cowboys.

"I'm a quiet man an' I like peace," he began, in a perfectly clear and resonant voice. "Thet's why I never talk. But thet — — — — — — Jocelyn has got me riled. An' if some of you — — — — cow-punchers don't shet him up, I'll slip some coyote poison in the — — — — meat!"

Such profanity had never before been heard in the Diamond camp, at least since Jim had taken charge. The boys gave the cook wide-eyed and gaping stares; then, after their usual manner when enraptured, they whooped like Indians and rolled on the ground. Upon partial recovery, they delivered themselves with characteristic remarks.

"Our tongue-tied cook!"

"Deaf and *dumb*! Haw! haw!"

"An' mebbe he cain't cuss!"

No other of the Diamond outfit left camp that week-end. They had a lazy, jolly time of it, interspersed with some thoughtful conferences about the obstacles ahead. At Quaking Asp, a stream of cold water ran down into the canyon, and half a mile below the rim there were pools full of fine trout. On Sunday Bud took Jim fishing, and Curly begged to go too. They had a great day on the brook, and it wanted an hour to sunset when they arrived back in camp.

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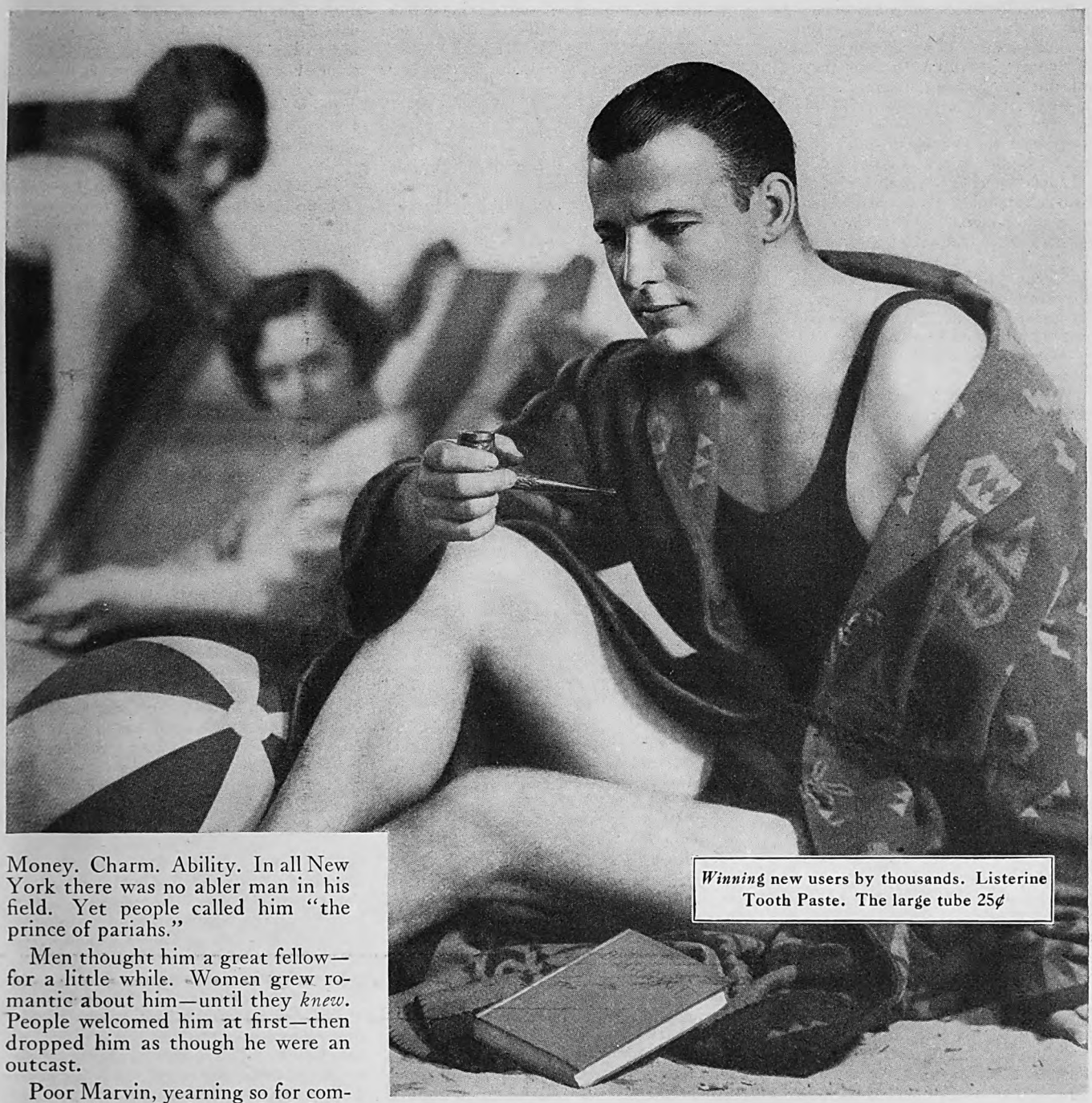
You wouldn't care to meet Marvin



Money. Charm. Ability. In all New York there was no abler man in his field. Yet people called him "the prince of pariahs."

Men thought him a great fellow—for a little while. Women grew romantic about him—until they *knew*. People welcomed him at first—then dropped him as though he were an outcast.

Poor Marvin, yearning so for companionship and always denied it. Poor Marvin, ignorant of his nickname and ignorant, likewise, of the foundation for it.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

★Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

LISTERINE

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To Jim's amazement, Hack Jocelyn had just ridden in and had kicked his chaps off. Jim's quick eyes noted the cowboy's gun-belt hanging on the pommel of his saddle. The sight seemed to make every fiber in Jim leap. Jocelyn presented a marked contrast to the debonair braggart of a courtier who had left for West Fork only the day before. His garb looked as if he had slept in a hayloft. His face was haggard, dark, and sullen. Not many hours past he had been under the influence of liquor.

If Jocelyn saw the approach of Jim and his companions, he gave no evidence of it, but went on in forceful harangue to Cherry Winters and Lonestar.

JIM caught the tail end of a speech that drew him up, strong and sharp. In a few strides he was upon Jocelyn and with hard hand jerked him round.

"Were you speaking of Molly Dunn?" he demanded.

"Wal, if it's any of your — — mix, yes, I was," returned Jocelyn deliberately, and the way he squared himself and dropped his right hand to his side was not to be overlooked. Only, he had forgotten that his gun hung in his belt over the pommel of his saddle.

"Jocelyn, you're fired!" rang out Jim.

"Nope. Beat you to it, Traft. I quit," replied Jocelyn.

"All right. Get out of my camp. You can't even eat here."

"Traft, thet ain't western—to send a man out hungry," said Jocelyn darkly.

"Is it western to speak vilely of a girl?" flashed Jim hotly.

"Depends on thet gurl, Mister Traft!"

Then Jim lunged out with all the fury of might and grief. His big fist covered one of Jocelyn's malignant eyes. The cowboy fell over the bench, knocking Winters down. Jim leaped after them and plunged upon Jocelyn to kick him fiercely, and then fell on him like a battering-ram.

Curly was the first to leap and grasp Jim. But he could do nothing.

"Help, somebody!" he yelled. "Bulldog him, Bud! . . . There!—Why, boss, shore, you'd killed the fellar. Come now. . . . You shore lost your temper."

Between them, they dragged Jim off the bloody-faced Jocelyn, who sat up groggily.

"Some of you—lead him out of—camp," panted Jim, struggling for breath. "Then come back for his horse and pack. . . . And his wages, too."

Jim turned away unsteadily, with Bud still holding his arm. They crossed to where Jim had his bed and pack. "Fetch my bag, the one I keep my money in," said Jim, as he sat down. He was visibly shaking, and the sweat dropped from his face. Bud brought out the little bag and opened it. "Ought to have jumped him long ago!" Jim looked at his big, dirty, red-stained hands. "Get out the money, Bud. . . ."

Jim did not look up from the ground until he had recovered his balance. Jocelyn had evidently been led off into the woods, for Cherry appeared to be following with his horse, and Hump Stevens with his pack. They disappeared. Whereupon Curly and Bud returned to Jim.

"Boys, I couldn't stand him any longer. I couldn't," broke out Jim, spreading wide his hands. "I suppose he'll kill me, but I couldn't have done otherwise."

"Wal, Jim, it's *done*," rejoined Curly. "He's shore slated fer wuss company. I'll bet my spurs Slinger Dunn will kill him. But the thing fer you to make up your mind aboot is—if you ever meet Jocelyn ag'in, no matter where, grab your gun an' begin to shoot. Savvy?"

"Boss, will you promise to do thet little trick?" asked Bud, as earnestly.

"Yes, boys. I promise," replied Jim.

"Fine an' dandy," declared Curly. "You're no slouch with a gun an' Hack ain't so much. It'd ben plumb murder fer me to draw on him. But the chances are slim you'll ever meet up with Jocelyn alone. If he gets in the Cibeque an' Slinger Dunn stands fer it—which I'll gamble he won't—he'll be jumpin' out of the fryin' pan into the fire. The Cibeque will be the wuss off with Jocelyn. They'll cut our fence an' rustle our stock. An', boss, if you don't hold the Diamond back, every darn one of thet two-bit outfit will be daid or in jail before the snow flies."

"Boss," added Bud impressively. "Curly an' I know right now thet the Haverlys are cuttin' our fence an' rustlin' our cattle. We didn't ride down to West Fork fer nothin'."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Wal, you had trouble enough. An' we reckoned we'd keep it as long as we could."

"If you give me proofs I—I'll not hold the Diamond back," declared Jim, and probably that decision marked the moment when the West claimed him for its own.

"Wal, we cain't lay a hand on proof jest this minnit, but it'll shore come," replied Bud.

THE Diamond operated out of that camp until wagonloads of fresh supplies and more wire arrived from Flagerstown. Then they pushed on to Tobe's Well, which was the end of the road. Thereafter all transports had to be packed on horseback.

Each succeeding camp site had added something to Jim's appreciation of Arizona; and Tobe's Well outdid them all.

Tobe, an obscure bear-hunter, had long ago built a log shack there; after which the canyon and the bubbling well had taken his name. The well was a huge, crystal spring at the upper end of the clearing, and the wonderful flow of water boiled and bubbled up in the center. Under a magnificent spruce, the dead top of which tipped the rim-wall above, stood the old log shack in ruins.

There were several outlets to this miniature lake, little rivulets that wound away under grass and fern-bordered banks to merge into one stream in the center of the gorge. Soon it gathered velocity and plunged with a low roar through the canyon neck, thereafter to fall precipitously down to the Cibeque.

On the second day at Tobe's Well the drift fence was run below and around this famous water hole and back up on the Diamond.

The sixth day from that fell to Jim as his turn for the scout duty he had initiated. He had saddled and mounted while yet the others were at breakfast.

"Boss, how fur do you aim to ride back along the line?" asked Bud.

"I'll make for Sycamore, strike the fence, and work this way," replied Jim.

"Wal, keep your eye peeled," said Curly gruffly.

Jim rode out of the canyon and up to the rim above, from which he gazed down with a stinging sensation of pleasure at the wild camp site, the does and fawns grazing with the horses, the blue column of smoke curling upward, and at the circle of cowboys round the fire.

Lonestar's mellow voice floated up: "O, I am a Texas cowboy, Jest off the Texas plains, My trade is cinchin' saddles—"

JIM wheeled his horse off into the pines, conscious that his full heart could not quite attain the joy of realization. He loved the West; he was proving his mettle to his uncle and his father; he had begun to fit in with these elemental, dare-devil cowboys; he liked life in the open and the wild. But he could not rid himself of the pang and oppression in his breast, of the persistence of a bitter, sickening doubt and regret.

Long weeks, even months, had not killed his love for Molly Dunn. Time and thought, long hours in the lonely nights, and bitter reflection had proved to Jim that the one constant, ever-growing thing had been love. Some day, before long, he would ride down to West Fork and see Molly Dunn—see for himself what she was and if there was not reason for his blind faith.

Arriving at Sycamore, he rode west a short distance until he came to the fence, when he turned south to follow it. He walked his horse, and peered ahead with keen eyes. He covered several miles in this cautious manner and came out on the bank of a swampy swale, from which water drained down into Rocky Canyon.

Jim found the fence down in a section clear across this gateway to the brakes. He really had not expected to find a cut and, hard on his surprise and dismay, roused his slumbering wrath.

He proceeded, though less cautiously, with his rifle across the pommel. And along toward noon he rode down the wooded slope under Tobe's Well. Cattle were working down here too. Not drifting! Jim prepared himself for another surprise. The bottle-neck width of Tobe's Canyon had been sheared of its wire fence. A clean cut job it was, every wire strand having been cut on each side of trees and posts.

Jim descried fresh hoof tracks in the dim, seldom-used trail. Such was his wrath now that he followed them, keeping on the grass and under the pines, where his horse walked quietly. His intent was to trail this fence-cutter clear to his hole, wherever that was; and his excitement kept him from realizing how many miles he descended until he got down on comparative level, in the midst of a most beautiful forest of spruce and pine.

Suddenly his horse elevated his ears and stopped. The trail ran straight for twenty paces, and turned at a huge, brown pine. A man stepped out, silent as a shadow. Jim recognized the lithe, buckskin-clad form—the dark face, the eyes like holes that exposed fire behind. The man leveled a gun, took deliberate aim, while Jim froze in his saddle.

He saw red belch from the gun. A sharp impact as from a violent gust of wind struck him. Then a terrific shock, a tearing rend of flesh, a thundering crash! Jim's horse plunged to throw him.

(*To be continued*)

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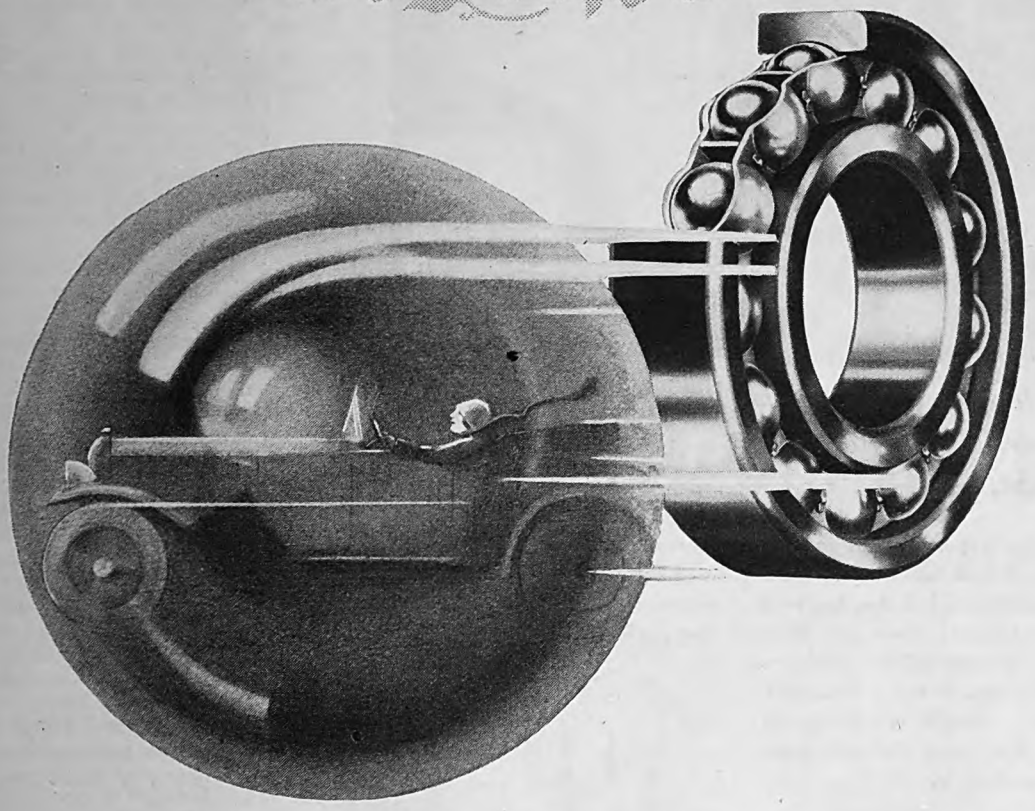
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



In Automobiles

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Today's automobile would not be possible without anti-friction bearings. Its great speed—pick-up—smoothness—quietness—long life—even the maximum use of its surging power are only realized because friction and wear have been banished by the use of anti-friction bearings. New Departures are the highest type of anti-friction bearings, because pure rolling motion is frictionless—*and nothing rolls like a ball.*

New Departure Ball Bearings contain the roundest, strongest spheres ever made by man, rolling freely between sturdy raceways of costly alloy steel. In the wheels, transmission, differential, clutch, pinion, steering gear, fan and generator, they eliminate friction and wear, withstanding all loads with matchless efficiency. That is why practically all builders of American automobiles use New Departures — the bearings that cost more and are worth more to the motor car owner.

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Now that morning shave can last much longer. Closer shaving than ever gives millions of men new satisfaction.

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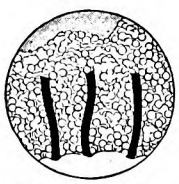
Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



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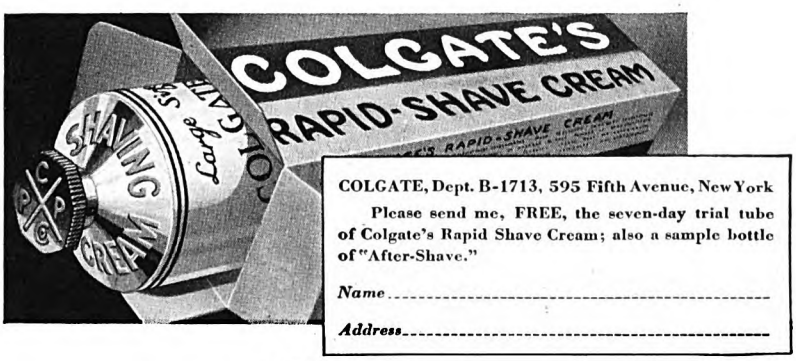
Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified.) Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



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Name.....

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What It Means to Be President

(*Continued from page 17*)

of his government made an appointment for him through the State Department.

All foreign approaches to the President are through this Department. When an Ambassador or Minister is to present his credentials, the Undersecretary of State brings him to the White House and escorts him to the Green Room. After the President has taken his position, standing in the Blue Room accompanied by his aides, the diplomat is then brought before him. He presents his letters with a short formal statement, to which the President responds in kind. When the mutual expressions of friendly interest and good will have been exchanged, the accompanying staff of the diplomat is brought in for presentation, after which he retires. Except when foreign officials are presented for an audience in this way, the etiquette of the White House requires that those who are present should remain until the President and the Mistress of the White House retire from the room.

A COMPETENT man is assigned from the State Department to have the management of the White House official social functions. He has under him a considerable staff located in one of the basement rooms, known as the Social Bureau. They keep a careful list of all those who leave cards and of the officials who should be invited to receptions, which is constantly revised to meet changing conditions. While the President has supervision over all these functions, the most effective way to deal with them is to provide a capable Mistress of the White House. I have often been complimented on the choice which I made nearly twenty-five years ago. These functions were so much in the hands of Mrs. Coolidge that oftentimes I did not know what guests were to be present until I met them in the Blue Room just before going in to dinner.

These social functions are almost as much a part of the life of official Washington as a session of the Congress or a term of the Supreme Court. The season opens with the Cabinet dinner. Following this come the Diplomatic reception, the Diplomatic dinner, then the Judicial reception, the Supreme Court dinner, then the Congressional reception, and the Speaker's dinner, with the last reception of the year tendered to the Army and Navy. About fifty guests assemble at the dinners, except that given to the diplomats, when the presence of the Ambassadors or Ministers of each country represented in Washington, together with their wives, brings the number up to about ninety. The Marine Band is in attendance on all these occasions. Following the dinners a short musical recital by famous artists is given in the East Room, to which many additional guests are invited.

A reception is a particularly colorful event. About 3,500 invitations are issued. When the guests are assembled, the President and his wife, preceded by his aides and followed by the Cabinet and his

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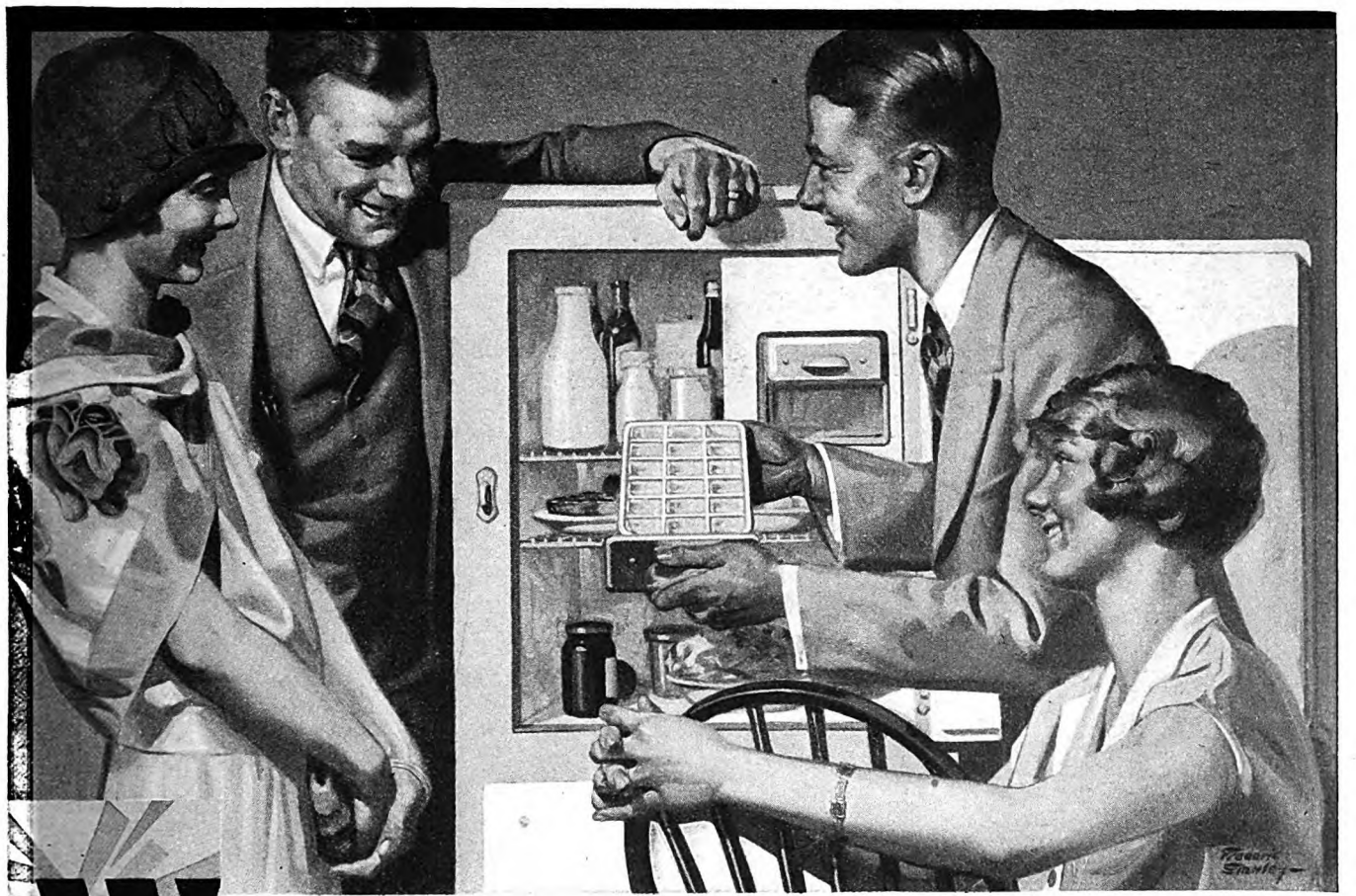

Where else *could you invest your money so wisely?*

.. as in the purchase of Frigidaire

WHAT could you buy for your home that would mean so much to every member of the family in health, convenience and in the saving of time and work?

Hundreds of thousands of home owners would tell you that they would sooner give up any other item of household equipment than Frigidaire.

Frigidaire renders a unique service . . . a service that cannot be duplicated by any other make of electric refrigerator or type of refrigeration.

The "Cold Control" for faster freezing of ice.

Here is an automatic refrigerator that is so quiet that you don't hear it start, or stop, or run. Here is real beauty and symmetry of design, clean surfaces that stay clean, a gleaming porcelain enamel or Duco finish, a cabinet with all mechanical parts completely enclosed. Here are elevated food shelves to make stooping unnecessary . . . extra power to guarantee that food will be kept safely cold on the hottest days. And here is the "Cold Control" that gives faster freezing of ice and perfect results in the making of salads and desserts.

Remember it is Frigidaire that offers this combination of important features of beauty and power and convenience. They have made Frigidaire the choice of more buyers than of all other electric refrigerators combined. Low prices, convenient terms and exceptionally low operating cost put Frigidaire within the reach of every home.

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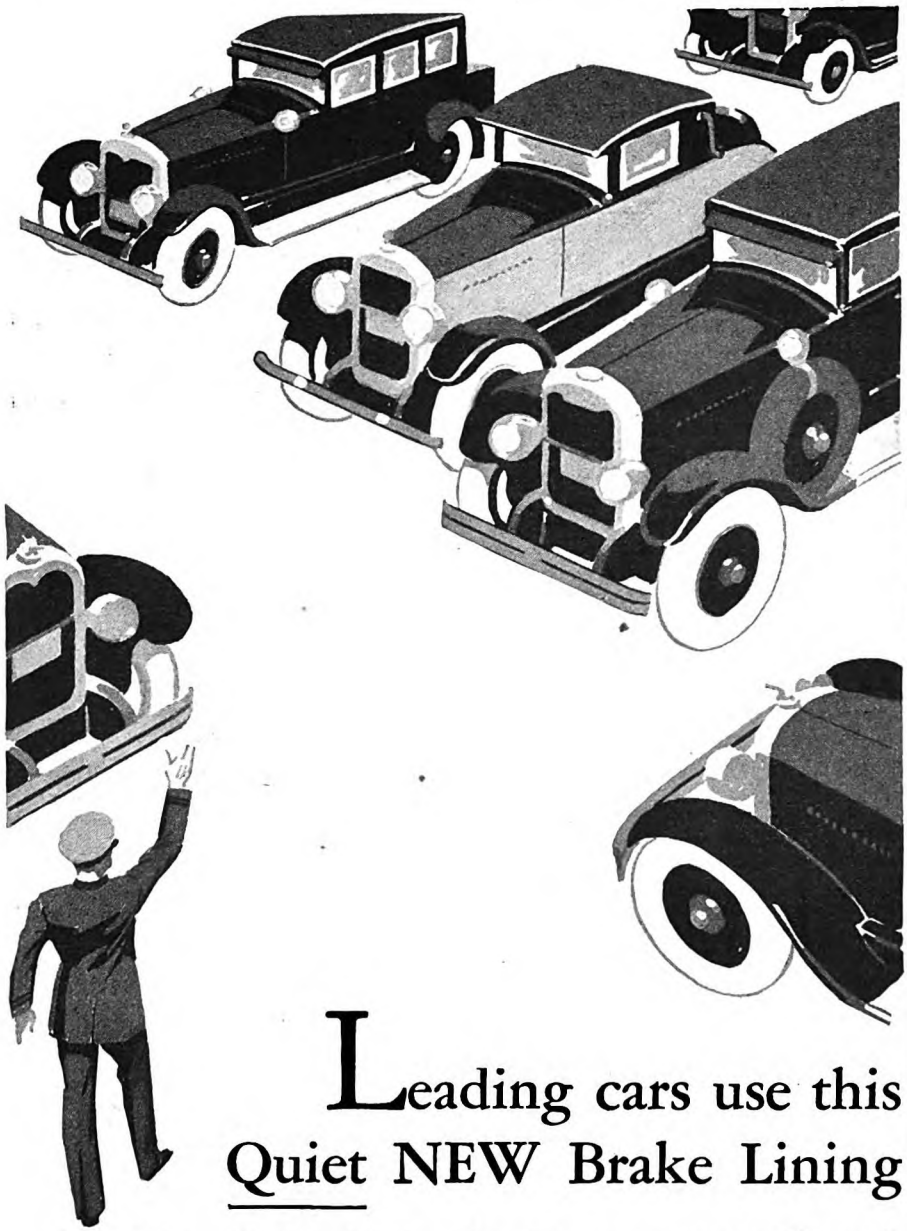

Leading cars use this Quiet NEW Brake Lining

Johns-Manville Moulded offers every car owner an end to screaming brakes

IT WAS not alone the fact that J-M Moulded Brake Lining ends screeching, noisy brakes that caused it to be chosen as factory equipment by seven famous car builders. Besides its quietness in action, J-M Moulded takes hold with a new smoothness—never grabbing, gently gripping yet with mighty force this new Johns-Manville Brake Lining will stop cars more safely, and go on doing so for more months, than was ever thought possible.

Leading cars—over a million of them—will be factory equipped with J-M Moulded during the next year. You can easily modernize your own brakes. J-M Moulded is now available for 150 cars and trucks, made by 41 manufacturers. Order it installed in your car at the first sign of worn lining. You will probably never have to buy any more brake lining while you drive the car.

Johns-Manville Moulded takes hold with a sure, safe grip for tens of thousands of stops.

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Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining, for years famous for its safety and long life, continues to be available for all cars.

MOULDED TO FIT

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MOULDED BRAKE LINING

Secretary and their wives, go down the main staircase, pausing for a moment to receive the military salute of the band, and then pass to the Blue Room, where the receptions are always held. When the foreign diplomats are present in their official dress, the scene is very brilliant. After all the presentations have been made, the President and his retinue return to the second floor. Immediately after this there is dancing in the East Room to furnish entertainment while the long line of cars comes up to take the guests home.

Whenever the prominent officials of foreign governments visit Washington, it is customary to receive them at a luncheon or dinner at the White House. When the Prince of Wales was here in 1924, we were in mourning, because of the loss of our son, so that he lunched with us informally without any other invited guests. When the Queen of Rumania came to Washington, she was entertained at dinner. There have also been Princes of the reigning houses of Japan and of Sweden, the Premier of France, the Governor-General of Canada, the Presidents of the Irish Free State, of Cuba, and of Mexico, who have been received and entertained in some manner. Whenever an official gathering of foreigners, like the Panama Conference, convenes in Washington, the President and the Mistress of the White House tender them a reception and a dinner.

Besides these formal social gatherings, there were various afternoon teas and musicales, which I sometimes neglected, and usually one or two garden parties held in the south grounds, one of which was for the disabled veterans who were patients in Washington hospitals. These were accompanied with band music and light refreshments, which always seemed to be appreciated by the veterans.

My personal social functions consisted of the White House breakfasts, which were attended by fifteen to twenty-five members of the House and Senate and others, who gathered around my table at eight o'clock in the morning to partake of a meal which ended with wheat cakes and Vermont maple syrup. During the last session of the Congress I invited all the members of the Senate, all the chairmen and ranking Democratic members of the committees of the House, and finally had breakfast with the officers of both houses of the Congress. Although we did not undertake to discuss matters of public business at these breakfasts, they were productive of a spirit of good fellowship, which was no doubt a helpful influence to the transaction of public business.

IN ADDITION to these White House events, the President and his wife go out to twelve official dinners. They begin with the Vice President, go on among the ten members of the Cabinet, and close with the Speaker of the House. Aside from these, it is not customary for the President to accept the hospitality of any individuals. This results not from any desire on his part to be exclusive, but rather arises from an application of the principle of equality. The number of days in his term of office is limited. If he gave up all the time when he is not otherwise necessarily engaged, it is doubtful if he could find fifty evenings in a year when he could accept invitations. At once he

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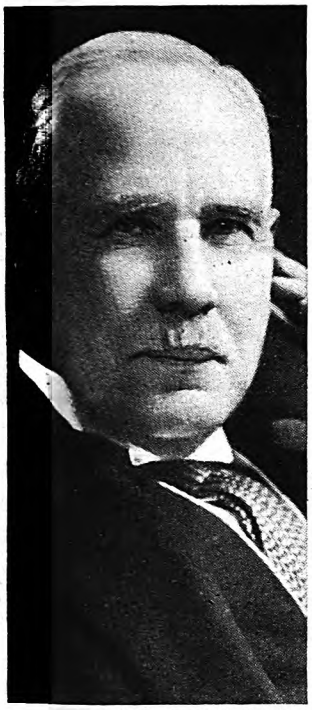
If you could take your health troubles to these great doctors . . .



Lafayette, Ltd., London

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C. B., England's great surgeon, says, "Constipation is civilization's curse. Fresh yeast stimulates intestinal action—has a most important effect on constipation."

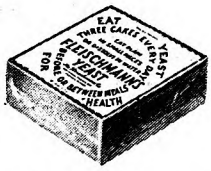
He treated German royalty! Dr. Kurt Henius, famous lecturer at the University of Berlin, declares, "In constipation, yeast promotes easy elimination. It is a reliable remedy for boils."

ON the roll of distinguished medical service these seven names stand high!

Bearers of titles and degrees from governments and universities throughout the world, they have led thousands from despondency and ill health to radiant happiness and vigor.

They realize that what they say may influence thousands of people. And unqualifiedly, without hesitation, they say, "For better health—eat yeast!"

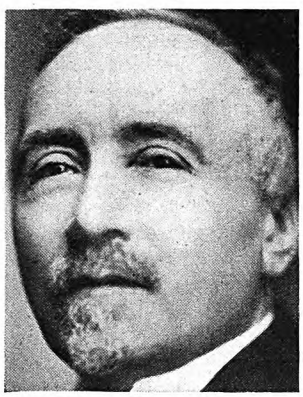
Of course you cannot bring your health troubles to them. But read what they tell you about one important health measure. Benefit by it.



One hundred and forty billion living yeast plants in each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast help prevent the formation and spread of poisons from clogging food wastes.

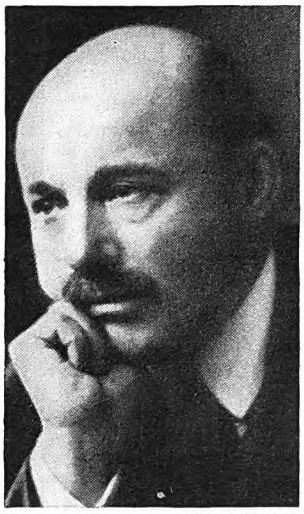
Better digestion is the quick result. Complexion troubles fade away. Rich new stores of energy are released! Millions already have turned to this modern, *natural* way to health.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. J-66, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N.Y.C.



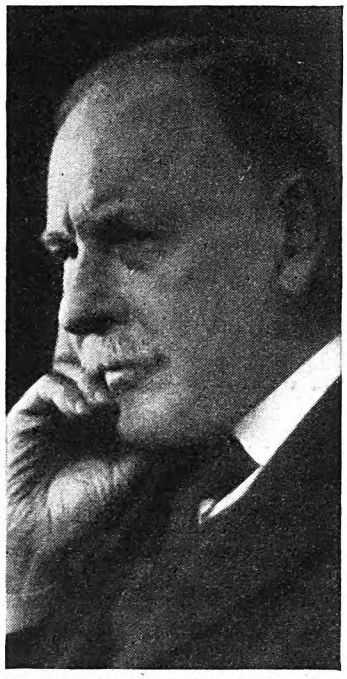
The doctor of the schools of Paris, Dr. Georges Rosenthal, says, "Yeast is the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. It reduces the poisons, purifies."

Decorated by half the governments of Europe, Dr. Edvard Ehlers, famous Copenhagen skin specialist, states, "I invariably prescribe yeast in all cases of boils and rebellious acne."



Fayer, Vienna

Vienna's official food expert, Dr. Viktor Grafe, says, "Yeast aids digestion."



The U. S. Government appointed him its official expert on medicines. Dean Henry Hurd Rusby, M. D., of New York, is Professor of Physiology in a leading university. "I have recommended yeast for forty years," he says in a forthcoming textbook.

Photograph from "La Clinique"

Americans eagerly await the forthcoming publication in English of his latest book, "Le Chemin du Bonheur" (The Road to Health). Dr. Victor Pauchet, eminent Paris surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract, says, "Unfortunately, constipation is often treated with irritating medications. Yeast, however, is a safe remedy."

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feel it

LUBRICATE

—that's the Glycerine

BETWEEN your fingers you can feel the important new benefit given by Listerine Shaving Cream. *It lubricates the skin!*

Your first shave will prove how great an achievement this is. Instead of painful scrape and pull, instead of smarting friction as the razor is pulled across your face, you will enjoy a new sensation of smooth sailing by the blade as it slides on the lubricating lather of Listerine cream.

Right at the cutting line of each hair, where friction between beard and blade is greatest, this luxurious cream deposits a velvety film of glycerine. The skin is soothed and cooled. The path of the razor is prepared.

Cut up or down, with the grain or against it; the sharp steel edge glides as if on roller bearings, cleanly wiping *off* the whiskers. And your tender skin is protected by that salve-like film of cosmetic lubricant.

Besides, there is no need to change your shaving habits. Hot water or cold, rubbing-in or not, lotions or none; suit your old preference. And you will discover in Listerine lather an amazingly quick tamer of tough beards, a cool and gentle soother of tender skins, an antiseptic healer of careless nicks and abrasions.

157 shaves for 50c

To men who appreciate quality in everything they use, Listerine Shaving Cream will make a special appeal. It sells for 50c and is worth every penny of it. And its economy is obvious: the big white tube is crammed with 118 inches of velvety cream, good for 157 shaves. That is more than a five-months' supply, and makes the cost only 10c a month. Please write us if your drug or department store cannot supply you with this new-type cream.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE *Shaving Cream*

would be confronted with the necessity of deciding which to accept and which to reject. If he served eight years, he could touch only the fringe of official Washington, even if he chose to disregard all the rest of the country. The only escape from an otherwise impossible situation is to observe the rule of refusing all social invitations.

The President stands at the head of all official and social rank in the nation. As he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy—all their officers are his subordinates. As he is the head of the Government, he outranks all other public officials. As the first citizen, he is placed at the top of the social scale. Wherever he goes, whenever he appears, he must be assigned the place of honor. It follows from this that he cannot consistently attend a dinner or any other function given by someone else in honor of any other person. He can have ceremonies of his own at the White House, or outside, in which he recognizes the merit of others and bestows upon them appropriate honors. But his participation in any other occasion of such a nature is confined to sending an appropriate message.

It would make great confusion in all White House relations unless the rules of precedence were observed. If this were not done, the most ambitious and intruding would seize the place of honor, or it would be bestowed by favor. In both cases all official position would be ignored. In its working out, therefore, the adoption of rules which take no account of persons, but simply apply to places, is the only method which is in harmony with our spirit of equality. In its application it gives us more completely a government of laws and not of men.

AS HE is the head of the Government charged with making appointments, and clothed with the executive power, the President has a certain responsibility for the conduct of all departments, commissions, and independent bureaus. While I was willing to advise with the men in charge of them and to give these officers any assistance in my power, I always felt they should make their own decisions and I rarely volunteered any advice. Many applications are made requesting the President to seek to influence these bodies, and such applications were usually transmitted to them for their information without comment. Wherever they exercise judicial functions, I always felt that some impropriety might attach to any suggestions from me. The parties before them are entitled to a fair trial on the merits of their case, and to have judgment rendered by those to whom both sides have presented their evidence. If some one on the outside undertook to interfere, even if grave injustice was not done, the integrity of a commission which comes from a knowledge that it can be relied on to exercise its own independent judgment would be very much impaired.

I never hesitated to ask commissions to speed up their work and get their business done, but if they were not doing it correctly my remedy would be to supplant them with those who I thought would do better. At one time the Shipping Board adopted a resolution declaring their independence of the President and claiming they were responsible solely to the

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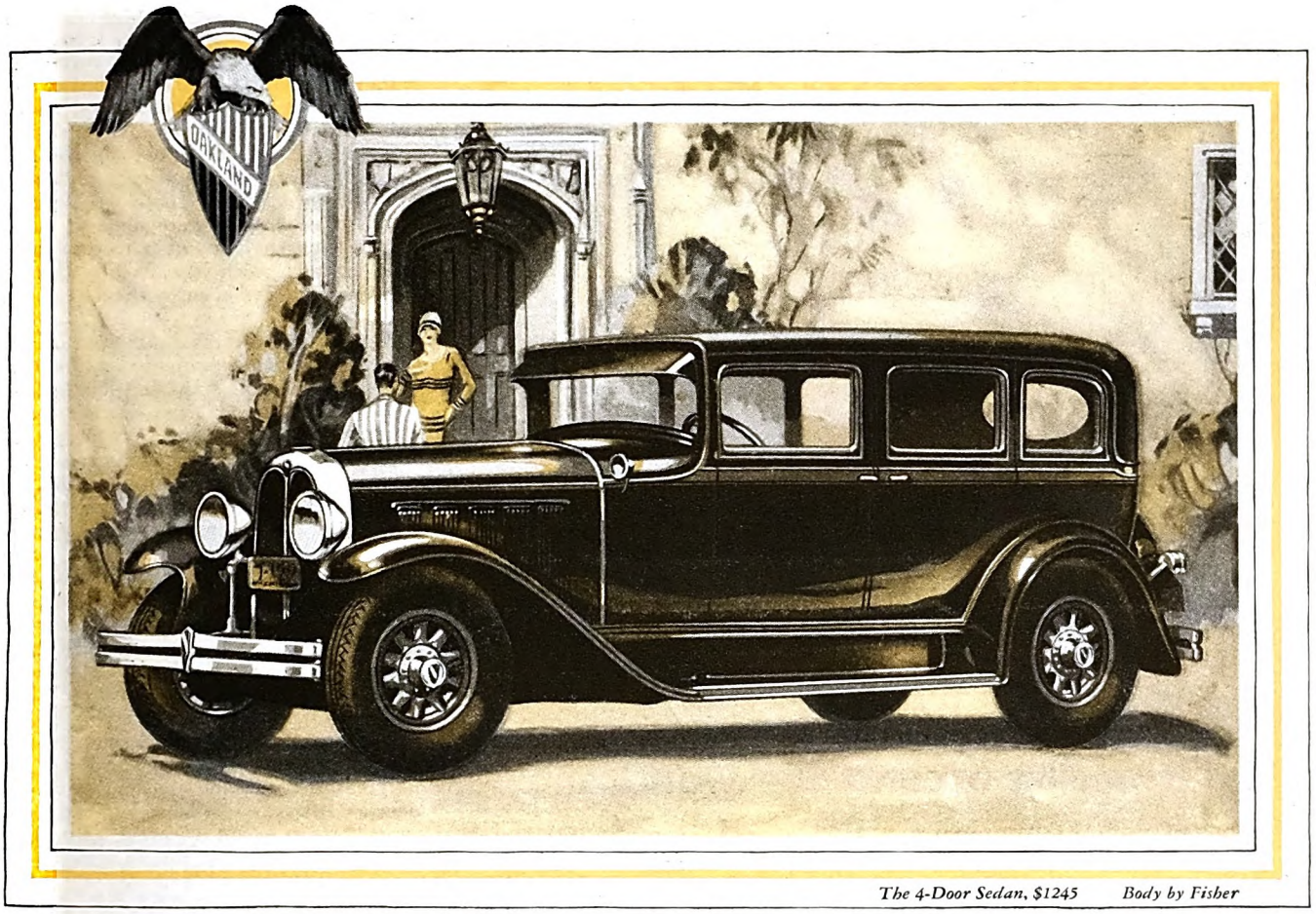

The 4-Door Sedan, $1245 *Body by Fisher*

Successful because its owners are so thoroughly satisfied

From the day of its introduction . . . from the hour when its distinctive beauty was first viewed by the public... the New Oakland All-American Six was assured an impressive measure of success. It looked the part of a successful automobile . . . it acted the part. And the American people . . . quick to sense unusual value in motor cars . . . bestowed on the New All-American the success which so fine a car deserves.

But an even more important . . . even more gratifying success has been won by the New Oakland All-American Six in recent months. That is the success it has had in completely satisfying the most exacting and critical of its owners.

Dealers in every section report that the most enthusiastic claims they hear made for the car come not from the factory where it is produced . . . not from salesmen... but from owners who have driven it far enough to form an accurate opinion of the all-round goodness it provides.

That's why we suggest that . . . before you buy any medium-priced car . . . you talk with owners of the New Oakland All-American Six. From them you will hear a story of motor car value unequaled in Oakland's field.

Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges.

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Mich.

IN THE low-price group, the New Pontiac Big Six has also met with outstanding success. This car was created to appeal to those forward-looking people who had been seeking to *step up* the quality of their motor cars without stepping out of the low-priced field. It gives them big car style, big car comfort and big car performance without necessitating the payment of a big car price. And, in so doing, it has broken its own sales records month after month since the beginning of the year.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

The New OAKLAND All-American Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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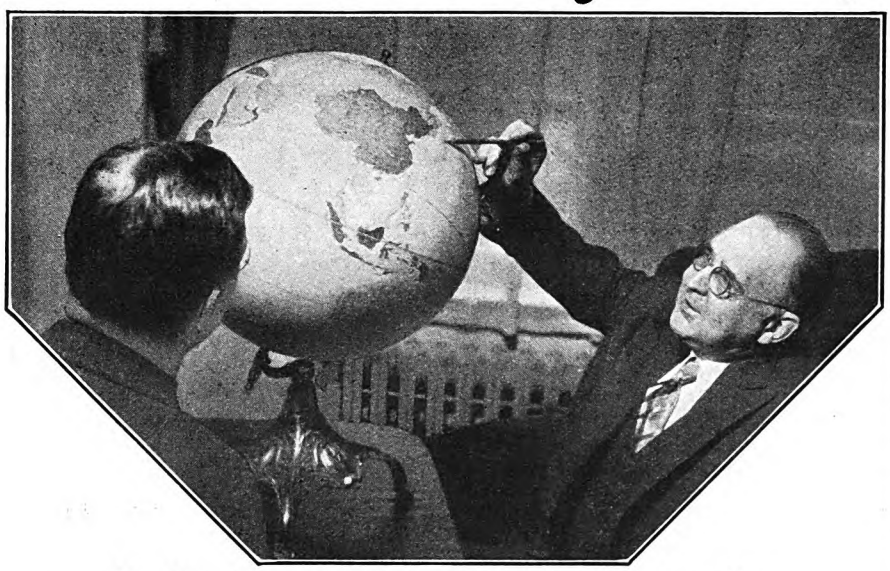
JOHN HENRY MEARS tells *Jim Henry*



JOHN HENRY MEARS, *who holds the round-the-world record of 23 days, 15 hours, 18 minutes, shows Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, the route of his new globe-circling dash. Mr. Mears will travel by air, land and sea . . .*

"I'm racing around the world and MENNEN rides with me"

"A RACE ROUND-THE-WORLD is *some* test for a shaving cream. On a ship today—on land tomorrow—high in a speed plane over desert waste, sea or mountains. Different water, different weather, every time I shave! That's why I'm taking Mennen Shaving Cream with me. I've experimented, and I *know* that Mennen gives me the same smooth shave everywhere—with any water in any weather . . ."

Mennen Shaving Cream meets every shaving test to which men put it. Its scientific principle is Dermutation—an exclusive Mennen process which softens the beard, lubricates the blade, and tones the skin.

NOW! TWO TYPES OF MENNEN—*with or without Menthol*

Mennen Shaving Cream in the good old green-striped carton is the familiar favorite of millions of men. *Now* there is another Mennen cream—Mennen Menthol-iced with the triple-cool tingling lather. It is distinctly the *young man's shave.* Menthol-iced comes in a gay orange-striped carton. Your druggist has both Mennen creams. Take your choice.

AFTER YOUR SHAVE

Mennen Skin Balm—prolongs the refreshing comfort of your Mennen shave. *Mennen Talcum for Men,* the man's powder that does not show. Great after a bath, too.

MENNEN
FOR THE MODERN SHAVE

—2 kinds of

Mennen Shaving Cream *Menthol-iced* in the orange-striped carton. *Without menthol* in the green-striped carton.

Mennen Skin Balm—the cooling cream-like lotion in a tube. Non-greasy.

Mennen Talcum for Men—the natural-tint man's powder that does not show.

Free 14 Smooth Shaves! Send for a trial tube of Mennen Shaving Cream and Skin Balm. Just write your name and address in the margin below and send it to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Dept. D-5

Congress. As I always considered they had a rather impossible task, I doubted whether anyone could be very successful in its performance. If they wished to try to relieve me of its responsibility, I had no personal objection and felt I should probably be saved from considerable criticism. But they found they could not carry on their work without the support of the President, so that some of them resigned and the remainder reëstablished their contact with the White House, which was always open to them.

THE practice which I followed in my relations with commissions and in the recognition of rank has been long established. President Jefferson seems to have entertained the opinion that even the Supreme Court should be influenced by his wishes, and that failing in this, a recalcitrant judge should be impeached by a complaisant Congress. This brought him into a sharp conflict with John Marshall, who resisted any encroachment upon the independence of the Court. In this controversy the position of Marshall has been vindicated. It is also said that at some of his official dinners President Jefferson left all his guests to the confusion of taking whatever seat they could find at his table. But this method did not survive the test of history. In spite of all his greatness, anyone who had as many ideas as Jefferson was bound to find that some of them would not work. But this does not detract from the wisdom of his faith in the people and his constant insistence that they be left to manage their own affairs. His opposition to bureaucracy will bear careful analysis, and the country could stand a great deal more of its application. The trouble with us is that we talk about Jefferson but do not follow him. In his theory that the people should manage their government, and not be managed by it, he was everlastingly right.

TRADITION and custom, it will be seen, are oftentimes determining factors in the Presidential office, as they are in all other walks of life. This is not because they are arbitrary or artificial, but because long experience has demonstrated that they are the best methods of dealing with human affairs. Things are done in a certain way after many repetitions show that way causes the least friction and is most likely to bring the desired result. While there are times when the people might enjoy the spectacular, in the end they will be satisfied only with accomplishments. The President gets the best advice he can find, uses the best judgment at his command, and leaves the event in the hands of Providence.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS for transatlantic telephone calls, and millions of dollars profit in the great bull market of 1928. That is an incident in a fascinating article next month about uses of the cross-ocean telephone. Big operators while traveling in Europe keep in daily touch with their brokers in Wall Street. The article also tells you the actual stories of operators, lovers, and others who use the telephone to talk from one continent to another.

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It keeps your food safe
—the temperature is well below 50°—always!

For family health . . .
for appealing menus
. . . this is vital

In the General Electric Refrigerator the temperature is kept several degrees below fifty . . . *always!* Fifty degrees is accepted by scientists as the "danger point" in the preservation of food. When the temperature rises even a degree or two above that, bacteria multiply, foods become unsafe.

Perhaps you think your own refrigerator is always "cold enough." You cannot be *sure* unless you actually take your refrigerator's temperature under varying conditions. It is *constant* cold which is needed. When you own a General Electric Refrigerator, you need never worry.

Note these vital points of superiority

Countless superiorities give the General Electric Refrigerator its outstanding position . . . an hermetically sealed, dust-proof mechanism, mounted on top . . . an accessible temperature control . . . a new standard of quiet operation . . . no oiling . . . no troublesome machinery . . . simplified installation . . . no radio interference . . . an unqualified two-year service guarantee.

Now in addition to all these proved electrical and mechanical superiorities, General Electric offers . . . an *all-steel* cabinet! Beautiful. Non-warping. Strong as a safe. The new *all-steel* cabinets and the hermetically sealed mechanism combine to produce what we believe is the finest refrigerator ever made.

Mass production brings greater savings for the public.

The new *all-steel* General Electric Refrigerators are now priced as low as $215 at the factory. A small amount down places a General Electric in your home . . . a perfect servant . . . then you soon own it—after making a few easy monthly payments.

Visit the nearest General Electric Dealer—see these new models—they offer the greatest values of all. Or you may obtain the whole story of *safe* refrigeration by writing Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for Booklet A-7.

Not a dollar for repairs

More than a quarter of a million homes are enjoying the convenience, economy and health-guarding services of the General Electric Refrigerator. And not one of these owners has ever paid a dollar for repairs or service . . . that was our guarantee to them! It's a record in the industry.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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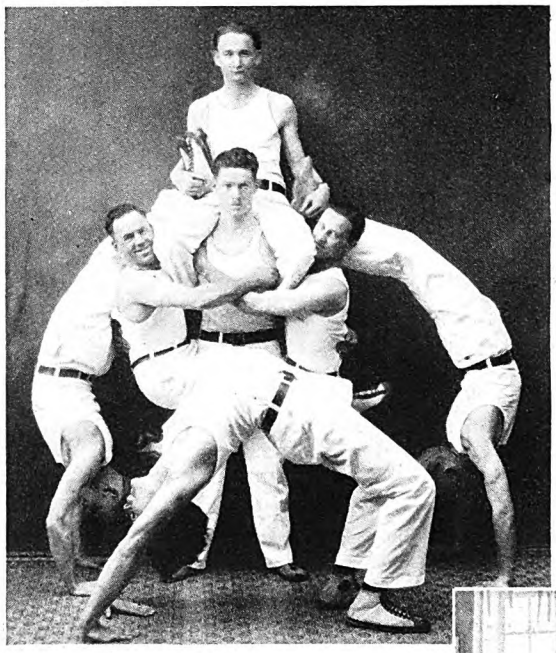
To whom will you entrust

Practical training first. The experts shown above train all new men in the practical field work. Every new man must go through a thorough course of training and be proved out—no untrained men are ever used. These selected instructors are men of character, intelligence, and professional attitude



Tumbling Team—Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29. Davey Tree Surgeons are athletic types. They are carefully selected with the idea of physical fitness. The nature of the work and their training make them more so. In addition to intelligence and character, they have physical energy; that is why they are diligent workers

LET us talk about *your* trees. The are living things, subject to di ease, decay, starvation, insect attack mechanical injury and other ills. The are priceless to you—only time ca replace them, long time at that.

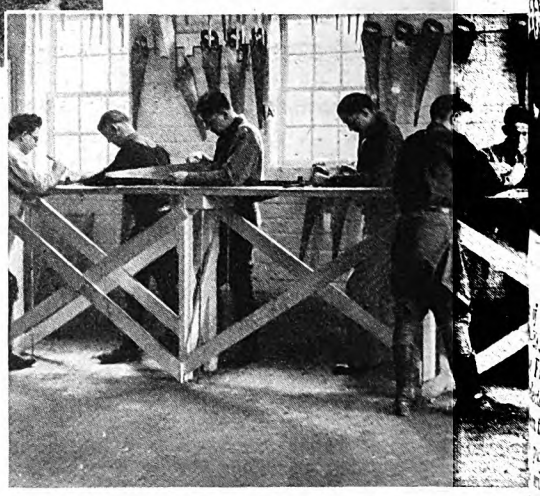
Just for the moment, think of t most valuable tree on your plac Suppose it is starving. Wouldn't yo in self interest, insist upon scienti cally trained experts who know wh to feed it, and how, and when—wit out guessing or experimenting?

If this priceless tree is decaying the trunk or limbs, and is growi steadily weaker, liable at any mome to break off or break apart in any hi wind, wouldn't you entrust its tre ment only to men with proven scienti knowledge and real personal skill?

If *anything* is wrong with that t —and dozens of things might wrong, because it is a living, brea ing organism—wouldn't you dema reliable experts who are trained diagnose tree troubles? Certai proper treatment cannot be gi without correct diagnosis.

You can trust Davey Tree Surge with a feeling of confidence and sa faction. They are carefully selec and reliable men. They are thoroug trained and have real demonstra skill. They are educated scientific in the Davey Institute of Tree S gery, the only school of its kind in world. They know how to diagnose ailments of trees. Their knowledge a skill are based upon a half century Davey experience. They are backed a responsible business organization

Scientific Training. A laboratory class at the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery—using high-powered microscopes and dissecting lenses to learn the sciences relating to their work. They must know the scientific reasons for all the things that they have been trained to do skilfully



Practical Training. This is a class learning important art of saw filing at the Davey Ins tute. Every man is taught how to keep his to sharp and in proper condition. Sharp to mean good and rapid work. Practical traini plus science means efficient service

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your priceless trees?

Surprisingly low cost

In 1928, Davey Tree Surgeons served 21,608 clients from Boston to beyond Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf. 76 per cent of these clients paid less than $100.00 each. The following table tells the story.

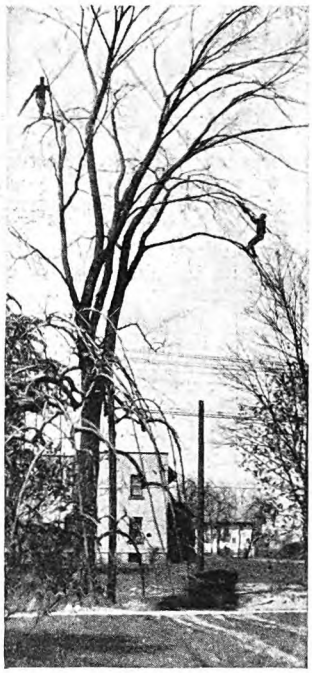
17,022 clients paid less than $100.00 each
2,223 paid from $100.00 to $200.00 each
1,642 paid from $200.00 to $500.00 each
721 clients paid more than $500.00 each

You can afford to employ the expert, reliable service of Davey Tree Surgeons for your trees. They will do as much work as you want —and no more. They will do their work right —they will save any tree that can be saved— they will give you professional and conscientious service. There is no charge except for working time, plus the necessary materials and expressage.

Davey service is local

Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity. They are almost as conveniently located as your dentist or doctor or surgeon. They are not sent from Ohio for your individual work — they are trained in Ohio, but they live in your vicinity and work regularly for other nearby people.

Write or wire Kent, Ohio, for examination of your trees without cost or obligation. Permanent representatives are located in principal cities; the nearest one can serve you conveniently.



Everyone who sees Davey Tree Surgeons at work in the trees says, "They climb like squirrels." They certainly are remarkable climbers—they are trained to it. They get around in the trees with surprising agility and speed. But they use ropes—never injurious climbing spurs—to facilitate climbing, to prevent accidents, and to protect trees, wires and other property. They have diligence, speed, accuracy and a trained knowledge of their work

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

The Student Body of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29, numbers 446 splendid young men in the Freshman, Junior and Senior classes, all selected from the proven men who have already been thoroughly trained in a practical way. The purpose of this resident school is to provide scientific knowledge and accuracy to supplement the practical skill that is given in the field training. This gives balanced education—Davey Tree Surgeons know both how and why. The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery has been in continuous operation for twenty years, the only school teaching the science of Tree Surgery. The Faculty of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery includes 37 scientists and master Tree Surgeons.

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*
THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 308 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

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Do Brains Work Better With a Pipe Between the Teeth?

Does *your* brain work better with a pipe between your teeth? Are you a little more self-possessed, a trifle steadier, apt to think more clearly when you're puffing a briar?

If you answer "Yes" to these questions you're on the side of some of the biggest men in business.

As Mr. Hie says, "A pipe is restful. It gives you time to think things out." Pack a briar, light a match, take a few deliberate puffs . . . and clear-cut decisions are *there*.

But let Mr. Hie tell it in his own words. (His and all other letters from Edgeworth smokers are absolutely genuine—unsolicited and unpaid.)

1702 East Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
March 7, 1929

Larus & Bro. Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

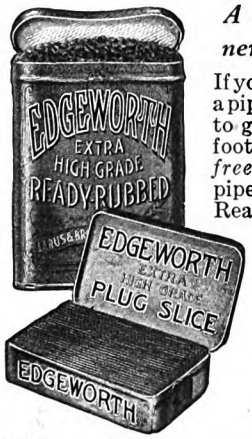
About five years ago I started to smoke a pipe; naturally the first thought in connection with this was to get a real pipe tobacco. I tried most everything on the market until one day—"Day of Days"—I tried the "tail end" of a can of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. The first puff was certainly a revelation. Since then I have smoked Edgeworth day in and day out.

Some months ago I tried Edgeworth Plug Slice and my faith was vindicated. I had known all along that Edgeworth was the best pipe tobacco, but when I tried the plug slice———— "Oh, Boy!" What a smoke!

A pipe is restful and real enjoyment—it gives you time to think things out and is a much more satisfying form of using tobacco.

Yours for real pipe enjoyment.
(signed) F. W. Hie

Mr. Hie's common sense seems to jibe with what science has *always* held: *that the sweetest, purest form in which tobacco can be smoked is in a pipe.*



A valuable tip to new pipe-smokers!

If you've never smoked a pipe—here's a chance to get off on the right foot! Let us send you *free* some generous pipefuls of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth—what a smoke! Mild, surely; yet with a full-bodied character to its Burley blend that almost invariably wins over pipe-smokers on the very first few puffs!

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome pound humidor tins. Plug Slice Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub-up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

Don't Do Your Strutting in the Water!

(*Continued from page 59*)

simply to keep afloat on his back until help comes.

"The less you struggle, the better off you are. If somebody comes to your rescue, don't endanger his life and your own by grabbing at his neck or arms. Let your rescuer take hold of you. The best help that you can give is to flatten out and keep quiet.

"If you do not know how to swim, bear in mind that the quickness and ease with which you float depends largely upon your mental attitude. You must have faith that you can float.

"A FEW years ago, at a seaside resort, there was an incident which illustrates the value of faith and confidence in the water. A man and his two youngsters, a boy of six or seven and a girl of nine, were out swimming together in the surf. They were having a gorgeous time, and went out farther than they intended.

"All at once, the father realized that the children were both quite tired. Rounding up his little family, he started for the shore. But he had not gone far when he saw that the children could never make it on their own, and that he was too exhausted to swim the distance to land with a double burden. He quickly decided that the best thing to do was to take in the younger child, get help, and return for the little girl. Swimming up close to her, he called out that he was taking her brother in and that he would come back for her presently.

"'Remember, Jean,' he finished, 'that you can float on your back all day and be perfectly safe. Don't be frightened if it takes Daddy a long time. He will surely come back for you.'

"He barely managed to get in with the boy, and then the search began for little Jean. There were a hundred volunteers as soon as the word got out, and a dozen boats were launched in less than ten minutes after the father had told his story. But the child was only a tiny speck of humanity out there on the vast expanse of the ocean. It was almost dark when they found her after more than three hours of desperate search. Jean was floating quietly on her back; she was very tired, but not at all frightened.

"'No, I wasn't scared,' she explained gravely when they lifted her tenderly into a boat. 'You see, Daddy told me I would be all right if I kept on floating, and Daddy always tells the truth.'

"If," said Miss Sheffield, "there was something you could put into the heads of grown-ups that would make them act with the fine judgment that child used, there would not be so many tragic stories to tell of the accidents that happen year after year at bathing places."

"What," I asked, "is the first thing that you set out to teach beginners?"

"To get rid of their fear of the water," was the quick answer. "In order to do this, I must prove to them that the water is friendly—that even if somebody were to thrust you down under water, it would actually lift you to the surface again and support you there—provided you obey two simple, fundamental laws. They are, first, *the law of proper breath control;* and, second, *the law that practically all force exercised in the water must be on the downward stroke.* I will explain these laws in detail as we come to them.

"Many teachers," Miss Sheffield went on, "make the serious mistake of giving the first lessons in water so deep as to inspire fear in the beginner. This is unnecessary. From one and a half to three feet is deep enough for a giant to learn to swim.

"After they have learned to handle themselves in shallow water, my pupils are always quick to see the sense of this statement: If you know how to take care of yourself in one foot of water, there is no reason why you should be afraid of ten feet, or a hundred feet. You can drown yourself just as thoroughly in one inch of water in the bottom of a bathtub as you can in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

"AND this brings us to the first fundamental law in swimming: You must learn to breathe properly at the outset. It is impossible to swim any stroke successfully without having first mastered the art of breathing correctly. Proper breath control consists of rhythmic inhalations through the mouth and exhalations through the nose. Breathing in this manner prevents the possibility of choking and is a safeguard against sinus trouble from swimming.

"A good way to practice is to stand in shallow water with the shoulders submerged, arms resting on the water surface, or hands grasping some support—say, the rail of the pool. Place the right side of the face in the water and *look* to the side—this position is suggested because most persons swim on the right side. Lower the top of the head and tilt the chin upward, raising the mouth enough to clear the water.

"Now breathe in through the mouth and close it. Then submerge the face sufficiently to cover the mouth and nose, keeping the eyes at the water surface, and *look* straight ahead. Now forcibly exhale most of the air through the nose and watch the bubbles come up. Turn the head back to starting position and as quickly as possible expel the remaining air through the nostrils. Immediately draw in through your mouth enough air to fill your lungs again. Repeat without stopping for forty or fifty times until a definite rhythm is established.

"After you have mastered breath control, the next thing is to supply yourself with certain safety measures. In other words, learn to take care of yourself in the water before you learn to swim.

"The first step in this direction is to prove to yourself that you can float. The face-submerged float is, I think, the simplest and best for this test. Simply walk out into shallow water, take a deep breath, and throw yourself face downward with arms and legs outstretched. Your whole body will sink under water, but don't be frightened, for it will float right to the top again.

"I have already told you how to go about floating on your back. This is *the* great safety measure. The ability to float in this position has saved thousands of

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lives. It is the best way to rest when fatigued, or attacked by cramps, or in any similar emergency.

"It is very amusing to see how surprised most novices are when they find out that they can float standing upright. Even after they have learned to float on their backs with ease and confidence, many beginners are skeptical about their ability to float vertically. Remember that the ability to float on your face, or on your back, is a positive guarantee that you can float in a standing position. The body displacement is the same in each attitude.

"It is best to try the vertical float first when close to the rail, or when somebody in whom you have confidence is standing near at hand to give you help if you need it. If you are on the edge of the pool, just let go the railing, spread your arms out sidewise on the water surface, and throw your head well back with the chin up. As you feel yourself buoyed gently upward, you will be convinced that the water has sufficient upward pressure to support you in this position.

"Of course, you cannot float vertically if you lift your head up. In order to keep afloat in this position, you will have to tread water. This may be accomplished by a movement of the arms, or the legs, or of both together. The arm movement is easily mastered. Start with the palms down, arms roughly approximating a side-horizontal position. Bring the hands up and in toward the chest; then move them down and out to the side. Exert a steady downward pressure throughout the last half of this movement. A leg movement similar to that made in riding a bicycle, or in walking upstairs, gives the body added support.

"IT IS in learning to float, either on your back, or vertically, that you have a chance to master the second fundamental law in swimming. I have already mentioned it, but it is worth repeating many times: Exert force on the *downward* stroke. Remember that downward pressure sends your body up toward the surface; that upward pressure sends it down under the water.

"'But,' you protest, 'after I have pushed downward once, I certainly cannot repeat the movement without pulling up my arms or legs for another downward jerk.'

"True enough. But here is the point: In recovering for a second stroke, always *raise the arms or legs very slowly and very gently.*"

Miss Sheffield firmly believes that if you are a beginner, you should feel reasonably at home and safe in shallow water before you try to learn a swimming stroke.

"Personally," she told me, "I always insist that my pupils begin by learning first to swim on their backs. The back stroke is the most readily acquired, and the most useful in an emergency. Of course, I have not space to go into the details of the stroke here. One word of advice, however: Master one stroke thoroughly before attempting a second one.

"From the elementary back stroke, it is an easy and natural step to the sculling and side strokes. In my program, the single overarm and the crawl come next. The breast stroke is one of the last that I teach. Do not bother about fancy strokes the first season. If you master the back and side strokes, you are doing well.

Will They Always Be Proud of You?

Of course, they're proud of their Daddy now. Their only standards are those of the nursery and the yard—where your ability shines in comparison with their own.

But ten, twelve years from now, when they measure you by what you have done and are doing in the outside world, as compared with the achievements of other Dads—where will you stand?

WHAT can you as a Dad do to insure their continued pride in you?

No use trying to bluff them—their keen minds will get the truth. No avail in appealing to their love—that is arguing for you already. No good explaining or alibi-ing—they know too little of life's difficulties and ironies to understand.

Your only sure way is so to build yourself now that success will come before they get out of the trusting age. Train yourself into the larger income and business standing that spell achievement to adult and youth alike.

Difficult? Not at all. *It takes only some real determination, your spare hours for a few months, and a small investment of money on easy terms. The returns last a lifetime.*

On—Up—To Bigger Ability and Pay

A traffic manager for a great wholesale house in the West, asking himself if he was willing to play chance with failure and success, answered with a ringing No!

Straightway he began to safeguard his success with sound and practical home-study training—on the proven theory that risks disappear when native ability and loyal service are fortified by knowledge.

First, he enrolled for Traffic Management because his work required an expert understanding of freight classifications, rates and routes. Feeling then the need for legal training—both as an aid in presenting cases before the various rate bodies and as a business broadener—he enrolled for training in Law, following this with training in Effective Public Speaking.

Today he is a major executive and is still moving on—and up—to even bigger opportunity and pay.

And from his own experience, he will tell you: "If you're willing to apply a portion of your spare time to acquiring proficiency in your chosen field, you'll be astonished at the end of a year's time what a store of practical knowledge you've accumulated."

From Order Clerk to General Manager in Five Years

Back in 1920, he was a young order clerk—in 1924 he was directing sales and advertising—a year later he was general manager. In between were five years of capable, loyal service and two completed LaSalle training courses—Modern Business Correspondence and Business Management.

Six months after starting his first course, he asked to handle correspondence and got the job and a raise; a few months later he suggested a new sales promotion department and was given the responsibility of organizing and directing it; soon after he recommended the beginning of advertising and was given that task.

No wonder he moved up fast. Any employer would welcome and reward initiative and ability like that.

Note his own comment: "My two training courses gave me more than I could have gained through ten years of experience."

How Much Do You Want to Get Ahead?

We'll Know After You Read These Paragraphs

Thousands will read this advertisement and do nothing. An occasional man or woman more in earnest, more far-seeing, will act. And one year, five years, ten years from now, the thousands will say, "Lucky chap! I wish I had had his chance."

As a matter of fact, we are glad the thousands turn the page. We do not want the wishers, the starters, the never-finishers. We want only the earnest individual who will investigate, decide and then carry through.

Are you that individual?

Then here's our suggestion to you: Fill in and mail the coupon below. Read carefully the interesting, informative free booklet which it will bring you. Find out exactly what our training is like and what it has helped others achieve. Then decide.

The first step is simple. Clip and mail the coupon now.

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 733-R, CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle training plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
- ☐ Stenography: Training in the new machine shorthand—Stenotypy.
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- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Stenotypy
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
- ☐ Business English ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Commercial Law ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial

Name Present Position Address

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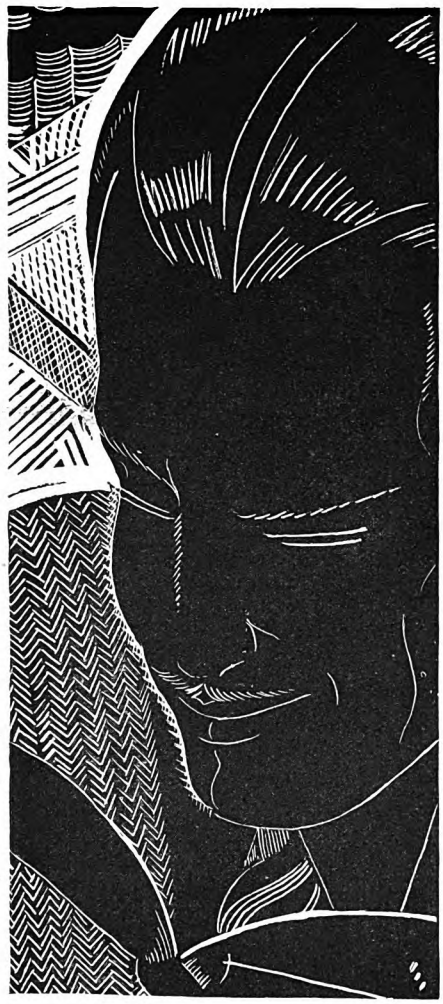

Get rid of
DANDRUFF

Your hair combs easier and stays in place. The natural oils of Sergeant's will lubricate the scalp and keep both hair and scalp in good condition. SEE dandruff disappear. Every day, use Sergeant's freely, rub it into the scalp with your finger tips. FEEL it waking up the scalp.

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages.

Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Use it daily. Comb your hair with it. Rub it in. Keep the handy bottle in a convenient place. Write for free booklet on treatment of hair. Polk Miller Products Corp., 2310 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
for the HAIR

"Before a pupil is pronounced able to swim, he ought to be given a thorough test. A lot of folks make the mistake of thinking they can swim when they have learned barely to propel themselves across a pool. False confidence is the cause of a great many accidents. It is worse than no confidence at all. Before I give my pupils a certificate, I require them to swim at least three hundred yards without returning to shore. This means about thirty minutes in the water without any rest except what they can get by floating or treading water.

"AN EARLY start is a great advantage in learning to swim. For one thing, it keeps you from missing such a lot of fun! I know. Twenty years ago, my father, Doctor John Sheffield, organized the United States Life Saving Station at Venice, California, and for four years was physician to the crew. My sister and I grew up in an atmosphere which reduced swimming, diving, and life-saving to commonplace accomplishments.

"I realize that not all youngsters are as fortunate as my sister and I were. There is no need to be discouraged if you are one of the several millions in this country who have grown to voting age without learning to swim. I have had dozens of beginners of forty-odd and more who became excellent swimmers.

"A few years ago, I had in one of my classes a woman who said she was sixty-two years old. She told me that she wanted to learn to swim because she and her orphaned granddaughter, who lived with her, were going to spend their vacation together at a seaside resort. The girl, she assured me, was already 'a wonderful swimmer.' It turned out, however, that the girl who had learned by the old sink-or-swim method, had neither speed nor endurance. Before the end of the summer, she was totally outclassed by her grandmother!

"It has been estimated that of the 125,000,000 people in this country more than 100,000,000 are unable to take care of themselves in the water. Something ought to be done about it. I suggest—in all seriousness—that a swimming certificate be made a necessary requirement to graduation from the public schools. In Sweden, this has been a practice for a good many years, and in that country there are almost no fatalities from drowning.

"People often ask me whether I prefer fresh or salt water in which to start beginners. Fresh water, by all means. If you learn in salt water, you are likely to depend upon its greater buoyancy to keep you up. This makes swimming in fresh water difficult.

"I said at the beginning that nine tenths of all drownings occur because people lose their heads. This is absolutely true. I have seen fear actually transform men and women into insane creatures in the water. I recall the case of a university professor who was swimming in a pond one summer with his only son, the idol of his heart.

"The father was taken with cramps, lost his head, and began struggling violently. The boy set out from the other side of the pond to rescue him. When the young fellow reached his father, the crazed man grabbed his son around the neck and held on until both were drowned. And yet, under normal circumstances, I know that the professor would cheerfully have given his life for his boy!

"Here are six good don'ts to remember when you go in swimming:

1. Don't go into the water within two hours after a hearty meal, or within an hour after violent exercise.
2. No matter how good a swimmer you are, never go into the water alone, or get out of sight or call of another swimmer.
3. Never dive head foremost into strange or muddy water. If you have to dive, jump feet first, or in a sitting position.
4. If caught in a swift current, do not attempt to swim against it, but gradually progress in a diagonal course to the shore. Similarly, do not resist the undertow, but recede with it and work your way back to land with the breakers.
5. When frightened or fatigued, or when suffering from cramps, float, tread water, or swim on your back.
6. Don't struggle; *keep your head!*

"EVERYBODY who goes in the water at all, ought to learn the Schafer prone-pressure method of artificial respiration. For that matter, folks who never go near the water should know it, since it is equally useful in restoring a person suffering from apparent drowning, from an electric shock, or from gas. The important thing is to waste no time in beginning. Send for a doctor, but don't wait for him to come; go to work at once.

"In numerous cases, breathing has been restored after several hours of artificial respiration. Even if the victim appears to be dead, work should be continued for at least four hours without interruption.

"Don't try to improve on the Schafer method. Follow it faithfully. Reduced to its simplest terms, here it is:

1. Quickly feel with your fingers in the patient's mouth and remove any obstruction to breathing, such as tobacco or false teeth. If the mouth is shut tight, pay no attention to it until later.
2. Lay the patient on his stomach, one arm extended directly overhead, the other bent at the elbow, and with the face to one side, so that the nose and mouth are free for breathing.
3. Kneel, straddling the patient, with your knees resting on the ground just below his hip bones. Bend your body slightly forward, so that the weight of your shoulders can be brought into play. Place the palms of your hands on the small of his back, with your fingers over his ribs. The little finger should just touch the lowest rib; the thumb should lie alongside the fingers.
4. While counting, *one*, *two*, and with arms held straight, swing forward slowly so that the weight of the body is gradually, but not violently, brought to bear upon the patient.
5. While counting *three*, swing backward so as to remove the pressure, thus returning to your original position. It is during this interval that air is drawn into the patient's lungs.
6. While counting *four*, *five*, rest.
7. Repeat these operations, deliberately swinging forward and backward twelve to fifteen times a minute. *Keep time with your own breathing.* If natural breathing stops after being restored, use artificial respiration again. Watch your patient carefully and continuously.
8. Do not put any fluid into the mouth of an unconscious patient. When he becomes conscious, he may be given hot coffee. Keep him warm, quiet, and lying down for several hours.

"FINALLY, don't pay too much attention to bystanders who offer advice. Often, those who are most free with suggestions know the least about reviving a victim."

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FOR FLAVOR
FOR EFFECTIVENESS

...the favorite of all the bran cereals in the world

Taste Post's Bran Flakes—and instantly you will know one reason why Post's Bran Flakes is eaten by more men, women and children than any other bran cereal in the world. So tempting, so delicate in flavor, you will find its crisp, delicious flakes, that you would want to eat it every day for the sheer enjoyment of it—even if you knew nothing of the other reason for its universal popularity.

But there's another reason. To the millions who eat it regularly every day, Post's Bran Flakes has proved that it provides a most delightful way of avoiding the dangers of constipation—naturally—normally—pleasantly. Try it yourself—and see, if you, too, don't feel better, brighter and happier, and *look* better, brighter and happier, when your body receives the daily benefit of this efficient regulator. Serve crisp from the package with milk or with cream, with berries or fruit, or in muffins or bread. Tomorrow is not too soon to start enjoying the most popular bran cereal in the world!

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes with other parts of wheat. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour	1 egg, well beaten
5 teaspoons baking powder	2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt	¾ cup milk
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes	3 tablespoons butter, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine egg, sugar, and milk. Add flour gradually, beating after each addition until smooth. Add butter and beat thoroughly. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins. *All measurements are level.*

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Post Food Products
C.W. Post

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"BANISH DISEASES FROM THE EARTH!"

THERE probably have been greater scientists than Louis Pasteur—clearer thinkers, perhaps, and more careful workers. Yet there have been few men to whom it has been given to be of such great service to humanity.

His work as a chemist had brought Pasteur into constant contact with microbes. When Robert Koch proved that microbes cause disease, Pasteur felt that he must go further . . . that he must find the cure, now that the cause was known.

With all the determination and brilliancy of his great mind he set himself to the task. In his gloomy laboratory he performed remarkable experiments. And in the end he achieved this most wonderful feat. He turned microbes upon themselves . . . enlisted them as guardians of our health and well-being, instead of leaving them free to carry disease everywhere.

It was Pasteur's hope that microbes would be quickly conquered. Wherever he went he urged the importance of combating them. Always he was telling his audiences that diseases could be banished from the earth.

His ambition has not yet been realized. But we have made great progress. Many diseases have been conquered. Every day, almost, brings information of new discoveries and achievements in the preservation of health. Mortality, particularly in children, has been tremendously reduced.

In thus guarding us against diseases, physicians use many different therapeutic products. On the purity and reliability of these hang the gravest consequences.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have been dedicated for almost three-quarters of a century to the task of furnishing the medical profession with the finest therapeutic products that manufacturing skill and experience could produce.

Squibb products in all these years have always met the most exacting requirements. And the name "Squibb" upon a label is an assurance of absolute uniformity and efficacy. For the House of Squibb has been identified with prevention and with the highest ideals of the medical profession since 1858.

The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

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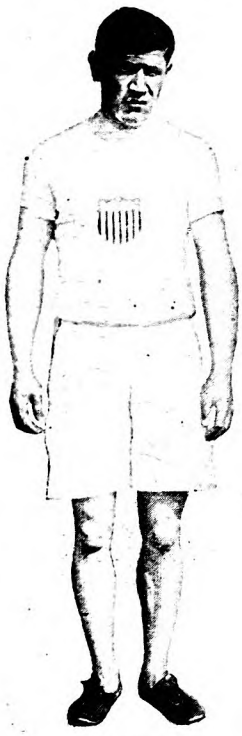
THE SPORTFOLIO

The Greatest Athlete's Greatest Thrill

By Charley Paddock

World-Famous Sprinter and Sports Authority

If you should walk down a certain street on a sunny day in Hyde Park, Chicago, you would probably see, standing by the side of a moss-covered, tree-shaded wall, a giant figure of a man in his forties, who seems to be waiting for something that never happens. He is a handsome fellow, in a rugged, forbidding sort of way, with the stern, picturesque features of an Indian and the pondering eyes of an Irishman. He watches the children on their way to school, just around the corner, and it is obvious enough that big and little ones alike regard him with admiration. But they do not know him and they would not recognize his name. For he is of another generation.



Jim Thorpe

Twenty years and more ago he was the hero of the nation, the greatest football player of his or any other time, and the best all-round track and field performer the world has ever known, as well as a splendid basket-ball, baseball, and hockey player, and a hunter without equal. The grandson of an Indian chief on his mother's side and with a six-foot fighting Irishman for a father, this boy spent his early years in the woods and on the range. He could ride as soon as he could swim, and he could swim as soon as he could walk. When he had reached his twelfth year he possessed the strength of a man and the catlike agility of those denizens of the forest which had been his companions from infancy.

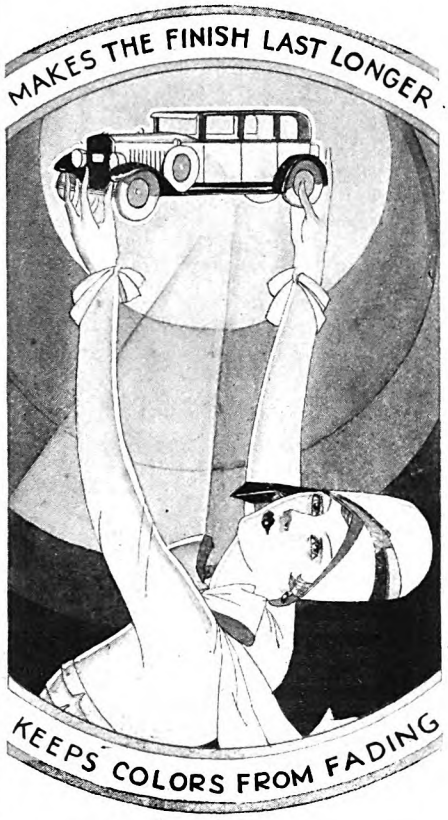
As a young man he attended the Carlisle Indian School, becoming a spectacular star in all collegiate sports, and twice being named on Walter Camp's All-America. He achieved the immortal gridiron distinction of being placed on the mythical All-Time team as a halfback, an honor which loyal football followers have claimed for Eckersall, Heston, Coy, Mahan, Oliphant, McMillin, Gipp, Grange, Nevers, and Drury. There have been endless disputes as to which four deserved the backfield places. Only one name went unargued, because that one could do everything that any of these other heroes could, and he could do it a little bit better. To all the old followers of sport there has been only one Jim Thorpe.

Not long ago I visited him at his little hotel in Hyde Park, where he lives in quiet seclusion, and after we had talked football and track and those other games that he had loved to play during the two decades while he was a star, I asked him what incident stood out in his mind, above all others, as he glanced back through the glorious vista of the years. And this is the story he told me:

"My biggest thrill in athletics didn't have so much to do with me as with a big Swede named H. K. Wieslander, who took second in the decathlon, or ten-event competition, at the 1912 Olympic Games. I won the event, along with the five-event contest at Stockholm that year, and came back to this country with a flock of trophies and prizes that had been given me by the King of Sweden and other notables. I felt justly proud of the prizes, not only because I had won the events, but because of the contacts I had made. I had no more than landed before the Amateur Athletic Union said that I was a professional because I had played semi-pro ball down South before the Olympics. So the A. A. U. requested that I send back all the loot to Wieslander, who had now been declared the champion of the world. I did so.

"But Wieslander never even opened that box which contained my prizes. He sent it right back to America with a message that I remember read something like this: 'I didn't win the Olympic Championship. James Thorpe won it. I do not know what your rules are in regard to amateurism, but I do know that Thorpe is the greatest athlete in the world.' And as far as I know those trophies still remain in the possession of the A. A. U., standing for what I was able to do in those days, but standing still more for the spirit of sportsmanship of a Swede named Wieslander. I don't know where that Swede is or what he is doing, but he gave me my greatest thrill!"

SIMONIZ Your Car



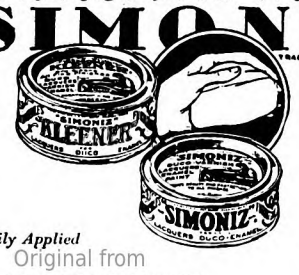
THE open road . . . your car Simonized! Then mile after mile you drive through dust and dirt in all kinds of weather. And, year after year, the beautiful, dustproof protection Simoniz provides guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Now that most cars are finished in Duco or lacquer, it is really fun to Simoniz a car. Even though dulled and discolored, Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans and quickly restores the lustre. Simoniz then gives lasting beauty and protection.

The sooner you Simoniz your car, the better.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

Motorists Wise—SIMONIZ



Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

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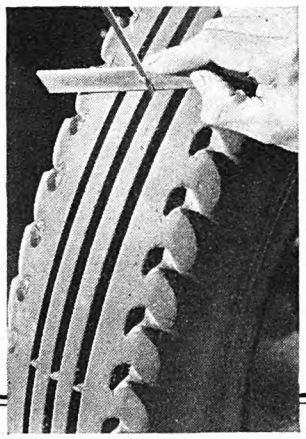
LOOK AT THIS

Photographed in Los Angeles · · after

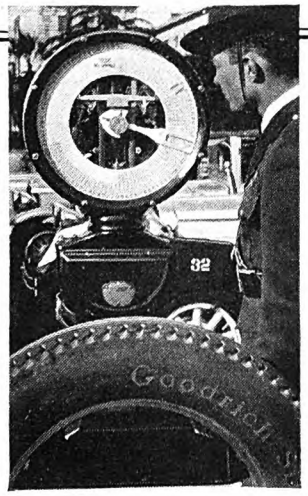
Just one of the 60 Silvertowns that negotiated the Coast-to-Coast Run without a single major trouble



THE VERDICT FOR TIRE BUYERS

These photographs should mean a lot to you. They were made in Los Angeles after the Silver Fleet rolled in, and show you the fine condition of the tires at the "half-way" point.

Picture above illustrates how tread depth was measured. Below you see pilot checking tire weight and at the right a Silvertown being examined after 12,000 miles.



LOOK at it closely! That tire in the picture, being so carefully examined. Would you think that tire had traveled over 12,000 miles?

Would you believe it had battled its way through ice, snow, mud, sand, gravel, rock . . . all the hardships of a tortuous course across the southern half of the country?

It sounds incredible . . . but the tire you see has done just that. It is on the Flagship of the Silver Fleet . . .

One of the sixty stock Goodrich Silvertowns on the Silver Fleet photographed when that shining caravan reached the half-way mark in its journey in Los Angeles! Think of the punishment that tire has taken . . .

Snow and ice in New York. Heat and sand in Florida. Rain in the Gulf States . . . gravel and heat and alkali dust in Texas. A 250-mile battle with a day-long sandstorm in Western Arizona . . . and a dramatic climb across the mountain ranges of Southern California.

Twelve thousand miles of such punishment . . . yet when the Silver Fleet rolled into Los Angeles . . . not a single tire

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SILVERTOWN!

12,000 Miles with the Silver Fleet

failure had marred the perfect record of this tire and its 59 blood-brothers!

But that is not all . . .

Tests made in Los Angeles after the fleet arrived showed an average of but ·9% loss in weight. Tread depth measurements showed negligible wear.

Tests of tread and side wall rubber disclosed the firm, sound, resiliency of brand new tires in spite of the hard service.

Tires showed wear, of course . . .

But ask any one who saw these tires in Los Angeles . . . "Will they last out through the long, hard trip back East?"

And you'll get a most emphatic answer . . . "They certainly will!"

To many car owners, 12,000 miles absolutely free from blow-outs, carcass breaks and other serious trouble is a good record.

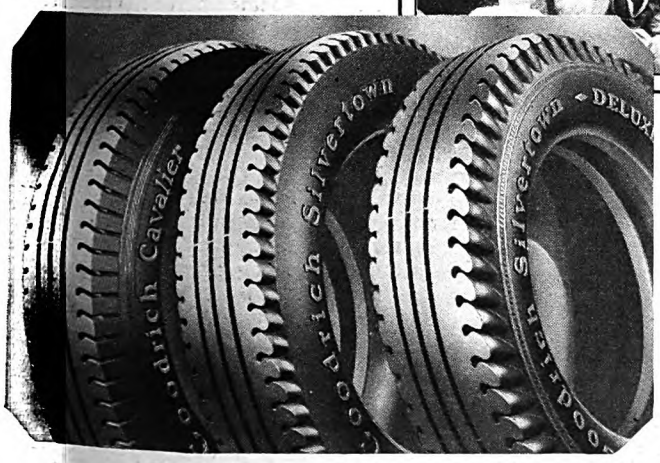
But the 60 tires on the Silver Fleet have negotiated that distance with such a record . . . and in doing so, faced conditions far more severe than you will ever have to face!

The lesson of the Silver Fleet comes home when you recall that these are stock tires traveling on stock cars. To know and enjoy the same tire performance, drive into the service station of your nearest Goodrich dealer.

See him . . . for tires just like those on the Silver Fleet.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

WELCOMED to California! Just see the crowd that turned out to greet the Silver Fleet and its pilots when they rolled into Los Angeles! The small picture shows Mayor Cryer and Miss Anita Page, official host and hostess, as they inspected the Good Will Book brought all the way from New York City by the Fleet.



SILVERTOWN DE LUXE (*Right*) Superlative style and service . . . a tire that outlives your car. Its very lines say "Built to master every road."

THE FAMOUS SILVERTOWN (*Center*) The recognized standard of tire quality everywhere. Stretch-matched cord construction and water-curing have made it famous for service wherever tires are known.

GOODRICH CAVALIER (*Left*) A new tire. High quality at amazingly low prices. Made like Silvertowns, it is the choice of hard drivers and keen buyers.

Goodrich Silvertowns

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Electricity *Without Books* in 90 Days!

I want to make you a real money maker. I want to take you from small-pay jobs that lead nowhere and never will pay you more than $40 or $50 a week. I want to double your earning power, and all I need is 90 days!

EARN a Good Salary *every week*

IN the great shops of Coyne you train on thousands of dollars worth of real electrical equipment—motors, generators, house wiring, autos, batteries, switchboards, radios, power plants, etc.—everything from doorbells to giant dynamos. Nowhere else in the world can you get such training. No useless theory—NOT by correspondence—all actual, practical work. In 90 days you get years of experience—far more than an ordinary electrician trying to pick up his trade will ever know.

No wonder Coyne men step into steady jobs—immediately after graduation! No wonder Coyne men are making $50 to $200 a week! Two weeks after graduation Clyde F. Hart got a position at over $100 a week. Clarence Ackland, farmer's son, earns over $60 a week in the little town of West Brooklyn, Ill. These are not unusual. Demand for Coyne men far exceeds the supply!

Don't worry about a job! This training ends the job question for life. 60,000 additional electricians are needed every year. Our employment bureau secures dozens of positions weekly.

12 Weeks' Training

RAILROAD Fare Allowed

Right now for a short time, I'll pay your fare to Chicago, and I am including Special Aviation, Radio and Automotive Electrical Courses without extra charge to those who enroll now—Send Coupon Now!

Let me make you a master electrician. I've done it for thousands of others—including mail carriers, clerks, farm boys, and men of every description. So I can do it for you.

You don't need special education. You don't need a day's experience. Don't let lack of money hold you back—we assist you to part-time work while training—and after graduation, we give you free employment service for life.

Big Free Book

Just give me a chance to tell you about the unlimited opportunities to earn $3,000 to $20,000 a year. Let me send you this big book, free, containing 150 photographs and all details of course, positions, salaries, etc. If you really want more money and a wonderful future, send for this book now. Simply mail the coupon.

COYNE
Electrical School
Dept. B9-05
500 S. Paulina St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Mr. H. C. Lewis, President
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
Dept. B9-05 500 So. Paulina St., Chicago

Dear Mr. Lewis:—Without obligation send me your big free catalog and all details of Radio and Automotive Courses that are included.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

How Saunders Norvell Sold Gold House Keys

(*Continued from page 25*)

SPECIALTY month. For instance, I would pick out a certain line of hardware and emphasize that line for thirty days. It meant that I made twelve concentrated efforts a year. This posted me thoroughly on the twelve lines.

"IS THERE such a thing as a *born* salesman? Maybe there is. Certainly, a man who is in robust health, who has a fine appearance and a naturally pleasant manner, has big assets. But many a man who started out with none of these things has managed to become a worth-while salesman. Three kinds of men seem to experience the greatest difficulty in selling: Mechanics, or men with a mechanical turn of mind; bookkeepers and accountants, or men whose tendencies are toward mathematics; and timid souls who let fear dominate them. The bookkeeper and mechanic types tend to respond methodically to exact laws. Salesmanship has some method and some law, but the supreme salesman is always an opportunist, dramatizing the moment, making it the big and vital thing. The methodical man who responds to exactness and who wishes to sell must train himself to watch for the advantage of the unexpected, pounce on it, and make it count.

"I have every sympathy with the fellow who finds it hard to sell, because I didn't want to go into business. I wanted to be an artist and I learned to sell hardware.

"But I hadn't sold goods three months before I found I liked the road. It gave me a great deal of experience, and the amount of time I got for reading as I traveled was something worth while.

"In 1886 I married and took my bride to Salina, Kansas, as this was to be my headquarters. I built a six-room house, and there we settled and were as happy as any two people could be."

Kansas in '86 was enjoying a boom. The hardware business was good. New stores were opening all through that part of the country. Settlers in prairie schooners were arriving by hundreds. Two years later came drought, and business went to pieces. The Norvells were transferred to Denver, Colorado, the center of the great mining boom. Norvell refuses to take credit to himself for much of the selling he did through the Middle West and West.

"As I look back on those days," he said, "I realize that the main factor in salesmanship was endurance. The man who could travel the hardest, sell goods the longest number of hours a day, and write the fastest, was the best salesman."

Norvell is unfair to himself. In Colorado he developed a force of salesmen to assist him and opened an office in one half of a store, engaged a secretary, and fitted up the store with show-cases and samples. The Simmons Hardware Company, for which he was working, knew nothing of this. One day E. C. Simmons, traveling to look over the territory, came to Denver and called on one of the customers, who referred him to "the Simmons office."

"Office," repeated Simmons. "I didn't know we had one here." When he saw the showroom, the secretary, and the piles of mail orders arriving through a worked-out system of circularizing, and when he went over the form letters and was introduced to some of the salesmen Norvell employed, he looked at that young man, now twenty-five, with a curious expression.

"I had no idea," he said, "that we were so well organized out here in Colorado."

In 1892, less than ten years since his start on the road, Norvell was called back to St. Louis to take the position of General Sales Manager. He was twenty-eight years old and he was full of elation at the promotion. In a month he had lost his enthusiasm. Barring the two years of his initiation into business, he had never been so miserable. In Colorado he had been free to come and go as he wished; now he spent long hours in an office at a desk. His former office had been peculiarly his own; now he had to work with many superiors.

"I was actually receiving less money as sales manager than as salesman," he said. "I had a fixed salary instead of salary and commission. I had to put up a better front. I was still paying for stock I had bought in the company, and that first year I was perpetually hard up. I had to join clubs, in the interest of the business but at my own expense. And I was expected to give all the salesmen a good time when they came to town. Many a morning I called myself a perfect ass for giving up my territory for a house job. To drown my sorrows, I plunged myself into work.

"There was plenty of that. I had to learn a new technique. I kept a memorandum book on each individual salesman, and in this book was a mêlée of everything—my thoughts on the man, my correspondence with him, his family circumstances—anything that would help me to know that man and appreciate his point of view. I began to acquire the reputation of having a remarkable memory, because after every interview I added to my memoranda and then filed the book. When the salesman came back, I got out his particular book, read my notes, and he found I could remember all we had talked about before. I also remembered his promises to me—and checked up on them!"

ONE of the most annoying anxieties of the young sales manager was that he did not seem to have full charge of his office. Nominally he was general sales manager, but often officers of the company would write to the salesmen about goods and prices without consulting Norvell. Quite naturally this produced confusion, and the young sales manager went to Mr. Simmons and complained bitterly.

"I was very angry," said Norvell. "I insisted that my authority should be clearly defined. Mr. Simmons heard me out and then said: 'Write down on this pad just what your duties are.'

"I wrote.

"'Now,' he said, 'I will protect you in these duties, but if you do anything besides them I will discharge you!'

"I was surprised, as he looked very fierce, but he suddenly smiled.

"'My dear boy,' he said,' how young you

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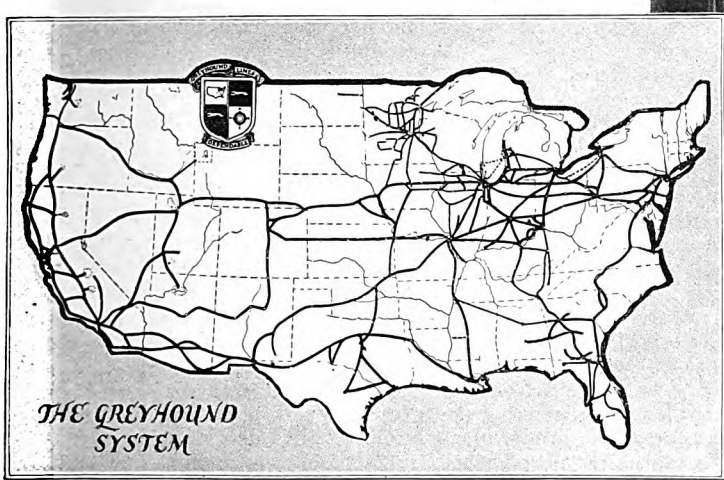
Wherever You're Going you'll Save Money on a GREYHOUND BUS



FROM New York to the Golden Gate, from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, connecting almost all the principal cities, stretch the routes of Greyhound and "Yelloway" Lines—largest, longest, most dependable motor bus system in America.

Wherever you want to go, there are Greyhound buses to take you. With regular and frequent schedules they bring new transportation convenience to a thousand formerly isolated places. Crossing the country over three distinct routes, they touch at almost every vacationland. One-fifth of the people in America live directly along the Greyhound lines.

Travel Costs Reduced

All history holds no travel opportunity comparable to that now offered by the Greyhound Buses. Travel costs are less than any other overland transportation known. You go farther on every dollar. Places and trips until now beyond your means become practical. And so, for short trips or transcontinental journeys, millions of people are riding these buses today.

Not only low cost, but new travel luxury is yours when you ride these Greyhounds of the highways. The modern, all-steel coaches are equipped with individual deep-cushioned seats, air brakes and hydraulic shock absorbers. Every comfort and safety device is built in. And at the controls is a driver from Greyhound Lines' own rigorous school—a man of character and integrity who has passed the most rigid physical, mental and experience tests.

To know the full pleasure and romance of travel, go the delightful motor bus way. Make your journeys over the glorious highways. Learn again the thrill of the cross country trail—the zest and exhilaration of motoring with none of the responsibilities.

Fares from your city, with complete departure and arrival information, are yours at your local bus depot. For interesting facts on motor bus vacation tours, write for the new booklet; "Circle Trip Suggestions." *Address Motor Transit Management Company, 1157 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.*

"YELLOWAY" & GREYHOUND Lines
MOTOR TRANSIT MANAGEMENT COMPANY

NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · JACKSONVILLE · CHICAGO · PHILADELPHIA · CLEVELAND · DETROIT · CINCINNATI · BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON · PITTSBURGH · INDIANAPOLIS · ST. LOUIS · SAN FRANCISCO · DENVER · ATLANTA · NEW ORLEANS

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WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford 5¢

IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."

. . . .

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

are! Don't you realize that every time a man builds a wall around his house he does two things? He walls out the others and walls himself in! Now, if you have the strength of character and the ability, you will in time assert yourself in this position so that your authority will never be encroached upon. If you are a weakling, I shall have to prop you up with an outline of your duties and warn others not to interfere.'

"I shall never forget that interview. I have lived to see that everywhere strong men make places for themselves, places with no boundaries and no limitations. Weak men are always asking that their duties be defined. Most young men have the feeling that they need protection from others. What they need is not to be protected, but to develop their own strength. Since that interview I have never asked for protection from anybody in the business struggle. I never again attempted to build up walls. I tore them down!"

UPON the retirement of E. C. Simmons to an advisory capacity in 1898 and the election of new officers, Norvell became vice president. Three years later he and a group of young men, Harry B. Gordon, William G. Yantis, and Taylor D. Kelley, bought a controlling interest in the Shapleigh Hardware Company and with Richard W. and Alfred L. Shapleigh formed a new corporation called the Norvell-Shapleigh Company.

"I believe every executive should have a fund," Norvell says, "with which to reward, instantly, any special service on the part of a worker. Then, I believe that at least twenty per cent of the profits of a concern should be paid to the people who produce the profits. This is not the old bonus idea. It means that the head of every department will decide which workers really produce profits and which ones merely earn their salaries. In the Remington Arms Company this past year we have made more money, and half of our increase in profits has come through salesmanship, half through reduction in production costs. The twenty per cent will be divided two ways and given to those men who made the profits either as salesmen or as workers.

"One reason that the Norvell-Shapleigh Company succeeded in building a business that increased a million in sales every year for ten years was that the people who produced knew they would have a quick share of the profits."

Another reason might lie in the example of a boss who could sell gold house keys! At the end of ten years Norvell decided that the firm could get along without him. He was a rich man; he had every prospect of becoming a much richer one. Yet he decided to retire. In order not to disturb the business, he agreed to remain a director for a few years, but in 1911 he left business, as he believed, forever.

HE WAS forty-seven years old. He still harbored the desire to study art. His daughter Lucy showed decided artistic talent. When Norvell proposed that they all live in Paris while he studied with his daughter, the whole family, three daughters and one son, gayly agreed. They had three gorgeous years, when the two art students went steadily to their classes and lectures, three years of companionship and happiness in a colorful world. But during the third year Norvell began to get restless.

"I began to ache for the old battle of business," he said. "I had been tied by just one string I owned a trade magazine and I managed that by correspondence. But on a good offer I sold that. McKesson and Robbins wrote me: A partner was in poor health, did I care to buy in? I went in cautiously, stipulating that I was to advise the salesmen, and that only. Then came the war. There is no credit due for the success we made. I didn't have to sell. The only question was, could we get enough goods to sell? I worked as I never had expected to work again. In 1926 we sold the business, and I decided to retire for good.

"Nine months later I found that I was running to seed. I had imagined—because I had had little time to read—that I could never get enough time to read all that I wanted. I had an idea—because I never had had enough time to play golf—that I could never get enough golf. In the months of idleness that preceded this position I found that I had played all the golf I wanted, that I had too much time to read, that I did less and less of everything and that I wou'd be doing nothing before long. Now I have just enough time to appreciate the luxury of a morning spent in bed reading, just enough time to enjoy a good round of golf. To be happy I have to be busy. That's why I came to the Remington Arms Company."

Dark Happiness

(*Continued from page 21*)

T' home at Jessie's I got a dollar. You goin' t' Lotusville t' live there—in th' hill house—haunted like 'tis?"

"How big a place is Lotusville?"

"It ain't so big as Hebron, or Paris, or Boston, or New York. Still, it's the biggest place *I* ever lived in. It's got th' post office an' Gleason's store, an' Carney's blacksmith shop, an' Bowen's sawmill. Th' rest o' th' place is nuthin' but houses. They's all o' ten, not countin' o' course th' Homestead on th' hill."

"You mean the Cravenside Homestead? Why not count that?"

"'Cos no one lives there regular, only that Spook."

"What did you mean a moment ago about John Forsythe 'chucking you off'? Who's John Forsythe? And from where did he 'chuck' you?"

"He's th' surveyor. He works for th' gov'mint. He draws pitchers o' mountains so's t' show all th' rivers. He chucked me off th' Cravenside place. He looks after it. You're th' ignorantest woman I ever heard tell on. *Or mebbe you're lyin' t' me!*" cried the youth in sudden anger. "Like Nat Sibley lied t' me, 'bout how t' catch frogs."

"This is my first visit to my husband's family homestead. You'll see I'm not lying to you," the woman answered with

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Can the Cost of Life Insurance be *Safely Reduced*?

YES!

A frank discussion of a problem of vital interest to every American Home

Excerpts from the Annual Report to the Members of the ACACIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION *by* William Montgomery, *President*

Object of Mutual Company

"THE prime object of all mutual old-line life insurance companies is, or should be, to furnish guaranteed life insurance at the lowest possible cost.

"Careful investigation convinced your directors that the premiums charged by the mutual old-line companies could be materially reduced, and still be sufficient to guarantee the insurance beyond question. They came to this conclusion because they found that the system of refunding the unnecessary part of the premium in form of a dividend was not economical, inasmuch as taxes, fees, agents' commissions and other expenses had to be deducted before anything could be refunded.

"On the other hand, the stock companies, which merchandise life insurance, promise no dividends to their policyholders, but pay the profits of the business to their stockholders, were as a whole highly successful, even though their initial premiums were lower than the premiums of the mutual companies.

"The success of these companies, the fact that they were paying such large dividends to their stockholders, the increased market value of their stocks, clearly proved their stability. It was evident, therefore, that a mutual company could also operate successfully under a reduced schedule of premium charges—with increased benefits to its policyholders.

Premiums Reduced

"Accordingly, in April, 1926, this Association adopted a schedule of premium rates reduced to the low level of those charged by the stock companies. In so doing, Acacia took the lead among mutual life insurance companies in passing along to its policyholders the benefits of lower premium charges.

"This was a bold step on the part of Acacia's directors, I will admit—but having convinced themselves of the correctness of their position, they had the courage to do what they believed the interests of the policyholders of any mutual company demand—that is, sell guaranteed life insurance at the lowest possible cost.

"There was another reason: The aim of your directors is to conduct the affairs of this Association in the most economical manner. Through the low premiums of this Association, extravagance is made impossible. The reduced premiums have now been in force about three years, and the record* of the Association best evidences whether or not they have fulfilled their purpose and justified the wisdom of their adoption.

Official Endorsement

"Outside of its own record, the best endorsement of this plan and the fact that it is commending itself to all thinking men who have the best interests of life insurance at heart, is shown by the fact that the retiring Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York has recommended an amendment to the laws of that State, one of the ultimate effects of which would be to permit a reduction of the premiums for mutual life insurance. In answer to the statement of the life insurance agents' association protesting against the passage of the amendment, Mr. Beha states:

> 'I, therefore, reaffirm the statement in my memorandum of November 12, that it stands to reason if any participating company should reduce its gross premiums, it would reduce the net cost of the insurance by at least the amount of taxes and other expenses saved on the amount of the reduction of the premium.' (This amendment has since become a law.)

Demand for Reduced Premiums

"I believe it is no stretch of the imagination to say that within a few years all mutual companies will be selling insurance at lower rates. In my judgment, the insurance buying public will insist upon these reduced premium schedules because of the savings which will result.

"When the day that witnesses such a reduction of premiums arrives, we can feel that this Association, through its pioneering work, has made a real contribution to the benefit of all policyholders. I further believe that a lower schedule of premium rates will benefit both the companies and the agents, because there will follow an era of development and progress in the business greater than ever experienced."

Acacia's Slogan

Do not lapse your policy in any other old-line company to take one in ACACIA. Do not lapse your policy in ACACIA to take one in any other old-line company. You lose in either case.

ACACIA

MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

William Montgomery, *President*

HOME OFFICE · WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOUNDED 1869

***Acacia's Record**

ACACIA'S record of growth in recent years is without a parallel in life insurance history. Even under its new schedule of reduced premiums, it is paying its members satisfactory dividends at regular intervals.

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"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

So dry and dull I envy other girls

Dear Jean Carroll: It's been over a year since I last got my hair cut and it has not grown a half inch since. It is so dry and dull I envy other girls when I see them. My hair also is burnt very badly from marcels and from curling it myself. I don't know what to do.—E. R., Cleveland, O.

Dear, dear, E. R., I wish I could have caught you a year ago. And *how* I wish I could hide your curling iron and take away your spending money so you couldn't get a marcel for a month until we do something for that hair.

Then, *a special shampoo* to help you correct that dryness—that's the next thing I'd wish for you. There is a delightful shampoo especially for dry hair, made by the Packer Company, with whom I am associated. This is the lovely gold-colored *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*. It leaves dry hair softer and shinier than usual because it contains olive oil and soothing, softening glycerine. It won't make your sensitive scalp sting, and it helps the little natural lights to come back.

Use this special shampoo every ten days and get out your hair brush and polish up your hair. And watch! Perhaps, when you see sheen and life coming back you'll decide straight hair is becoming after all!

Oily hair ... and a special shampoo for relaxed oil glands

Dear Jean Carroll: What is good for oily hair? Sometimes my hair looks as if I have just come from a bath—it looks so damp. I shampoo every two weeks and sometimes I must do it more often. — Mrs. B. B., New Bedford, Mass.

Where *did* that "every two weeks" rule begin anyway? No doctor began it. The doctors who cooperate with the Packer Company say "Wash oily hair perhaps every four or five days until the oil glands become normalized."

The Packer Company makes a shampoo especially for oily hair—*Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*. It could be used every day without deadening the hair. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is slightly astringent—and if you use it regularly, with daily massage of the scalp, you ought to begin to get the better of that excess oil. But probably for sometime you will have to wash your hair at least once a week to keep it fluffy.

Dandruff—and a remedy from the pine woods!

Dear Jean Carroll: I am having trouble with my hair—it is coming out in bunches, truly. Looking through the hair, I can see dandruff, lots of it, especially where my hair is heaviest. I have tried everything I can think of.—Mrs. A. W. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I don't want to alarm you but something should be done at once. Dandruff should be checked before it becomes so serious. For years, physicians have prescribed pine tar for dandruff. Use *Packer's Tar Soap*, shampooing every two or three days at first. Massage the good piney lather into your scalp. If eight or ten Packer shampoos don't show a real improvement, go to your own physician for further help.

My dear Miss Carroll: Some good news. I want to tell you of the satisfactory results I've had from following your directions. My hair was dreadfully dry, falling out so badly I scarcely had any left. And it was mousy and horrid looking. I have been using the Olive Oil Shampoo (as well as the Tar Soap) and massage as you recommended. And I must tell you that my hair is getting so nice and soft and so shiny I can see the lights in it again. And it scarcely comes out at all, and I have arrested the dandruff! Very gratefully.—Mrs. E. F., Quincy, Mass.

That's a letter to warm any editor's heart! I hope we get many more with the same kind of news. JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty and becoming colors, every Friday 12 noon (Eastern Daylight Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

• • •

If any of the letters above describes the condition of your hair, one of the PACKER products will help. If you have some special problem, write Miss Carroll personally.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 6-G), 101 W. 31st Street, New York, N. Y. Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked. I enclose _____ cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

dignity, yet seeking by her tone to conciliate the foolish one. "Where does this Mr. Forsythe live?"

"On th' road towards Bartlett's," Hives responded sullenly. "That's on th' southeast side o' th' hill from your place. He had a girl go back on him, everybody thinks. Anyhow, he lives there alone with his dog—"

"How old a man?"

"'Bout's old as you. I'm gonna kill him some day when I find a good knife. Every time I go past his place he lets Tripe bark at me."

"A sort of recluse, you say?"

"Naw, I said surveyor. An' he reads books that claims all folks was monkeys once an' didn't wear no clothes. I heard Beth Blackmer say he sleeps up to your house now an' then. He hopes he'll see Don Cravenside's ghost. He wants t' arsk it questions. That's how he caught me an' chucked me off. I wanted t' see Mr. Cravenside m'self. I guess he grabbed me thinkin' I was Cravenside. Then he was so mad he kicked me in th' pants. I'm gonna kill him when I get a good—"

"I think my chauffeur's coming. If we give you a ride into Lotusville, will you point out the road to Mr. Forsythe's house?"

JOHN FORSYTHE was breaking eggs absently into a skillet—in a cavernous ell kitchen—when a limousine's headlamps lighted his barn-front. The porch door stood open. With the big motor silenced, Tripe, the ever-watchful, came up across the orchard. With a long, furry growl the dog leaped the wall. John stepped to the door. He knew that growl's meaning. . . .

The woman in the limousine paused on its running board.

"Are you Mr. Forsythe?" she asked in the starlight—when the sullen, silenced Airedale had been ordered to the barn.

"I am," the other answered, awkwardly wrenching the apron from his waist.

"I'm Irene Cravenside. Donald Cravenside's wife!"

She saw the man start. It gave her self-confidence.

"I hope I'm not intruding. I suppose I should have written. The truth of the matter's been, I haven't known your name. That is, I mean, as caretaker of our property—"

"You're not intruding. I'm rather glad you've come."

"I decided the best course was to come up here deliberately, seize the dilemma by the horns, so to speak, remain here for a length of time and—well, rest, perhaps, from the strain of the ordeal I've been through."

She said this last as though it were a "feeler" to determine his knowledge of the Cravenside Enigma.

"I think I understand," John Forsythe said simply.

"I've always been curious to visit Don's homestead. Our marriage took place abroad, as you know, and returning to America, we lived in Philadelphia. Then, when Donald—but we'll speak of that later." She had stepped to the ground. "Just at present, I'm wondering if you'll go up with me and introduce me to the house while Katrina makes at least one chamber inhabitable?"

"Tonight?"

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"Certainly, tonight. Is there any good reason why it isn't advisable?"

Forsythe didn't answer. He seemed chagrined that this lady had so found him, cooking his own food, tied up in an apron. Hospitality demanded he invite her inside. Yet how could he take her through his badly cluttered kitchen?

"*Something's burning on your stove!*" came her sudden exclamation. She was looking toward the door where the lamplight flooded out.

The interior was smothering in bluish fumes of frying.

"I'm alone here," said the man, obviously vexed now that a strange woman, a perturbingly pretty woman, must call his attention to such culinary carelessness. "I'll bring out some chairs. It's cooler on the porch." And he started toward the door, requesting, "Please wait!"

But the woman didn't wait. Not, at least, in the yard. The owner stalked inside and caught up a towel. Wobbing it as a holder, he juggled the skillet from oilstove to sink. Black objects within it resembled curled leather. His early evening caller followed to the door. . . .

THIRTY-EIGHT years old he was, a cordy six-footer in khaki shirt and trousers. The legs of the latter were laced into brogans. His forehead was high; his jaw was clean-shaven. Copper-hued hair was silky-fine in texture. It lay down smoothly on a well-shaped head and grew in sideburns down two firm temples.

His eyes were cool gray, though good-humored wrinkles softened their corners.

This government topographer turned and saw the woman. She seemed watching him with interest, as though puzzled by his bachelorhood. She had pulled on her hat since coming from the bridge; a smart straw turban now hid her dark tresses. Her well-formed shoulders, too, were covered by a scarf. Yet the crudeness of that kitchen enhanced her feminine grace. John flushed beneath the tan that bespoke his outdoor life.

"That's that!" he laughed lamely. A sharp hiss of steam greeted water in the skillet. He left it in the sink.

"Have I ruined your dinner?" his caller consoled him.

"I guess I won't starve."

"Katrina and Jamie will open the house. Provisions, I presume, can be gotten at the store. Perhaps within an hour I can offer you a meal—"

"You mean to *stay* up there tonight?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"But there's hotels in Hebron. Moreover in Paris. You'd better go to one till your house is put in shape."

"What shape is it in? You've slept there, I'm told."

"Who said I'd slept there?"

"A crack-brained fellow I met down by the bridge."

"Well, yes—I've slept there," Forsythe admitted. "But it's different for you. I was after something—to sort of learn something—"

"Hoping to see certain . . . rumors verified?"

"Mebbe," he answered. "Anyhow—supposing we talk a bit before you start up there. After you know particulars of what's happened 'round here lately—and you still want to sleep up there—well, it's your funeral. Come in my 'study.' It's

(Above) The September, 1776, dedication of Lt. Col. Joseph Wait's quaint Vermont Marble tablet, erected "by his brethren in arms" in Clarendon, Vt., where it still bears his Revolutionary War record.

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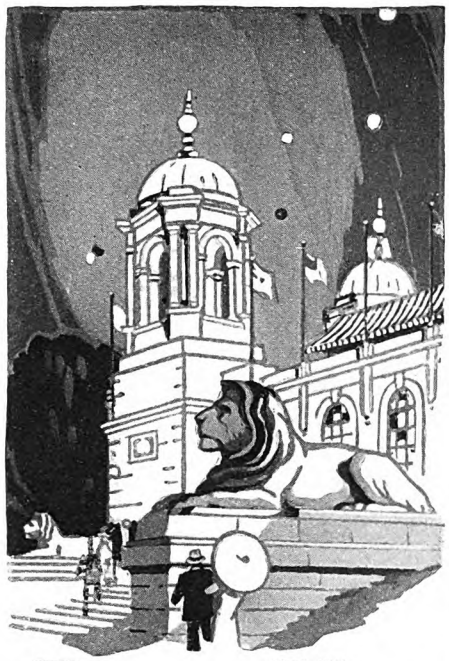

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not very neat but it's no worse than this kitchen."

The woman took those dark, troubled eyes from him with an effort. But being invited into his "study" was obviously not distasteful. She entered almost eagerly.

"I don't receive many lady callers here, though the men of the town often make this place a clubroom," he apologized.

Irene made no comment. Again her eyes studied him. How had such a handsome, forceful fellow kept unsnarled from matrimony?

He pulled out a rocker of heavy black walnut, fluffed up the chair's cushion, reversed it—and dumped books and blueprints off a chair-seat for himself. Both of them sat down.

"I hope it's not the courage of ignorance that's brought you up here," John began. "Something's wrong with your house."

"THE first thing I'm interested in learning is whether my husband is up here in flesh. Has he found his way up here to Vermont in some sort of mental aberration? Is he skulking about here, a flesh and blood person? Or can it be possible—"

"*Skulking* about here? Why should he do that?"

"I've no more idea, Mr. Forsythe, than yourself."

"Well, first and foremost, I don't believe in ghosts. But of course there's no smoke without some sort of fire. These Lotusville people wouldn't get all het up and start a lot of old wives' tales without some kind of motivation. Yet my contention is—granted things are weird, there's a logical solution. That's what I'm hunting—a logical solution."

Forsythe dwarfed his chair with his body. The low, cluttered room was surcharged with his virility. An excellent specimen of a man he was to have as an associate when a pretty young woman came bagging a spirit.

"Won't you tell me what's happened? Perhaps I can help," she said.

"I'd like to ask some questions—if they wouldn't distress you. They'd sort of lay a premise."

"I'm perfectly willing to answer any questions."

Forsythe considered—as though choosing his words.

"There's a crazy local yarn, Mrs. Cravenside," he stated, "that an eerie black Shape is haunting this district. It seems to be a man, though no one says for sure. Most always it's seen on the Cravenside property. It moves about on the blackest midnight with quite as much ease as in brightest moonlight. Do you know what an Inverness cape is, Mrs. Cravenside?"

"Yes," Irene nodded. Her face seemed to pale.

"Did your husband ever own one?"

"He had a sort of mackintosh that resembled an Inverness. He was—he was—wearing it the night—that—that—"

"The night that he vanished? Tell me another thing—did your husband ever know how to play the violin?"

"He was—an expert—we were going to a violin recital the night he—"

"Well, it's about that disappearance of his, that I really want to question you. Before I tell you everything that's happened up here, I wish you'd set me straight on just how Donald vanished. I said there was a crazy local yarn hereabouts that an eerie black Shape is haunting the district. But there's a crazier yarn current that Don walked into his own house one rainy autumn night and utterly vanished off the face of the earth. As if such a thing could happen!"

"Yet that's exactly what *did* happen, Mr. Forsythe!"

"WHAT?"

"How well did you know my husband?"

Forsythe slumped forward, staring round-eyed. "I did a lot of work on lumber tracts for old Caleb," he answered, cogitating, "two or three years after getting out of college. That threw me with Don before his dad's death. I knew 'em both over five or six years—well enough anyhow to call 'em by first names."

"You've lived here ever since? In Lotusville, I mean?"

"Except when my job has shipped me 'round New England. I do government work—the Geological Survey. I came back from Maine one season to find Caleb had died and his boy gone to Europe. Don never did strike me as having any stomach for the lumber business. He wrote me, asking if I'd act as caretaker for the old home place, telling me to live there if I found it convenient."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"I wanted my own place, where my stuff could stay put. But I did as Don asked in keeping up the Homestead Checks for the taxes always came through; I went up there once a week and had a look around. Four times a year I had the house swept and cleaned by some woman of the village. I heard Don had married and expected him back—"

"We were married inFrance and stayed three years in Switzerland. Don had two interests, physics and music. He found Dr. Werner, the eminent physicist, in Switzerland, and the two did research work. Tell me, Don never said anything about me in his letters to you?"

"I wasn't in his confidence. It was one of those touch-and-go things, partly business, partly happenstance. But I knew when he came back to America, though I had to get the story of his—er—occultation—from some badly garbled sources. No, he never said anything in his letters about you. They were mainly business letters. About his disappearance . . . you really mean he went into a house, his own house, and never came out?"

IRENE CRAVENSIDE pulled off her hat. She fluffed up her hair with long, shapely fingers.

"Yes," she said faintly. "My husband vanished in his own house, where every possible exit was locked *from the inside.* Last October it was. Seven months ago. And in all of those months I haven't heard a word. No suggestion has come of where he might be, what could have happened, how it came about. No suggestion, that is, till one of my uncle's salesmen, stopping in Hebron, heard about the Homestead—the 'ghost,' I mean. He wired it to the office. I came up at once.

"I met my husband in France," Irene went on. "We lived in Switzerland and a little time in London. When we finally came home, we went to Philadelphia. I was born in Philadelphia. All my people lived there. But we settled there chiefly because my uncle Ludwig offered Donald

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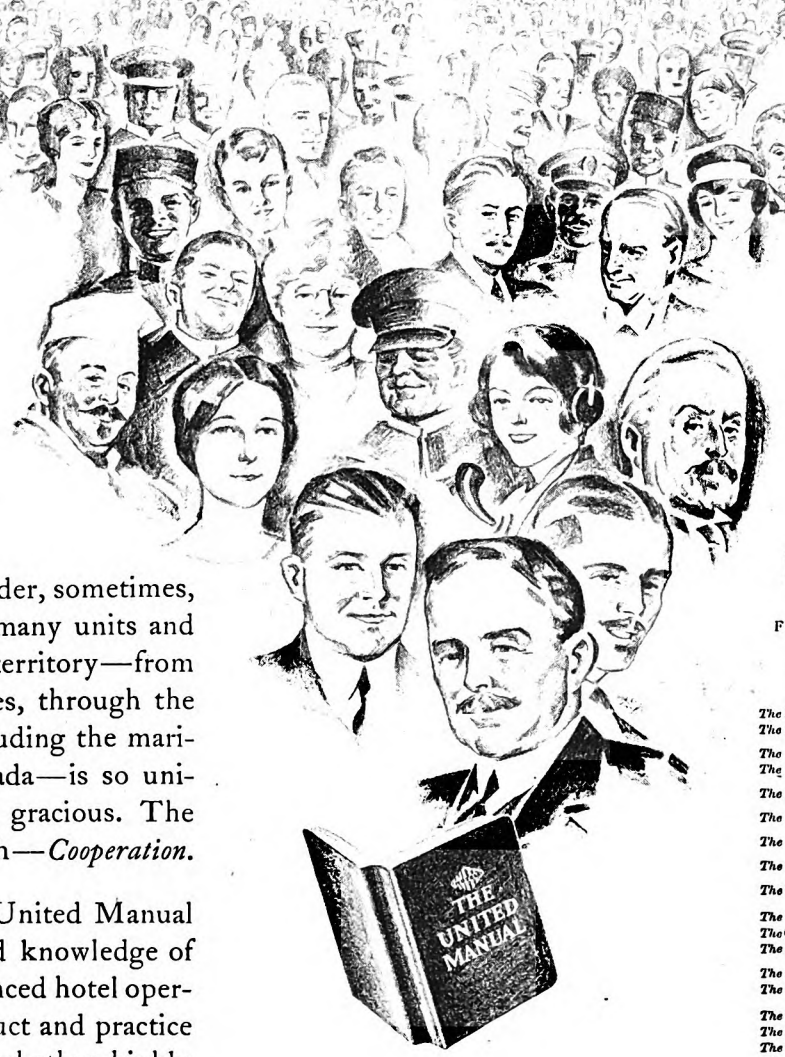

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his laboratory. My uncle, you should know, is a manufacturing chemist—"

"What sort of work was your husband engaged in—that he needed such a workshop?"

"Donald had a theory that light is an infinitely fine form of matter. Or rather, perhaps, fantastic as it might seem, that every form of matter—all physical substance—is a manifestation of the phenomenon known as light. The light we're able to see with our eyes is only one phase—a very crude phase—of light in its real essence. Donald was even ready to go so far as to claim that light is the real carrier of the other phenomenon known as life—that the life germ in every protoplasm is planted there by light, though it might be a form which man hasn't discovered."

"Darned interesting subject. Were you interested in it with him?"

"No," came the answer—a rueful answer—"not then. But I've learned a lot since, trying to find out how my husband could have vanished. Suddenly, in the midst of his intricate experiments, a change came in Donald. He began acting queerly. I noticed it at first in a sort of absent-mindedness—forgetting things—asking for objects right under his nose. I'd come on him at times staring into space. He often scared me badly. His face would hold a look as though his eyes had seen something that somehow hazed his brain. Over a period of time he grew steadily worse—"

"Didn't you ask what ailed him?"

"It should go without saying that he wouldn't tell me. I wondered for a time if he secretly took drugs—not a nice thing to think, yet a possible solution. I persuaded him to put several thousand dollars more insurance on his life, for the sake of the physical examination attendant on getting it. The physicians declared my husband's health was perfect."

"YOU don't suppose he'd stumbled on anything in his experiments that—that—?"

"I'm coming to my own ultimate solution—or, rather, my private explanation—although you may think the strain has turned my senses. His health was perfect, I say, yet his mental lapses grew steadily worse. He muttered to himself. Often he'd insist, in the queerest way, that someone accompany him if he went into town where he had to meet crowds. It got on my nerves. I worried a lot—that the stress of his research might be breaking down his brain. He'd learned, while abroad, to play the violin. I finally coaxed him to go back to his practice. Strange to relate, he acquiesced eagerly. It seemed to give him solace. The night he disappeared, we were going to hear Kreisler."

"Do you know that violin music, of the most mystical sort, has been heard about this hilltop?"

"No, but the idiot boy told me this evening that something taken for a phantom had been seen carrying 'a fiddle,' as he called it. He perplexed me by adding, however, 'that's how Joe knowed him.' I wasn't aware anyone up here knew of my husband's talent on that instrument. For he did have a talent."

"The Shape has been seen by several people, carrying something at times that resembled a fiddle-case. Go on with your story."

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"Have you ever been in Philadelphia? Do you know how whole blocks of houses are constructed with walls tightly abutting each other, so that the whole block looks like one long house?"

The topographer nodded.

"Even the residences in the swankiest districts often follow that construction. We lived in such a section, in the end house on the corner of a very narrow side street. Don had been late getting home from the plant. It made us late with dinner. We kept three servants, but all of them had been released for the evening, for some reason or other, by the time Don got dressed. I don't know whether the absence of the servants that night, something that mightn't have happened again the month around, had any bearing on what followed. But, anyhow, we were planning to lock the house until our return from the recital. We finally got out and Don hailed a cab. It pulled to the corner of that narrow side street and we were about to enter, when I happened to glance back. Don, with his customary absent-mindedness, had left all the lamps burning on the floor abovestairs. It seemed a foolish waste of current. It was misting somewhat, but Don said he'd go back."

"THE taximan was witness that he entered the house?"

"Of course Don entered the house. I got into the machine—we hadn't wanted to bother with our own car. The driver backed the taxi from the corner to our front door. We know Don went within, because both of us, the driver and I, heard the door slam, and a moment later we saw the second-floor lights go off. Whereupon we waited for Don to come out."

"You were right in front of the door then, were you?—so he couldn't have come out without your seeing him?"

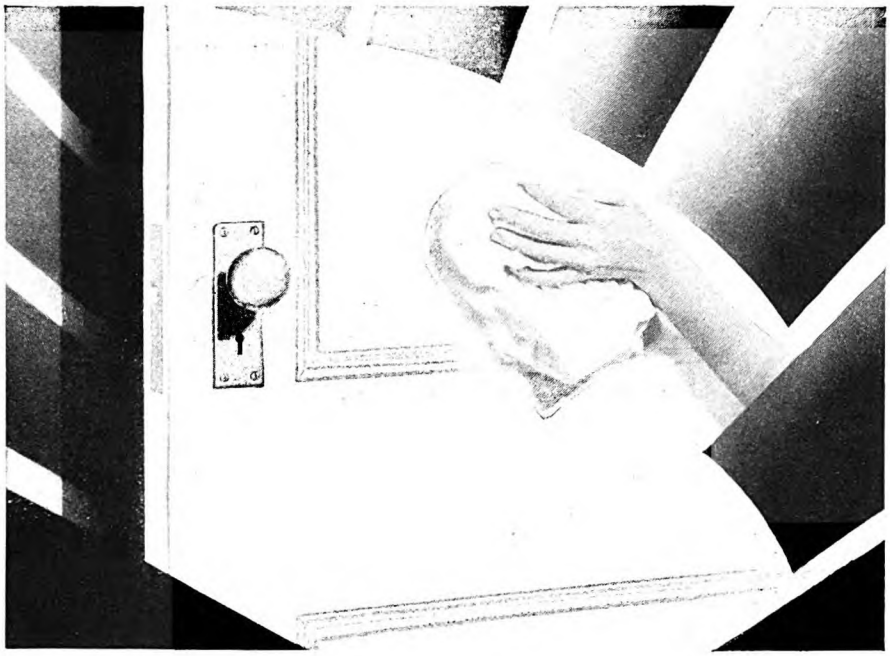
"We were right before the door. And he didn't come out. I soon got alarmed and went in to see what kept him. As I said, he'd let the door snap closed on entering the hall; but I had my own latch-key in a compartment on my wrist bag. I didn't light any lights at first. I simply called and waited for an answer. But I got no response. Then I did something that heightened the mystery later, though at the time unwittingly; not liking the taximan's looks and fearing he might follow me in, I slipped the chain-hook in place on the inner side of the street door while I took a look abovestairs. Later, on descending, I saw that the hook was still in place."

"How did that action heighten the mystery?"

"Why, it proved that Donald hadn't slipped out from below while I had gone abovestairs. That was most important. In fact, during the next half-hour I made the discovery that every window and door of our home, precisely like that vestibule exit, *was locked from inside*. Don had gone into his own house and absolutely vanished. Nowhere could I find him and neither could the officers."

"Officers!"

"Police whom I called when panic later seized me. Think of it! Not a sign of him was anywhere. I looked in every room, closet, pantry, and possible hiding-place. I even went so far as to look in chests and hampers. The taximan had grown tired



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waiting. He came to the door and punched the bell angrily. I sent him for an officer. With this officer's flash-light we again searched the premises. Not a sign of Don was anywhere, not a mark of a struggle, not a clue to his whereabouts. The whole interior of our home was absolutely normal except for one item."

"Yes? What was that?"

"Our lights had blown out. When I first went in and called, I turned the hall switch before going upstairs. I made the discovery that a fuse had defaulted. I assure you I was frightened. My first thought was, Don hadn't come out because he might have touched a wire and got himself 'burned,' as he called electrocution. I made my first round of the premises by the light of a candle I kept on my vanity. Later the officers found the faulty fuse. A short circuit was responsible, yet nowhere could they find it."

IRENE halted. So quiet it was, that from the far corner of the yard came the low voice of the chauffeur talking to the maid. Through the two opened windows their voices could be heard.

"Well," concluded the woman, "that's how Donald vanished. Detectives came and fine-combed the premises. They put microscopes on door locks and window catches. They even found a trapdoor to the roof I hadn't known existed—yet it hadn't been disturbed—a cobweb showed them that. The night passed. The next day. The newspapers got hold of it. All sorts of cranks offered explanations. But the mystery only heightened. My husband had gone off without proper clothes, without taking luggage or much money, without settling his affairs, without a single thought—apparently—of the plight it meant to me. From that day to this, I haven't had a clue to him. Now comes this word of a phantom about the Homestead."

"You said you had some personal explanation?"

Irene hesitated. "Do you know anything about . . . vibration, Mr. Forsythe?" she asked.

"Something," he answered. His cool eye was acquiring a gradual respect for this winsome young widow who mightn't be a widow.

"Do you know that researchers have arrived at a point where they seem to have proved the disintegration of physical matter, its conveyance through a solid, and its concrete rebuilding into its original pattern?"

John shook his head skeptically.

"You can take my word for it, *I've actually seen it happen.* I saw a beautiful rose in a vase on a mantel on one floor of a house dissolve into air. A while later that identical flower was reassembled on a table two floors above, in the midst of a group of people, two closed and locked doors intervening and neither of them opened while the thing was happening."

"I don't believe it!"

"No? And neither does an African negro believe in ice. I tell you I've seen it happen, because I had marked the flower with a small, secret mutilation that no one else knew about. The rose, when it reappeared, had that private mutilation."

"Granted such a thing can happen, what's its relation to the mystery of your husband?"

"I'm on the verge of accepting, therefore, that there may be such a thing as some disassociation of the cells of the body—a dissolution into original cosmic energy perhaps—that can permeate or escape through such solids as walls—"

"Stuff and nonsense, Mrs. Cravenside!"

"I'm on the *verge* of accepting it, I say. Whether this disappearance of my husband proves or disproves it, is something to be determined. But I've traveled in India and seen things there that balk the understanding. Since Donald vanished I've done much investigating. Physicists like Lodge and Millikan—to say nothing of Faraday and Maxwell, who laid the groundwork—have demonstrated that matter as we know it, even the substance of our bodies, is nothing in the final analysis but a manifestation of etheric energy. Break down matter into atoms, break down atoms into electric granules, and you find the basic unit of all earthly substance is a so-called electron revolving around a proton. In other words, as I understand it, there's no such thing as matter. There's only electric energy manifesting *of*, and *in*, the ether. If Dr. Millikan in California can send his cosmic rays through twenty feet of solid lead, why mayn't the cosmic energy that represents an assembled human body find its way through the walls of a house? Is that more unique than hearing radio waves in a locked vault a hundred feet beneath the ground?"

John Forsythe sat speechless. He finally shrugged his shoulders. "I might accept disintegration," he declared, "but the thought of reappearance is preposterous."

"Well," began Irene, "after all, people don't *normally* go through doors or windows and then *lock them* on the inside! And there's an old chemist in Donald's laboratory who's succeeded—"

SHE paused. Someone, apparently, was entering the yard. The Airedale barked noisily. They heard swift footsteps, the sound of tense voices.

"She's in the house there," the chauffeur said audibly.

The footsteps came nearer. Someone scuffed on the doorstone at the porch before the kitchen. John Forsythe arose. A man was coming in.

He was a short, stout man in a bowl-like straw hat, with short-cropped chin-whiskers. His vest was unbuttoned on a shirt of blue gingham. Soiled, rumpled trousers were thrust in rubber boots.

"Hello, Joe Gleason," greeted the surveyor.

"I heard Mis' Cravenside—Don Cravenside's woman—was over here with you."

"Yes, this is Mrs. Cravenside. She's just reached Lotusville within the past hour."

"Hives said she was here. Say, you an' she oughta get up t' ol' Caleb's place. I run over here t' tell you."

"What about Caleb's place? You mean the hill Homestead?"

"Yeah. Batty Baldwin see a light in it, few minutes ago. He remembered th' Haunt and aimed t' investigate. The light went out 'fore he got t' th' top—o' th' driveway fr'm th' road. But he claims he's seed Donald. Donald's up in it. More'n that though . . . they's *another spook with him!*"

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John turned and faced Irene.

"Apparently," he laughed, "comes the mountain to Mohammed!" It was a nervous laugh, however. John Forsythe was upset.

"What had we—what had we—better—do?" The woman stood up. Her fingers gripped her hat.

"How do you feel? Do you want to go up?"

"We should go up, shouldn't we? I meant to do so, anyway."

"How many people have been told of this?" Forsythe asked the man.

"Well, Batty come int' th' store excited. Hives had jus' told us Mis' Cravenside was down here. Parker Fitch an' Mike Austin heard Batty's story. They said they'd wait by th' Rock till you joined us. They wanted t' be sure first 'twasn't you Batty 'd seen."

"He really saw someone, did he?"

"He says he stood waitin' at th' edge o' th' hilltop orchard f'r th' light t' appear again, when somethin' went past him fr'm that big clump o' lilacs. Toward th' door o' th' shed. Went right int' th' shed, Ol' Batty claims, *without openin' th' door.*"

"Keep tight hold of your imagination, Joseph."

"That's what Batty said."

"And there's no one up there yet? They're down by the Big Rock?"

"Yep, they said they'd wait."

"ALL right. You go back and tell them to take the Hebron highroad. Tell them to come up from the house at the front. If anyone tries to escape that way they'll see him, or meet him—"

"They's two, Batty holds."

"All right, suppose there are. Mrs. Cravenside and I will go up through the mowing. That'll cover the rear. We'll meet on the hilltop. But be sure you light no lights!"

"Don't worry. No one will."

"All right. Get going. I don't suppose anyone at the store has a gun?"

"Not as I know on."

"Well, whatever happens, don't allow any shooting. We're going on the basis that live human beings are raising all this upset. Besides, you might mistake one another. Now, hurry along. Mrs. Cravenside and I will probably get there first—"

"Why not use my car?" Irene interrupted.

"No, a machine might warn off the intruders. Tell your maid and chauffeur to come up there later—say a half-hour. Get back to the boys, Joe Gleason. And while you're about it, suppose you make sure that LaFlemme youth has no knife. He's too ready to use one and we don't want any blood shed."

"A'right," answered Gleason. With a nod he hurried out.

"What's probably happened," John said to Irene, "whoever is responsible for starting these stories of a phantom, has learned of your arrival and been forced into action—"

"Action!"

"Well, maybe the possibility of your occupying the place has disarranged something or altered unknown plans. You tell your man to wait. If we need him we'll call him."

"It's near enough—the Homestead?"

"On a quiet night like this. Yes," John

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nodded. He yanked open a chest of drawers and took from within a sizable automatic. On their way through the kitchen, he procured a strong flash-lamp.

"How about your dog?"

"I'm locking him in the house here. He'd give us away."

The surveyor called the Airedale. Then he lowered the windows and closed all the doors. Irene gave instructions to the servants in the yard.

"This way," John indicated. "We'll skirt behind the barn."

THE evening was perfect. High molten stars were suspended in clear heavens. The moon was not yet risen, but along the western sky line lay a broad smear of pearl. Their path could be discerned in semi-reality—a faint, light thread winding through growing hayfields and up into dark.

"I'll go ahead," John volunteered. "There's dew on the grass, but not enough to wet you. If anything happens, make a bolt for that light."

"What light?"

"That light shining out of my rear kitchen window. There's nothing but open meadow between the hill and that window. You won't meet with mishap."

Off up through the meadow they wound, away from sheds, gnarled apple trees, farm implements. The night wind was warm on the awn of the fields. Gradually, as they climbed, the Forsythe premises became as a valley. Other trees appeared ahead.

Then a structure loomed above them.

A great ark of a house it was, facing the north. Its roof was high in the front, low in the rear, niggardly of eaves, and generous with chimneys. In the rear it ran out in ell, sheds, and barns. Ragged shrubbery grew everywhere. A nondescript orchard, trees barnacled with suckers, rolled down the slope to the east of the premises. And out toward the front, when the man and woman had skirted some hogpens, Irene saw the arc of a lone, rakish well sweep.

"Tired?" John whispered. He had halted by the silo.

"Not in the least. I'm too excited to be tired."

"Gleason can't even have had time yet to get to the others. Do you want to go in before the boys get here?"

"Supposing we're taken for two ghosts ourselves?"

"I'd soon settle that. Let's try the shed. I think Gleason said its door had been—"

"*Hush!*"

"What's the matter?"

"I hear something!"

Close together they stood in the shadow of the hilltop, the hoary old silo rearing above them. The woman came only to John Forsythe's shoulder. Motionless they waited. . . .

"What did you hear?"

"I thought—it sounded—as though someone were trailing a hand along a wall—an outer wall—over twisted clapboards—listen!—*there it goes again!*"

John heard the sound. An icy fright-feather brushed up along his spine.

"Someone's in this barn above us," he whispered swiftly, softly. "They're pulling something. No, it's in the shed—"

"They're going from the barn into the shed, aren't they?"

"Y-Y-Yes—and if they're human, how the devil are they finding their way in the dark?"

Another spell of waiting. . . .

A cricket cheeped somewhere beneath grass-buried planks. In a farmhouse in the valley toward the north, a dog barked sullenly. As the evening deepened, the piping of frogs grew thinner and thinner. No other sounds. The quiet was eternal.

"Let's steal along the wall," John whispered. "We'll cross along the barn-front and get closer to the ell."

He helped the courageous woman up a mossy embankment, across a yard-space frowsy with chickweed. They got in the gloom of the long connecting ell.

Suddenly, plain, distinct, panic-starting, came a *bump* within the shed! The woman clutched Forsythe. His arm went about her—a masculine instinct. He felt her whole figure, electrically soft.

"Did they drop something or collide with something?" she whispered.

"I'd say, if I was asked, they knocked something over."

John's next impression was a tension of her fingers. But even as he felt them, he heard a long rasp.

A door was opening—a door with rusty hinges. Again the hinges creaked. The door was being closed.

Irene gave a gasp. John's hand pressed her mouth.

They both saw the Thing that had come from the shed.

Most of that hilltop lay eastward. The shed door opened likewise. From the vicinity of that door, eastward into the cleared space moved a vague silhouette—a phantom Shape in starlight—proceeding carefully—heading toward the orchard. A low wall divided the yard from that orchard. In a straight line toward it the silhouette advanced. And then, before it vanished, John Forsythe aimed his flash-light.

DOWN in the mowing he had adjusted its focus. A long, bluish beam now cut through the dark. . . .

"*OH!*" cried Irene.

The light-ray "picked up" the Shape by the wall. Standing motionless an instant, one foot advanced as though feeling for some cue, *paused a bareheaded woman, hair loosened to her waist!*

"Good Lord!" gasped Forsythe.

Tall she appeared, in an old-fashioned frock that fell nearly to her ankles. Both her arms were outstretched as though walking in sleep.

"Who is she? Is she real?"

The figure turned about. She seemed to have heard.

Both hands held before her, she came directly toward them.

Uncanny, it was. Irene squealed in terror. The creature's eyes were closed. Suddenly they opened. Straight into John's light-beam she came on without flinching. . . .

And then, as though to warn her, came another mystery.

From the shadows of the orchard, clear as a bell-note, pure as a chord from a flute in Arcadia, came a strain of sweet music!

Violin music!

It halted the figure. Arms still held before her, puzzled, she listened. . . .

(*To be continued*)

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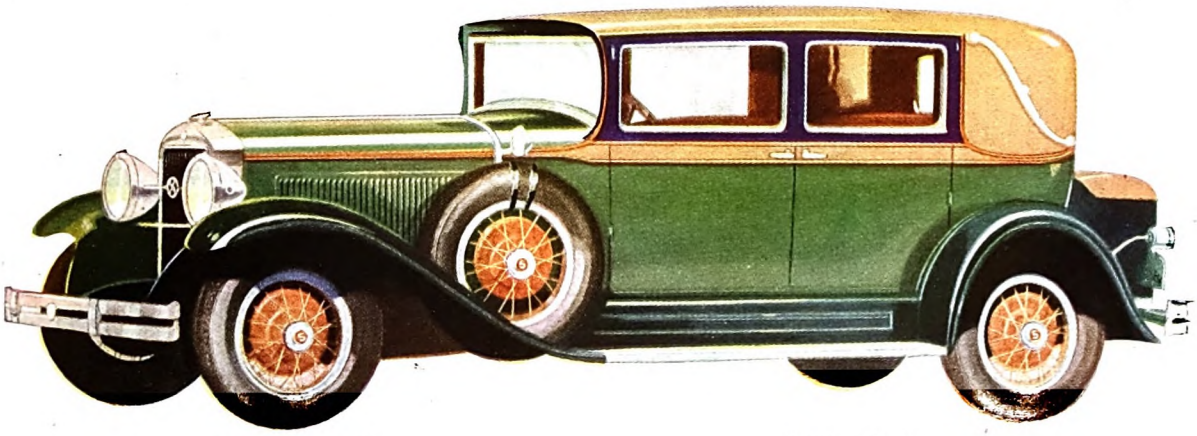

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How Big Men Think and Act

(*Continued from page 30*)

then in interpreting what we have observed.

"So important do I regard thorough training in observation that I would make the educational process for all children hinge upon it. I would send school children outdoors to discover how many kinds of trees, birds, and insects they can find. Presently, I would send them back to note the colors, shapes, and other distinguishing characteristics of various species. Children thus taught would come to learn, as we all should do, that accurate observation is one of the most important things in life. Gradually, they could be trained to observe and draw conclusions with reference to more abstract things.

"I REMEMBER the incident which first brought home to me the importance that big men attach to accurate observation. It had been my habit, when taking a vacation, to go to some part of the world where I could learn something. In 1906, I took my vacation in Panama because the Canal was then under construction and I was interested in the big project. The time I had planned to spend there was only half up when I received a cable from my New York office saying that President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, wished me to handle the company's publicity. I was asked to return at once, and to call on Mr. Cassatt on the day of my arrival.

"It was my understanding that President Cassatt had already made inquiries about my work and that at the forthcoming conference I should be expected to lay before him suggestions with reference to a public relations policy for the Pennsylvania. Sailing north I had plenty of time to realize how inadequately I was prepared for anything of this sort. I knew very little about railroading. Aboard ship there were no facilities for getting information. I could think of not a single suggestion directly concerning the Pennsylvania which seemed really worth while.

"Wondering what in the world I should find to say to Mr. Cassatt, I called at his office on the morning of my arrival.

"'How are they getting along down on the Isthmus?' he asked; and in answer I told him some of the things I had seen and heard.

"'What are they doing about malaria?'

"I gave him the details I had on this.

"'What stage is their railroad construction in?' he asked; and I told him. As it happened, I had made quite a study of the Panama railroad situation, going over the line and talking with a number of engineers. Still, back in my head was the thought that my real ordeal, my confession of ignorance, was to come later. Not so!

"At the end of twenty minutes Mr. Cassatt rose as an indication of dismissal. With but a word to the effect that the facts I had given him were interesting, he accompanied me to the door, and said:

"'I understand you are going to take charge of our publicity. I'm glad to know that. I think you are going to like this work. I hope so.'

"'That,' I said to myself when I got outside, 'is the strangest interview I've ever had.' Presently, I came to realize its significance, and I realize it more and more as time goes on. At that time, Mr. Cassatt didn't care in the least about any suggestions I might have offered with reference to the Pennsylvania's publicity policy. He knew that I was unfamiliar with the conditions and had not studied the problem. What he *did* want to know was whether I could convey to him a picture of a situation with which I *was* familiar. With his experience, he knew that a man who is able to grasp the essential facts of one complicated situation, can be relied upon to do the same with almost any other. Also, I believe he must have realized what I, too, have come to realize: *That the man who can really grasp and understand a problem can almost certainly be relied upon for the judgment that will enable him to contribute something toward its solution.*

"Years later I had an experience of a somewhat similar sort with John D. Rockefeller, the elder. It confirmed my impression that men of big affairs are on the alert to test, as to their power of observation, the employees on whom, in one way or another, they must always rely.

"On this occasion I went to Pocantico Hills to lay before Mr. Rockefeller a plan regarding a certain project that had been under consideration for some time. I was full of the subject, and enthusiastic; and I felt, after long study, that I had hit upon just the plan that would meet the situation. Mr. Rockefeller listened attentively for fully half an hour while I presented my views, together with all the facts and conviction at my command. Upon concluding, I felt certain that he was convinced. But Mr. Rockefeller said quietly:

"'Now, will you kindly state all the disadvantages you can think of in connection with the plan you propose.'

"Accommodating myself to that request, I did the best I could, presenting all the objections I knew of. This time, when I finished, Mr. Rockefeller said: 'Very well. I'll think it over.' Then, in his keen way, with a twinkle in his eye, he said: 'Your arguments on the affirmative are slightly better than those on the negative. However, I see that you have given some thought to both sides.'

"FROM my experience I should say that one of the greatest defects that any young man can have is *thinking that he knows a thing when he actually does not know it.* Ask a young man of this type whether he is familiar, for instance, with the organization of the League of Nations, and he will tell you quite positively that he is. But inquire a little deeper as to what he knows about the Council and the fundamentals of its procedure, and you will find that he really is not familiar with it at all. And the vital thing I stress here is *not* his ignorance on this particular subject, but the fact that *he does not know that he doesn't know.* For this shows that his training is sadly lacking in at least one respect, and one on which his whole future depends—thorough and accurate observation."

"A moment ago," I remarked, "you said there were five outstanding characteristics which men of large affairs have in

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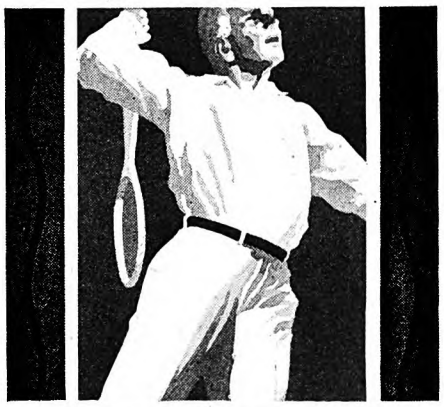

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common. So far you have named two. What are the other three?"

"*Frankness* is one of them. Straightforward in his own dealings, the man of big responsibilities is quick to sense and to distrust subterfuge. Only the other day I attended a meeting of the directors of an important corporation at which one of the officers read a proposal submitted by a real estate man, concerning a transaction involving the purchase of a site. Having read the report leisurely and having commented upon it fairly, the officer tossed it upon the table with this remark: 'When I got through talking with that man my impression was that I should never believe a word he said unless I could back it up with proof. He isn't frank.'

"In other words, the cleverly compiled report made a much better impression than the real estate man did personally; and as far as his relations with that corporation were concerned, the personal impression he made upon one of its officers was final.

"I REMEMBER the day in 1914 when the younger Mr. Rockefeller summoned me to the first conference I ever had with him. A strike was then in progress among the employees of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The attitude of Mr. Rockefeller and his father, and even their connection with the company, were widely misunderstood. Public disapproval based on this misunderstanding was so intense that it had become a serious matter.

"'I feel that my father and I are much misunderstood by the press and the people of this country,' said Mr. Rockefeller in opening the conversation. 'I should like to know what your advice would be about how to make our position clear.'

"'As I see it,' I answered, 'there is just one thing to do. The coal operators should make their story available to the newspapers, saying whatever they have to say over their own signatures and taking full responsibility for the accuracy.'

"'I have had a good deal of advice on this subject,' returned Mr. Rockefeller after a moment's reflection. 'I have been advised to buy great quantities of newspaper space, and even to start a newspaper of my own. However, such methods do not appeal to me. This is the first advice I have had that does not involve deviousness of one kind or another. The obviousness of the course you recommend *does* appeal.'

"For fourteen years now I have been associated in an advisory capacity with the Rockefellers; and I am as certain as mortal can be that this association would not have come about had I recommended on the occasion I have referred to anything but a course of the utmost frankness.

"Again and again in my experience with the elder Rockefeller this same habit of direct dealing has shown itself in an interesting way. Some years ago, when conditions caused practically everyone to realize that bad times were ahead for business, a certain newspaper publisher desired to obtain from him an optimistic statement to the effect that, with the turn of the year, prosperity would begin. It was my duty to send this request to Mr. Rockefeller. In reply, I received a memorandum in his own handwriting:

"'Always willing to pay the price for my own mistakes; never willing to see the other fellow go broke on my fool guesses.'

"In 1918, I was in London on a mission with the late Henry P. Davison, who had resigned as a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company to serve for the duration of the war as Chairman of the Red Cross War Council. On one occasion, shortly before we were ready to leave for Paris, Mr. Davison spoke of the difficulty Red Cross workers in France were having in getting cigars that were fit to smoke. Later, he handed me a list, the names of a number of men who were doing extraordinarily fine work for the Red Cross in France. 'I'm going to give each one of those men a box of cigars,' he said. 'What do you think of the list?'

"After looking it over, I named a certain man whose name was not on it. 'He would certainly appreciate receiving a box of cigars from you,' I said.

"For a moment Mr. Davison said nothing—just looked at me in surprise. 'How could I have forgotten him?' he exclaimed suddenly. And the next instant he added: 'I'll tell you what we'll do! We'll send him *two* boxes!'

"'Why two?' I asked.

"'Because,' he answered, '*you* think he ought to have one and *I know* he should.'

"To my mind, this simple incident is a perfect illustration of another trait which I have found to be of vast importance in the careers of big men: *Enthusiasm!* By enthusiasm I do not mean merely self-driving energy, pep, ginger, snap, guts. I mean a kind of enthusiasm that shows itself in a particular way.

"It is an easy thing to dissect and criticize another man's idea, taking out of it its juice and vitality. The lesser man may do that. But the big man—accustomed to looking for new ideas and knowing how the worth-while idea begins with a germ, gathers a nucleus, and later develops its true magnitude—is likely to see in any idea that has merit far more than the originator of that idea.

"Mr. Davison was unquestionably the greatest business man with whom I have ever come in contact. His enthusiasm as well as his vision made him so. When you took any kind of proposal to him, he never began by trying to find its weaknesses, though he might find some later; his *first* concern was always to see if it didn't amount to more than you yet realized. One of his jobs was to pick men for positions in big corporations—the Bankers Trust Company, for instance. Never was a man better fitted for such a task, for he knew how to inspire the men he picked with enthusiasm and confidence.

"SHORTLY after the war began I came in contact for the first time with Charles M. Schwab, and as a result did some work for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. That first job required plenty of good sense and strenuous activity. Toward the end of the fourth month—I had been so busy with the work itself that it had never occurred to me to send in a bill—Mr. Schwab called me into his office one day and said, 'How do you pay for your groceries?'

"Not realizing at the moment what he was driving at, I answered in an equally light vein, 'Sometimes I solicit contributions from my friends!'

"'I just wanted to say,' went on Mr.

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GETTING ALONG SOMEHOW

CERTAINLY they're getting along. One of the youngsters sells papers at the station every night. Another sells its playtime for a few pennies, looking after the more fortunate children of neighbors. Mother addresses envelopes, at fifty cents a thousand, until far into the wee hours of the morning. And, once in a while, when things pinch TOO much, she sells some of the furnishings that beautified the home they ONCE knew.

Certainly they're getting along, but in a way that is one of the big tragedies of American home life. A life of plenty while the head of the family lives — a life of want as soon as he goes.

For procrastination, mind you, is often more than the thief of time. When it tempts a man to put off securing adequate life insurance

protection for his family, it's a thief of futures — of comfort — of lives.

The time to provide adequate life insurance protection for your family is TODAY. Telephone the nearest Provident Mutual representative NOW. Ask him to tell you about Provident

Mutual PLANNED, low net cost insurance. Or, if you don't know his address, write to the company itself. There's always one tomorrow that never comes.

Low Rate ~ Low Cost

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

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Schwab, 'that you've done a good job for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. We should like to make it worth your while, and we are ready to pay anything you ask. How much is it?'

"'Putting it that way makes me reluctant to name any figure,' I said. 'I should prefer to have you name it.'

"'But I don't know anything about your business and what you ought to get. I'll have to leave it entirely with you.'

"'Probably you have a figure in mind which you think would be fair,' I said. 'I, too, have such a figure. Write yours on a piece of paper, and I'll write mine. We'll split the difference.'

"Each of us wrote down the sum he had in mind. Comparing them, we found that I had written ten thousand dollars and Mr. Schwab had written twenty thousand. 'All right!' exclaimed Mr. Schwab.' You've lost and I've won five. I owe you fifteen thousand dollars.' And that was the amount of the check.

"I HAVE found that the biggest men are the simplest, the humblest, the most trusting, and they show their *faith* in human nature in notable ways. Once they have come to believe in a man, they are ready to believe implicitly, to trust him to the limit, and hold nothing back.

"Wallace Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is one of the finest executives I have ever known. His desk is always clear. Everything that comes up he refers immediately to the subordinate who should handle it. He is always ready to receive recommendations from subordinates and always willing, if there is not some valid reason to the contrary, that they should spend immense sums of money in carrying out their own ideas. For an executive to do this requires *faith* and an ability to pick men who are worthy of his faith.

"Another thing: A word much in use nowadays—coöperation—is almost synonymous with the sense in which I am here using the term *faith*. The faith that big executives have in their fellow workers makes for coöperation and the greatness of many of our smooth-running, big business organizations. And I should say that the young man who cannot learn to get along with his associates, trusting them as they deserve to be trusted, appreciating their strong points while not oblivious of their weaker ones, is almost certain to lack that faith in human nature which invites coöperation and makes the true executive.

"I have heard it said that in the past the power to coöperate has been of much less importance in industrial achievements than the power to dominate. In recent decades the size of business enterprises and the scale of their operations have greatly increased. Probably they will continue to grow. Some thinkers on this subject have come to believe that the power of a dominant personality, which was of the utmost importance in the early years of pioneering industrial life, is far less effective in large-scale organizations. Sympathy, unselfishness, a tendency to play for the whole team, those things which enable a man to work effectively with others, are now, I believe, of greater importance to the success of the big executive, and of the young man who is coming on, than ever before."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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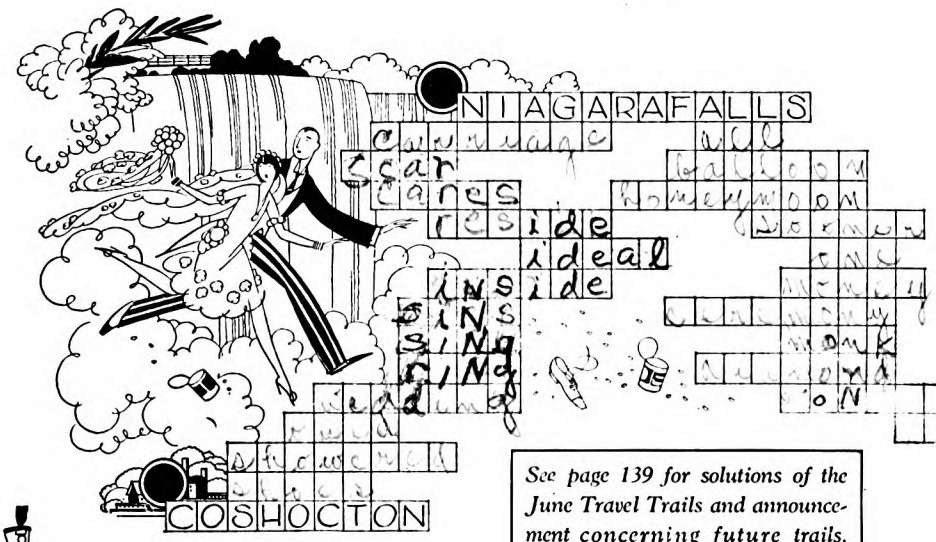
The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

Travel Trails

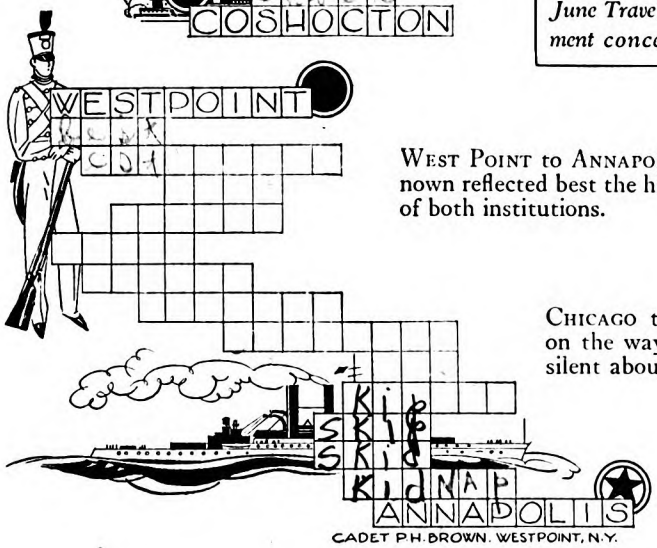
By Arthur Ebenhack and Loren Stout

Take Pleasant Trips Via Travel Trails



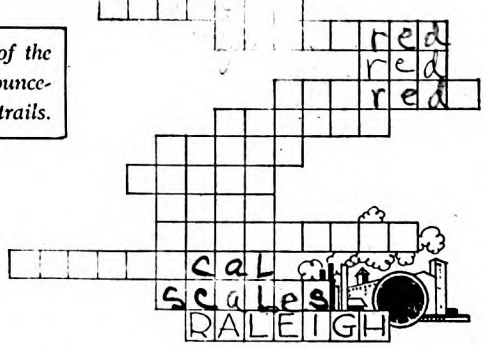
THE HONEYMOON TRIP. *Clue Paragraph:* Ideal young man wins most beautiful girl of home-town as his bride! Engaged! Diamond ring! Lovely trousseau! Clear day for the wedding ceremony! After the marriage, the happy couple, showered thrice with old red shoes and rice, escape in a balloon and leave for their honeymoon.

See page 139 for solutions of the June Travel Trails and announcement concerning future trails.

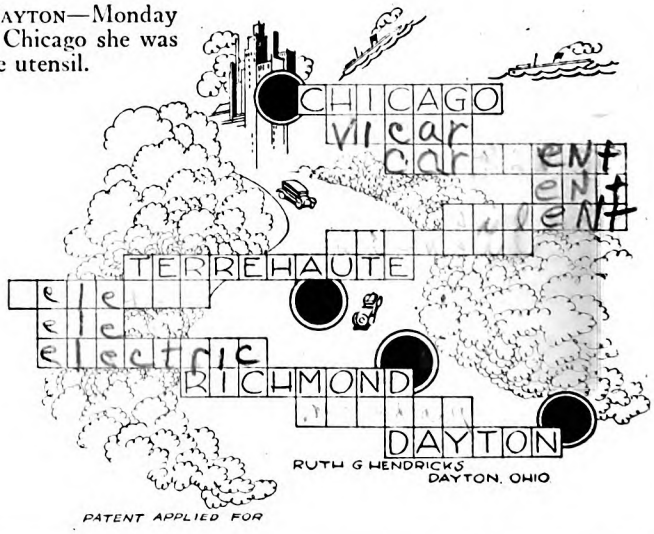


CADET P.H. BROWN, WESTPOINT, N.Y.

WEST POINT to ANNAPOLIS—His renown reflected best the high standing of both institutions.

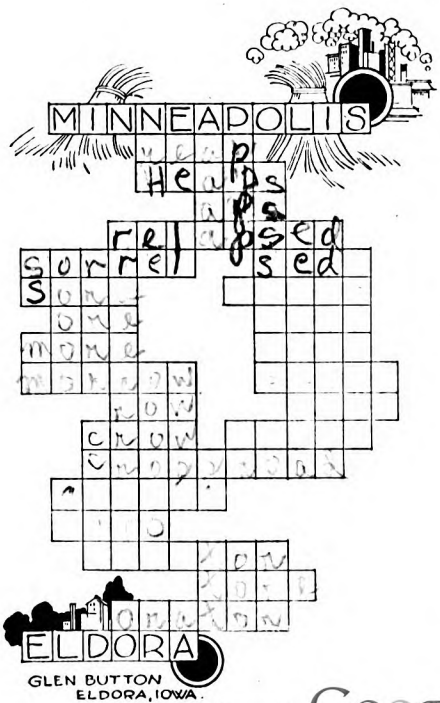


CHICAGO to DAYTON—Monday on the way to Chicago she was silent about the utensil.



RUTH G. HENDRICKS, DAYTON, OHIO

PATENT APPLIED FOR



GLEN BUTTON, ELDORA, IOWA.

MINNEAPOLIS to ELDORA—Reapmore rice for the morrow before a brown crow reaches the crossroad.

HOW TO FOLLOW A TRAVEL TRAIL

Each word must have exactly the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must have three consecutive letters that travel straight down (or up) through the same three letters in the word below (or above); and the word before the destination must also have three consecutive letters that travel into the same three letters of the destination, as illustrated by this sample trail solved for you.

The clue sentence with each trail contains a few of the words which can be used as legs of the journey. Proper names are not allowed in solving a trail, unless included in its clue sentence. A word cannot be used twice in the same trail. The solutions of the trails on this page will be published in next month's issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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J-M Asphalt Shingles in various shades of red or harmoniously blended, provide colorful variety to choose from.

Use these COLORFUL SHINGLES *to* MODERNIZE *your home*

A ROOF is something more than a means of keeping out the weather. It is the crowning touch on the appearance of the house it covers. To a great degree your pride in your home, and the opinion which others have of it is affected by the roof.

So it is of real importance to every home owner that Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles are now to be had in a new wealth of color, in new sizes and shapes—in a variety from which you may select a perfect roof for any house.

The very fact that these shingles are made by Johns-Manville is proof positive of their quality, their ability to stand up under years

STANDARD BLUE-BLACK—*no more popular shingle has ever been laid than this attractive J-M Blue-Black.*

of varying weather. For many years Johns-Manville has specialized in the production of roofing materials for every conceivable type of building.

But we have not been satisfied with utility alone. We knew that you could not buy better asphalt shingles than those of J-M make.

The cheerful, new colors of Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles add charm and value to a house at little cost.

We decided to see to it that their appearance was in accord with their quality. So we called in a committee of architects. The new colors are the choice of these men.

A House Must Be Modern to Be Valuable

No one wants to buy an old-fashioned house. One of the easiest, simplest, most economical means of modernizing the appearance of a house is to cover it with a bright, attractive roof of these modern J-M Asphalt Shingles. You can have them laid directly over your old roofing.

Johns-Manville Rigid *Asbestos* Shingles are

BRITTANY BLEND—*this combination of four rich shingles has been chosen for the roofs of thousands of attractive American homes.*

another famous J-M roofing. They are completely fireproof and will never wear out. J-M Asbestos Shingles never require replacements. You can be certain that the quality of any J-M roofing is the best that expert manufacturing skill can produce.

This is because Johns-Manville Shingles are the product of a great manufacturer who has specialized in roofing for over 50 years. Besides roofing the J-M trade mark is the stamp of authority and quality in many other products—these include insulation for all temperatures and all purposes; refractory cements, packings, industrial flooring, automobile brake lining and scores of other items

TILE RED—*for those who like the warmth of a rich red roof—these brightly toned J-M Tile Red Shingles.*

used by the nation's leading industries.

Mail us the convenient coupon or write us for any specific information you may wish about roofing your home.

Johns-Manville
ASPHALT SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York · Chicago · Cleveland
San Francisco · Toronto
(*Branches in all large cities*)

Send me the story of "A Roof for every Pocketbook."

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Address.....

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There Is No Other Tire Like It

The new *Dual*-Balloon principle *alone* has been successful in combining greater mileage with regular balloon low-pressure—and with this low-pressure there is the extra advantage of the longer wearing, non-skid tread which will carry you through season after season of safety and assurance. ~ ~ In this day of speedy stop-and-go traffic a more effective and permanent non-skid is essential. The tire that will not wear prematurely "bald" holds every assurance of security for many seasons to come. ~ ~ On all roads you want trouble-free travel, without the annoyance of a moment's attention to the tires, without the tension of tire worry—the new experience of never having a puncture or a moment's delay because of your rubber. ~ ~ Whatever particular feature you most desire you can take in full measure from the *Dual*-Balloon. The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

"Viewing the Grand Canyon. Painted by Walter Klett for the General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

—goes a long way to make friends

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Not *in the* Headlines

DOWN beneath the big, black headlines which, during the past few weeks, have heralded international heroes, the doings of great society leaders, the shame of men who failed their trust of power, of wealth, or of public position; down beneath all those events in which human beings have played dramatic parts, there has been a vast array of stories in small type, telling of the big little things of life. These have included acts of heroism, demonstrations of character, whimsical human adventures—all submerged by the articles commanding the headlines, yet still remembered and talked about in the communities throughout the United States where they happened, making life more worth living through their simplicity, sincerity, and kindliness

HONORABLE MENTION

That brave and kindly deeds may not be forever lost, honorable mention is accorded by THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE *to a few of these "mute, inglorious Miltons."*

FOR INSTANCE, Dave Carson is the driver of an oil truck in Nyack, New York. Recently, while in the business section of the town, his truck caught fire from overheated brake bands, sparks from which ignited oil and grease under the body of the machine. Thinking only of the danger to the lives of several hundred people in the street and adjoining buildings, Carson stuck to the wheel and raced the truck to the outskirts, where firemen helped put out the blaze before 2,000 gallons of gasoline in the tank were sufficiently overheated to explode.

Rufus Rand, of Minneapolis, recently performed one of the most generous of the acts not heralded in the big headlines. For years he has been building skyscrapers according to the steel-trussed plan which has been in use since tall steel buildings first rose in the Middle West. One day he discovered that L. S. Buffington, now a poor, broken old man of eighty-one, had originated in his youth a system for constructing office buildings with steel-trussed frames and had patented his idea, hoping to make money. The patent made possible the modern skyscraper, but most builders ignored Buffington's rights in the matter, while others innocently violated them. Eventually, so many builders did this that Buffington's patent became worthless to him. When Rand discovered this, he drew a large check covering royalties for all the skyscrapers he had built and sent it to the aged inventor, Buffington, so that in his sunset years he will be far from want.

Merle A. Moltrup, pilot of the Colonial Air Lines, while flying at an altitude of 2,500 feet over Silver Creek, New York, looked down and saw an isolated farmhouse bursting into flames. Swooping down close to the ground, he circled over the house and then back to the village several miles away. The inhabitants were aroused and drove in fast cars to the scene of the fire, reaching there in time to rescue two small boys from the burning house. This was the second time that Moltrup had given warning from the air of fires.

Mrs. Ervine Brown, wife of former Lieutenant Ervine Brown of the United States Navy, now living in Brooklyn, deserves honorable mention for honesty and self-sacrifice. Five years ago her husband misappropriated $124,000 from the Supply Corps fund. Mrs. Brown, learning of it, induced him to return the money he had left, about $85,000. While he went to prison, Mrs. Brown went to work, turning over her diamond ring, a gift before her marriage, and her savings of $2,000 in Liberty Bonds, all the money she had, toward payment of the balance. Mrs. Brown is working in a chain restaurant in Brooklyn, still paying off obligations. Her husband, now released, has joined her and is helping to square the debt.

Mrs. Leonard Lee, of Coleman, Texas, is the driver of one of the volunteer department's fire engines. She has already covered more than fifty fires. The chief complaint about her is that sometimes in the excitement she gets to the fire house and out before the volunteers arrive, which causes some embarrassment to the men. Mrs. Lee's chief complaint is that the truck to which she is assigned can make only fifty-five miles an hour. She has never had an accident.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has been holding a meeting out west to arrange to pay off in full all investors in his ill-fated newspaper enterprises. In refusing to take advantage of the bankruptcy law, he follows in the footsteps of the late Reuben R. Donnelley, the great Chicago printer. In 1905 Donnelley's firm failed for a tremendous sum and went through the hands of receivers, but Donnelley spent nearly twenty-four years of his life in devoting his splendid business ability to paying off every creditor at one hundred cents on the dollar. He finished the job six months before he died.

A. W. Stephenson, pioneer air-mail pilot for Montana, may be set down as one of the men who are determined that, crash or no crash, mail must go forward. Caught in a raging blizzard at a temperature of 55 degrees below zero, he was forced down on a lonely ranch between Butte and Helena, partly because his face was so frozen and swollen that he could no longer see. In spite of his injuries, he flagged a train and loaded his mail aboard; and early next morning, when he was able to get another plane, he went on to Salt Lake City to pick up his precious cargo again, without waiting for medical attention for his injuries.

RISING TO THE OCCASION

Newspaper headlines are filled with stories of men and women who went down to defeat in the face of adversity. But in the scattered communities of America there are daily examples of how difficult situations were overcome by the ingenuity that has become the chief characteristic of Americans.

FOR EXAMPLE, E. S. Sholin runs a fox ranch at Elko, Nevada. He discovered that his fancy foxes were mussing up their high-priced furs badly when they dug holes in the frozen ground. So he pondered over ways and means of keeping the fur in good condition. Finally he placed a number of badgers in the fox kennels. As he expected, the badgers promptly began digging their way out to freedom. As soon as they had dug deep enough, Sholin yanked them out and presented the holes to the foxes. Then he set the badgers to a fresh subway job. Sholin hopes to build up a thriving export trade in badger holes for the world's fur market.

A group of New York working girls, whose average wages are thirty dollars a week, found hall bedrooms and cafeterias incompatible with good work and preparation for advancement. Boarding-houses palled upon them, but they did not sit down and bemoan their fate. Instead, the group went to the Bowery Savings Bank and persuaded its officials to underwrite an $850,000 hotel for them. They are going to live in it, pay for it, and eventually own it on a straight business basis.

Old-fashioned paragons whose thirst for education led them to walk ten miles to a country school have little to boast about when Raymond Jaureguy, of Tacoma, Washington, is considered. Raymond commutes one hundred and eighty miles a day to attend the University of Washington. He leaves home in the dark hours of the morning, rides thirty minutes on a street car to the railroad station, where he takes a train for Seattle, and then he takes a street car to the campus, a total trip of ninety miles. "I study on the train," he says. "Nobody disturbs me." Jaureguy's scholastic standing is extremely high.

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COOLIDGE TO BUY USED WHITE HOUSE LIMOUSINE FROM U. S.

Northampton, Mass., March 11.—(AP) —Calvin Coolidge has decided to purchase the government limousine he used during his last year in the presidency. This was learned today when the former President met newspaper men in his law office here. Neither he nor

Don't let false pride keep you from enjoying a better car

EVERYONE rides in a "used" car for every car on the street is "used"! The newest model is a "used" car after you drive it around the block. A high quality six or eight, reconditioned and guaranteed by a Studebaker dealer, is a better buy and a better car than any cheaply built new one near its price.

Regardless of where you buy your car, or what make you prefer, send today for this valuable free book—"How to Judge a Used Car." It tells you frankly what to look for and what to avoid. Pictures and plain statements never before made public show you how experts buy cars for resale.

Send for Free Book

More than 145,000 people have been glad they spent 2c mailing a coupon—like the one below—to learn facts from this free book that saved them $200 or more on their motoring! Mail the coupon *now!*

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

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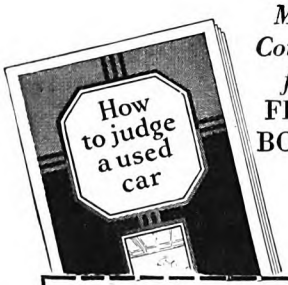
Mail Coupon for FREE BOOK!



THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept. 107, South Bend, Indiana
Please send me copy of "How to Judge a Used Car"

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Our Secret War

(*Continued from page 39*)

A. E. F. units, and also in warnings to the Washington and Chicago police of the race riots that followed their return. After the Armistice the Silent Watchers detected repeated efforts to incite American troops to Bolshevism, in Germany especially, and found Bolshevik messages hidden in a quarter of beef and a loaf of bread.

That other arm of counter-espionage, sometimes even of espionage, the I. P.—what a company was theirs! The Corps of Intelligence Police was probably the most romantic body of men in the A. E. F., suggesting the Foreign Legion or Walker's Filibusters. These picked spy hunters were picturesque from the start, when the first fifty were recruited largely in Old-World New Orleans, by mysteriously worded newspaper advertisements about work for daring men who spoke French and German. Daring men responded!

AS MIGHT have been expected, a few of that first fifty did not make good. But most did, and the Corps grew with the A. E. F., from whose ranks new recruits were picked, given probationary training, and finally made I. P. sergeants, of whom there were as many as four hundred and five, with thirty-four probationary candidates.

The I. P. learned to be just suspicious enough to realize that anyone or anything might be worth questioning or investigating. Often they worked alone, sometimes with the organization of the Silent Watchers, occasionally with the M. P. (Military Police) or the D. C. I. (Department of Criminal Investigation), which was the A. E. F.'s crime detective force.

Broadly, counter-espionage had two hunting grounds: at and near the front, and everywhere else. Contrary perhaps to general belief, the first gave less trouble than the second. Spies do not remain long at the actual front, especially in trench warfare.

The first American sector of the front was in a spies' paradise, north of Toul, facing the St. Mihiel salient. German Lorraine was near enough so that the civil population was somewhat mixed, and many spoke both languages. Crossing No Man's Land was rather safe, since the country was wooded and rough, the front quiet, as successful German desertions frequently showed. No wonder spy stories abounded while the First Division, and later the 26th, served their novitiate there. Dark forms flitted across No Man's Land, mysterious lights flashed, the Germans seemed to have uncanny knowledge of what we were doing, and the answer, of course, was "Spies!"

There were real German spies at the front sometimes, and to thwart them was part of the I. P.'s job. A group of them were attached to each Army and Corps area, to keep up a relentless hunt for strangers, men who could not account for themselves, no matter in what uniform, and to blind the enemy's secret eyes, by preventing among our own men careless talk that might be overheard, by listening

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in on telephone conversations, and by seeing that the secrecy rules about care of important papers and maps were obeyed. They even spread false rumors that G-2 wanted the Germans to hear.

Of course, most front-line Intelligence work was not what is called secret service. The greater part of it came under the other activities, such as observing from ground, airplane, or balloon, intercepting radio, flash and sound ranging, trench raiding, and patrolling No Man's Land at night. The principal object, practically the only one, of those various raids of which you read so much in wartime newspapers, was to gather information; a swift swoop upon a vulnerable point in the line opposite, a quick return with prisoners if possible, or, if not, with shoulder straps and other identifying insignia from the dead, papers, maps, whatever could be found hurriedly in dugouts or trenches.

On the actual front, the only disguise for a German agent was an American or Allied uniform. They tried both, as some doughboys know, especially those of the Second and Twenty-eighth Divisions. The first time the Second ever were in the trenches, near Verdun, a party of Germans in French uniforms, crying *"Français! Français!"* came close, then threw hand grenades, but were routed. The Pennsylvania Guardsmen's experience was more disastrous. The Germans retook Fismettes on the Vesle partly because Germans in American uniforms shouted orders to retreat, even naming an American officer who they said had given the orders. For some time after that there was a standing order in the Twenty-eighth Division that anyone commanding a retreat, no matter who he was, should be shot on the spot.

THERE is no official record of the execution of a spy by the A. E. F. But that does not mean that none who spied on the A. E. F. were executed. Many things happened at the front that never got into official reports. One reason why our records show no German spies killed is that we turned them over to French and Belgians, who usually did not hesitate. In the last few days of the war, the Ninety-first Division, from the Pacific Coast, reached the important town of Audenarde on the Scheldt. Their advance patrols going down to the river were fired on heavily and accurately by German machine guns on the opposite bank, and had to take shelter. Then a little knot of dark-clad Belgian civilians, four years under German domination, came dragging or pushing one of their number.

"Espion! Espion!" they cried. "We have seen him signal the American position to the German machine gunners."

They took him to Captain A. A. Hopkins, chief of the Ninety-first's Silent Watchers, who questioned him, aided by the officer commanding the Belgian gendarmes accompanying the Division for this very purpose. Witnesses and commander (King Albert), all were Belgians, and to them Captain Hopkins turned over the suspect.

If he spied, it was against Americans, but if he was executed, it was by Allies. So with all the enemy agents the A. E. F. caught.

Behind the front, on the Services of Supply, there was less mystery—and

What better proof of quality *than a Surety Bond ?*

Not only built to stand abuse, *but Bonded against abuse*

WE say Dunlop Tires are built so strong they will stand even the severest abuse. How can we prove that statement to your complete satisfaction? You have heard tire claims before. So Dunlop goes further than making claims. Dunlop Tires are *bonded* to make good. A great surety company says to you, *under bond* . . . "if your Dunlop Tires do not fulfill every claim made for them, we will make good."

You know that a Surety Bond is the last word in certainty. And you know that a bonding company is extremely cautious about taking risks. Only the most honest employees, the best products, can be covered by a Surety Bond.

Dunlop tires must be much better tires, to earn such confidence. And Dunlops *are* better. Forty-one years of tire building experience . . . the strongest long-staple Egyptian cotton . . . the toughest tread compound known . . . the finest processed rubber . . . make Dunlops better.

This Surety Bond answers every question you have about a tire

WHAT questions do you ask yourself about a tire? Will it stand rough driving, abuse? Are the side walls strong and sturdy? Will it blow out? How long will it wear?

The Dunlop Surety Bond guarantees Dunlops against blowout, rim-smash, accident, collision, under-inflation, . . . almost every conceivable tire hazard . . . for one full year.

Dunlop is the one tire which can be bonded in this way for one full year, even on heavy hauling trucks. You know what truck service means. You know that a tire good enough to be guaranteed on trucks, must deliver much longer than average wear on a car like yours.

The Surety Bond itself answers every tire question you could have. Mail the coupon for a specimen bond.

Send for Specimen Bond

If you still wonder . . . if you would like to see just how ironclad and how binding this Dunlop Surety Bond has been made . . . send today for a Specimen Bond. We want you to read its provisions for yourself. The coupon makes it easy. Tear it off now . . . your free Specimen Bond will be mailed you at once.

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Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

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soothing to eyes

Swimming, motoring and other outdoor activities often cause even the strongest eyes to burn and become bloodshot. When this occurs, apply a few drops of soothing, cooling *Murine*. Almost instantly the burning sensation will disappear, and before long your eyes will be clear and bright again.

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probably more spies. The area was far greater—all of France but that four-hundred-mile strip from the North Sea to Switzerland so filled with pitfalls for the spy as to be virtually impregnable. Besides, much of the really big information was not at the front, but in the rear; in Paris, the capital; at munition factories, at ports where troops were always landing, at centers such as Tours, headquarters of our Services of Supply, or even the various General Headquarters, Chaumont, Montreuil, Provins.

Every General Headquarters, Allied and German, was watched, and Chaumont must have been watched also, although there is good authority for saying that no German agents were caught there nor any important leak detected. We had no American agent at German G. H. Q. at Spa, but probably we were represented there by loyal Russians who had not deserted to the Revolution. The French, also, were represented at Spa. Guessing that, the Germans had special personal guards for the Kaiser, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff. Though Marshal Foch usually chose small, secluded places for his headquarters, he was watched most of the time, knew it, and joked about it. He even made camouflaged trips to lead his watchers astray.

When General Pershing first reached France, he objected to having anyone assigned to guard him, but Colonel Moreno did it anyway. A former New York newspaper man checked the Commander's goings and comings, and guarded him.

This faithful shadow accompanied the American Commander wherever he went, and once probably prevented an attempt to assassinate him. Whenever General Pershing appeared at public ceremonies, his I. P. guard "covered" the crowd. About twenty feet ahead of the General, he searched for suspicious or unfriendly faces, but especially for men with hands in pockets or women with hands in muffs.

Came an occasion in 1918 when General Pershing passed through a narrow passage in "some place far behind the front," preceded by his guard, whose eyes searched the friendly crowd. Suddenly he pounced upon a woman of rather evil aspect, seized both wrists almost hidden in a brown fur muff. From the muff, he snatched a loaded revolver.

The woman was borne off to local G-2 headquarters. The crowd cheered. General Pershing went on.

Unfortunately, the veil of G-2 still hides the rest of the story—who the woman was, and why the revolver. Hardly for target practice.

ALL told, G-2, S. O. S., commanded by Colonel Cabot Ward, handled 3,706 cases of suspected espionage or disloyalty. The hunt located twenty-six German agents, who were dealt with variously—some allowed to continue sending reports that were intercepted and falsified, some fed false information, some interned, some expelled from the S. O. S., or from France.

In all France there was no greater crossroad of the secret war than Paris. What a place for spying! Full of Government officials, politicians, Ministries of War and Marine, munition factories, thousands of officers and soldiers of every rank from every army and every front, glad to have shaken off the strain and restraint of the front, careless, bibulous, amorous. There were plenty of German agents there, of course. Some were caught—mostly the clumsy ones. Many more undoubtedly worked on, continually sending precious information to Germany by unknown routes. So Paris, more than any one place, worried G-2-B.

That was one reason why, during the fighting, the A. E. F. issued as little Paris leave as possible to our inexperienced and ingenuous young soldiers; why also G-2-B managed to know something about what those did who got there. They were warned, officers especially, to be careful what they said, especially to chance acquaintances, most of all to feminine chance acquaintances. "Most of those little ladies are working for one secret service or another, German or Allied," said the wise ones. "Aw, hell!" said the foolish, and never knew why they were transferred away from important jobs, or, perhaps, just not promoted.

Rather a rigorous crowd, the I. P., guarding the meshes of their web over France. Their password, "*Sairveece!*" took them anywhere, day or night. Sometimes they were in uniform; sometimes not.

AN I. P. was summoned one day to the counter-espionage in Gievres, one of the greatest centers of the Services of Supply, where there was constant fear of enemy spying.

"Do you want a dangerous mission?" asked his chief.

"Yes, sir," replied the I. P., his dark, sharp face lighting, large eyes eager.

"Do you speak good Spanish? Can you pass as a Spaniard among Spaniards—and not get caught?"

"Yes, sir," the I. P. said, still more eagerly. "I lived seven years in Madrid as a boy."

"Good," said his chief. "At a little place called Selles-sur-Cher, near Gievres, we are building the largest refrigeration plant in the A. E. F., the third largest in the world, to store food en route to the front. There is a lot of civilian labor—Maltese, Belgian, Greeks, Swiss, but mostly Spaniards. We have checked up on them, and they're guarded, but there's something wrong. I can't tell you more than that. We'll get you in among them, and you'll have to find out what it is. But we hear they're a tough crowd. Watch yourself."

Pedro Padilla from Madrid came to the Spanish labor camp at Selles-sur-Cher, dirty and ragged, but with a sharp, intelligent face and good recommendations, so he got a job at nine francs a day. He walked through the gate into an atmosphere that, to his sensitive faculties, seemed oppressive with danger.

Immediately he felt himself observed, object of suspicious glances, muttered words, by the polyglot dwellers there, especially the Spaniards whose confidence he was to win. Two or three pointed out his soft, rather small hands and asked one another: "What sort of workman is this?" He was starting wrong, he sensed, so that evening, in the bunk house, he asked in a loud voice what work there was for a painter. "I'm no day laborer," he said. "They told me there was painting to do."

Had it gone over? He could not tell,

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and fell asleep, to dream of threatening swarthy faces, crowding close. He sprang awake, to find a flashlight thrust in his face, behind it the faces of two men he had seen talking, aloof from the rest.

"Get up," said one, "but be quiet. Come with us."

They led him to a dark recess, where they sat down, but kept him standing, with the light full in his face. Then began an ordeal he has never forgotten.

"Padilla," said the first, "you say you are a Spaniard from Madrid. Maybe you are. But you don't look like a workman. We know these Americans think there is something going on here, and blame us for it—thefts, or something, maybe German spying and sabotage. We know they are going to send a secret service man here. You may be that man."

The eyes of both seemed boring into the I. P., whose each particular hair arose and stood on end.

"If you are," the speaker's voice became ferocious, "we'll tear you limb from limb. If you aren't, you have nothing to fear. Now, answer our questions."

THEN began a grilling that was a third degree, conducted by the white-faced leader, aided by the other, who had been all his life in Madrid.

"Where did you live in Madrid?" the leader asked; then: "From that place, how would you get to such and such a school, such a church? What streets would you cross? Who was priest in that church? What kind of house did you live in? Who else lived there? Who lived next door? Across the way?"

Padilla quaked inwardly. But he really had lived in the Calle Zorrilla, Madrid, and most of the questions he could answer, or bluff through. He felt he was succeeding, as he saw, from the corner of his eye, the almost imperceptible nod with which the Madrid man told the leader he was answering correctly. The secret agent was winning the battle of wits. The leader seemed about to admit it, when the man from Madrid lifted heavy-lidded eyes and raised a massive, threatening arm.

"Let me try," he said. The I. P.'s heart sank.

"Who was Garibaldi?" his new inquisitor almost roared.

"Garibaldi?" Padilla exclaimed, cudgeling his brains. "Why, an Italian patriot, I suppose."

"Nobody from Madrid would say that," the Spaniard said ominously. "Who was Garibaldi? Answer me!"

Like a flash of light came a childhood memory.

"That was the nickname for that old half-wit character who went about with the funny uniform and medals—"

"Enough!" the Spaniard interrupted. He pushed the flashlight almost into the I. P.'s eyes. "One more question. If you lived in the Calle Zorrilla in 1898, what happened there? Everyone who lived there would remember."

"Many things happened there," the I. P. protested. "Give me some hint."

The questioner hesitated. "Well," he said, "it concerned a pig."

Concerned a pig, a pig! Another flash, another memory. The I. P. snapped his fingers.

"I know!" he said. "It was the day

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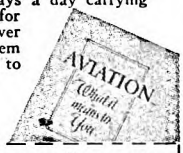

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war was declared between Spain and the United States. A crowd paraded the Calle Zorrilla, cheering and singing, leading a pig, 'Yankee pig,' dressed in a plug hat and an American flag. In front of the house of General Weyler, they hanged the pig to a lamp-post!"

The Spaniard leaped to his feet and held out his hand.

"You're from Madrid, all right!" he cried.

The secret agent trembled with relief, and cold perspiration started to his forehead. He had passed the test. Eyes and ears open, he began to notice things.

First, he noticed that a few Spaniards played a strange game. When a train went by, all stopped work and watched it until it was out of sight. They made bets on how many trains would pass, in what direction, what sort of trains, supply trains, troop trains, how long the trains were, how many cars. The results were carefully written down and handed to a Belgian who kept the pool—but never returned the lists.

A word to the expert French Commissaire Speciale, M. Bauer, and the Belgian disappeared.

Scattered about piles of lumber, the I. P. noticed what seemed to be round white pills. He picked up a few, which M. Bauer pronounced incendiary tablets of a type the Germans used. Lumber piles were guarded after that.

In a little *buvette* the laborers frequented he saw a Greek hand to the barmaid a folded square of paper. The Spaniards roared.

"Where's your nerve?" they taunted the Greek. "Every day you give her love notes. A Spaniard doesn't make love that way."

The Greek hurried from the place. French agents saw those "love notes" slipped by the barmaid to a railroad man traveling back and forth between Tours and Paris, who handed them there to someone else. Another "grapevine" to Germany was cut.

Through all perils, the I. P. remained undiscovered, and finally, his work done, went elsewhere.

"What was the hardest ordeal of all?" I asked him.

"The hardest?" he repeated angrily. "I'll tell you. One day an American corporal made four of us push him five miles on a hand car, bawling us out for 'Greasers' because we didn't go fast enough. A corporal! And I was a sergeant, and in disguise, and couldn't say a word!"

LAST in this chronicle of defeats and victories of our secret war, comes perhaps the most typical story of all, how three desperate men were caught just as they were about to deal the A. E. F. a serious blow.

In the summer of 1918 picturesque Beaune, of ancient Burgundy, was nearly an American town. Its cobbled, gray-walled streets were thronged with doughboys in olive drab, preparing for the front, or working as part of the Services of Supply for those already gone there, some of whom trickled back now to base hospitals being built just outside town. That made Beaune still busier, livelier, since, to speed up the work, the Americans had brought in laborers varied as they were numerous, who amazed the people of Beaune with speech in many tongues from Spain, Portugal, and the Mediterranean. Rather a turbulent crowd, but we had to have them.

To smooth troubles among themselves, and with Americans or French, the Red Cross had supplied an interpreter, a versatile genius generally called Italian-American, although he spoke also English, French, Portuguese, and Spanish. Pietro was a dark young man, not yet thirty, of winning though not ostentatious manner. By day he was diligently, even ubiquitously useful, in a quiet way, yet in the evenings fond of rather gay company. He liked the rich wine of Beaune and liked to gamble. He would bet on almost anything. Yet he drank and gambled without losing his head. He never quarreled. The Red Cross interpreter was, in short, the ideal secret agent.

Speaking five languages, Pietro had many friends, chief among whom was a Spaniard named Diaz. Like Pietro, he was quick-witted, intelligent; like Pietro, he liked the wine of Beaune, cards and dice; but unlike him, they loosened his tongue, made him voluble, excited. A man of strong passions, the strongest now was a fanatic hatred of the Americans. It had started in the Spanish-American War. He had come to work for the Americans, burning to settle the old score of twenty years before. A thoroughly bad actor, Pietro reported.

THE Spaniard was not bluffing. He wanted to kill, burn, destroy these hated Americans and all their works. With fierce eloquence, he won to him another Spaniard, Ochoa, and a pacifist Frenchman, discharged from the army. Then Pietro began to yield too. They could be real spies, Diaz told him. The chief of the German secret service in northern Spain lived at the home of his parents. Could Pietro steal a censor's stamp and get a letter through for him?

Pietro could, he said, and a day or two later he and his officer read an impassioned offer of the Spaniard's services to the German cause, and an announcement that he had decided his first deed should be to steal and send to the German chief in Spain plans of the hospital the Americans were building at Beaune. Then German airplanes could come and bomb it.

"Nice humane fellow!" they commented, then copied the letter, sealed the original, and sent it on its way. A few nights later, Diaz gave Pietro another letter, this time asking the German chief to send him secret ink and a code, since "my present means of communication is rather risky." Pietro was joining in his plans more enthusiastically. Copies of the hospital plans were left where Diaz could steal them, and then, aflame with success, the three made Pietro one of them.

"We must take an oath!" cried Diaz, "never to desert one another. Death to the Americans! An oath in blood!"

Gathered around a candle-lighted table, they pricked their wrists and signed the oath with the blood they drew. Pietro did not turn a hair.

"Now," said Diaz, "we have stolen the plans and Pietro will send them to Spain. But from there we hear nothing. Let us wait no longer. Let us strike another blow. Not far from here there is a big

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reserve depot of munitions, thousands of shells, powder. Why not blow it up?"

Before the night ended, they agreed that the Frenchman should reconnoiter the ammunition dump.

"They mean business," Pietro told his officer. "We'd better grab 'em."

The next day brought to Beaune a Frenchman high in the counter-espionage service. Quietly and carefully Diaz, Ochoa, and the Frenchman were gobbled up.

"Now," said Pietro, "how about my going to Spain? I know where this German chief is, and I can say I've come from Diaz. Either I can get the goods on him so that we can run him out of Spain, or I can work in with him and his gang and find out a lot about the German secret service."

"Do you know how likely you are to get a knife between your ribs?" his officer asked.

"Sure," said Pietro. "I'll take a chance."

The offer went from Colonel Ward to Colonel Moreno, finally to General Nolan. Then the war ended. That saved the lives of Diaz and the rest, but they got long prison terms after a trial when, for the first time, they found Pietro had betrayed them and swore bitterly in the court-room to kill him when they got out. He is still alive, but no matter where. Pietro was not his name.

For his gallant and valuable service, he was recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal, but did not get it. Still, he got another reward that he valued more highly. Not all his time had been taken in interpreting, plotting, and counter-plotting. He had been courting the daughter of the owner of the café where he ate his meals, a French girl admired and respected by everyone, and like him, quiet. She was astonished when the Red Cross interpreter appeared at the wedding in the uniform of a Sergeant of Intelligence Police. Pietro knew how to fight the secret war.

Lionized

(*Continued from page 29*)

one hundred yards of the critter, while we retire one hundred yards. This'll leave the lion in neutral territory. When both sides are set, I'll fire my pistol an' then you boys close in on him an' do your stuff in five minutes or we keep the thousand dollars.'

"'We'll just reduce that to writin',' says the circus manager, an' he done the same in his notebook. I read it to Mart an' Pete an' we're all three satisfied, so we sign it. Then they retire an' I ride back to the ranch for the boys.

"'Well,' says Pete, when we rejoin him an' Mart some two hours later, 'we've been doin' a lot o' thinkin' on this here problem an' we're free to confess we don't quite see our way clear to cuttin' this here lion loose. We seen him kill that heifer with one little love tap, an' me an' Mart don't quite see how we're goin' to cut him loose an' vamose in time to escape funeral expenses. So we've come to the conclusion we're licked an' had better acknowledge it.'

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"'We'll throw ourselves on the mercy o' that circus manager,' says Mart, 'tell him we've just been havin' our little joke, an' if he gives us each a ten-year pass, includin' the side-shows, he can have his danged old lion, with our compliments.'

"'We've signed a contract,' says I firmly, 'an' we got to go through with it. I admit I'm kind o' old an' have to gum my grub, but nobody ever accused me o' layin' down on a contract.' An' with that I produce my credentials in the shape of a large surgical cone and a can of ether I've had the forethought to telephone to Tucson for, instructin' the druggist to send both by automobile an' break all speed records gettin' out with it. This messenger I'd met on the road as we jogged back to the lion. 'Now, then, boys,' I says, 'who gives this here king of beasts the anesthetic?'

"Pete was game, the lion bein' gagged, so Mart breaks a large limb off a cottonwood, strips it with his knife an' lays it crosswise over the unfortunate lion's throat. Then I kneel on one side of it, Mart kneels on the other, an' Pete holds the handful of ether-soaked waste to the lion's nose with one hand an' pours with the other the way I told him.

"AS YOU probably know, mister, if you've ever been in an operatin'-room, there's a period, just before the patient begins to go under the ether, when he fights it somethin' awful. It's what doctors call the hi-sterical period, an' the lion sure was hi-sterical. But we stay with him, an' pretty soon he relaxes an' we get off'n him. Pete rolls him over a couple of times, but he's as limp as a dishrag, so we signal the circus people to approach. When they're a hundred yards off I halt 'em. Then our boys retire a hundred yards, Pete an' Mart untie the lion, an' we all three mount up an' jine our friends.

"Immediately all them circus people fade back a couple of hundred yards more, with the exception of some fellers with rifles an' one little feller, who now proceeds to strip off his clothes an' change into a fancy suit, which the britches are red silk, knee length, an' he's wearing socks like a gal. His coat is bright blue with brass buttons an' he wears a plug hat. . . . Then, with a whip in one hand an' a pistol in the other, he stands beside a red an' yaller wagon, with a steel cage on it, which has druv up an' swung into position, with the rear end toward the lion. The lion tamer opens the back door of this cage an' awaits our signal.

"Pretty soon I see the lion quiver. Presently he rolls over an' for a couple minutes lies on his belly an' thinks things over. Evidently, arrivin' at a decision, he gets up on his feet, stretches, an' let's out a roar that echoes through the cañons for fifty mile.

"'He's hungry,' says Pete. 'We never did give him no chance at that heifer, an' now he's wilder'n a prairie fire. He'll eat the first thing he can jump on, an' I hope I may never see the back o' my neck if that feller in the trick suit ain't a-goin' to offer himself for the banquet.'

"It was all too true. That star-spangled eediot walks up nice an' ca'm to the lion, hits him a crack on the rump with the whip, an' yells: 'Alley opp.' The lion prances around like a flash, lets out another roar, an' bares his teeth, whereupon the man in the fancy-dress suit fires a couple of shots in his face an' gives him another flick o' the whip.

"'Back into your cage, Duke,' he yells, 'or these bad cowboys'll eat you alive!'

"WELL, sir, that dog-gone lion took his advice in the speerit in which it was offered. Although still groggy on his pins an' achin' in every j'int, he ain't so blind he can't see that wagon cage with the back door open. He's had enough man-handlin' for the day, an', as far as he knows, it's the only refuge in all that country; so he staggers over to it, an' hops inside, whereupon a feller on the front seat casts loose a rope an' the door closes. The feller in the trick suit bows low an' kisses both hands to us; the circus manager crooks his finger to me an' I ride over an' hand him back his thousand dollars. All is over—almost.

"He bows low. 'As one crook to another,' he says kindly, 'I'd advise you boys to stick to the business you know.'

"'Mister,' I says, doffin' my sombrero an' bendin' low in the saddle, 'what us three know about lion-tamin' now would fill a book. You sure took us into camp, an' I congratulate you. Am I correct in my assumption that your naturally sunny disposition inclines you to give me an' Pete an' Mart each a free pass to your circus, includin' the side-shows?'

"'Considerin' the high price of yearlin's an' the fact that I can get real American money for the space you three outlaws would occupy, I must state, with real regret, that the application's denied.'

"Saying the which him an' his satellites move off with the lion in the general direction of Tucson. Pete an' Mart stare after their dust an' Pete says: 'Well, if that city slicker thinks I'm goin' to pay out good money to see his rotten circus, he's got another think comin'.'

"'Same here,' says Mart.

"'HAVE you two,' I says, 'by any chance, unloaded to our fellow employees of the Lazy Z the intimate details of our deal with this bandit?'

"'Thank Heaven, NO!' says both in chorus, for they was always close-mouthed in money matters an' I never was no calliope myself. So we're not entirely devoid o' comfort.

"'Well,' says I, 'seein' as how all is lost save honor, let's go home an' see what the boss has to say about it.' Which we done the same, an' the boss complimented us highly on our business perception an' loyalty to the payroll, after which he tucks the check in the safe an' tells us if we ain't got nothin' better to do we might take a few staples, some hammers an' wire stretchers, an' mend the fence in the horse pasture."

The old gentleman with the tufts of hair in his ears sighed. "Son," he concluded, "this is sure one Ethiopian world for a white man to dwell in!"

"HENRY FORD TALKS to Young Men!" He talks to them frankly and amazingly. He suggests obvious problems awaiting solution. He tells how industrial leadership may be achieved. A remarkable interview, as you will agree after reading it next month!

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Travel Trails Solutions

PRIZES: THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE offers a prize of ten dollars for every original Travel Trail accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. A Travel Trail, to be eligible for the contest, must not be longer than twenty words, including the starting point and destination. Also, it must have the home-town of the contestant as its starting point or destination.

Other suggestions are: Keep all cities and towns of your Travel Trail in the relative positions they occupy on a map. Clue sentence, if included, should carry interesting local facts and contain a few of the words required for traveling the trail.

Strive for an interesting, trail-like design. Limit the letters overlapping between any two words to a number as little in excess of three as possible. This helps to make your trail admit of only one solution. As far as you can, use well-known and appropriate words. You can make your trail sufficiently difficult by traveling from one word to another through unusual three-letter combinations.

Contestants are not limited in number of trails submitted. This month's contest limited to trips to points of historical interest. Send in yours to "Travel Trail" Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.

SOLUTIONS OF JUNE TRAILS:

CHILLICOTHE, the, weather, here, rather, carat, Arabian, viands, and, land, Atlantic, Antipodes, desert, certain, Saint Johns Newfoundland, four, journey, our, tourist, isthmus, musically, all, gallon, London, pardon, Paris, arise, visé, cruise, écru, crude, rudder, derrick, ticket, arctic, arc, search, sea, seasoned, one, alone, Ceylon, lone, atone, equator, tort, port, northern, her, farther, far, wayfarers, gateway, communicate, come, hometown, welcome, farewell, are, area, oread, before, forgive, live, natives, sonata, person, corners, Melbourne, camel, surname, sure, picture, tropics, rope, open, slope, orlop, world, words, border, labor, aboard, lard, polar, lariat, arid, ride, torrid, torn, Capricorn, escape, scan, Cancer, American, rich, ostrich, lost, Los Angeles, less, circles, clean, Mediterranean, oceans, KansasC'y, pans, panther, there, CHILLICOTHE.

GEORGETOWN, forge, for, forest, test, delicatessen, guess, mess, domes, lonesome, money, MONTGOMERY.

ASHEVILLE, sash, disaster, term, clatter, clad, clam, lamp, llama, LIZELLA.

CHICAGO, ago, wagon, gone, one, whetstone, wheat, eat, theater, gather, herb, derby, ANDERSON.

BUFFALO, alone, one, cone, confab, fable, bauble, auburn, urn, burn, PITTSBURGH.

VICTORIA, orient, entrance, trade, radiant, dial, Canadian, American, candid, and, merchandise, char, harbor, hare, are, fare, seafaring, sea, SEATTLE.

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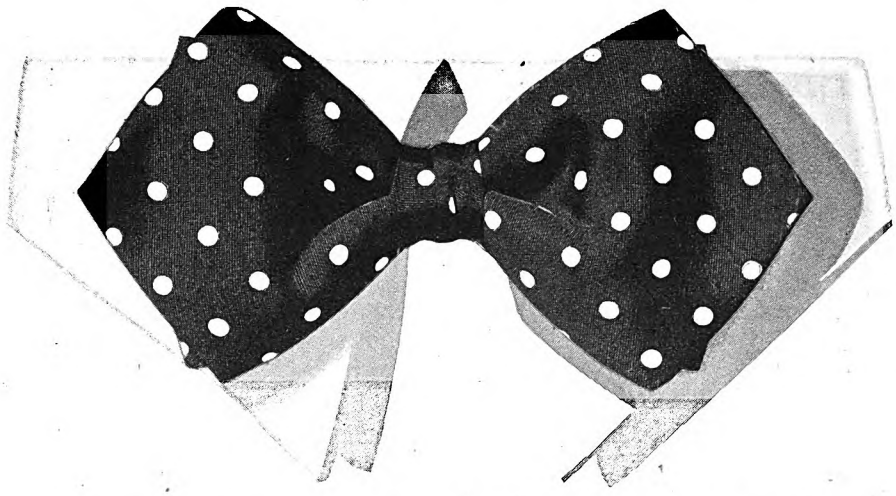

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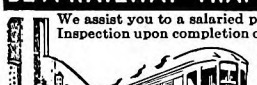

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Salt Without Savor

(*Continued from page 67*)

for his sin? But nobody did more than nod in acceptance when he spoke it. They told him to make the station his visiting place whenever he could.

So he spent much time with the life-savers. He fished less often now, for he had less idle time to kill. When he had a good haul, he took as much fish as he could carry and trudged off with it to the station cook. And later, when the weather was thick or dirty, he shared watches with the young lookouts.

They were glad to have him; he was keen to be the first to spot a vessel too near shore. He knew ships so well. Steamers they knew well enough. When a steamer came up to a certain bearing and hauled off on her new course, the lads knew she was safe; but sailing craft were different. Old Keith knew instinctively when a sailing vessel was too near, or when she had sea room enough; his tide and wind lore amazed those alert young men of a steam and radio age.

WHEN he had been down there two years, and had become as much a part of the station equipment as the rocket apparatus, a gale of rare violence struck down in a zero spell. Just before the first full blast leveled a gnarled cedar on the cliff that had stood a landmark for a century, Keith had made out against the gathering murk to windward the glint of a full-rigged ship's shortened canvas.

Then the gale and the darkness came, and with both a blizzard of snow so thick that, as he fought his way along to the station, he barely saw the beam of the lighthouse. He stumbled into the boat-house all wind-blown and ice-clad, like a frozen gnome.

"A ship! Too close in!" he panted, licking his lips thirstily. The lads grinned. He was always like that, impatient to battle the storm. The wind rattled the shutters; the surf thudded on the broad beach and shook the station itself. Snow whirled across the night like a blanket, almost opaque. The patrol went out, armored in wool and rubber against the fiendish cold. And Keith went too. He was at the lookout's side when, through a momentary clearing space, the ship came in sight, too near, perilously too near.

"She can't have seen the light!" the patrol shouted.

"She's seen it now, too late! She's jammed on a lee shore!" yelled Keith. There was a shrill note in his voice. The patrol took it to indicate excitement. Keith knew it for triumph. That ship was the Circe. This time there would be no escape. He'd be right there when Talley rolled ashore.

"There's work for you this night!" he shrieked.

That was a night to remember. The fog signal at the lighthouse was set going, though there was no fog, only snow more deadly than fog, since it blinded the sight and made men cover their ears. The patrol from down the beach ran in, reporting the same ship. The crew stood by to the last man, every one dressed for the boat. And the boat was run down to the tide edge, just clear of the creaming sur that survived the hellbroth breaking or the ledge a hundred fathoms out.

The men clustered around the boat ready to run her out. At her bow, mid knee deep in freezing water, Keith crouched, peering into the blinding storm Once the men pulled him back, with kindly humor, praising his ardor. He wa in the sea again as soon as they let go o him. Then came the far-carrying soun of a sailing vessel under stress; and voices raised in shrill alarm.

The boat was started, yet held back The officer was sure the ship would wi clear. Keith muttered between grinnin teeth that she could not, and wade deeper. Half an hour they stood by, peer ing, listening. The clashing of gea sounded awfully near; yet the ship di not strike. And in another clearing flurr they caught a glimpse of the ship, safel on the offshore tack, standing clear of th ledge.

They pulled Keith out of the sea, ha frozen, his lips set in a grin that was no nice to see. Yet they took him to th boathouse and warmed him, thumpin him on the back in fellowship, telling eac other that they didn't make men like tha these days. The officer looked him ov keenly before sending him home to h shack, aroused out of his customary i difference by the example of an old ma so intent on saving life that he riske death by freezing in order to be the first t launch the lifeboat.

"If they gave medals for courageou idiocy, old man, you'd be right in line f the biggest one," he said. Keith tottere along to his shack, grinning still.

He fell ill. Small wonder that he di After the gale passed, the lads, missin him for a few days, went to see what w wrong. They found him delirious, b still pottering about, refusing to give in lie down. They hustled him into blanket built up a roaring fire of driftwood an brought in a huge heap of dry wood, the made him a pot of soup and fed him.

The reaction crumpled him up. He la down and submitted to their nursin Perhaps they saved his life. Anyhow, was kept on the windward side of a ba illness; and they never left him for a wee At the end of that time, he was able to g about again; but he was sorry to see the go. It was a long time since he had felt touch so human.

"Look after yourself, Cap, and l some of the youngsters get wet next tim there's lives to save," they laughed.

HE RESUMED his lonely life, glad whe one of the lads dropped in on him. H watched for spring, and when he had h garden ready for new planting he adde flowers. He scratched his ear awkwardl when he asked the life-saver's messeng to bring him seeds from town. But n body laughed at him for wanting flower Nor did they grin when, on the next tri he asked for more lettuce seed and a pa of rabbits.

When he gazed out to sea, his teet still shone in a grimace. But somehow

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felt that the sea had defeated him. Soon after the gale the station had heard all about that narrow escape of the Circe. It was the Circe, to be sure; but manned by poor sailors indeed. She had been under a foreign flag for more than a year; a flag never noted for fostering sailors. And how near she had come to crushing him for the second time! For just as wrong a reason as the first.

He went about his little business, finding a new interest in the abounding life of his rabbits. Before summer was well upon him he found himself as keen as a boy for rabbitry. He almost felt glad that Talley had not been in the Circe, and that the Circe had not been wrecked in that bitter gale. By summer's end he knew he was glad.

He changed his habits; rather, he returned to his own natural ways. He kept clean, and fed himself well. And in the end he took to shaving again. The lads at the station had a good time over that. But he was established now. They regarded him as one of themselves. The officer in charge spent hours in his company, astonished at the number of things he could learn.

THEN came a fog which lasted a week. The weather was warm, the sea calm; but the fog was so dense that the light could not be seen a hundred fathoms away. The fog signal was never silent the whole week, until the last day, when it broke down during daylight hours. It broke down just two seconds after a steamer's siren had sounded, groping toward the land. It blared part of an answering note, then broke off and stopped. The steamer's anxious navigator would have a sore problem guessing just what that choked-off note could mean.

Keith was at the boathouse ten minutes after the siren blast. The boat was already manned. The officer and crew were getting ready the gun, to explode a warning if the lighthouse fog signal had failed entirely.

A rumble of thunder vibrated the heavy air, and the sea gave forth a sound as of breathing. A chill air blew the fog into whirls, and the steamer's siren sounded again, impatiently. The breeze freshened, the thunder rolled nearer, attaining that sharp detonation which precedes a fast-traveling thunder squall. The gun exploded with a crash; the fog whirled upward like a curtain before a strong gust, the thunder crashed, and great raindrops fell. Then they saw the steamer.

Just for an instant they saw her turning before the rain came in a sheet with a terrific volley of thunder, and the fog vanished only to give place to a veil of rain as impenetrable.

"Fire the gun again!" the officer said. "I think she's gone clear, but give her a chance."

The steady swish and boom of the rain were raggedly torn by the simultaneous roar of the gun and another duller, heavier crash out there by the ledge.

"She's struck! Run the boats down! Both of them!" the officer shouted, and the beach was deserted in a moment. The roar of escaping steam out there in the hissing rain made grim harmony with the sullen murmur of a rising sea. Keith was left standing knee-deep in the water.

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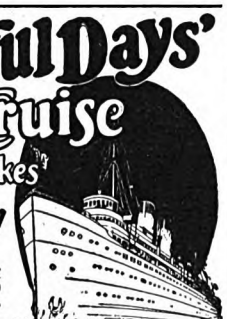

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alone. He was not of the crew. The boats were fully manned. And to his eager ears came the uproar of panic. That steamer was setting no example of calm heroism, whatever she was.

Keith ranged the shore until a boat appeared, loaded to the gunnels with frightened passengers.

"She's filling, and listing so that only one side of boats can be launched. And those are painted fast to the chocks!" the coxswain of the lifeboat said. The other boat appeared through the driving rain. Small surf curdling on the sand now.

Keith turned and trotted along to his own boat. From the runway he put out to sea, rowing sturdily towards the ledge. The steamer was visible now in the clearing rain, the wind blew hard, and there were wicked breakers all about the stranded vessel. He only turned from time to time to straighten his course; but he made the steamer out to be a moderate-sized cargo-passenger vessel of four thousand tons or so, and he saw the confusion that was making her decks a horror.

When a quarter of a mile away, he rowed in among swimming men. Panicky because of the failure of the boats, they had chosen the sea, and had underestimated the distance to shore. He stopped rowing, dragging men into the boat. And they would have capsized it, drowning him with them. But he was wise.

"Let go!" he warned a frenzied fat man. The man was beyond caring. Keith thumped him over the head with an oar and dragged him in. He did the same to others, until he had the boat full. Then he started rowing, bidding others hang on to the boat's gunnels. So he bore his first freight to safety, left them by the station, and put forth again, keeping out of the way of the other boats.

IN RISING wind and churning sea the boats passed and repassed. Darkness came, with storm. Still the boats sought the living. Only one ship's boat had been safely brought away from the stranded steamer; the rest were broken, or swamped. The life-savers' crew were worn out with long hours of fierce labor. The station was crowded with shivering survivors.

Keith's boat was out there, still seeking, long after younger men had begun to flinch. The old sailor worked his boat almost instinctively; his muscles and limbs were leaden with weariness. Once, in putting off again, his boat was rolled over by the surf. They tried to keep him ashore. He stumbled stubbornly into the righted boat, and vanished in the gathering gloom.

They were calling a muster among the rescued when next the dark blur of his boat was seen.

"Only the captain and the lookout man left, and we couldn't find them," the coxswain announced.

"Keith'll find 'em if they're to be found," the officer returned, watching the blur. "That old man's a nut on life-saving. Look. Is there somebody in his boat?"

The blur was flung up and over as they watched. It rolled in on the growling seas. Beaten under by it, a knot that might be men was churned in the surf. Men dashed into the sea, reaching. Keith gripped by the collar a stout man, who in turn gripped by the throat a taller man.

The sea separated them. Keith was hurled to the sand. He flung off helping hands, plunging back. When he staggered out again he had another hold on the two tangled men. He pitched headlong to the sand when hauled clear of the water. The stout man, keeping hold of the taller man, spouted water like a whale and punched furiously at the other's swollen face. Then both fell across Keith's body.

TWO days passed.

Once more young men bustled about the little shack, caring for Keith, bringing him back to life out of what had seemed to be a hopeless unconsciousness. He opened his eyes.

"Hello, old whale! Beat the old devil sea again, hey?" A young life-saver stepped to his bedside, grinning. "That was some stunt you pulled off, my lad."

"Were all those people saved?" Keith whispered hoarsely.

"Every last one! Even the last two, who tried to kill each other!" The young fellow gave all the details, crisply. It was a rotten old steamer, full of the poorest immigrants. She was a wreck, a total loss. But all her people were alive.

"They're all gone overland. Queer about that chap you dragged out along with the captain, though. He was the lookout. The captain beat him up. We brought 'em in to look at you. The captain wanted to thank you. The lookout—fellow named Talley—took one look at you and beat it for the woods. Never saw him since. Hullo! What's the matter?"

Keith's eyes closed again. For several minutes he lay silent, but over his face stole a gentle smile. When he looked up at the young man again there was a softness in his old eyes which puzzled the youth.

"I knew Talley," he said. "But he need not have run away from me! I'll get up now. I'm all right."

Keith was pottering about in his little garden once more. The sun was bright, the air balmy. Only that rusty and ragged hulk on the ledge reminded him of the evil the sea might do. Then, in the evening, one of his young friends came running along with a letter, all excitement.

"Say, Captain Keith, you've been fooling us all! Now we know you!" Keith took the letter, and for a moment the old fear entered his eyes. The lad rattled on, while the letter was slowly, fearfully opened. "The captain of that steamer reported to his owners, and our officer heard all about you. Oh, 'scuse me, Cap, read your letter."

Keith read the letter. His face was stony. Then it changed to a softer aspect. The letter was from the owners for whom he had sailed the Circe. It told of learning the truth about that fatal collision off Cape Stiff. It related how Talley's cronies, presuming on their knowledge about him, had irritated him to drunken reprisal; and they had told the owners all they knew.

"We have sold our sailing ships," the letter concluded, "and gone in for steamers. We would like to make amends. We have no doubt that the Board will re-establish you. And if you will permit us to offer it, we shall feel most happy to give you command of the new Circe.

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We shall await your favorable reply."

"Good news?" the young life-saver grinned. Keith could only answer with a gentle smile.

But the story was known down at the station. News like that flies. The next day, Keith appeared at the station, dressed in his poor best, with a letter in his hand. He asked permission to ride to town in the station car. And when he had gone his friends discussed his future. Of course, he would go captain of a fine steamer, and they would lose a good comrade.

"We'll give him a farewell dinner here on the shore," the officer decided. "Let me know when he comes back. He's only gone to mail his acceptance. That was too precious to trust you lads with."

Somehow, they missed his return. It was next morning when they saw him down at his shack. They hurried along. And as they drew near they wondered. The old fellow was dressed in new overalls. He moved among his little garden plants. He was singing, softly. And from a big heap of rose bushes on the ground he was planting a screen which would, by flowering time, cover his shack's sunny side with riotous bloom.

A new net hung over some sticks. His boat was upturned, and new cans of paint stood near. Through the open door the sharp young eyes of the life-savers spotted a new picture frame, and in it was a letter with a ship owner's heading.

"Morning, boys!" he hailed them, as they rounded the shack. It was a new voice. It was a new man who greeted them. A vindicated man, and a man content. "Just in time to lend a hand with the boat! And soon I'll be bringing you flowers as well as fish."

They helped him paint his boat, and they returned to the station, wondering at the queer ways of an old man who had found peace after stress, and meant to hold on to it.

The Four Great Immoralities of Christianity

(*Continued from page 48*)

that stand, worry and fear have dropped away. I have gone all over India and have everywhere received the most cordial reception. I have even been invited to preach in the compounds of Hindu temples, and have had Moslem and Hindu chairmen preside at my meetings and introduce me to the non-Christian audiences.

"The keen-minded Indians see a distinction between Christ and Christianity. They are open to the one, but hesitant about the other."

"But what is the distinction?" I asked. "Is not Christianity the religion of Christ?"

"Some of it may be, and some of it may not be—it all depends on whether it reflects His mind and His spirit," answered Doctor Jones. "A Hindu said to me recently, 'If you call me a Christian, I resent it—for it is an insult. But if you call me a Christian man, it is a compliment.'

"Do you get his meaning? A 'Christian' is a member of the church system which India looks on as alien, bound up with foreign prejudices and superiority com-

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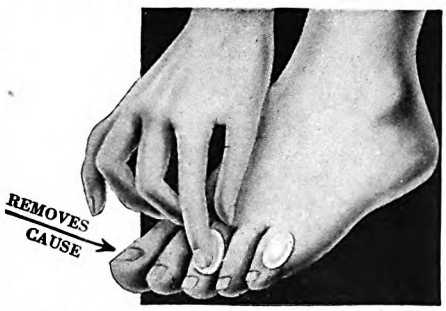

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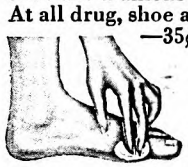

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plexes, a prop to imperialism. But a 'Christian man' means a man of Christlike character—and in all India today there is no figure that stands so high as Jesus.

"One of the major developments of the last decade there is the widespread adoption of Christ as the highest type of character. When the Mohammedan leader of India wanted to praise Gandhi, he called him 'that Christlike man.' A Brahman asked me, 'Don't you think Mahatma Gandhi is like Jesus?' And the leader of the bitterly anti-Christian organization, the Arya Samaj, extolled their hero Gandhi as 'this modern Christ.'

"BUT hundreds of thousands in India who reverence Christ will not go into a Christian church to hear about Him. A prominent Hindu said to me, 'A Christ cult is growing up in India entirely separate from the Christian church.' Jesus has become naturalized in India. He is part of their heritage now. They are proud that He was born of Asia, that He too came from a subject people, and there is even a local movement which claims that Jesus lived His hidden years in India. They are accepting Christ but drawing a very sharp line as to what they accept of the Church.

"And why shouldn't they? Two years ago a great Christian conference was held at Lausanne, Switzerland. All the leading denominations but one were there, and the purpose was to consider the possibility of reunion of the churches. But they were so far apart that the delegates could not even join together in the Lord's Supper. There were too many questions of validity and rights, too many requirements as to who had the apostolic authority to officiate and who the qualifications to participate in the communion."

In New York recently, the rector of a well-known parish invited a certain eminent Baptist minister to assist in a marriage ceremony in his church. There were personal reasons why the groom wished this outside clergyman to take part, and the rector gladly and freely extended the invitation. But the bride desired that a certain bishop also officiate. When the diocesan bishop learned that a Baptist was to stand up in a Protestant Episcopal church and have part in the ceremony, he sent his ultimatum: If the Baptist participated, the bishop would not. And he called the rector's attention to Canon 23 as forbidding such promiscuity.

"In India," said Doctor Jones, "prominent Roman Catholics have joined in our round-table conferences, where we meet, not to argue, but simply to share our experience of Christ. It is remarkable how close we find ourselves—Catholics, Protestants, High, Low, and Evangelical—when we simply ignore our denominational labels and all that they imply, and think in terms of Christ's standards only. It is the *what* of our religion that divides us; we are all united in the *Whom*.

"Arguments over the mode of baptism, controversies as to who is or is not 'ordained' to do this or that, insistence upon particular rites or ceremonies—these dwindle when you are faced by the appalling problem of sixty million outcastes, the 'untouchables,' who are now awake after centuries of lethargy and are on the move, God knows where!

"Then, there is the remarkable sensitiveness of the high castes to the personality of Jesus. My work in recent years has been almost entirely among these people, the leaders of India's thought and life, the very ones to whom the name of Christ was an affront a few years ago. Do you suppose I could get anywhere with them if Methodism were in the forefront?

"I travel all over India in this work, but I will not hold a meeting in a city unless the missionaries there unite. My itinerary is managed by a Congregationalist, my two active colleagues are a Presbyterian and a Church of England minister, and, I might add, the chairman of the meeting is frequently a devout Moslem, a pious Parsee, or a high-caste Hindu.

"But do not think that all is sweetness and light. As I have said before, we are in a state of *Almost* in India. *Never would united spiritual backing from America and Europe count so much as now—but the mother churches are preoccupied with divisions, differences, petty squabbles for position, power, and prestige, fundamentalism, modernism, the fear of the Pope. Oh, for a cleansing down to relevancy, to worth-whileness, to reality—a clearing of the way for Christ.*

"FOUR great hindrances stand in the way:

"*First* is this religious snobbery that we have been discussing, the ugly side of denominationalism.

"*Second* is the appalling dearth of reality in the religious life of great numbers of professed Christians.

"*Third* is race prejudice.

"*Fourth* is economic exploitation.

"Four great immoralities of Christianity—that is the way the East regards them."

Enough has been said of denominational exclusiveness to make the first "immorality" clear. I went on to ask Doctor Jones about the others.

"Everywhere," he said, "the modern world is demanding of religion that it be lived and not merely talked. This is true of India as of America.

"A woman was speaking on religion to a group gathered in a zenana. She had reached the crucial point in her talk, when one of the listeners got up and walked out. Presently she came back and listened more intently than before. But the interruption had aroused the speaker's curiosity, and after the meeting she asked, 'Why did you go out?—Weren't you interested?'

"The Hindu woman replied, 'Yes, I was so interested that I went to ask your carriage driver whether you really meant these things—whether you lived them in your home. He said you did, so I came back to hear more.'

"The greatest Hindu teacher of modern times, Swami Shraddanand, was at the point of accepting Christianity. He had made up his mind, after a long struggle, to be baptized, and he went to the home of a Christian priest for that purpose. But he saw something there that shocked his moral sense, so he turned back and dedicated himself to Hinduism.

"It is not only the grosser hypocrisies that give the lie to religion. The smugness, the complacency, the dullness, the mechanical routine that passes for religion and is only religious respectability—these things smother the soul.

"Gandhi tells how he was affected by

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this religious respectability at a decisive moment in his life. It was when he was a young man, still in his twenties, and had gone to South Africa to look after the legal rights of Indians there. He became acquainted with a Christian family, and at their invitation attended the Wesleyan church every Sunday. But 'the sermons were uninspiring,' said Gandhi. 'The congregation did not strike me as being particularly religious; they appeared to be rather wordly-minded people going to church for recreation or in conformity to custom.' Gandhi found himself occasionally dozing, and was ashamed, but then he saw good 'Christians' doing it too. 'I could not go on like this,' he said, 'and soon gave up attending.'

"India's millions follow Gandhi as they have never followed any other leader. They almost worship him; I have seen crowds standing before his windows with their hands folded in an attitude of prayer, and he has had to ask them to go away. His influence is almost unbelievable. What might it have meant for India—and for Christianity—if that Wesleyan minister and his people had been warm and vital with the religion they professed? Instead, they were worldly, dull, and drowsy at the moment when one of the greatest men of the century was making his life decision. And though Gandhi has made Jesus his great exemplar, he has definitely announced that for himself the way must lie through Hinduism.

"In his youth the leader of the anti-Christian movement in China was a student in an American university. He told me that while there he decided to become a Christian, and went to a revival meeting to seal his decision. But the preacher was a sensationalist and the thoughtful Chinese decided to wait. He went back to the revival a second night and found that the evangelist was trying to whip up results by the same empty phrases and showy tactics. The student revolted from the shallowness and unreality, and on his return to China became the bitter opponent of Christianity.

"Would it be unfair to say that the shallow preacher in America was blocking the way of Christ in China?

"BUT it isn't only the occasional foreign student who is revolted by smugness and artificiality. Our own students, the boys and girls in our colleges, the young people who are entering business, who are at the formative and decisive periods of their lives, are not fooled.

"Reality is the deepest demand of this age, in spite of the prevalent materialism and cynicism. A student chaplain was recently quoted by the New York Times as saying that there are a million college students in the United States, but practically no religion in the colleges. On this point I can speak only from experience in two large universities, one in the United States and the other in Canada. I visited them by invitation in 1928.

"And as I talked to those students I forgot all formality, and they forgot it. Never have I had closer and more sympathetic attention from an audience. At the close of the addresses I asked for a show of hands, and more than half of the students asked for prayer.

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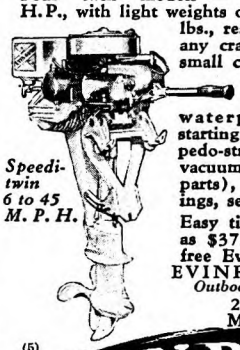

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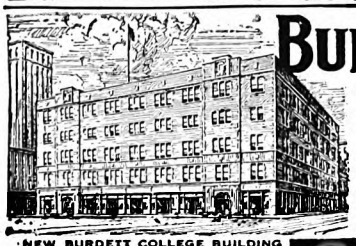

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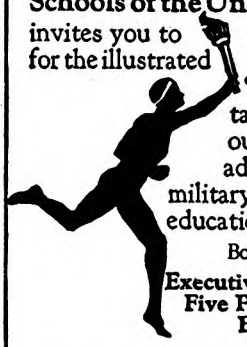

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formerly member of the President's Cabinet, asked me to have lunch with a group. He had read my book and wanted me to talk on those things to his friends. It was a very exclusive club to which he took me, and I found that the group consisted of several millionaires. As we talked together after eating, that luncheon gathering gradually changed. These were no longer millionaires—they were men wanting God. A business man took me in his car to my next appointment, and as we rode along he said, 'I didn't propose this trip for nothing. I want you to pray for me, please. I have money, possessions, everything but the real thing—I haven't got what you've been talking about today. And I want it.'"

In another American city a wealthy society woman asked Doctor Jones to dine at her home. "As we sat at the table and she talked, I wondered why she had invited me," he said, "for she talked a language I hardly knew, sophisticated society idioms I scarcely understood."

But at the close of the dinner, she said, "I have read your book. Somebody inveigled me into reading it. I wasn't interested and dipped into it only to keep a promise. After I started I had to read it through. Then I sat down by the fire here to think it over, and a warm, healing presence came into my heart. Since then I've been straightening up my life.

"I used to be snobbish and use people to my purposes, and throw them over when I was through. But since reading that book I feel differently—more charitable. I had been asked to be president of one of the musical societies, but I said, no, there were too many Jews in it, and I didn't want to mix. But now I think I'll take the office. I'd like to meet them. And I'm ashamed of my snobbery, my selfishness, my hatreds. I feel this very deeply. Now—what do you think has happened to me?"

Doctor Jones said, "I think you've been converted."

"And note," said Doctor Jones to me, "that its first fruit was the recognition of brotherhood. A person cannot pattern his life after Christ's and at the same time snub or lord it over other people. And that brings us to the third in our list of hindrances—race prejudice.

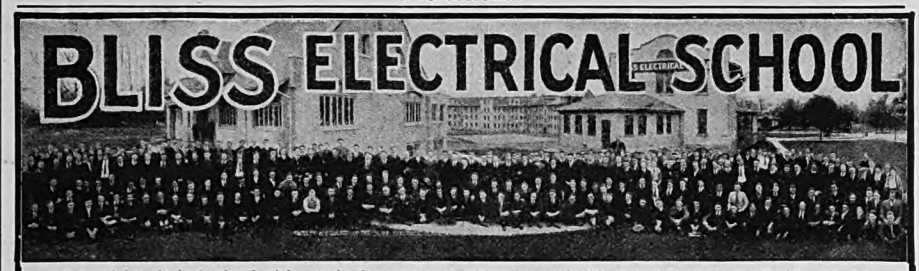
"RECENTLY, on the train, I noticed a Pullman porter reading a book on Bahaism. I asked why it interested him, and he said, 'Because it teaches me brotherhood.' 'Doesn't Christianity?' I asked him. 'No,' he answered, 'not this kind of brotherhood—this is apart from race.'

"Is our Christian brotherhood limited to the white race? It is even more limited in practice.

"Jesus was born in Asia. Therefore He could not get into that Christian church in South Africa of which Gandhi tells, for a sign on the church door reads, 'Asiatics and Hottentots not allowed.' A friend of mine had said in an address that Jesus was probably not a white man; and a woman came up to him trembling from head to foot—the bottom had dropped out of her religion because of the suggestion that Jesus may have been not so white as we are today.

"When we think of the Jew we picture the Jew of today, who has been in northern lands and under cover, out of the deserts

Professional



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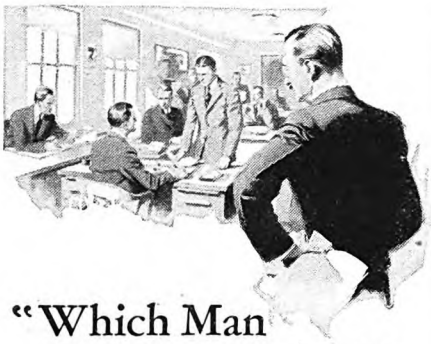

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and pastures, for nearly two thousand years. The Arabs of today look as the Jews probably did in the first century—and the Arab is brown.

"We proud Nordics were Asiatics originally," added Doctor Jones. "The Aryan race originated in Asia; part poured over the mountains into Europe and across the sea to America, but some migrated down into India, and the tropic sun burned them brown. Our long northern winters bleached us white. The Portuguese came to India five hundred years ago, and their descendants now are as dark as the Indian."

"But there are racial differences?" I asked.

"Each individual should have his chance," answered Doctor Jones. "*The test should be personal, not racial.* The only truly Christian society is one in which every child born in society can have an equal opportunity with every other child to rise to the top if its inherent powers will allow it to do so. And this apart from race and birth and color."

DOCTOR JONES says there is never a lynching or race riot in the United States that the news is not headlined next morning in the Indian papers. "Everything that touches on racial animosities, color prejudice, exploitation of weaker people, is broadcast," he said. "Several years ago I was speaking to a large non-Christian audience in the Punjab when a man at the back of the crowd blurted out, 'What do you think of the K. K. K?' I had hardly heard of the revival of the Ku Klux Klan then, yet the Indians knew of it.

"At another time, I was in the midst of my address when a Hindu suddenly interrupted. 'Just a minute, sir. Before you go on, will you please tell me what you are doing in regard to the rights of Indians in America?' And another, stung to fury, sent up this written question: 'After the passage of the immigration law in America, aren't you ashamed to desecrate the platforms of India with your convulsive dancing falsely called gestures?'"

Doctor Jones said he has often laughed at the "convulsive dancing falsely called gestures," but the amusement soon hardens into seriousness as he ponders the justice of the question.

"For I do feel ashamed when I think of our immigration law," he went on. "Asia's grievance is not against our right to limit or exclude immigration, but against our discrimination. If India, China, and Japan were put on the same quota basis as the rest of the world, only two hundred and fifty people from these countries would have to be admitted. It is estimated that many times that number are being smuggled into the United States annually, and the subject is such a sore point with the Asiatic nations that it is impossible for our government to get their coöperation to stop smuggling.

"Tagore was right when he pointed out that 'Jesus could not get into America under the present immigration law because, first of all, He would not have the necessary money, and, second, He would be an Asiatic.' There is a third count on which He might be excluded—that He was a revolutionary."

Doctor Jones told of a native Indian preacher and his associate who made a missionary trip into a country district. They hired a coolie to carry their baggage. The load they piled on him was so heavy that it shamed them, and to ease their consciences they began to preach Christianity to the burden-bearer. After a few minutes of this the coolie suddenly stopped and threw down the pack. "You pile such a load on me, and then preach such things to me!" he exclaimed in disgust.

"Religion will not salve injustice," Doctor Jones went on. "Gifts to pious and philanthropic causes will not excuse starvation wages to your own employees. Church attendance and Bible reading will not make up for inhuman treatment of servants. You cannot exploit a person and expect him to respect your religion.

"One of the long-standing hindrances in India is the idea that Christianity is the spearhead of foreign domination. 'First religion, then trade, then empire—is not this the order?' asked a Hindu. And a statesman of India said, 'Your Jesus is hopelessly handicapped with the West.'

"In a meeting where these ideas were being discussed with utter frankness, a pompous bishop arose and said, 'Yes, I think the speaker is right; we must be kinder to people.' But people do not want patronizing kindness. They don't want condescension. That day has passed. They want Justice.

"'Jesus is ideal and wonderful,' said Bara Dada, the kindly old philosopher of India, one evening, as we talked for long hours in the dark, 'but you Christians—you are not like Him.'

"WHAT is the answer to all these challenges? I can see none," said Doctor Jones, "unless organized Christianity renounces and gives up these immoralities. When Christian peoples cease to exploit weaker peoples—when they quit discriminating solely because of race and color—when they adopt religion as a life to be lived rather than a lot of things to do—when the denominations begin to practice genuine good will among themselves and also toward the non-Christian world—then, and then only, will the road be cleared for Christ through the highways of the earth.

"There are, according to the last census report, more than fifty million adherents of the Christian church in the United States.

"Suppose Gandhi's suggestion—that 'you Christians practice your religion without adulteration or toning it down'—became the guiding rule of the fifty millions in America! Suppose the fifty millions began to practice the one principle of brotherhood, which underlies the whole program of Christ. What would happen?"

And then Doctor Jones told this story: A Brahman felt rather challenged by the testimony of some Christians at a religious meeting which he was attending, so he got up and said: "You people say you are saved. So am I. As Christ has saved you, so Krishna has saved me." The man in charge of the meeting said, "I am glad to hear that—very glad indeed. Now we are going down to the outcaste quarters to see what we can do down there to help. Will you join us?" The Brahman was silent a moment, and then said, "Well, sahib, I am saved, but I am not saved that far."

"What of the fifty million in America?" said Doctor Jones. "The church rolls have them down as 'saved.' But are they saved that far?"

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We Were Happy Till Golf Got Us

(*Continued from page 53*)

night has never been one with which I have had practical experience, but I have actually caught Mrs. Phillips going through my pockets for golf balls and wooden tees!

There is something about a golf ball, new or old, that destroys a person's moral sense.

I buy the wife a quota of golf balls of one make, and buy myself a quota of another make, but I am finding it a big job to keep her supplied. The minute I lay a golf ball down anywhere about the house, it disappears. A man has enough trouble these days to keep strangers from picking up his golf balls without having to watch members of his immediate family.

THIS golf craze came into our lives most abruptly. Less than a year ago a golf club, as far as we were concerned, was a place where men were men and women were strangers. Mrs. Phillips was a golf widow. She knew so little about the game that once when I started forth to the links with three golf balls she said, "What do you want all those for? Have you got to supply the other players too?"

"How you men, grown up and supposedly intelligent, can spend whole afternoons walking across lots in the hot sun is more than I can understand," she often complained. "It can't be good for you. Did you read where that man dropped dead yesterday on a golf course just when he was about to hit a ball?"

Well, up to the summer of 1928 I couldn't give her any satisfactory answer. It looked to me, too, like a pretty goofy pastime. I enjoyed it in a way, though my companions didn't, as I later realized. I was one of those golfers Tad calls the Civil War type—"out in 63 and back in 65." Or perhaps more of a Spanish-American War golfer—out in 98 and back in the same.

Two summers ago I decided to take lessons in the interest of innocent bystanders. Everybody conceded it was about time. Summering in Milford, Connecticut, I placed myself under the guidance of Jimmy Norval, at the Racebrook Country Club. Jimmy is a Scot with a lot of patience and determination, but he has never been the same man since.

It took weeks to get me out of my bad golfing habits. Finally I began to get the general idea.

That was a big mistake. I regret it. Golf has never been the same enjoyable, diverting game since. Before a man takes it seriously and gets the idea he can master it, golf is an amusing outdoor sport. When he surrenders to the obsession that he can make the little white ball go specific places and do specific things, it becomes a responsibility, an ordeal, a worry, and a general nuisance.

Lessons were my undoing. After a man takes golf lessons he generally practices at home. It was my home work that aroused my wife's curiosity. Watching me rehearsing my drive, chip shot and putt intrigued her. She couldn't see how any

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Marie Smith, living out in Ohio, was happy when her Interest Check amounting to $7.36 came to her. It went into her Church Fund. That must have given her real pleasure, too.

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"P. M. C. has changed my outlook on life. Where once I sat and wished and dreamed—now I know that there is a way for those dreams to come true." Mrs. E. J. Gardiner of Utah wrote this letter.

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game could be so difficult as I made golf out to be. One day I found her on the lawn swinging at one of those practice balls with parachute attached. When the ball was hit, the parachute opened and checked the distance. Of course, the short flight always left her with the impression she had driven faultlessly. A little later she had a putting green built on the lawn. It was perfectly plain that she was making the First Big Mistake.

It began to look serious. I hid my clubs, but she bought her own. I tried to avoid the subject of golf at home. I even professed to have lost interest in the game and to have practically abandoned it. But all in vain. One day last summer she informed me that she had taken a lesson that afternoon and that the instructor had told her she showed a natural instinct for the game. I knew then she had crossed the Rubicon.

There was no discouraging her. She stuck to her lessons. One evening I came home for dinner to an abandoned house and found a note reading:

"Am playing in a foursome. Be home late. Get yourself something in the ice box."

Now that the tables were turned that way, it seemed most unfair. Many a time I had conveyed a similar message, but now it appeared a different matter. I realized that golf had entered my home in a big way and that married life would never be quite the same again unless the club imposed an exorbitant assessment, barred ladies from the links, put in bigger water hazards, or suspended members for getting into the wrong fairway.

WITH Mrs. Phillips a golfer and a club member, I began to feel restricted. It meant less freedom of the tees. It meant caution and even censorship. Should I give up golf on the theory one golfer to a home was enough? Should I try to discourage the wife? Should I go on as if nothing had happened? Or should I welcome her to the links and be her little playmate?

Could husband and wife continue in the same mutual respect after one had seen the other swing ferociously at a ball and drive it six or seven yards? Could love survive a score of 138 on a 68 par course?

These were questions for no hasty decision. They took a lot of thought. Mrs. Phillips could have solved everything by deciding the game was too difficult, the fairways too narrow, the water holes too wide, or the golf balls too small. Jimmy Norval could have solved it by telling her she would never make a good golfer. I had hopes in that direction, but he failed me. He told her, in fact, I would never make a good golfer!

Jimmy continued to give Mrs. Phillips the right directions at so much per hour. Her game showed rapid improvement. Then one day she beat me on several holes.

And the worst of it was that it was no accident. She did it again the next time we played. Then came a day when I felt the shame that comes once in a lifetime. We were visiting another club. It so happened that when we came out to play we found a tournament on. The porch was crowded with spectators. Many people stood about the tee. I was most apprehensive about my wife's nerves under such conditions.

"Now don't mind the audience," I whispered. "Just drive as if no one were around."

"I'm all right," she assured me, as she addressed her ball.

"Don't be nervous," I whispered again, forcing a smile in the hope it might give her confidence. "Take your time. Nobody's paying any attention to you."

It seemed hours before she got her stance. Finally she swung perfectly and sent the ball straight down the alley for one hundred and sixty yards.

"Fine!" I said, as I put my ball on the tee, feeling greatly relieved that she had not embarrassed me in front of people.

Whereupon I took a few waggles and a mighty swing, topped the ball, and sent it about fifteen feet! I chuckled feebly in a strained attempt to be nonchalant, and announced that I would shoot another. I did so, worse luck! The second ball went buckety-buckety off into the rough. I couldn't find it at once and had to wave a foursome through. When I did locate it, I took three strokes to get onto the fairway. Meanwhile Mrs. Phillips had been doing her watchful waiting. She was quite disgusted with the man she had promised to love, honor, and obey. And as for me, I was a nervous wreck. Now a golf partner not related to a player would, under those circumstances, make no criticism. But wives are something else again.

"For goodness' sake, what are you trying to do?" asked Mrs. Phillips impatiently.

I ignored the thrust.

"You're just terrible today, aren't you?" she added.

"That must be the whole trouble," I admitted, finally getting a good shot in sheer desperation.

A WIFE is like that as a golf partner. It's inevitable. She feels it her prerogative to be frank. And not until some wives get out on the links and see their husbands struggle with the game do they realize how much frankness is demanded. Every criticism my wife has made of me in any other endeavor has been lenient compared to what she has said about my golf.

And, if you must know it, I haven't always been any too gracious toward her game. It is her contention that I should be a silent partner or dumb opponent, attending to my own game, letting her attend to hers.

But I can't resist the impulse to offer helpful hints whenever she dubs one. In the kindliest spirit I suggest, "Ah, you are lifting your head, my dear!" "Don't get your body into it. Let the clubhead do the work," or "But you forgot to follow through." She doesn't like this. In fact, she says that even if my advice were good, she wouldn't like it. It leads to much feeling. We play a somewhat wordy game. Thirty per cent golf and seventy per cent debate. And what hurts is that she nearly always wins the hole and the argument.

"You and Mrs. Phillips were on the links today, weren't you?" asked a golfing friend recently.

"Yes," I replied. "Did you see us?"

"No," was the answer. "I HEARD you."

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"That must have been on the first nine," I replied. "You should have heard us on the last nine!"

A man makes a mistake when he goes in for golf with his own wife. He should keep his game from his family and, most always, from his best friends. There is no game like it for showing up flaws in character and temperament. A woman can love a man and regard him as her lord and master until she sees him miss the ball and sink the divot. A man can look upon a woman as a great character until he sees how she acts after she takes three swings without hitting anything but buttercups.

Off a golf course Mrs. Phillips is tolerant, patient, philosophical, and good-natured. Time and again I have seen her face great crises with a smile. But when she tops her drive, misses her mashie shot, or takes seven putts, you'd be surprised. She goes all to pieces. I have seen her so broken up and distressed after playing three bad holes that I have collapsed in sympathy.

The same is true of me. I am a fairly good-natured man at home and not easily upset or troubled. My eggs can be burned without causing a riot; I can receive the sad news on a zero morning that the furnace fire is out and not threaten to murder anybody; and I can go out to the garage and find the car stolen without staging hysterics. But when my old "slice" comes back, or I take eleven strokes in a sand-trap, or my ball plops into the lake on the short water hole, nobody would think me the same person.

Golf, I am about convinced, is doing neither of us any good. We should either give up our home or give up our golf. Our home life certainly isn't so cheery and untroubled as it was before we both started going places with golf bags.

WELL, why don't we quit the game? We should, and we decide to do so about once a week. But then we read an article by Bobby Jones or listen to a radio golf lesson and decide to try once more. That's the terrible thing about golf—it won't be shaken off. In almost any other sport, if a player shows no skill, he has little difficulty quitting. But in golf a man whose best score is 180 goes on and on, thinking that some day there will be a miracle performed and he will go around in 70. The game is almost as unfathomable to me today as it was the first day I picked up a club.

Only a few weeks ago Mrs. Phillips and I talked it all over and decided the game was too much of a strain. We admitted we were happy till we met it.

"I think it's hurting my disposition, don't you?" she asked sweetly.

"Possibly," I agreed.

"And there's no denying that it makes a different man of you," she continued. "Sometimes when I see how you act on the golf links I'm really alarmed about you. Let's give it up."

"Let's," I assented.

But it was cold weather then. Today it is balmy and springlike. Mrs. Phillips phoned me at the office. "It's a beautiful day. Let's play a little golf," she urged.

"Let's," I replied, and dropped everything.

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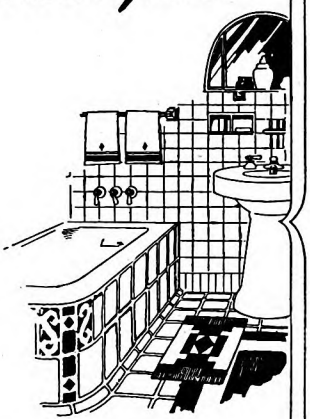

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The Great Tomorrow

By WALTER B. PITKIN

Professor of Journalism, Columbia University; Formerly Associate Editor of the Encylopædia Britannica

Less and Still Less Brain-Racking

IN THE Great Tomorrow will people work less with their hands and more with their heads? Most people agree with Charles M. Schwab in this belief. But scientists doubt it. They think that we shall work less with both hands and heads. Labor-saving machines first came to the rescue of our big muscles because they were the easiest to invent and aided the largest number of people. But now they are being made for brain-saving. Look at the newest mathematical machines. The most marvelous is the "Continuous Integraph." In a few hours it solves problems in higher mathematics which the world's greatest mathematicians spend weeks in mastering. The day is near when nine tenths of all calculating will be done by machine operators. There will be perhaps one trained mathematician needed for every thousand machines, in case a novel problem, not yet thought of by inventors, arises which they cannot handle.

Mechanical Voice, Man's New Menace

NOW and then we find a wild invention which we fervently hope will never be put to work while we linger on this orb. One such is that monster which delivered a speech to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology alumni in New York a little while ago. It was a combination of two independent inventions. Years ago Dr. John E. MacKenty, the eminent surgeon, made an artificial larynx to be fitted into the throats of his patients who had been deprived of their homemade voice boxes. Then came another genius and made an artificial lung which can croon a mammy-lullaby or bellow like a stump speaker. Now some fiend in human form has hooked these two together and created a mechanical after-dinner speaker.

Great Promise of Tomorrow's Art

EXTRA fancy art critics say that machinists and engineers can never equal the "True Artist's" creations. But now come the Czechoslovak glassworkers with overwhelming proof to the contrary. For centuries Czechoslovakia has bred wonderful glassworkers, and now she is going in for mass production of art glass with such scientific skill that the keenest art experts cannot, even with microscopes, distinguish the imitations from the originals. Prague turns out every variety, even the queer old American types, with all their unevenness and imperfections! And the world's shrewdest collectors of art glass have already stopped buying, because they are helpless in the face of this new flood. As with glass, so with all other beautiful things. American-made rugs in the Persian and Chinese types are finer, by far, than most of the antiques from which they have been copied. Show any disinterested jury the old and the new rugs side by side, without identifying marks, and ask which are lovelier; nine times out of ten, they will pick the American factory product. More beauty has been brought into the world with machinery than by all the patient, inspired hand drudgery of artists since time began. The Great Tomorrow will shine with fairer things than all the great art creators in Greece and Florence and Paris ever dreamed of.

Living Light is Now Reality

EVERY year physiological chemists come nearer to the secret of the firefly. Already, some of them, notably Professor Harvey of Princeton, believe that it is only a matter of a few years before they will be manufacturing this odd protein called luciferin. Odd? Rather! For it can be burned over and over without being used up! How so? In one process it can be oxidized, and in the very next it can be reduced to itself again. Probably no man now alive will ever see houses illumined with this cold glow of the myriad living lanterns of nature; but the Great Tomorrow will, as surely as fireflies flicker.

"Poor Man!" Sigh Wealthy Women

AROUND the spring or early summer of 2025 A. D. all the wealth of the U. S. A. will be in the hands of women. That is, it will—

If they go on grabbing it off in the future as fast as they have been in the past few years. Thus declares a Wall Street prophet who is also a statistician of no mean figure. Women now possess 41% of America's individual wealth. They are beneficiaries of $76,000,000,000 of life insurance now in force here. Women millionaires are almost as numerous as men. Women get 70% of all estates left by men and 64% of those left by women. More than 8,500,000 weaker sisters work for mere money. More than half the stockholders of our billion-dollar corporations are women; and so too are the Federal income-tax payers.

The Japanese City of Tomorrow

TO MAKE large buildings safer in earthquake regions, Japanese architects are now planning an 80-story building for Tokio which, instead of being a skyscraper, will be 80 stories deep! It will drive down into the earth 1,100 feet. And it will hang more or less free in a steel-concrete shaft, so that no earthquake wave can give it more than a tiny quiver.

Will the architects of the Great Tomorrow take a tip from this and build American edifices 80 stories downward and also 80 stories upward? Will they put the offices and warehouses in the lower floors, leaving all the upper stories for people to live in and enjoy the light and air of heaven? Or will they use the Japanese idea only in earthquake regions where many disasters have occurred? Nobody knows.

Rather Hard on Poor Old Metals

A FEW months ago the American Society for Heat Treating watched a man hold a tiny stick of odd metal against an emery wheel. As the wheel spun, the stick went through it like a hot knife through butter. The emery was soon a memory. The stick was a new alloy, now christened carboloy. It scratches a sapphire as easily as a diamond scratches glass. And no metal made can stand up against it.

The machinist who uses it for the cutting edge of his tools can finish about as much metal work in ten minutes as he used to in an hour. More than a million machinists cut away at metals every day in America's factories. Before long they'll be doubling and trebling their output with no more effort than now. Yes, a mere trifle, this carboloy! It can't add more than ten or twenty billion dollars to the world's wealth. And maybe not five, but human labor will get that.

Let That Skyscraper Have Some Yeast!

TO CONSTRUCT office buildings much higher, they must first be made lighter. One Chicago genius has lately tried mixing cement and sand with yeast into a nice, warm dough such as Mother used to make. The result is a fluffy concrete full of bubbles and weighing less than half as much as the common sort. A 100-story building whose walls and floors are made of this will not weigh as much as a 50-story one does now. Eminent architects now testing the queer blend report that buildings using it stand up as solidly as the bride's first biscuits.

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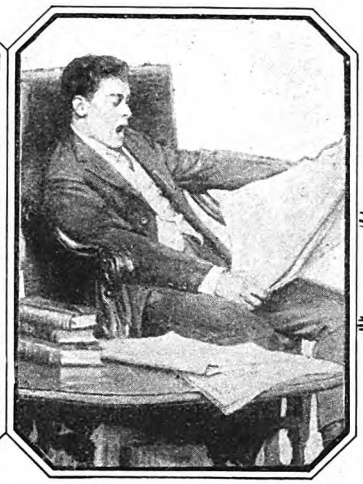

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He knows something of science, though he had to stop school at fifteen. He is at home with history, and the best biographies, and the really great dramas and essays. Older men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.

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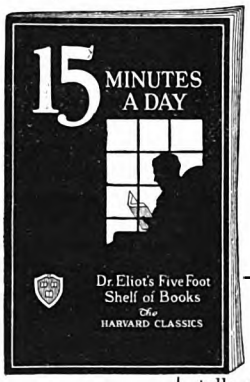

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The Thinker

(*Continued from page 47*)

W-al, I got rousted out by these here fellers. Their car come down with an ailin' engine or suthin', and seems like they couldn't do nothin' but wake me up to git 'em some spark plugs. Things allus go wrong when my wife's away. Jest seems like the house goes to rack and ruin when my wife, Lizzy, hain't to home."

Pliny blinked. "When who—" he commenced; but Scattergood cut him short.

"You better be gittin' to bed, Pliny, or you won't never wake up in time to take that there train of yourn out at seven o'clock."

Pliny Pickett was conductor of the passenger train which plied back and forth over Scattergood's twenty-four miles of railroad.

"Say," he said; but again Scattergood stopped him:

"Seven o'clock won't be so long comin'. G'night, Pliny."

"G'night, Scattergood."

The old fellow stood batting his eyes after the car as it drove on to Scattergood's store and stopped, for it was necessary now to carry out the pretense of securing the spark plugs. He watched the three men enter, and then walked up the street waggling his head and muttering.

"His wife Lizzy—and train leavin' at seven. Crazier'n a coot. Train hain't never left before eight, and *Mandy's* his wife."

THE trio remained in the store sufficiently long to make plausible their errand; then the leader stepped out on the street to reconnoiter. Coldriver was still and silent; no human figure moved on its streets; Pliny Pickett had disappeared in quest of his bed.

"Fetch him out," said the robber, "and we'll git to whizzin'."

One man drove the car around the corner and stopped it before the tinsmith's shop at the rear of the bank; the other marched Scattergood along the sidewalk to the back door.

"Open her up," he said, "and don't waste no time over it."

Scattergood produced his keys and unlocked the door, through which he entered with the robber. The second man remained outside to keep watch.

"You'n' me'll be able to carry out the stuff," said the leader with grim humor. "You, bein' a banker, 'll be more used to handlin' money than I am."

"I calc'late I'd git more enj'yment out of carryin' cash into the bank than I will from carryin' it out," said Scattergood. . . . "Dog-gone! I like to barked all the skin off'm my shin ag'in' that chair. Hain't ye got no light nor nothin'?"

"This ain't a Fourth of July fireworks display," said the robber. "I'll see you git plenty light to work by."

"I hain't worked this here combination myself fer a long stretch," said Scattergood. "Mostly the cashier does it. I hope it don't give me no trouble."

"That's what you better hope," said the robber.

"These here things is kind of delicate, and my old fingers is clumsy," Scattergood said. "But I'll do the best I kin. I hain't feelin' so good, mister, and my hands is kind of tremblin'."

"Mebbe this here'll stiddy 'em up," said the man, nudging Scattergood with the muzzle of his revolver.

"It's sure got a powerful effect," Scattergood said. "I dunno when anythin's made me feel more agile. Hot, hain't it? I'm a-sweatin' so 's I'll be standin' in a puddle in a minute."

"Dry up and git to work."

"Jest a minute," said Scattergood. "Let a body ketch his breath. I hain't so young as I once was, mister. You don't want to fetch on one of my spells, do ye?"

"What spells?" asked the robber harshly.

"FUNNY about them spells," Scattergood said. "They kind of come on when I git excited or hustle around too much and git short of breath. Nothin' dangerous, you understand. But kind of upsettin'. If I should git one don't you worry a mite, but jest lay me out as comfortable as ye kin and leave me be."

"I'll lay you out comfortable if you don't get to work on that combination!"

Scattergood moved toward the door of the vault. "It's jest like a body faintin' away," he said, "only I can't be fetched to. No, sir. I jest lay there sometimes as much as two hours 'thout even twitchin'. But when I wake up, I feel jest as well as if nothin' had happened a-tall."

He was fiddling now with the knob on the big iron door while the robber held the beam of his light upon the spot.

"Lemme see," said Scattergood. "Ye turn her fust to twenty-eight, and then, if I hain't clean forgot, ye give her a twirl to the left till ye git to forty—like that—and then ye come back ag'in to fifteen. That's where she ought to open up. Hold your hosses and we'll see."

As he moved the dial, he continued to talk: "This here kind of a mess is perty tryin' to an old feller like me. I bet ye it brings on one of them spells of mine tomorrer. 'Tain't no pleasure gittin' waked in the middle of the night and bein' dragged out to rob your own bank. . . . There!"

He turned the handle and tugged at the massive door.

"It's all-fired heavy," he complained. "Huh. . . . What's the good of spendin' all the money fer sich a contraption if robbers come along and make a body open it up fer 'em?"

"You talk too much," said the robber. "Git out of the way. . . . No; you git in there first, so I kin see what you're doin'. You're goin' to help carry the stuff out to the car."

"Folks'll criticize me fer that," said Scattergood; but he obeyed the command and squeezed through into the vault.

"Gold in them little bags," he said, "and silver in them others, and there's the currency stacked up like it was kindlin' wood. Which d'ye aim to carry off fust?"

"We'll jest pile the whole caboodle on the floor outside," said the robber, "and then we'll take it to the car."

They made a couple of trips, piling the bank funds conveniently outside the vault door. Suddenly Scattergood stopped and caught at the counter.

"Kind of dizzy-like," he said. "Head's a-goin' around. Jest hold your hosses a minute. The' hain't—no—tarnal—rush." His voice trailed off into a mumble, and he sank to his knees with head wabbling on his shoulders. Then he sagged over sidewise and lay at full length on the floor before the door of the vault. The robber cursed under his breath, and stirred the old man with his foot. Then he bent over him and threw his light on the old hardware merchant's face. It was very peaceful, as of one who slept gently.

"Kin you beat that!" exclaimed the robber. "Lucky he got it open before he passed out." With another unsympathetic glance at the prone figure, he reëntered the vault for another armful of currency.

Scattergood had toppled over with his feet diagonally toward the vault door, which stood less than half open. His head was toward the street. Hardly had the robber passed inside, when the old man drew up his massive legs, swung the soles of his big shoes against the door and shoved. The door closed. Then, with amazing agility for one of his bulk, Scattergood was on his feet, his weight against the door, while he turned the handle with one hand and twirled the combination with the other. One robber was locked inside.

"H'm," grunted the old fellow, panting a little from his sudden exertion. "He didn't investigate thorough, seems as though. Ought to 'a' learned if the president of the bank was subject to spells. Fust thing any robber ought to find out. Spells in a bank president is fatal to a robber. Um. . . ."

HE STOOD gazing down at the pile of money on the floor and shook his head. "Ain't out of the woods yit," he said to himself. "Tother feller could come in and make me let this one out ag'in. And then what 'ud happen?"

He considered this point, crouching behind the counter, where he could not be seen if the robber on guard outside should prove curious.

He did his crouching at the left of the door which opened from that part of the bank used by the public into the enclosure behind the counters, and waited.

"If a feller that's wife's name was Mandy was to call her Elizabeth," he said, "it wouldn't take me no half an hour to figger out he'd made a mistake."

He looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes since they had encountered Pliny Pickett out there on the street, and all of ten minutes since they entered the bank itself.

"Wonder when tother feller's a-goin' to git dissatisfied," he muttered, and reached around behind him for the high stool on which the bookkeeper sat when he worked at his ledgers. Another five minutes passed in silence and then Scattergood heard the side door of the bank open stealthily.

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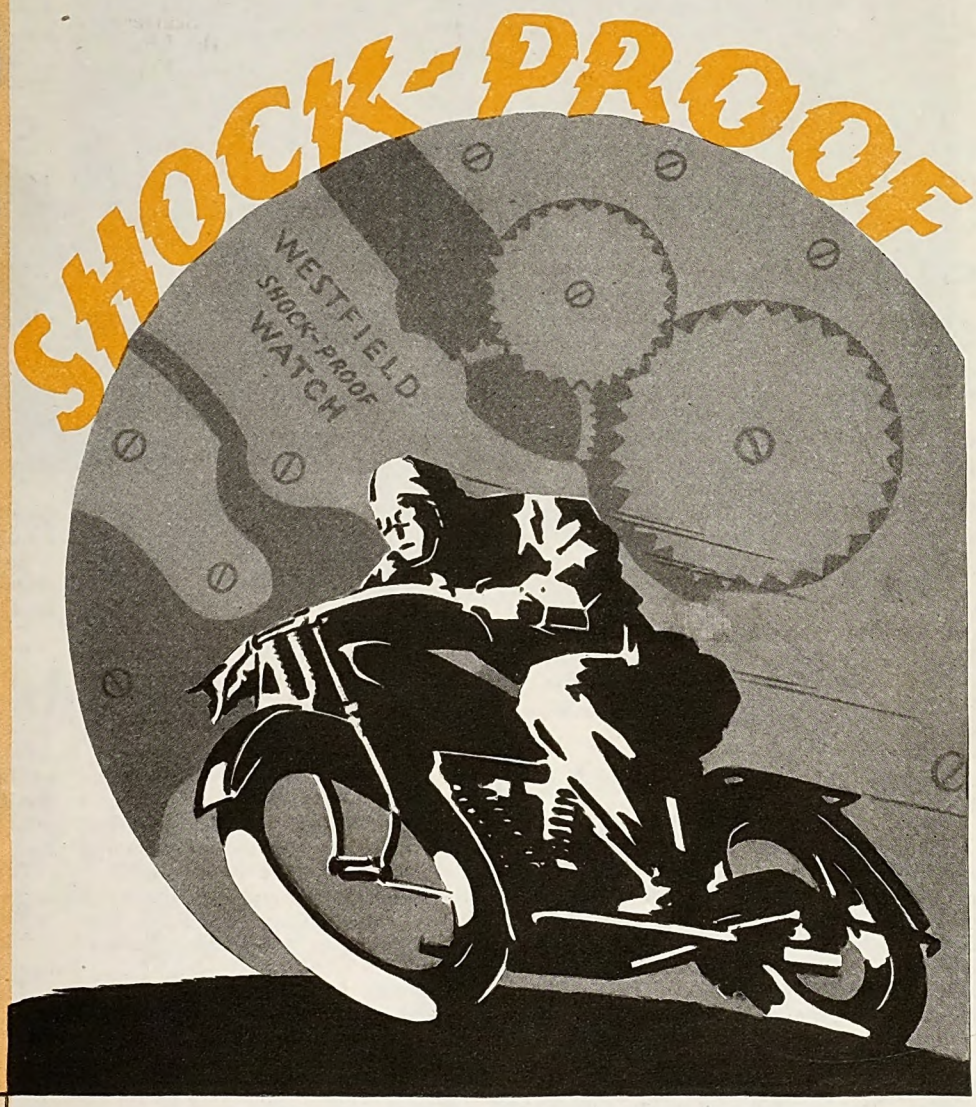

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"Hey, Martin," called a cautious voice; "what's keepin' ye so long?"

To this there was no reply. After an appreciable pause the door opened farther and the second robber stepped inside. Scattergood could hear the soft pad of his feet as they approached the gateway near which he lurked.

"Martin," whispered the second robber urgently, and then impatiently thrust open the connecting door and took one step into the banking enclosure. That step was sufficient. Scattergood, crouching expectantly, swept the bookkeeper's stool in a wide, forceful arc close to the floor. The robber was moving forward as it crashed against his shins and kneecaps with appalling unexpectedness. He uttered a strangled yelp and stumbled forward on hands and knees.

Instantly a tremendous weight—it was hard upon three hundred pounds—descended on the small of his back, crushing his face against the worn wooden floor, and Scattergood jounced up and down once for emphasis. The breath was driven quite from the man's body.

SCATTERGOOD'S mind was on the revolver which the man undoubtedly grasped in his right hand, and he bent over to wrest it away; but the gun had escaped from those surprised fingers and slid across the floor out of reach.

"Huh," said Scattergood conversationally, if a bit puffily, "calc'late I got to perch here then."

The robber squirmed, but Scattergood lifted himself a little and dropped suddenly; the robber grunted in anguish.

"Quit that jouncin'," he said.

"Quit your wigglin' then," said Scattergood. "If ye don't behave I'll nigh pile-drive ye into the boards. Jest lay still and behave. I dunno how long we got to stay here 'fore somebuddy comes along; but looks like you was a-goin' to be more uncomfortable 'n what I be."

"Where's—Martin?"

"I put him in the vault, where he'd keep," said Scattergood.

"You're bustin' my spine!"

"Huh. . . . That's a swap. You calc'lated to bust my bank. Seems as though I got it figgered out why bank robbers don't git rich. Fust off, I was kind of s'prised to hear you boys wa'n't millionaires, what with so many banks to rob, and you sich able-bodied robbers. But I'm commencin' to view it in another light."

"Aw, shut up!" snarled the robber.

"I don't hold much with silence," said Scattergood. "I git a sight of good out of talkin'. Be you fellers fust-class bank robbers, or jest kind of second-class?"

"If I could git up out of here I'd show you," said the man.

"Off and on," said Scattergood, "I've kind of studied over how I could lose flesh. Glad I never done it. The heavier I be the quieter you lie. Did ye say ye was a fust-class bank robber? I hope ye hain't, 'cause it'll destroy my admiration fer your perfession."

To this the man made no reply, and Scattergood shifted to a more comfortable position.

"Folks is slow-thinkin'," he said. "They use their laigs and their hands and their stummicks; but all their heads is useful fer is to grow hair on. Most folks 'ud be better off if they could use it to grow garden truck. Now, take Pliny Pickett. You met him a spell back. Lucky I don't hire him fer his intellect. Hirin' Pliny's intellect 'ud be like hitchin' a yoke of oxen to a automobile. Take ye a long time to git places. . . . Lay still there, mister."

A brief silence followed. "I wisht I could git home to bed. Huh. . . . If I was a harsh man I'd bat ye over the head with suthin' so as you'd lose int'rest in events. But I'm dog-gone mild. So I calc'late I got to sit here like a bump on a log and not git no sleep a-tall. Now, you'd think Pliny'd have more sense 'n that, wouldn't ye? If I'd 'a' depended on him this here bank 'ud 'a' been robbed and you boys 'ud be on your way to Canady. But I didn't, so you'n' me is gittin' acquainted and havin' a nice talk, and your friend's like to smother in the vault. Looks like you got all the luck. Married, be ye?"

"None of your business!"

"'Tain't exactly, fer a fact. I was jest wonderin'. Anyhow, I don't see why we shouldn't kind of talk pleasant to while away the time. Folks gits up early in this taown. Likely be somebuddy along in three-four hours."

But then, suddenly, the night silence was violated by the clamor of an excited bell. It clanged and jangled through the cool air startlingly, and men throughout the village reared up in their beds to listen.

Scattergood looked at his watch. "Forty minutes," he said with marked disapproval. "I never tested out Pliny before; but now I got the facts. It takes forty minutes fer a kind of a difficult idee to permeate into his brains. Hear that bell?"

"Yes."

"Fire bell," said Scattergood, "and Pliny's hangin' to the rope. Rings it fine, don't he? He kin do perty well anythin' he kin lay hands onto, but it takes him a tarnation long spell to think of where to lay his hands. Ye kin be patient a few minutes more, can't ye? Um. . . ."

THE street resounded with running feet hastening toward the Town Hall, above which hung the fire bell—running feet, and shouting voices excitedly demanding to be told where the fire was at work.

A few minutes more and the citizenry of Coldriver descended upon the bank, battering on the door and calling Scattergood's name.

"Hush your bellerin'," called Scattergood, "and come in the side door."

The bank filled with half-dressed men, bearing lanterns—with Pliny Pickett much in the foreground. "I done it," he boasted. "I got to thinkin', and here I be in the nick of time."

Scattergood regarded him saturninely. "Kind of yank this here feller from under me," he said. "I'm all wore out settin' on his back. Gimme a hand, somebuddy." He looked about him. "Pliny's a hero," he said dryly. "Got here in the nick of time, like he said. Pliny wants to git him a dictionary. Forty minutes is his idea of a nick."

"I got to thinkin'," said Pliny, "after I seen you and them men. I figgered it all out by myself."

"You done good," said Scattergood.

"Yes, sir, I kind of sauntered off home, mullin' it over in my mind, and I got into bed. But I couldn't doze off on account of figgerin' over it. 'Yes, sir,' says I to myself, 'either he's went crazy or he means suthin'.' And not havin' seen no signs of your goin' crazy I come to the conclusion you meant suthin' or other."

"Pliny, the' hain't a Philadelphy lawyer could do better."

"So I put on my pants ag'in and figgered some more."

"He figgers better with his pants on," explained Scattergood.

"I set and went over it all ag'in, and I says to myself that you named your wife out of her name and said the train time wrong because you wanted me to git some idee. I got to worryin' about the train fust off, but I couldn't see no connection, and then I took up thinkin' about Mandy; but I couldn't see no connection neither."

"That was slick reasonin'," said Scattergood.

"SO THEN I says to myself, 'I better git help,' and I got on my shoes and I run to the Taown Hall and give the bell rope a jerk. Yes, sir, and whilst I was jerkin' it I says to myself that them two fellers with you wa'n't up to no good."

"Right," said Scattergood. "And, feller citizens, he done all that thinkin' in forty minutes. . . . Um. . . . Got this feller tight?"

"You bet you," said Marvin Towne.

"Then we got to rescue tother one out of the vault. He's got him a pistol in there."

"We got some shotguns out here," declared a citizen.

"I don't want him sp'iled," said Scattergood. "I'll turn the combination and we'll kind of parley with him."

So Scattergood opened the door for the second time that night—opened it a bare crack.

"How's the air in there?" he asked.

"You lemme out of here!"

"Calc'late to," said Scattergood. "Got a hull lot of folks want to meet ye, and some's come with shotguns. Ever see a feller shot with number eight out of a twelve-gauge at clost range? W-al, it don't leave him sightly. Ye better hand your pistol through this crack, handle first."

After some brief hesitation the revolver came into view, and Scattergood thrust it in his pocket.

"Ready, fellers," he said; "I'm swingin' open the door."

The robber emerged into a half-circle of grim men suitably armed for the occasion. The deputy performed his office with handcuffs, Scattergood directed the return of the money to the vault and relocked the door.

"However'd ye git the best of 'em?" demanded Marvin Towne. "Two armed robbers, and you alone without no weapon a-tall!"

"I didn't do nothin'," said Scattergood. "'Twas Pliny. All I done was have a spell and set on a feller's back—but Pliny, he's the feller. He done forty minutes' thinkin'. I didn't use nothin' but my weight; but Pliny he used his brains. Fer forty minutes. I calc'late that's a record heat. . . . G'night, boys. I got to git me some sleep. Somebuddy drive me home."

Pliny looked after his employer proudly. "One thing you got to say for him," he exclaimed, "he's allus a feller to give a body credit for what he done!"

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

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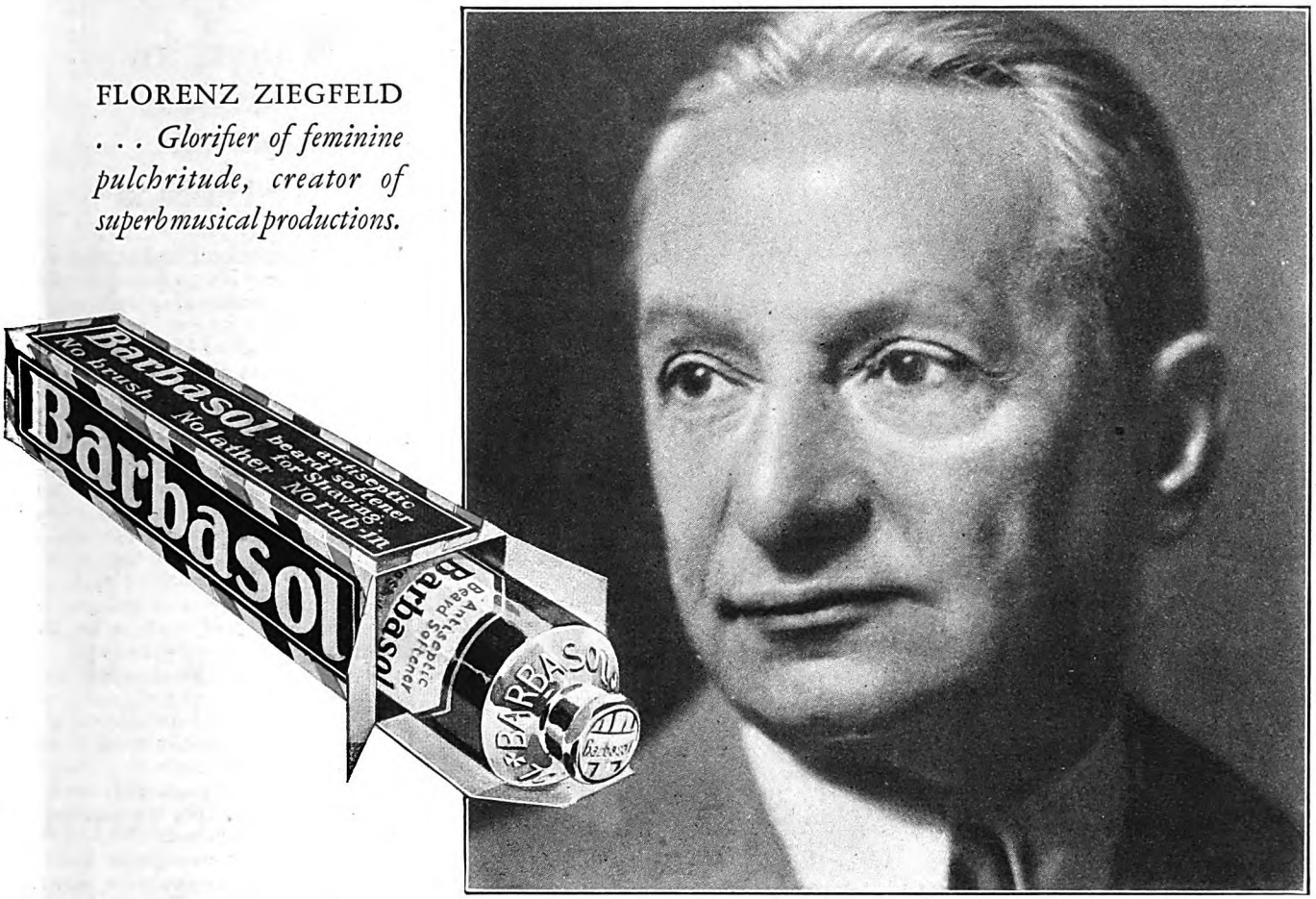

"I insist on shaving quickly, in comfort."

"Without the old-fashioned props, brush, lather and rubbing, Barbasol gives a perfect shaving performance quickly and leaves the skin feeling soft and refreshed."

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

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young looking, bright and keenly fresh looking. Men like to be this way too. New Barbasol Skin Freshener cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving—whenever tired. Nothing better . . . you'll agree!

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Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

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Today, get a tube of Barbasol from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 65c. And tomorrow morning, step into the bathroom and treat yourself to this "who's who" shave. Your face will enjoy it and so will you. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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3 PEOPLE *who need* SOUND INVESTMENT COUNSEL

....more than ever before

THIS man has profited by prosperity. He wants to "salt away" in good, sound securities, the money he has accumulated. Safety is primary — but marketability, taxes, diversification — all enter into his requirements. Where can *he* get the help he needs?

THIS man has a solid foundation of good bonds. He does not believe in market "tips," "hunches," or the like. But he *would* like to add some high grade investment stocks—which have good prospects of substantial increase in value over a reasonable period. Where can he get calm, seasoned judgment—to aid *him?*

HERE is a woman whose sole income will now come from securities purchased with the proceeds of her husband's life insurance policies. Unqualified safety of her principal—and certainty of regular income—are her basic needs. Out of the thousands of securities, which shall *she* choose?

WE submit here the qualifications of this institution to serve these people and others who face broadly similar—but *individual*—investment problems.

The institution was founded, back in 1885, to select investments for a group of British, Scottish and Dutch *trust funds*. Today, serving thousands of investors, this house continues to be distinguished for safeguarding investment funds.

This background of experience and judgment is reinforced by nation-wide sources of authentic financial information, with a complete Statistical Department as an important auxiliary. These broad facilities are at the command of the banks and individual investors whom this institution serves.

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

I Got an Interpreter to Help Me Understand My Husband

ONE of the most exasperating problems around my family is to understand the various languages that are spoken. When my boys get home from school, we have a discussion which includes such things as "double steals," "deep center," the "old apple," "socking the pill," "Texas Leaguers." When my daughter's chums assemble, it's all about Brahms, fugues, nuances, berceuses, andantes, and what not. Now my husband has introduced a new and even stranger tongue into our domestic Babel.

About three months ago someone induced him to buy 100 shares of International Lock and Joint Company stock. I think he put about $3,000 into his spec. Since this plunge, he and his friends sit around the front room after dinner and discuss Old Glory Copper and International Lock and Joint and the rest of the market in a language that has baffled me up to recently. And I learn that many another woman sits around with high curiosity while her lord discusses bulls and bears and shorts and squeezes and call money and the curb and other mysterious Wall Street goings-on. I, for one, decided to know what it was all about, and I have asked questions of broker friends until now I think I know and can tell my bewildered fellow sufferers in the home so that they can understand when the husband looks learnedly over his financial page and announces that:

He has "a nice profit today because a new pool appeared on the floor and supported International Lock and Joint and that as the shorts ran to cover the insiders were able to squeeze them good."

First, I wanted to know what a bull is. I asked my husband. He said a bull is a speculator who thinks prices will go up and invests accordingly. Then, drawing himself up to the full stature of his $3,000 fling in the market, he said: "I am a bull." Then he volunteered that J. P. Morgan once said he was a "bull on America." I asked a stock broker neighbor the same question. He confirmed my husband's definition. And he too added: "J. P. Morgan once said he was a bull on America." I concluded, therefore, that this epigram appears in some book which beginners read and that it is Wall Street's favorite bit of patriot wisdom. This seemed to be all my husband knew, so I turned to friends who work in "The Street" for the definitions that follow.

A *bear* is one who thinks prices will go down.

A *lamb* is—well, we are the lambs. And my husband—who so proudly pronounces himself a bull—I think he is a lamb. Professional bears and bulls feed on lambs.

I thought an *operator* was one who ran one of those little ticker machines. Or perhaps he might be a broker. But it appears an operator is a professional—a man who makes a business of speculating.

An *insider* is a corporation official who trades in the stock of his corporation and who therefore has all sorts of special private information.

A *short* is a man who has sold stock he doesn't own in the hope that the price of the stock will go down before he has to make good. When the price doesn't go down, but instead goes up and gives promise of going higher, the shorts are said "*to run to cover.*" That is, they rush into the market to buy stock to make their deliveries before the price gets too high. Sometimes holders of stock see the shorts in this predicament and then they put the price up on them. This is called "*squeezing the shorts.*"

A *pool* is a group of traders and speculators who select a certain stock to invest in, combining their resources and putting the management of them into the hands of a single broker. They manipulate that stock thereafter by means of clever buying and selling and propaganda until they get the price down, buy up great quantities of stock, and then manipulate it until it goes up, when they unload at a profit.

An *odd lot* puzzled me. That is what my father, who was an ardent Democrat, called the Republicans. On the stock market it means a purchase or sale of stocks in less than 100 shares.

WE HEAR an immense amount of talk about the *rails* and *industrials*, and the *grangers* and *coalers* and the *oils*. The rails refer to the railroad stocks. The industrials are the stocks of large producing and manufacturing companies. A granger is a railroad which serves the grain country. A coaler is one which serves the coal country. Groups of stocks are known by the industries they represent—the *oils*, the *motors*, the *sugars*.

A stock is "off a point" or "off two points" when it is down a dollar or two dollars below the price at which we bought it. A point is a dollar.

Of late I have been listening to a good deal about "call money." "Call money up 20 today," observes my husband, and shakes his head dubiously. Call money is money loaned to brokers to be used to finance the operations of their clients. It is known as call money because it is loaned for no definite time and can be "called in" at a moment's notice.

Now, this is not a full vocabulary of Wall Street. At least, I do not think so. But it is sufficiently complete for me to understand all the talk which goes on in my living-room between my husband, with his fortune of $3,000 in the market, and my neighbors. L. B. F.

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Real cleanliness is the greatest beauty secret!

What is it that puts high-lights in your hair... glints of gold or copper? What is it gives your skin the vivid pinkness that even great painters find difficult to get on canvas? What is it that transforms the simplest summer frock ... makes it *charming?*

The answer, of course, is *real cleanliness.*

It isn't that we do not know these things. The question is, do we make *use* of this great aid to beauty as much as we might and should?

What doctors say about shampooing

The dryest hair is oily enough to catch the dirt that flies everywhere. As this grime kills hair luster, why let it accumulate?

Authorities advise a thorough shampoo every two weeks . . . and *oftener* when a hair dressing is used, when you perspire freely, when your hair is naturally oily, when in work or play your head is exposed to more dust and dirt than is usual. And remember, any good toilet soap is a good shampoo soap. Don't fail, either, to wash your comb and brush thoroughly every few days.

Wash your face the only "best" way

The skin, also, is invisibly oily and dirt-catching . . . and water alone will not remove this film. Soap, the real cleanser, is needed.

Skin specialists say that creams and powders, when used as a *substitute* for soap and water, increase rather than lessen the possibility of blackheads and "shiny nose". They call soap and water "the most valuable agent we have for keeping the skin of the face normal and healthy".

Elbows, underwear and finger nails

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you aren't able to manage as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub your nails once a day with a stiff brush, and push the cuticle back with the towel while drying. You'll find that except for occasional shaping and polishing, little else is needed.

From stockings and underwear to dresses, scarfs, gloves, etc., there's only one safe rule about your clothing: anything that is *doubtful* is definitely *too soiled to wear.*

The kind of beauty called "elusive"

Other people know when we do and do not take baths. Other people notice when the attention we give to cleanliness is the 100% and constant kind.

Isn't "daintiness" just another name for being *clean?* . . . and "elusive" beauty, probably mostly *extra* cleanliness? . . . of body, face, hands, hair, clothing, and all the many little details?

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

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Index of Products Advertised

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Page

Absorbine, Jr. 151
Acacia Mutual Life Association 113
Allen's Foot-Ease 144
American Business Builders 145
American Products 138
American School 143, 145
American School of Photography 145
American Telephone and Telegraph Company 87
Artcraft Studios 143
Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers 159

Barbasol 157
Barreled Sunlight 119
Blue-Jay Bunion & Callus Plasters . . . 137
Bogue Institute 138
Bulova Watches . . . . . 4th Cover

Campbell's Soups 71
Canadian National Exhibition 116
Capitol Candy School 142
Chevrolet Automobiles 72
Chicago, Duluth and Georgian Bay Transit Co. 142
Chicago School of Nursing 140
Chicago Technical College 143
Chrysler Motors. 78
Coco Cola . . . . . 3d Cover
Cody School of English, Sherwin 125
Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream 92
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream 85
Conn Band Instruments 142
Coyne Electrical School 110

Davey Tree Expert Co. 100, 101
Dentyne Chewing Gum 135
Directory of Schools 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 146, 147
Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils 126
Dodge Brothers Corporation 79
Dunlop Tires 133

Edgeworth Tobacco 102
Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, Dr. . . 153
Evans & Co., Victor J. 143
Evinrude Motors 145

Page

Federal School of Commercial Designing. 143
Feuchtinger, Eugene 139
Fireside Industries 141
Fisher Bodies 13
Fleischmann's Yeast 95
Forman & Co., George M. 158
Frigidaire 93

General Electric Refrigerators 99
General Tires 130
Gets-It 140
Gillette Safety Razors 161
Golden Glint Shampoo 140
Goodrich Silvertown Tires 108, 109
Grape-Nuts 124
Greyhound Buses 111
Guttag Bros. 145

Haskell Boats 145
Health Extension Bureau 141
Hertel Co., John A. 145
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 121
Home Correspondence School 138
Hoosier Institute 138

International Accountants Society . . . 145
International Correspondence Schools . . 148
Ipana Tooth Paste . . . . . 2d Cover
Ivory Soap 14

Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles 129
Johns-Manville Moulded Brake Lining . 94

Kelvinator Refrigerators 118

La Salle Extension University . . . 103, 136
Lewis Hotel Training Schools 137
Listerine 89
Listerine Shaving Cream 96
Listerine Tooth Paste 12

Mapleine 134
Massaway Laboratories 143
McCarrie School of Mechanical Dentistry 145
Menhenitt Co., The 136
Mennen Shaving Cream 98
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company . 83
Mobiloil 81

Page

Murine 134

National Art School 143
New Departure Ball Bearings 91
Nonspi 141

Oakland Motor Car Company 97

Packer's Shampoos 114
Page-Davis School of Advertising 143
Pal Supporters 126
Palmer Institute of Authorship 142
Palmolive Shaving Cream 75
Post's Bran Flakes 105
Provident Mutual Life Insurance Co. . . 127

Ragsdale, W. Hillyer 143
Resinol Soap 138
Rhodes Kriss-Kross Stropper 141
Robeson Preservo 145
Rocky Ford Cigars 112

Scholl's Zino-pads, Dr. 143
Sergeant's Hair Applications 104
Simoniz Company 107
Speedwriting 138
Spur Ties 139
Squibb's Household Products 106
Standard Business Training Institute. . . 139
Stephenson Laboratory. 143
Sterno Canned Heat 136
Straus & Co., S. W. 162
Studebaker Automobiles 123, 132

United Hotels Company of America . . 117
Universal Aviation Schools 136
University Extension Conservatory . . . 148

Vermont Marble 115
Victor-Radio 1

Westclox 2
Westfield Watches 155
Whitman's Chocolates 77
Wildroot Hair Tonic. 120
Winchester Repeating Arms Co. 122

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mornings

blue

mornings

bright

mornings

dark brown

mornings

play

mornings

slow

mornings

hot

mornings

cold

mornings

fast

mornings

pay day

mornings

work

mornings

Every day you have a different face to shave

THERE'S the dismal morning when the hot-water faucet runs cold—and the dark brown morning after the party when your face is taut and sensitive from lack of sleep—and the hurry-up morning when you have to make the 7:45—all kinds of mornings, all kinds of shaving conditions, but only one kind of Gillette Blade—the one constant factor in your daily shave.

Eight out of ten Americans count on that blade to deliver a satisfactory, comfortable shave 365 mornings in the year, and it *does*, regardless of conditions. Machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch hone and strop the finely tempered steel far more accurately and delicately than human hands could do it.

Tomorrow morning may be fair or rainy, wintry or mild—slip a *fresh* Gillette Blade in your razor and get a smooth, comfortable shave anyway. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

★ **Gillette** ★

THE NEW FIFTY BOX—Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case . . . Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

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"I taught this Sunday School Class how wise investing helps young men succeed"

Joseph H. Hasbrouck, president of the Penn National Bank and Trust Co., Reading, Pa., tells a human story of twenty boys . . . and what happened.

"ABOUT ten years ago," said Mr. Hasbrouck, "I was persuaded to take on, for special instruction, a Sunday School class of about twenty boys, to teach them the principles of safe investing. A fine bunch of boys, they were.

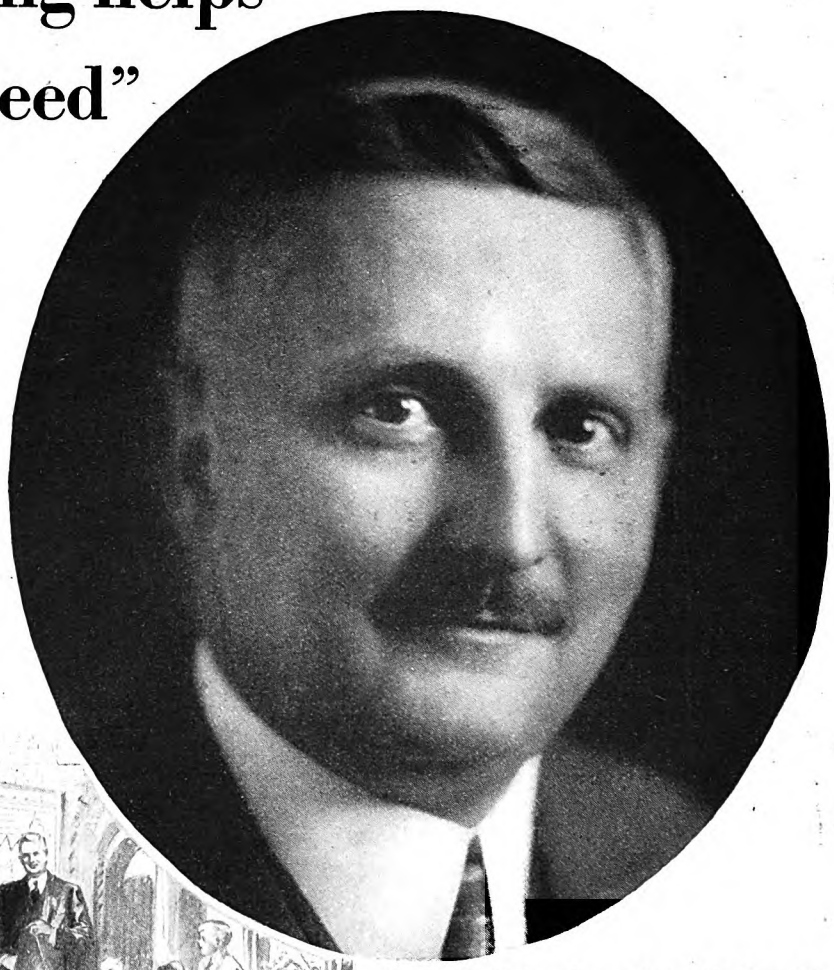
"The purpose of this class was not to make money—although they did make it—but to teach these boys how to invest intelligently and wisely. Each boy put in a certain sum—what he could afford—each week. Every fourth or fifth week we bought another $100 bond. When dividends were declared, each boy was entitled to his pro-rata share.

"I taught them what underlies a bond. I taught them what the various types of bonds are,—real estate bonds, railroad, municipal, public utility—and I taught these boys to read the actual words that are printed on each kind of bond, to know what they really mean.

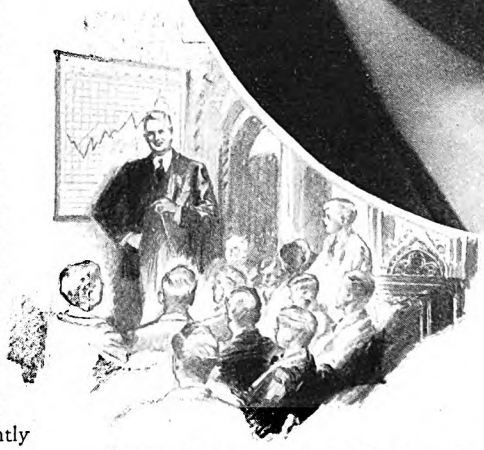
"But the interesting thing about this class," added Mr. Hasbrouck, "was that while half of these boys were the usual happy-go-lucky fellows, the *other* half were actually interested enough to go on studying the principles I had taught them, and have gone on investing regularly, to this day.

"And most gratifying of all, to me—*two* of these boys—who met in this Sunday School class ten years ago—had each saved and invested so consistently that just recently they were able to start in business for themselves, as partners, on the capital they had amassed.

"This experience was so satisfying," Mr. Hasbrouck concluded, "that I only regret my business affairs no longer permit my doing the same work with other groups of boys."



Joseph H. Hasbrouck, president of the Penn National Bank and Trust Company, Reading, Pa., is an influential member of the banking profession in Pennsylvania and has taken a prominent part in the industrial and civic development of Reading.



"I taught these boys to read the actual words that are printed on each kind of bond, to know what they really mean."

THE VALUABLE LESSONS Mr. Hasbrouck's Sunday School class was fortunate enough to learn at so early an age, include what every investor should know. Mr. Hasbrouck impressed upon these boys that the *first* principle in investing is *safety*, and that any program of investing, to be sound, must be founded on this principle.

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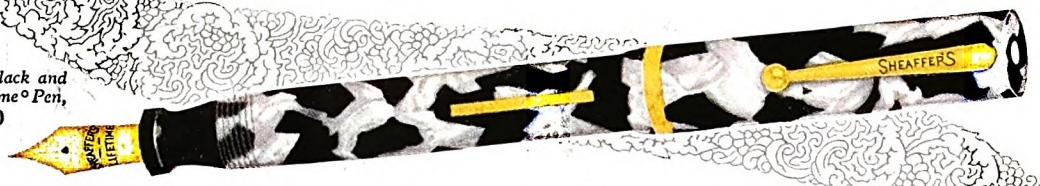

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The American Magazine

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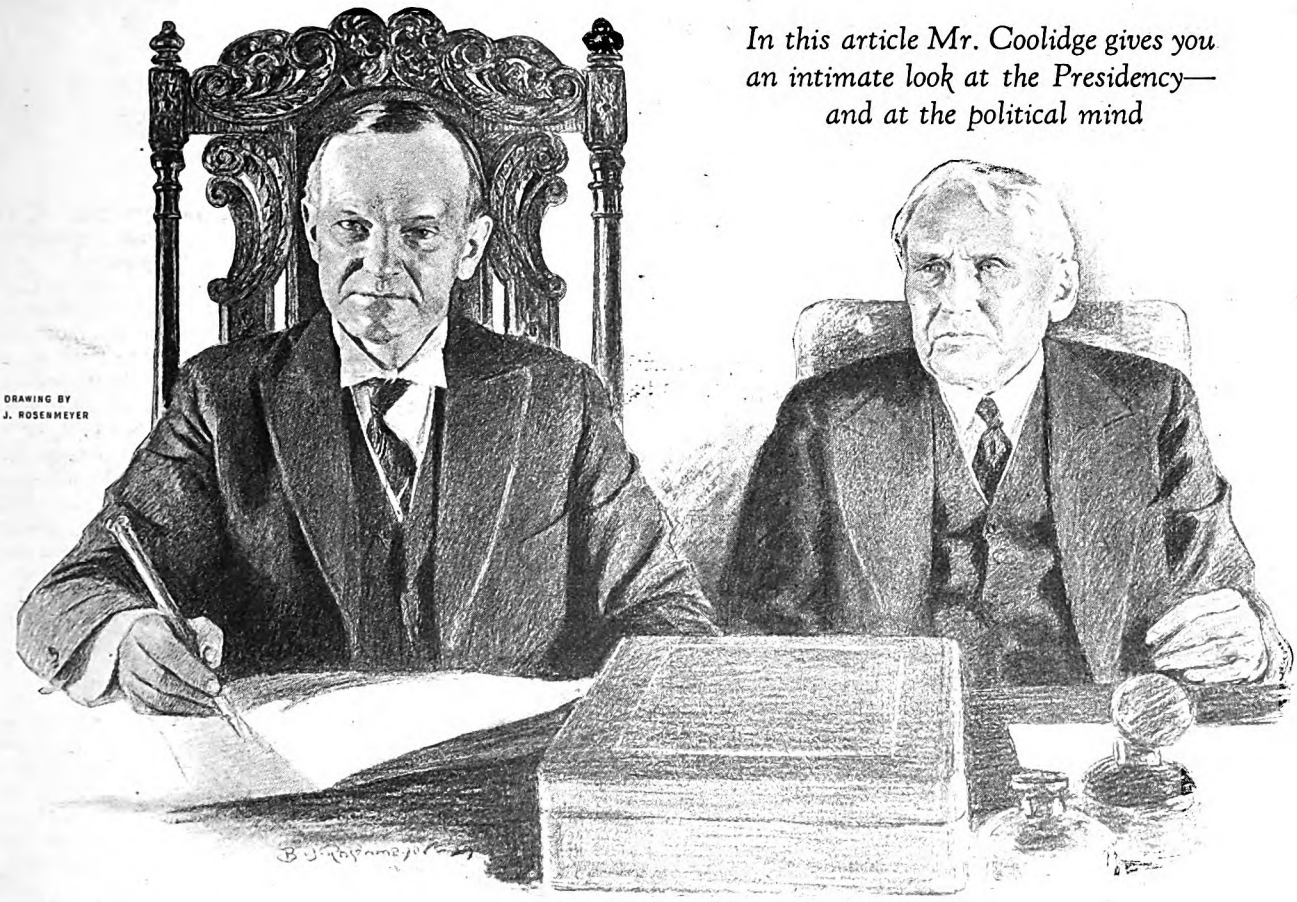
In this article Mr. Coolidge gives you an intimate look at the Presidency—and at the political mind



DRAWING BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

The President Lives Under a Multitude of Eyes

By Calvin Coolidge

EVERYTHING that the President does, potentially at least, is of such great importance that he must be constantly on guard. This applies not only to himself, but to everybody about him. Not only in all his official actions, but in all his social intercourse, and even in his recreation and repose, he is constantly watched by a multitude of eyes to determine if there is anything unusual, extraordinary, or irregular, which can be set down in praise or in blame. Oftentimes trifling incidents, some insignificant action, an unfortunate phrase in an address, an injudicious letter, a lack of patience towards someone who presents an impossible proposition, too much attention to one person, or too little courtesy towards another, become magnified into the sensation of the hour. While such events finally sink into their proper place in history as too small for consideration, if they occur frequently they create an atmosphere of distraction that might seriously interfere with the conduct of public business which is really important.

It was my desire to maintain about the White House as far as possible an attitude of simplicity and not engage in anything that had an air of pretentious display. That was my conception of the great office. It carries sufficient power within itself, so that it does not require any of the outward trappings of pomp and splendor for the purpose of creating an impression. It has

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a dignity of its own which makes it self-sufficient. Of course, there should be proper formality, and personal relations should be conducted at all times with decorum and dignity, and in accordance with the best traditions of polite society. But there is no need of theatricals.

HOWEVER much he may deplore it, the President ceases to be an ordinary citizen. In order to function at all, he has to be surrounded with many safeguards. If these were removed for only a short time, he would be overwhelmed by the people who would surge in upon him. In traveling it would have been agreeable to me to use the regular trains which are open to the public. I did so once or twice. But I found it made great difficulty for the railroads. They reported that it was unsafe, because they could not take the necessary precautions. It therefore seemed best to run a second section, following a regular train, for the exclusive use of the President and his party. While the facilities of a private car were always offered, I think they were used only once, when one was needed for the better comfort of Mrs. Coolidge during her illness.

Although I was not given to much travel during my term of office, it was sufficient to convince me that the Government should own a private car for the use of the President when he leaves Washington. The pressure on him is so great, the responsibilities are so heavy, that it is wise public policy, in order to secure his best services, to provide him with such ample facilities that he will be relieved as far as possible from all physical inconveniences.

It is not generally understood how much detail is involved in any journey of the President. One or two secret service men must go to the destination several days in advance. His line of travel and every street and location which he is to visit are carefully examined. The order of ceremonies has to be submitted for approval. Oftentimes the local police are inadequate, so that it is necessary to use some of the military or naval forces to assist them. Not only his aides and his personal physician, but also secret service men, some of his office force, and house servants, have to be in attendance. Quarters must also be provided for a large retinue of newspaper reporters and camera men who follow him upon all occasions. Every switch that he goes over is spiked down. Every freight train that he passes is stopped and every passenger train slowed down to ten miles per hour. While all of this proceeds smoothly, it requires careful attention to a great variety of details.

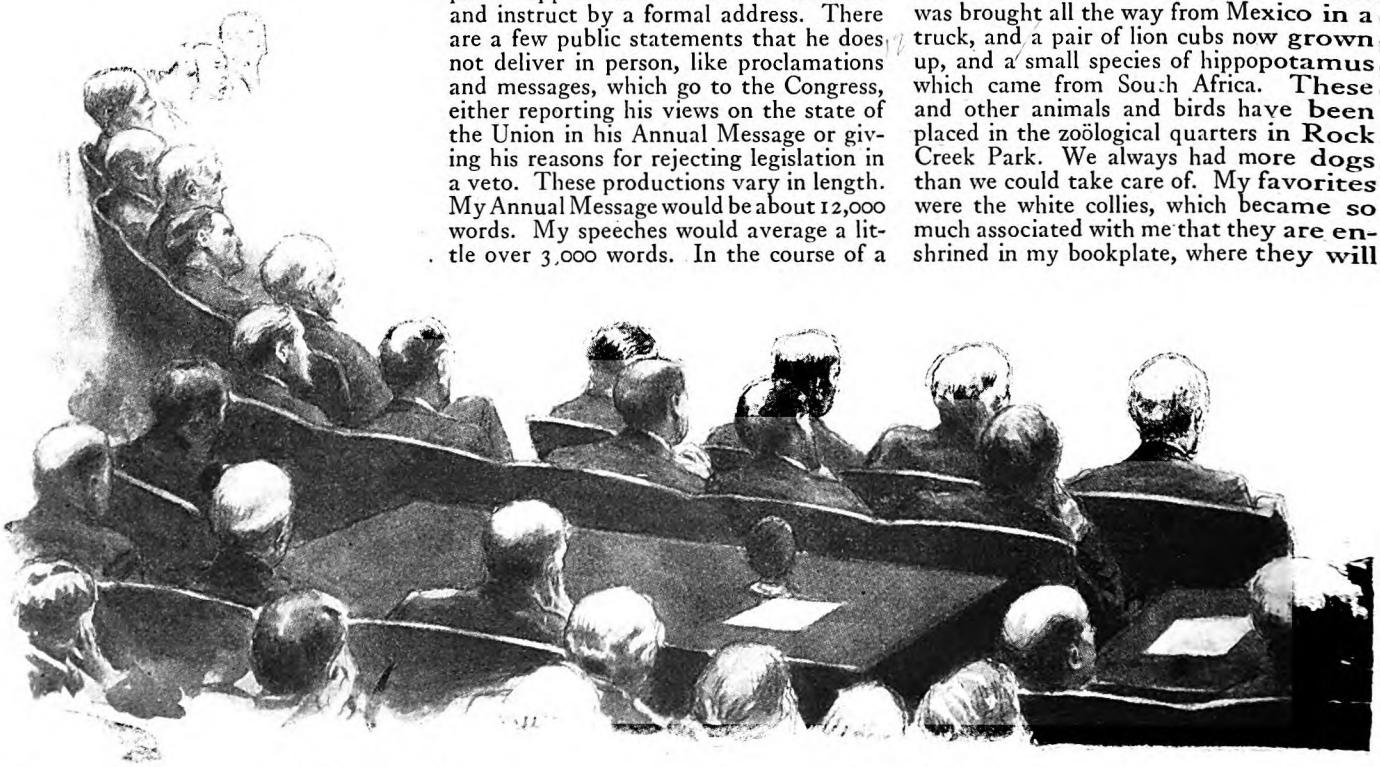
It was never my practice to speak from rear platforms. The confusion is so great that few people could have heard, and it does not seem to me very dignified. When the President speaks it ought to be an event. The excuse for such appearances which formerly existed has been eliminated by the coming of the radio. It is so often that the President is on the air that almost anyone who wishes has ample opportunity to hear his voice. It seemed more appropriate for Mrs. Coolidge and me to appear at the rear of the train where the people could see us. About the only time that I spoke was at Bennington in September of 1928, where I expressed my affection and respect for the people of the state of Vermont, as I was passing through that town on my way back to Washington. I found that the love I had for the hills where I was born touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the whole nation.

One of the most appalling trials which confronts a President is the perpetual clamor for public utterances. Invitations are constant and pressing. They come by wire, by mail, and by delegations. No event of importance is celebrated by any group anywhere in the United States without their inviting him to come to deliver an oration. When others are enjoying a holiday, he is expected to make a public appearance in order to entertain and instruct by a formal address. There are a few public statements that he does not deliver in person, like proclamations and messages, which go to the Congress, either reporting his views on the state of the Union in his Annual Message or giving his reasons for rejecting legislation in a veto. These productions vary in length. My Annual Message would be about 12,000 words. My speeches would average a little over 3,000 words. In the course of a year the entire number reaches about twenty, which probably represents an output of at least 75,000 words.

Drawing by
JOSEPH SIMONT

This kind of work is very exacting. It requires the most laborious and extended research and study, and the most careful and painstaking thought. Each word has to be weighed, in the realization that it is a Presidential utterance which will be dissected at home and abroad to discover its outward meaning and any possible hidden implications. Before each address was finished it was thoroughly examined by one or two of my staff, and oftentimes by a member of the Cabinet. It was not difficult for me to deliver an address. The difficulty lay in its preparation. This is an important part of the work of a President which he cannot escape. It is inherent in the office.

A GREAT many presents come to the White House, which are all cherished, not so much for their intrinsic value as because they are tokens of esteem and affection. Almost everything that can be eaten comes. We always knew what to do with that. But some of the pets that were offered us were more of a problem I had a beautiful black-haired bear that was brought all the way from Mexico in a truck, and a pair of lion cubs now grown up, and a small species of hippopotamus which came from South Africa. These and other animals and birds have been placed in the zoölogical quarters in Rock Creek Park. We always had more dogs than we could take care of. My favorites were the white collies, which became so much associated with me that they are enshrined in my bookplate, where they will



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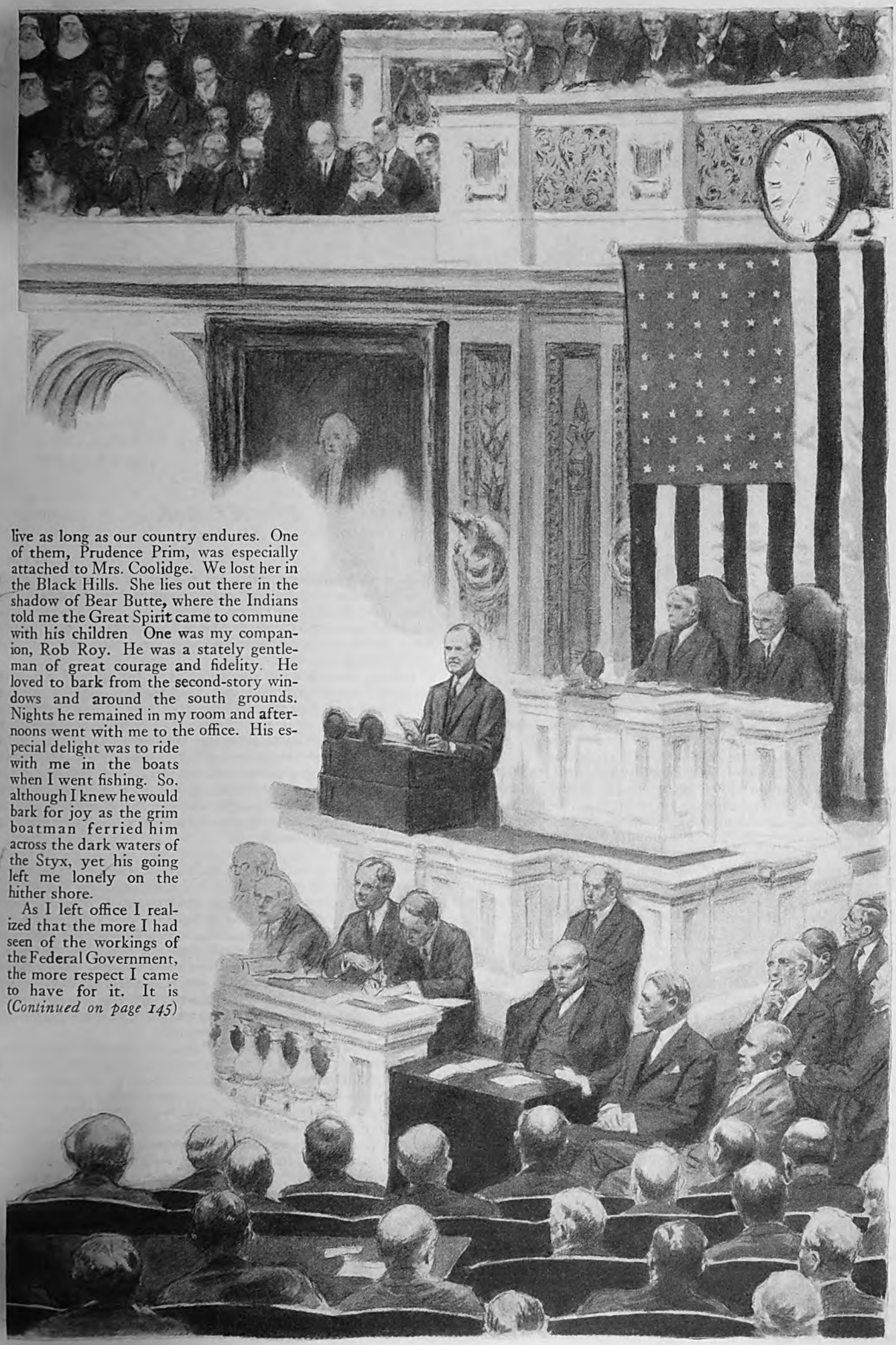

live as long as our country endures. One of them, Prudence Prim, was especially attached to Mrs. Coolidge. We lost her in the Black Hills. She lies out there in the shadow of Bear Butte, where the Indians told me the Great Spirit came to commune with his children One was my companion, Rob Roy. He was a stately gentleman of great courage and fidelity. He loved to bark from the second-story windows and around the south grounds. Nights he remained in my room and afternoons went with me to the office. His especial delight was to ride with me in the boats when I went fishing. So, although I knew he would bark for joy as the grim boatman ferried him across the dark waters of the Styx, yet his going left me lonely on the hither shore.

As I left office I realized that the more I had seen of the workings of the Federal Government, the more respect I came to have for it. It is (*Continued on page 145*)

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Hello, Hello,

Drawings by
WILLIAM OBERHARDT

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

CERTAINLY the scene was enough to stagger the wits of any man—let alone a frantic reporter, thousands of miles from the home scene, with serious work to do. A hundred thousand spectators, children even, stimulated by a collective impulse, streamed in a great, clamant flood of voice and body across the military reservation. And out of the soggy twilight lowered the bulking shape of the Graf Zeppelin, about to settle at Lakehurst, New Jersey, after its spectacular flight from Germany.

It was one of the most exciting moments, journalistically, in 1928. To reporters such a moment is one where seconds count. It is imperative that lines of communication be kept open—the flash transmitted to city editorial rooms instantaneously, else a rival newspaper may give you a fearful beating. So, when the Zeppelin hove into sight, there was a clattering surge for telegraph instruments, a surge that the marines, whose passion for order is not always compromisable with reasonableness, strove to resist with short clubs.

But there was one man who broke through—Wilhelm Schulze, correspondent for the Ullstein Agency, the big news syndicate in Germany. As fast as his short legs would carry him, he rushed to a hot-dog stand at the edge of the reservation, dived into the lone telephone booth, and wrenched at the receiver.

"Get me the Verlag Ullstein, Berlin S. W. 68," he shouted. "Ach! Long Distance—all the way to Germany, yes, right now."

Crushing his body into the cramped spaces of the booth, he thanked heaven that he spoke English. He leaned backwards, nervously rustling his notes, choking down a rising doubt as the clamor outside grew greater. Taking a long chance to save seconds, he ran the risk of losing all.

Over the wire there came strange noises . . . the strong resonant hum of distant mechanisms. He studied his watch . . . was central bridging the Atlantic? . . . Just six minutes later the operator announced briskly: "Here is your party in Berlin."

And Herr Schulze, momentarily astounded to hear the voice of an old colleague speak to him across the Atlantic, almost forgot to reply. Then he settled down to the business at hand, dictating the story of the arrival of the Zeppelin, giving the details as he saw them through the windows of the booth. Within thirty minutes after he had begun to speak, a dozen newspapers served by his agency were spilling "extras" into the streets of as many Ge man cities, carrying the story word-for-word as he had dictated it from his telephone booth nearly 5,000 miles away. Needless to say, he scored a clean beat over the opposition.

Unique though it is, this incident is but one of the same thrilling sort of stuff that makes up the log of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's new transatlantic telephone system, now in the third year of commercial operation. Bits of love, it seems, ride through the hushed susurrus of radio waves. And daily there is a great trafficking in the world's wealth, in the upper reaches of the ether, with brokers in the world's marts keeping abreast of tickers thousands of miles away, and diplomats casually exchanging momentous ideas between scattered chancelleries with a personal directness that never before was possible.

"IT WAS in January, 1927, that the transatlantic telephone system was formally established and opened to the public," declared Theodore G. Miller, general manager of the Long Lines Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. "At that time, there were not a few people who were prone to believe that radio telephony of this sort was just a freak. Naturally, we did not share these doubts. What we did expect—and subsequent developments corroborated the prediction—was, that the very novelty of the service would stimulate a great demand at first, and then we must settle back to await a sane, gradual development.

"This is precisely what took place. By the end of 1927, some 2,900 persons had used the transatlantic telephone, the great bulk of these during the early part of the year. Then the curve began to rise upwards. In 1928, approximately 7,500 individual users were recorded. The increase was important enough to justify a drastic reduction in the rates. Where it cost, at first, seventy-five dollars to talk to London for three minutes, we later reduced the rate to forty-five dollars for the same conversation, with proportionate reductions to all connecting points.

"Meanwhile, we rapidly extended our service. We included Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Vienna, Copenhagen, Brussels—indeed, nearly all the major cities on the Continent, besides linking Canada, Mexico, and Cuba to the New York terminal. Outwardly, this tremendous development may be isolated in the single fact that the 19,000,000 telephones in the United States have been linked—potentially, at least—with the telephones of the Old World—28,000,000 telephones, in all, hooked up into one great, cohesive circuit.

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LONDON

An article about the transatlantic telephone and the gentle vagaries of the human voice when it strays a long way from home

"We have only recently added the northern coast of Africa to this system, and before long we hope to include some South American cities. I do not think that it requires a great deal of imagination to envisage what all this means. It means that a large part of the world is now at your elbow—that your hello, spoken casually in Los Angeles, can command a listener in Stockholm, 8,500 mi'es away. Without stirring from your library or your business desk, you can project your true. living vo'ce and personality into inaccessible corne.s of the world."

THE story about the little British boy that Mr. Miller told me is illustrative of the magic of modern communication. The lad lived in a suburb of London. Somehow or other, he acquired a copy of the catalog of a Chicago mail-order house and within its voluminous content he found some very appealing photographs of rifles. It stirred him strangely; the impulse, once provoked, emerged all the stronger because the circumstances were propitious. His dad was at his office, his mother shopping, and his nurse out walking.

With infinite resourcefulness, he went to the telephone and requested "American Service, please." Then he put through a call for the glamorous store in Chicago, 4,000 miles away. The call was completed within ten minutes. Casually he asked for more information about various rifles, and finally ordered one (which was valued at a very few dollars), replaced the receiver, and then retreated into a disarming secretivene s. Nor did the father discover his son's adventure until the first of the month, when his telephone bill arrived, embodying a mysterious charge of twenty pounds for a call to Chicago. The rifle came by post, C. O. D., the same day. Being a wise father, he proceeded to an inescapable deduction, and it seems reliably reported that he lived up to the best traditions of parenthood.

"But that, too, is just an isolated incident, one of the many that we hear about, either directly from the people who used the service, or from newspaper items relating their experiences," said Mr. Miller. "Telephoning through the air over thousands of miles stirs everyone's imagination and the public is intensely interested in all features connected with the service. The press learned early in the game that it had definite news value, and daily we receive clippings from all over the country, telling of new and unusual uses being made of this international voice highway."

W. C. Durant, the automobile man, kept the traffic moving over this highway during a trip abroad last summer. At that time, the great bull market was bowling along, and Mr. Durant, who is one of the biggest market operators, didn't let a few degrees of longitude prevent him from keeping abreast of the moment's developments on Wall Street. Wherever he was—in London, Paris, or Berlin, or even in scattered suburbs of these cities—he kept in daily communication with his brokers via the telephone. During a period of a few weeks his telephone bill amounted to approximately $25,000. He talked as long as an hour at a time, and on one occasion, during a feverish moment in the market, he had two brokers in New York alternating on the wire, in the pressure of executing his orders.

Once, while in a London hotel, and being too fatigued to get out of bed, he instructed the waiter who brought his luncheon to call up his broker. The astounded servant put through the call.

"Tell them to buy, in my name, 5,000 shares of General Motors," Mr. Durant ordered. The waiter did so, reporting the price. "Fine," said Mr. Durant, "tell them to buy 10,000 more."

The waiter, perspiring slightly because of this extraordinary responsibility, transmitted the order and was about to hang up the receiver, weakly, and return to the less exciting occupation of gathering up soiled dishes.

"Wait," commanded the millionaire, reaching for a second lump of sugar. "Order 15,000 shares more."

That's life! A Piccadilly waiter, with tuppence in his pocket, riotously spending $6,000,000 over the phone with a man he had never seen!

"YOU must remember," Mr. Miller said, "that all calls put through our transatlantic service are confidential, just as are the calls transmitted over the local circuit People, however, are so gratified with the results, and the novelty, that they either tell us about them or else tell the newspapers. You see, the shock of hearing a voice come in so clearly over a great distance seems to excite them."

Suppose you live in, say, Chicago, and desire to talk with somebody at the Savoy Hotel, London. You lift the receiver and ask the local operator for "Long Distance." Then you give Long Distance the name of the hotel and that of your friend. The call is put through, and your voice, following it, scampers along the long-distance cable from Chicago to the New York long-distance office, the (*Continued on page 84*)

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A story in which it is shown that Romance is Romance, no matter where you find it

By LYNN MONTROSS

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

"Nothing is ever *all over* with YOU"

THE day after Reed Sherrard's graduation from high school his grandfather called him into the ancient, musty study. The old gentleman, having retired from the bench at the age of seventy-eight, had little left him for diversion except his own eccentricities.

"Reed," he began, in a tone he had used for two decades when sentencing criminals, "how long is it you have spent in high school?"

Of course, he knew to the day. He only wanted to see his grandson squirm. . . . The boy stared a long time at the calf-bound legal volumes and then at Judge Sherrard's square face and thin, folded hands.

"Five and a half years," he said.

"Ah," said the judge. "Don't like to study?"

"No, sir."

"Like the girls, eh? Like your roadster? Your parties? . . . All those things?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well!"

The old gentleman lit a rope-like stogie and surveyed the tawny-headed youngster from head to foot as if in astonishment. Age was enjoying itself heartily. . . . "Now what? Your parents are unable to do anything for you, and since I'm footing the bills, I'm naturally a bit curious. It has cost me to date a trifle under two thousand to put you through high school—$1,879.65, to be exact," he added, glancing at a notebook on his desk.

"Sorry, sir."

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Pointing to Reed, she shouted in the officer's ear, "Just a few minutes. . . . He's my cousin. He's my brother. He's—"

"No, you're not! Nobody has ever been sorry for spending somebody else's money."

"Well—in a way, I am."

"You ought to be. . . . You are going to the State University. That's settled. What courses have you decided to take?"

"Engineering. Mathematics. I don't know exactly—anything that will lead up to navigation. Only I'd a lot rather start right out on a ship and learn it there . . . a freighter—"

"Ship! Freighter! *Tosh!*" From under his overhanging gray brows the old man stared out at the mid-Western prairies—twelve hundred miles from the sea. He turned the cannonade of his judicial glance on the youth of nineteen years who faced him. "Bah!"

Reed leaned forward eagerly.

"You think, because—well, put it this way: Did any of the best sailors ever come from seaport towns? How about Dewey from Vermont, and—"

"He should have stayed there. . . . All young men are fools, and you are no exception. Only tramps become sailors, just as no gentleman ever became a painter or a novelist. There are only two professions in the world—law and diplomacy. (The ministry is merely a trade, and a very poor one these days.) Could you be ready, Reed, to leave tomorrow for the State University? I shall wire Dean Travis of the College of Law that you are about to register, and request him to give you all supervision consistent with his office. . . . Your income, I may add, will be adjusted to the increased expenses of college. There is nothing like living as a gentleman. . . . Good day! Good day! You might interrupt me just long enough tomorrow to tell me good-by before your departure."

JUDGE SHERRARD tucked a new stogie into his square beard and turned abruptly to his desk. After three decades on the bench he still loved the drama of dismissal.

Reed walked out on the back porch with Solo, the Gordon setter. He didn't want to take law. He didn't want to be a county attorney in some inland village, devoting his life to the winning of cases. He wasn't made for it. Within his heart beat the ebb and flow of the sea, bequeathed to him by some remote and rebellious ancestor. He dreamed of steel decks, derricks, blunt funnels, smoke, the pound and tear of eager engines. . . .

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At seven o'clock that evening he was sure he was strong enough to stand up against the old tyrant. No, he would do even better—he would run away and seek his freighter. . . . At nine o'clock he was not so sure. After all, the roadster was running like a top; it would be wonderful to have it at the University. And the girls on Fraternity Row would be so much more glittering than high school girls.

His imagination painted glowing pictures of the campus—even taking anything so odious as law—with the eccentrically generous income his grandfather would give him. Gradually the hedonist in him overcame the adventurer; by midnight he was saying to himself: "The old gentleman has taken care of me for eight years now, sent me to school when my parents only hoped that I might be a capable shipping clerk . . . it's only right to think of his wishes—"

Much as he loved the old man, Reed knew that he was lying to himself. He knew it next day when he said good-by . . . all the time he stared bitterly at the long rows of calf-bound volumes in the study. They were the judge's most vehement pride. He had bullied his grandson into taking law in order that the precious library might somehow remain in the family. Whims such as this changed people's lives. . . .

Reed had scarcely registered as a pre-law at the State University before he was rushed by three fraternities. His shock of tawny, rumpled hair, his ruddy skin, slim height, and one-sided grin marked him at once as a potential brother to almost any combination of Greek letters. The roadster was an added merit, not to mention the two hundred dollars a month which the judge wryly designated "pocket money."

After the mid-semester examinations Reed had a reputation which extended from Fraternity Row to the executive dean's office. He had wrecked the roadster on a wild drive to Chicago; he had cut every class at least six times; he had flunked every course, not even excepting military drill. The seniors in his fraternity were relieved when it was sure that he was to be suspended. . . . "After all, he isn't quite the proper material for our house."

Dean Abrams looked almost admiring as he said, "I don't see how you could possibly have done so badly in so short a time. It shows talent. I hope, Sherrard, that next year you'll get some sense in your head and try again. You could do a lot if you wanted to."

Reed stood a moment on the steps of the Administration Building. He could go home, tell his grandfather, and ask for another chance. . . . Only he *couldn't*. He really couldn't.

IT WAS three years later when Lou Reynolds first saw Reed Sherrard, and she could never have guessed that he had been a freshman in this university once before. He was twenty-two now, two inches taller, with the hard-bitten look of a young man who has tried all kinds of rude labor. That first year after his suspension he had merely drifted. Then a slow, smoldering resolution had begun to form, and for months he had saved every cent in order to return to the campus . . . even though his grandfather had died of apoplexy at the age of eighty and, legal-minded to the end, had willed his library and his fortune to the College of Law.

Lou Reynolds noticed only that beside her in English History 1 sat a very serious young man, who was astoundingly correct in all his answers.

"Magna Charta?" she whispered during a moment in the lecture when she had been thinking of a new gown instead of listening to old Professor Jones's droning voice.

Without looking up, Reed whispered back, "It would take too long to explain it to you." She was not sure but that he emphasized the "you" a bit. "Better get it from Jonesy after class."

"Anybody would think," she said, "that you'd invented the Magna Charta!"

His fountain pen, an ancient, scratchy one, ground on relentlessly. . . . On Friday there was a quiz, and Lou's paper was returned with a "D." His received an "A plus," she did not fail to note.

"Grind!" she thought.

DURING the next month her dates kept her too busy to consider the young man who sat next to her in English History 1. Lou Reynolds was one of the most popular freshmen on the campus; that was compensation enough for the fact that she would probably flunk the course.

At the end of the semester she might have forgotten Reed altogether except for reading an obscure item in the campus newspaper saying that he had earned the highest average in the freshman class. His record had been surpassed only once within the last five years.

That afternoon, in obedience to a printed request from the Administration Building, she called on the Dean of Women to explain why she had been conditioned in English History. On her way back across the campus her clicking footsteps brought her behind Reed Sherrard. He was walking slowly, his hands shoved deep into the pockets of a blue serge suit. . . . His slow walk, the blue serge, the fact that he had received higher grades than any freshman during the first semester—all these things irritated her. She wanted to shake him out of his smugness.

"Magna Charta?" she said provocatively, falling into step with him.

His blue eyes were wide and puzzled. The two words did not bring any response.

"You don't remember me!" she accused, as if it were the worst crime in the world. "And I sat beside you all last semester."

"I know now," he said awkwardly. "In rhetoric, wasn't it?"

Lou Reynolds began to be interested in Reed. Nobody else on the campus had ever been next to her three times a week for a semester and entirely forgotten her.

He grinned his one-sided grin, and for the first time he really looked at her. He saw a small girl who was very slim, very alive, very tantalizing. From under her absurd little hat one dark eye snapped with a zest which no dean of women could ever comprehend. She had sensitive lips, an upturned nose, and rather humorous eyebrows. . . . Reed Sherrard's gaze slowly widened. He stared at her like a young man suddenly stricken with indigestion.

"For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed.

While the ebb and tide of the campus flowed past them, they stood at the curb and continued to stare. He felt sick at heart—he wished that he had never come back to the University. "Let's go to the You'll Come Inn and have a coke," he said. "I want to talk to you."

She noted that his outdoor color of a few months ago had disappeared; in the same mysterious way, his shoulders seemed to have shrunk. "You ought to quit that studying," she said. "It'll kill you. . . . Or . . . Why are you a grind? You'd be so terribly nice if you weren't."

His eyes became very gentle. He could not explain to her that he had been working for three years in flour mills, construction camps, lumber outfits, and paint factories in order to save enough money to save his pride. It had somehow been necessary to return to the University and wipe out that defeat. That was why he had grubbed so fanatically all the first semester. Not even his grandfather would have understood. . . . Reed had been in San Francisco working on the docks when he learned of the old gentleman's death. And, thinking of that, he said, "I try to make good grades to please my grandfather."

"Very dutiful," she commented. "Why don't you ever ask me to go out with you?"

"I will. Tonight."

"I have a date—with Porky Hazelton."

"That ass!" He was worried a moment, thinking she might guess that he had been a student here before. But she had been only a little girl in high school at that time. The few undergraduates on the campus who remembered him he had carefully avoided.

He turned to Lou and said curtly "Cut your date."

"I never cut dates—but—I might just postpone it!"

Underneath the slanting turban the one dark eye was all at once very gentle. "You're nicer than I thought you were."

"Even if I am a grind?"

"No fear! I'll reform you."

THAT night they went to a road house on the edge of town. The place was not expensive, judged by New York standards but to Reed it meant a dissipation which would shatter a week's allotment in his carefully planned budget. For that reason he was the more reckless. After dinner he ordered weak highballs at a dollar apiece which the waiter brought in teacups. . . . A dollar. That was almost the sum of his allowance for meals every day—hastily gulped proteins in cheap restaurants.

"Have another," he said brusquely when Lou had finished. He overruled her mild protest and called the waiter.

She said, "So you're not going to be a professor after all?"

"My darling imbecile," murmured Reed as he gulped next Wednesday's dinner in two swallows, "you don't know a darn thing about it!"

His tone was rude but his eyes were admiring. She was an exquisite plaything, appealingly frivolous . . . earnest only in her childishly egotistical notions of making over to her own silly pattern every man that she liked. For that reason Reed knew that this would be his last evening with her.

Her eyes half closed, she said dreamily "What are you going to do next summer? Play with me in Paris? Going over on the

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When he hurried up the steps of the Pi Omega house, Roy Fullerton was sitting with Lou in the porch swing. The two youths nodded guardedly and Fullerton went on with his conversation

same boat with me? . . . Why don't you?"

"Me?" He snorted in disgust. "I'm going to work. Work—did you understand that?"

"Work. . . . *Work!*" She laughed. "What a funny word when you say it over! Try it. Do try it."

"Um. I have."

"OH, DON'T be solemn. A person would think you were talking over English history with me. Honestly, you make me furious, Reed, when you're so Puritan and all that. You're certainly a trial to me!" She leaned toward him and drew fantastic designs on the back of his hand with her glittering finger-tip. "I like you. Awfully. But I wish you'd play a little more. All you think about is study. You've broken all records already—Can't you relax a little?"

Without a word, he called the waiter and paid the check. He added to his extravagance of the evening by calling for a cab . . . but a gesture like that could never touch Lou. To her notion, taxis were merely a convenience, like the air you breathed. Somebody always paid for them.

"Take Roy Fullerton," she said. "Look at *him*. Why, he went student third-class to Europe last summer, and he's got tons of money. He's going next summer, too. *He* believes in having adventure and a good time. He lost four hundred francs at Monte Carlo he told me."

"Ninth-rate Peter Pan!"

"Oh, all right . . . if you look at it that way . . ."

Their faces averted, they did not speak again all the way to the Pi Omega house. While he paid the driver, she ran up the steps, then stopped with one hand on the doorknob. Reed marched up the walk and stood beside her. "This is the last time," he said angrily, "that we're going to see each other—"

With both hands on her shoulders, he stared down at her. The whole campus, all of Fraternity Row, seemed to recede far out into space among the glittering stars, leaving them alone together. Their eyes met, first in antagonism, then in wonder and longing.

"——next Saturday night?" he finished lamely. "Will you give me a date then?"

She nodded. "*Oh!*" she exclaimed in an awed whisper, and ran into the house.

WITH his fists closed tight and his chin outthrust, Reed walked rapidly around the block four times before he went up to his room. He tried to study, but it was impossible. He tried to sleep, with no better success. . . . At two o'clock he was sitting by the (*Continued on page 137*)

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"If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing right. I'm going out to beat the world's record!"

There's No Stopping a WOMAN *with* Courage *Like This!*

By
CHARLES LANE CALLEN

IT WAS the opening day of the Fourth National Air Tour for the Edsel Ford Trophy and a huge crowd was assembled at Ford Airport, Dearborn, to witness the start of the great race.

Twenty-four planes were in line awaiting the starter's flag, which was to send them away over more than 6,300 miles of difficult air travel, embracing thirty-two cities in fifteen states. It was to be a test of plane reliability, this 1928 tour. Famous pilots sat in the cockpits—Stinson, Wood, Haldeman, Brock, Schlee, Hawks, and others.

Some of the finest machines and men of the commercial air service were there, primed, earnest, eager to win.

Edsel Ford flashed the signal, "Go!"

A cheer went up, and with it a gasp of surprise, as the first plane left the line and sped into the runway for the take-off. Out of that array of resplendent eagles of the air had come, not an eagle, but a wren—a tiny orange and black monoplane not much bigger than a toy ship, and at its controls was a young woman!

A woman, and she rode alone! No mechanic or co-pilot was there to assist her. The little five-cylinder, air-cooled motor which whirred spunkily on the plane's nose was of only 45 horsepower. The wings were but 30 feet from tip to tip. The whole machine, pilot and baggage included, did not weigh 1,300 pounds, and its cost was less than $2,700.

Small wonder the crowd gasped and then cheered anew at the audacity of the tiny ship and its pilot—the first small plane and the first woman pilot to contest in a National Air Derby. Ahead, on the scheduled route to be covered by the plane, were the deserts of the Southwest, the canyons and peaks of the Rockies, the treacherous air currents of the Pacific Coast. No pleasure jaunt was this, but stern business, 6,300 miles of it, day on day for a month.

"She'll never finish!" said the crowd.

"The plane is too small, a mere flivver."

"Not enough power."

"Winds will toss her like a leaf when she gets over the mountains—if she gets that far."

"No job for a woman!"

"She should have taken a mechanic!"

Such were the comments.

Veteran pilots who knew the route, who themselves were taking mechanics, had pleaded with her in vain.

"A mechanic?" the woman had retorted. "If I take a mechanic, they'll say that *he* flew the ship over the bad spots. No, I'll be my own mechanic and I'll fly my plane myself!"

The little orange and black monoplane left the ground and soared into a cloudless sky. In a few moments it was but a speck in the distance, the smallest of twenty-four specks winging southward.

ALMOST a month went by. Day by day, reports appeared in the newspapers: The flyers had reached St. Louis, San Antonio; they were above the Rockies, where a slip by man or motor meant death; they had passed the Mohave Desert, with the temperature reaching 110 degrees . . . were headed toward Seattle . . . now Chicago.

And each day somewhere in the newspaper reports appeared the line, "Woman Pilot and Tiny Monoplane Still in Race!"

This woman—Mrs. Phœbe Fairgrave Omlie, of Memphis, Tennessee—was bringing the little plane through!

At San Antonio, with some of the most

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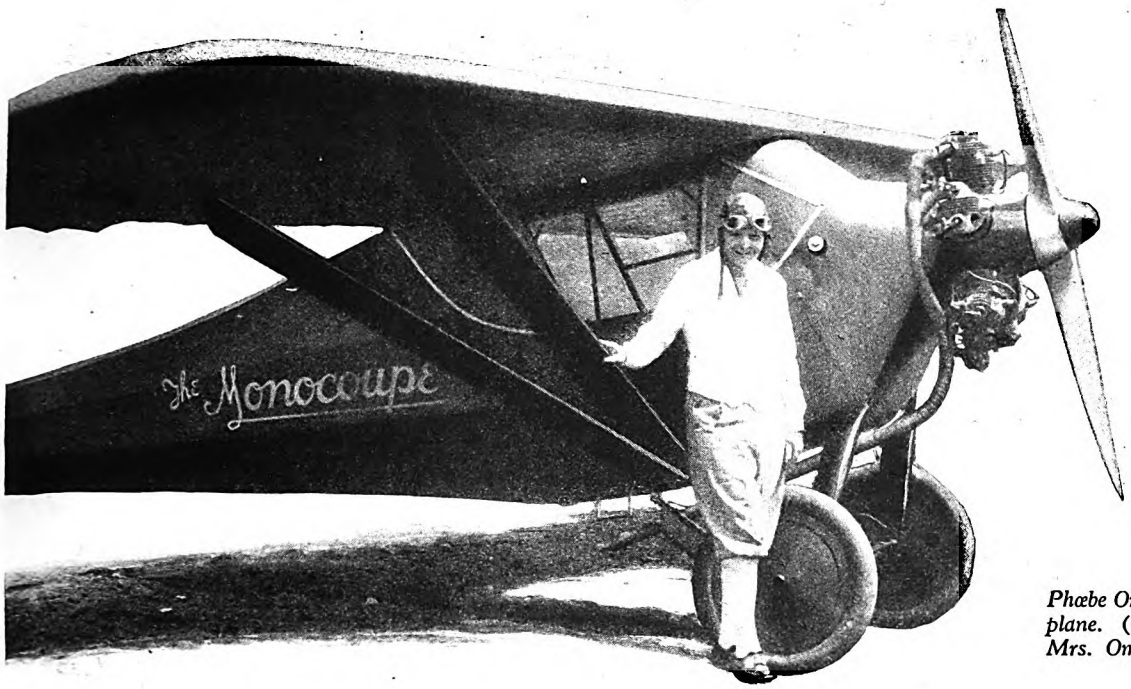

Phœbe Omlie beside her tiny plane. (On opposite page) Mrs. Omlie and her husband

dangerous flying of the tour ahead, the men pilots had held a conference. They felt responsible, in a way, for this plucky woman. They liked her, liked her grit. So Stinson, veteran of them all, was delegated to talk to her, to try to make her see reason.

"Going on, Phœbe?" he had asked that night.

"I sure am, Eddie," was the cool answer.

"Then, for Pete's sake, take a mechanic," Stinson had begged. "We don't want any funerals. There's rotten flying ahead."

"Sorry, Eddie, but your wife is riding with me tomorrow," had come the smiling reply. "There's no room for a mechanic."

At Marfa, Texas, there was an accident. Mrs. Omlie brought her plane to the ground safely enough, but turned too soon for the hangar. In the strong wind the little ship was overturned and a wheel broken in its landing gear.

It wasn't a serious accident. Nobody was hurt. But it was the kind of thing that saps a pilot's nerve, that would have caused many a pilot under similar strain to quit. The Rockies were only a day or two away.

"Quitting, Phœbe?" asked the men pilots.

"Not on your life!" came the answer. "I'm going through!"

Nobody said "quit" to Phœbe Omlie after that.

ON JULY 28th the race ended at its starting point. Again a crowd was assembled at the Ford Airport, and again the cheers of thousands rang over the field as a tiny orange and black monoplane sped down the runway. The little plane came to a stop and a small, girlish figure in white knickers and white silk shirt stepped jauntily out.

"Hello!" was her greeting. "Fooled you, didn't we?"

The crowd which had said "She'll never finish" closed in. The small pilot was lifted to men's shoulders. The governor of the state was there, the leaders of commercial aviation. The wren of the eagle fleet, the hundred-to-one shot of the Air Tour, had come through! Not the winner, but that doesn't matter. She had finished the race, and that is the big thing.

WOMEN of wealth and position have gone into aviation for the thrill of it, while others have seized on it as a short cut to fame and Hollywood. Phœbe Fairgrave Omlie belongs to neither of these classes. She is in aviation for exactly the same reason that men build houses and dig ditches—to make a living.

At eighteen years of age, which was in 1920, when she was Miss Phœbe Fairgrave, she joined a flying circus as a parachute jumper. It was the only way, she says, that a girl with her living to earn could get into aviation at that time. She soon became one of the finest aërial performers in the country. She was the first woman to execute a double parachute jump, and by leaping from a plane at the dizzy altitude of 15,200 feet, she established a world record for her sex in parachute jumping.

At the age of twenty, she was the owner and star performer of the Phœbe Fairgrave Flying Circus, in which I believe she set up another "first" for women in aviation.

Then, at twenty-three, came more serious work. She had married Captain Vernon C. Omlie, a former army flyer and her initial mentor in the air. Together they leased a field near Memphis and formed the Mid-South Air Ways, Inc., the first commercial air venture in the mid-South. Mrs. Omlie became an official and one of the regular pilots at the Mid-South field.

During the terrible days of the Mississippi floods, when the whole countryside about Memphis was flooded, the Mid-South pilots performed heroic service—and Mrs. Omlie was one of them.

The most coveted license in commercial aviation is that of transport pilot. Every holder of such a license must undergo rigid tests and must have had a minimum of 200 hours of "solo" flying. He must have a practical knowledge of planes and motors. Such pilots are the experts of our commercial air services and they alone are permitted by law to carry passengers, as well as freight, for hire in interstate travel.

At the Department of Commerce in Washington, which has charge of all such matters, they will tell you that Phœbe Fairgrave Omlie was the first woman to hold the license of a transport pilot. She is also licensed by France and by the International Federation to fly anywhere in the world with paying passengers.

IN VIEW of all the things I had heard about her, I expected, when I went down to Memphis to get the details of her story, to find Mrs. Omlie a rather formidable person. A dare-devil, I thought, and probably hard-boiled. I was never more badly mistaken. In fact, a modern girl would call her old-fashioned.

Her bobbed hair is brown—she confessed that she had had quite a debate before bobbing it. There is a merry twinkle in her brown eyes, which suddenly can become infinitely serious and earnest as she talks. There is little of the business woman air about her but she goes straight to the heart of a subject.

For instance, I asked, "What place have women in aviation?"

"Women can make it or break it," she replied. "As long as women are afraid of the air they will exert every effort to keep the men out of it. Every time a man who has become enthusiastic about aviation suddenly loses his interest in it, you can make up your mind that his mother or his wife or his sweetheart is responsible. We have the motors and the planes. Now we've got to win over the women.

"As a matter of fact," Mrs. Omlie continued, "any woman who can drive a car can learn to drive a plane. It isn't hard and it requires no more skill than it does to operate a car in city traffic. But, while I have a transport pilot's license, I don't fool myself. The pilots on our air lines are and will continue to be men. We don't (*Continued on page 141*)

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Boy-about-town

The "Junior Set" of Pequot goes in for "Culture" —with dire results!

Illustrated by GEORGE BREHM

THE Deale family of Pequot was observing the quaint old custom of spending the evening at home. Father had his pipe and paper, Mother her mending, and Harriette a big, black book. The early June night was still cool enough for such indoor sports. Suddenly the domestic peace was shattered by the following blow:

"Father, what is the population of Balooshistan?"

The startled Samuel Deale looked over at the couch whence had come this unnecessary noise. Ordinarily Harriette reclined upon the back of her neck with her feet as high as Nature permitted, but now she was tied up in a curious knot, with bony knees and sharp elbows growing out at unexpected places and a toe showing up unreasonably near her chin. It struck Mr. Deale as queer that the daughter of a fire insurance agent should have turned out a contortionist.

"Well, Hattie," he said, "I used to know, but it has slipped my mind."

Harriette Stanford Deale told the bitter truth about Baluchistan and flipped the pages of the book which lay heavily on her stomach. Mr. Deale now recognized the volume which was wrapped up in his daughter's anatomy. It was "Forty Thousand Fascinating Facts," and he felt that Catherine had shown little sales resistance when she bought that mine of information. He turned back to his newspaper, only to be pestered by this query:

"When was Praxedes Mateo Sagasta born?"

The victim looked beseechingly at his devoted wife, who, however, was enjoying his sufferings.

"I pass." Mr. Deale had been so engrossed in his own troubles that he had never heard that P. M. Sagasta had been born at all.

The information addict gave him the answer and one more chance.

"Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?"

"Defoe," said Father promptly.

"Wrong! Swift."

Mother made an umpire's motion with her thumb.

"You're out!" she cried.

"Why are we doing this, anyhow?" Mr. Deale looked at his offspring in that solemn, inquiring way which meant that he was highly amused.

"I love to spend a quiet evening at home curled up with a good book. I think a person should improve your mind while they are young, and not waste my hours of youth in idle flippering."

"There's something in that," admitted Father.

"I expect to culture myself a good deal this summer. School is over now and I'll have time to improve my intelleck and not be like most girls whom all they think of is clothes, flippering from flower to flower like a butterfly."

When Father recovered from this he asked: "What branch of culture were you thinking of taking up?"

"All branches."

Mr. Deale said that seemed fair enough, though some found it wiser, and a bit less confusing, to master one subject at a time.

"Botany is a nice summer study," suggested Mrs. Deale. "You collect wild flowers and learn their names and press them in books." Poor Mother had an obsession that an underweight child of thirteen should spend the summer in open-air pursuits, flippering from flower to flower like a butterfly. Harriette did not feel drawn to this science; it suggested working in the garden. Mental culture, not horticulture, was her aim in life.

"Perhaps later I will master botany. But first I will curl up with all these good books." She waved her hand at the Deale library.

"No, first you will curl up in bed," said Mother. "Come."

THIS reactionary measure was carried by a vote of two to one, but the knowledge fiend got permission to take her book along so that she could master five or six fascinating facts before breakfast. Kissing her devoted but ignorant father good night, she took her intelleck upstairs.

In making this good exit, she forgot that she had been sitting upon a magazine called "Movie Makers." Mr. Deale now examined this curious publication and when his wife returned from above he had a treat for her.

"Look where your eccentric daughter got bit by the higher life."

He displayed a picture of the screen favorite, Dottie Darling. This famous flapper, so the caption certified, loved to spend her Hollywood evenings curled up with a good book.

"I bet," said cynical Samuel, "Dottie would curl up if she ever *saw* a book!" He now wanted news from the cultural front. "Is our intellectual light out for the night?"

"We are not amused," said Catherine, in Queen Victoria's formula. "This means that she is going to be some other kind of person for a while, and hard to live with. You will go

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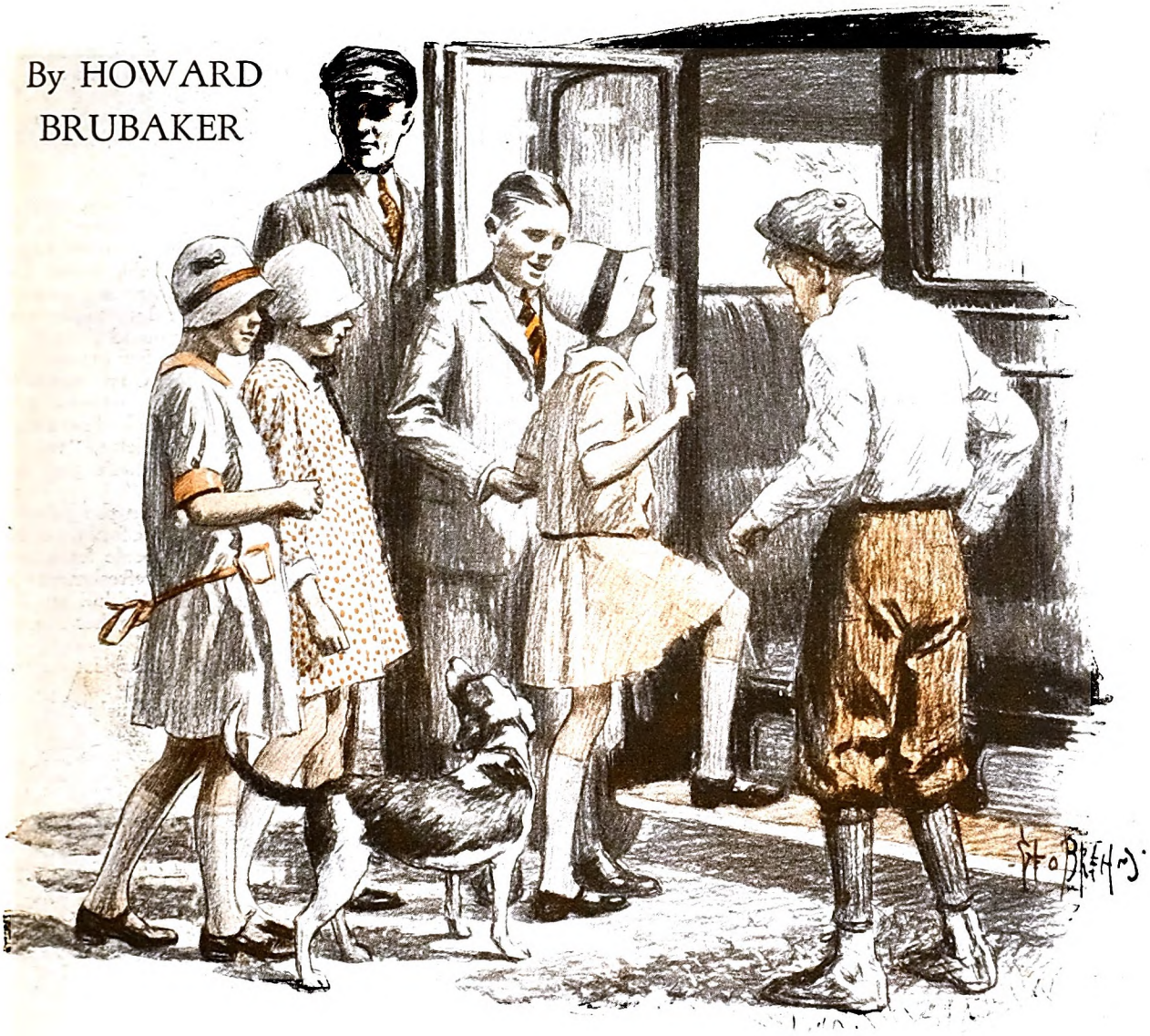
By HOWARD BRUBAKER



Jim-Jams made no effort to conceal his disgust at the horrible sight he saw

to the city every day and leave me in this trouble. It is the woman who pays!"

Mrs. Deale was silent for ten stitches.

"She seems to think her father has not cultured himself much. And I must say, Sam, you didn't cover yourself with glory in that questionnaire."

Her husband laughed, and unskillfully changed the subject.

"By the way, I met Mr. Lawrence Hardwick today on the train. He seems to be a pleasant fellow"

"Oh, yes, they've taken the Reynolds house for the summer."

"He is the Hardwick of the famous law firm of Chelsworth, O'Connor, Rothstein and Hardwick."

"He sounds like the caboose. Well, I never heard of that famous firm before."

"Neither," admitted Samuel, "did I."

HARRIETTE'S mother was right, as was her charming custom. If these parents could have known what the coming weeks held in store they would have stamped out culture the instant it raised its hideous head.

The little highbrow spent much of the following day in the veranda swing, curled up with literature. Only under protest did she perform any lowly acts of helpfulness, and then she always hurried back to her newly beloved books. Hattie was not, however, so constant a reader as an ignorant observer might think. She was clothing herself with a new personality, a thing of shreds and patches, pieced together out of bits remembered from books, from motion pictures, from the words of teachers—lovely phrases that had appealed to her.

A delicate and interesting bookworm was what she would be from now on, forever holding a volume in her pale, cultured hands. Even when out walking she would do this, and the general public would say to each other: "Harriette Stanford Deale is always culturing herself."

Soon she would fall into the bad habit of keeping late hours, because she had never heard of a mind that got improved much in the daytime. "Far, far into the silent night while ignorant Pequot sleeps," she would be cultivating her gray matter. She would ruin her eyes and have to wear horn-rimmed glasses like Miss Sillby, who ran the White Elephant Tea Room. Her brow would be wrinkled in thought, and she would speak always in high-grade language.

It was further decided that the heroine would be irregular at meals, absent-minded about dull household tasks, and careless in her person, not squandering the precious hours of youth in silly washing and combing. She would waste no time hog-nogging with social butterflies like Gerry McIntyre. As for the Jameson boy next door—the so-called Jim-Jams—and the rough characters who consorted with him, she would never speak to them at all. "Those low class of hoodlumps have gone out of my life forever."

Thus far Harriette had arranged her future, when she observed the fat little Tillie Rickhill turning into the yard.

"Oh, my goodness!" she thought; "can't a person ever have a minute to culture themself?" She wrapped her small person about the ponderous volume she was reading.

TILLIE came upon the veranda, bringing with her a round, good-natured face and part of a banana. In her amazement she stopped this edible halfway to her mouth. On the swinging couch she saw her friend twisted badly, her lips moving slightly, her face distorted by pain.

"Wha's the matter of you, Harriette?" she asked with deep concern. "Have you got the stummick ache or what?"

"Oh, hello, Tillie; are you here? When I am curled up with a good book, I am prackly—obliverous of everything."

Tillie poked around and found that what Harriette had in

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her midst was not an ache but "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Everything had to be explained to her in easy terms, with illustrations by that intellectual giantess, Dottie Darling. The fat child now decided that she, too, would go in for the new sport of curling up. She chose a comic supplement which Harriette had enjoyed in her lighter moments and tried to curl up with that. Nature had not cast her for such work; she curled up about as easily as a rain-barrel. Tillie Rickhill may possibly have been the poorest curler-up in all Pequot.

But her rowdy laugh fell pleasantly upon the ears of Mrs. Deale, who was glad to see some recreation coming into the life of her pale, bookish daughter. She knew by experience that prohibitions did not cure Harriette's perversities. One had to employ strategy. Accordingly, she now called up the McIntyre home on Oak Street and talked with Gerry's mother.

"Geraldine is coming over," Mrs. Deale told the reading circle. "I could make some lemonade and you could have a little picnic down under the maple tree."

"Oo! Fine!" cried Tillie, who had not had a bite of food for ten minutes.

"All right, Mother," said Harriette. "I wish to talk to Gerry about a certain preposition."

"Preposition, preposition," muttered Tillie Rickhill, who always loved the sound of Harriette's big words.

"Strategy—that's what it was," Mrs. Deale told her husband ruefully that night. "If I'm a strategist, you're a human encyclopedia!"

THE truth was that Harriette had already grown tired of solitary refinement. She had dazzled Tillie, and she could do the same to Gerry; she might find still other girls who were easily dazzled. The great-hearted thinker decided to share her learning with the less fortunate; she would form a club with which to beat knowledge into submission. Hattie was of little comfort to her roly-poly guest during the ensuing half-hour of hard thinking, but when Geraldine McIntyre came, both young ladies were invited to join the Junior Culture Circle, Harriette Stanford Deale, President.

The preposition was launched under the maple tree amid sweet sounds of cookie-crunching and the gentle gurgle of lemonade. Tillie accepted the new movement without a moment's hesitation.

"When we meet at our house," she said, "I'll ask my mother if we can have cocoa and macaroons and marshmallows and—"

"Sh—," said Hattie. "It's not just for eating!"

"My goodness, no!" exclaimed Gerry. "It's to improve your mind and everything. When we meet at our house, I'll wear my new dress."

THAT was Gerry's weakness now. Nature, science, and art had done well by Miss McIntyre in recent months. To her native gift of large blue eyes, time had added certain happy touches upon nose and cheeks and hair, and the dentist had cunningly straightened her teeth. Geraldine was not unaware of her modern improvements and felt it her duty to decorate herself as well as circumstances and Mother would permit.

Tillie catered to her interior and Gerry to her exterior. It was of such sorry stuff that the Junior Culture Circle had to be built. Gerry was chosen secretary because she wrote a good hand and Tillie vice president because the office had no duties.

"Prehaps later," announced President Harriette, "we will have a constitution and bywords. Gerry, don't pay any attention to them. Pretend we don't see them."

The reference was to certain low characters in the Jameson yard—Jim-Jams and his dog and Allan Landsford and his. This male quartette had drawn near to the Deale fence, and the two-legged members were demanding refreshments in unmannerly voices. For this audience Tillie Rickhill ate and drank with gusto, smacking her lips and wiping her mouth, she was highly insulting and amused.

"It wouldn't do to have boys belong." Gerry's tone was tinged with regret.

"No, they'd gobble up everything." Obviously this was from Tillie.

President Harriette vetoed boys on higher grounds. It was impossible to culture them. All they thought about was their muscles. Boys were hoodlumps and ruffraffs. Even when grown up they did not get cultured. She revealed her own father's pitiful failure last night. Gerry's father, it appeared, had no culture, either. Tillie was not sure about hers but would ask Mother.

"You'll find out he hasn't got any," said Harriette. "Now I'm going to read you something out of this poetry book."

So the charter members sat on the sunny June lawn and enjoyed themselves highly. Hattie reveled in the sound of her own voice; Tillie nibbled the last cookie slow'y so as to make it live through the exercises; Gerry stealthily watched the boys physical-culturing themselves. The Junior Culture Circle had started with a bang!

For a week Pequot moved perceptibly toward the higher life. Maidens named Genevieve, Dorothea, and Annabelle, nice daughters of ignorant fathers, embraced the cause. President Harriette was the heart and soul of the order—and the free street parade. For she was not one to hide her light under a bushel. She carried erudition into the highways, walking sedately down the street with eyes upon a handy pocket edition of this or that and her brow furrowed with thought. Thus she passed the Jameson gateway where Jim-Jams hognogged with his dog, Admiral. Jim-Jams had once fastened upon his neighbor the epithet, "High Hattie." He now issued a revised edition.

"Lookee!" he called to Admiral. "There goes Highbrow Hattie."

Without lifting her eyes from her classic, Harriette said distinctly: "Ignoramious!"

Poor Jim-Jams could not think of the answer to this at once and victory rested with Harriette. Unluckily, old Mr. Jennings, notably nearsighted, chose this time to come around a corner and collide with the constant reader. No harm was done, but Jim-Jams seemed to think this accident amusing and reported it to Click Smedlay and his ilk. Every day Hattie had to sneer at these ignorant masses, and she was even abler as a sneerer than as a

A delicate and interesting bookworm was what she would be from now on, forever holding a volume in her pale, cultured hands

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"Lookee!" called Jim-Jams. "There goes High-brow Hattie," and without lifting her eyes from her classic, Harriette said distinctly: "Ignoramious!"

curler-up, because she had been at it longer.

A better press agent for the J. C. C. was Miss Jessica Krum of The Pequoter. Miss Krum was bookkeeper, typist, and society reporter for that twice-a-week journal, and she duly recorded the birth of the society at the Deale home. In the Tuesday issue the paper said: "The Junior Culture Circle met yesterday at the home of Tillie Rickhill. Reading and music were indulged in and delicious refreshments were served."

President Harriette had told the journalist far more than this, but probably the ignoramious lady could not understand high-grade language.

NOW it was Friday afternoon and the girls were taking up all branches of knowledge upon the veranda of Gerry's Oak Street home. The secretary, gayly embellished, was a sight to please the most exacting. Inside the house the radio was rendering a current cultural triumph, "That's My Weakness Now." To this reason-feast the president brought three medium-weight books and the vice president fifteen cents' worth of caramels to sustain the inner girl until refreshments, if any. The three privates, Genevieve, Dorothea, and Annabelle, brought only fresh, vacant young minds to be filled.

They had given culture scarcely a half-dozen whacks when a glittering limousine driven by a chauffeur purred down Oak Street. This form of conveyance was rare in Pequot and appealed to every girl who loved nice things. In this costly caravan sat a costly woman and a costly boy. The lady was obliverous of everything, but not so the gilded youth. He looked with interest at the beauty and intelligence gathered on the McIntyres' front porch—waved, in fact, a sociable hand. The kind-hearted Geraldine returned the salute.

"Who," asked Harriette, stopping in the middle of a sentence, "is that?"

They were those rich New York people, the Hardwicks, now summering here, and the hand-waver was their son, Junior.

"Do you know him?"

"Not," answered Gerry, "yet."

"He looked kinda fat to me," said Tillie, neither in praise nor blame.

Harriette resumed her reading, but every time a car passed, five maiden necks were craned toward the street—and sometimes six. Now the telephone rang and the booklovers could hear Mrs. McIntyre speaking in polite tones. She came out upon the veranda bearing impressive news.

"That was Mrs. Hardwick—they have moved to Pequot for the summer and I believe they are important people. Mrs. Hardwick would like to have her son, Junior, meet some nice girls, because he has been away to a preparatory school and needs girls' society. He wants to invite you all to a Dottie Darling picture tomorrow afternoon and take you in the car. How would you like that?"

"I think that would be lovely, Mother!"

"Let Harriette answer, dear. She's the president of the club."

The chief executive wrinkled her lofty brow and signed the bill.

"Yes, Mrs. McIntyre. Perhaps it would be good for us to have some restreation."

Tillie agreed, as did also the Greek chorus, Genevieve Dorothea, and Annabelle.

"Then I will tell Mrs. Hardwick that Junior may run in this afternoon and meet everybody."

IT WAS twenty-two minutes by a reliable watch from the time that Lawrence Hardwick, 2nd, first gazed upon the fair sextette to the moment when the limousine stopped in front of the McIntyre home. That is what might reasonably be called pretty fast work. The chauffeur opened the car door, also the front gate, but Junior came up the walk by boy power.

The serious thinkers pretended that nobody had come, but they missed no detail while Mrs. McIntyre welcomed the youth and accepted the card of introduction from his lady mother. Nothing like Lawrence Hardwick, the Younger, had come into any girlish life here present. Junior wore no hat, and his flaxen hair was, by local standards, overlong. He was not fat, as Tillie had so crudely charged, but perhaps a little farther around than normal for one of his height. He was richly clad in a light gray suit, and his golf stockings were twin blazes of glory. Neither his clothes nor his deferential manner to Mrs. McIntyre had ever been equaled by any Pequot youth. He acted as if being presented to six strange girls was practically a pleasure. In such an ordeal a local ruffraff would have died in horrible agony.

Mrs. McIntyre went to the kitchen to divide the impending eatables by seven instead of six. The radio had gone into a new phase, so now an entirely different set of artists was rendering "That's My Weakness Now."

WITH the departure of his hostess, a change came over Junior's manner. His feet jiggled and he did interesting things with his knees.

"Pretty hot tune, all right." He turned to Gerry. "How about a little dance?"

He fox-trotted with the fair Geraldine, and likewise with the intellectual Hattie. "You're a pretty hot dancer all right," he told the president in confidence. This confirmed a belief of hers which nobody else had ever shared. Junior galloped with the Greek chorus, and even with Tillie Rickhill, though some might have thought that a wrestling match. Junior enjoyed himself hugely, flippering from flower to flower like a heavyweight butterfly. Being the only boy at a dance was his ideal sport.

"This is my dish," he said, pushing the hair out of his eyes. "That's a pretty hot dress, all right," he told Geraldine—a thing no Pequot boy had ever said to anybody since the dawn of history.

Hattie's father had suggested that it was best to pursue one topic at a time, and the Junior Culture Circle now did this very thing. It made an exhaustive study of the subject of Junior Hardwick. From the moment he appeared, no books were read, there was no gossip about the population of Baluchistan. The paramount issue was Junior, and he gave the seminary all the fascinating facts. If it was autobiography they wanted, Junior's motto was, "Give till it hurts."

Lawrence Hardwick, the Second, fourteen years old, was born in New York, which was a pretty hot town all right. His pater belonged to the rich and famous firm of Chelsworth, O'Connor, Rothstein and Hardwick; in fact, he was the Hardwick of that firm. The limousine standing idle at the McIntyre curb had cost twelve thousand smackers. The chauffeur was always at his beck and call, answering to the name of Joe. Here all took a good look at Joe, who was curled up with a pink picture paper. It thrilled Geraldine to have a costly (*Continued on page 111*)

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What do Trees MEAN to YOU?

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

Drawings by Charles S. Chapman

TREES were the greatest enemies of our pioneer forefathers. It took the early settlers and their descendants two centuries to hew their way through a thousand miles of virgin forest before they broke out into the prairie country of the Middle West. The battle was resumed as they chopped into the heavily timbered districts of the Pacific Coast, where today the last of America's primeval forests are making their stand against mankind.

It was a struggle for the strong of limb and sturdy of heart, for men fought, not against mere saplings, but against monster trees such as are seen today only in the remoter mountain regions and in a few specimens here and there that our ancestors permitted to survive. Nor did the work end with ax and fire. The stumps remained to hamper plowing. Often these were so huge that men and oxen could not remove them. In such cases rain and years helped the pioneers. The stumps that one generation left, another pulled.

In remote corners of America this struggle with the trees is still being carried on. But everywhere man has been the victor. When the colonists landed at Jamestown in 1607, about half of the present territory of the United States was covered with forests. Since then, half of this forested area has been stripped. Much of what remains is second growth. The rest is being rapidly destroyed. About twelve million acres of forests have been burned yearly since 1914. Large additional areas are annually destroyed by disease, partly because of man's carelessness in introducing foreign plant pests which have flourished here because free from the natural "control" which kept them in check in their original homes. Only a little more than one and a half million acres are being replanted each year—about one half of one per cent of the acreage already denuded. At the present rate of consumption and destruction, our American forests will soon be stripped of all their marketable timber.

The danger was recognized in the beginning of the present century, and steps were taken by the creation of national and state forests to save a portion, at least, of our wooded lands. But of the total remaining forest area of four hundred and sixty-nine million acres, only one hundred and sixty-two millions are within the boundaries of the national forests and eleven millions in state, county, and municipal forests. Half of the area officially known as "national forests" is nothing but brush and desert land, and otherwise non-forest-bearing. Twenty-five million acres within the boundaries of the national forests do not belong to Uncle Sam. The owners may do with them as they like. Even on the government-owned lands, the policy of the forest service has been to facilitate the cutting of marketable timber in order to obtain increased revenues for the forest service itself and for the counties which are entitled to their share of the forest's earnings.

THE tragedy lies in the fact that while a forest may be cut or burned in a day, it takes decades to reproduce it. Even the fastest-growing trees, like the southern pines and some of the poplar family, including cottonwoods and quaking asps, require from fifteen to twenty years to attain a sufficient size to be used for posts, firewood, and pulp. The white pine, Douglas spruce, redwoods, firs, and other trees on which we have come to depend for our lumber require from forty to one hundred years of growth to be economically marketable. Some of the finest of our trees, like the elms, oaks, and redwoods, are at their best when they are several hundred years old. The giant sequoias, or

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Mountain Firs, Mount Baker, Washington

"big trees," of the California Sierras include in their numbers trees two to four thousand years old. But neither the age nor the magnificence of these tree monsters has saved them from man's vandalism. Unable to bring in machinery powerful enough to cut them, the lumbermen have blasted them with dynamite, often wasting three quarters of the marketable timber in them—all for the sake of grape stakes and shingles.

There are signs, however, that the old idea that trees are man's enemies, to be destroyed as rapidly and completely as possible, is passing. We are beginning to realize that this crop which we have so shamefully abused during the last three centuries is in reality one which we should cherish, not only for its future utility, but because of its present beauty.

The joy of tramping through the woods alone or with dogs or human friends on soft, hazy spring days, or in the brilliant, sparkling autumn air, is part of the birth-

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Quaking Asps, New Mexico

right of every American. Our Indian predecessors knew it before us. They loved the woods and looked on trees as living beings, like animals or people. Fortunately, some have shared the Indians' sense of the individuality of trees, and have known in childhood trees that seemed to be special friends.

I remember, as a small boy, lying on my back in the tall, ripening grass of early summer, looking up at the veined lacework of the leaves and the branches of the locust trees shaking softly in the warm air. All about me was the steady hum of bees and insects busy gathering honey from the clover and buttercups. The small oval leaves of the locust trees allowed the sun to break through as they fluttered, thus adding to the illusion of lace—green lace with dark-brown veins—a comfortable and drowsy sight for a small boy on a summer afternoon on Long Island.

Today the locusts are sick—many of

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Redwoods in the Muir Woods, California

them dead. Throughout infected sections of our eastern states may be seen tall locust skeletons, with deeply ribbed, rough, brown bark, and only a few live branches remaining. In early summer the air is still sweet with the rich perfume of the locust blossoms. But the leaves turn brown in July, and each summer the trees look "sorrier." Fortunately, there is still a little life left in them. Locust logs, when cut fresh, will still sprout, and locust posts will grow. They may in time develop resistance to the pest that is slowly exterminating them.

If they do so they will be more fortunate than the chestnuts. Here and there in the Middle West these splendid old black trees have as yet escaped the blight that has swept the great chestnut forests of the East like a plague. Only a few gray, barkless trunks remain, and many stumps. No more may barefoot boys cool their toes in the yellowish "kittens" of the chestnut blossoms, nor in the autumn need they

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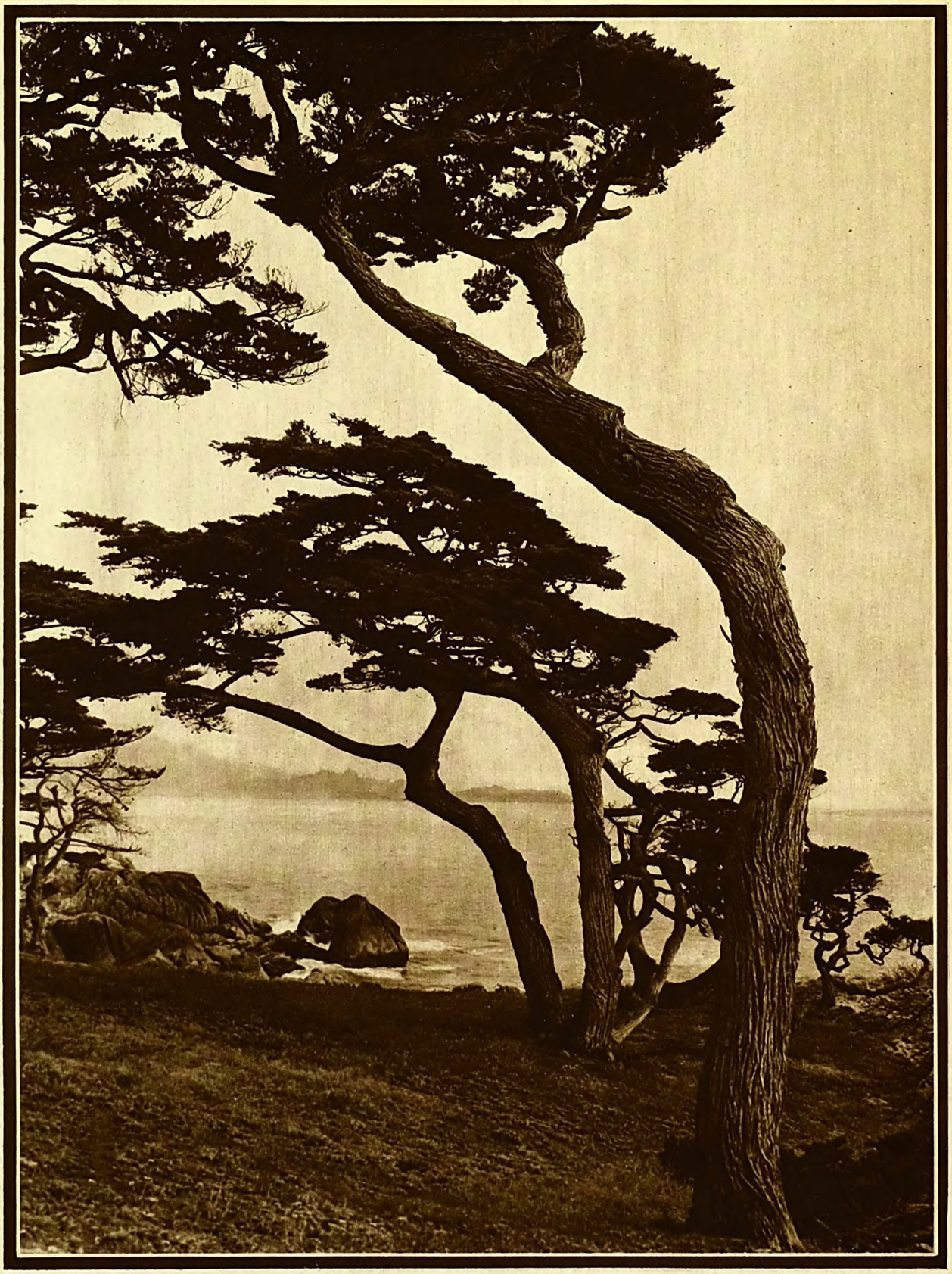

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Cypress Trees, California

fear the sudden prickling of the chestnut burrs, sharp enough to pierce even the leather hide of a foot that has been shoeless all summer. Nor may they gather the nuts, and, looking first for the little white worms that spoil their taste, cross the good ones with a sharp knife and roast them over the early fires of autumn.

The elms, also long threatened, appear to have been saved—but not without a costly fight. Today these sturdy giants, with their large crowns and fan-shaped branches, have become inseparably associated with the older, longer-settled regions. Outside each neat little white-painted farmhouse of New England the two traditional elms stand guard. In the villages the "commons," now often turned into fleet motor highways, have their single or double rows of magnificent old elms, arching over the roadway and shading the houses. Here and there a specially splendid elm has been left in a pasture, to give the cattle shade. Most shapely of the

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eastern trees, the elm also takes most kindly to cultivation and glories in the spaciousness which permits it to shoot forth its branches to the four winds and to develop its thick crown under the summer sun.

Less common in cultivation, but in their way as magnificent, are the old, gnarled, gray-barked beeches that have been spared in the process of deforestation because they have no special lumber value. I know of one such on Long Island, hidden in a wood of second growth. Nearly five feet in diameter, with large, irregular branches, twisted and grown together, we looked on this old beech more as a friend than as a place to play. We straddled its thick limbs and sat in its crotches, and scratched our names on its tough, smooth bark. To us it seemed the guardian of our forest—a kind guardian, always reliable and always glad to have us around. As the years have passed, the tree seems to have shrunk a little—things have an uncomfortable way of growing small as one grows up—but I still visit it occasionally and find it as serene and sure as ever, untouched by the changes about us.

THEN there are the tulip trees—tall, strong, thick, with their crowns towering far above the second-growth forests—trees so large and powerful that apparently the axmen were glad to spare them. They are among the most magnificent of our eastern hardwoods, and have the additional distinction of large and handsome flowers, not unlike the tulips from which they get their name.

Often associated with the tulip trees are the oaks of various sorts. They are a large family, widespread throughout the country. In the southern states and in California the generous live oaks are best known—dark-green, full-bodied trees that keep their leaves all year and give an air of age to the landscape. In the northern states there are red, white, black, scarlet, chestnut, pin, and other oaks—all of them sturdy trees. The tradition exists that the white oak is more resilient than the red oak, and that in a heavy wind it will bow its head, whereas the red oak will stand straight until it is uprooted. Of the northern members, the white oak is the most distinctive in appearance, having a whitish-gray, rugged bark that sometimes looks as if it might shred. Its leaves are smaller than those of the red and black oaks, and are more rounded on their edges. But when autumn comes, the white oaks are eclipsed by their scarlet cousins, which, with the maples, make the landscapes crimson.

The swamp maples and the sugar maples are the most decorative. Their glory comes after the first cold nights, when a few branches flame in contrast to those which are untouched. Less spectacular, and in many regions a more common sight, is the Norway maple, which, although a foreigner, has taken so kindly to our country that it is almost a tree-weed. Its large, ball-like shape and dense foliage make it a favorite on lawns and roads in suburban districts. But, like the other maples, it is a fast grower and lacks the stanch qualities of the oaks.

Faster growing even than the maples are the various cottonwoods which are to be found in so many states of the union. In the Mississippi basin and on the plains the cottonwoods lined the rivers and gulches, rarely straying away from water except when carried by man. The Dakota Indians used the cottonwood in their ceremonies, impressed by its vitality and activity. As in the case of its cousin, the quaking asp, the cottonwood is rarely still, no matter how quiet the air. Always its leaves are rustling—conveying secret messages, so the Indians say. It takes its name from the fine, cottonlike down attached to the seeds, which are so light that they are carried on the wind for miles.

While many of the cottonwoods are strong but ungainly, with scraggly bark and thick, bent trunks and branches, the quaking asps tend to be slender and delicate. Their bark is smoother, except at the base, and their limbs are straighter and more inclined to reach skyward than to spread out to cast shade. When the first frosts come, they turn golden overnight. Thus, whole mountain sides in New Mexico will be green during an October sunset and flaming yellow at the next sunrise. But, true to the nervous, quivering character of the aspens—they take their name from their quaking leaves—they drop their foliage almost immediately after the frost and become stark sentinels of gray, awaiting the winter snows.

WINTER is the season when the evergreens come into their own. This is the time when they seem most friendly and when their shelter is most welcome. Their number is legion—the hemlock of our northern woods, the spruces and firs that cover the mountains East and West, the many members of the pine family, the sequoias of California, which include the coast redwoods and the "big trees" of the Sierras, the cedars, the cypresses—trees familiar to people of all the states.

To the Indians of the plains, the cedar symbolized strength and long life. They were impressed with its indifference to cold and heat. Dr. Melvin R. Gilmore, in his collection of Indian lore called "Prairie Smoke," tells us that to them the cedar "appeared to be withdrawn, solitary and silent, standing dark and still, like an Indian standing upon a hill in prayer and meditation with his robe drawn over his head. Thus it gave the suggestion and had the appearance of being in communion with the High Powers."

To Easterners, lacking the reverence for all (*Continued on page 150*)

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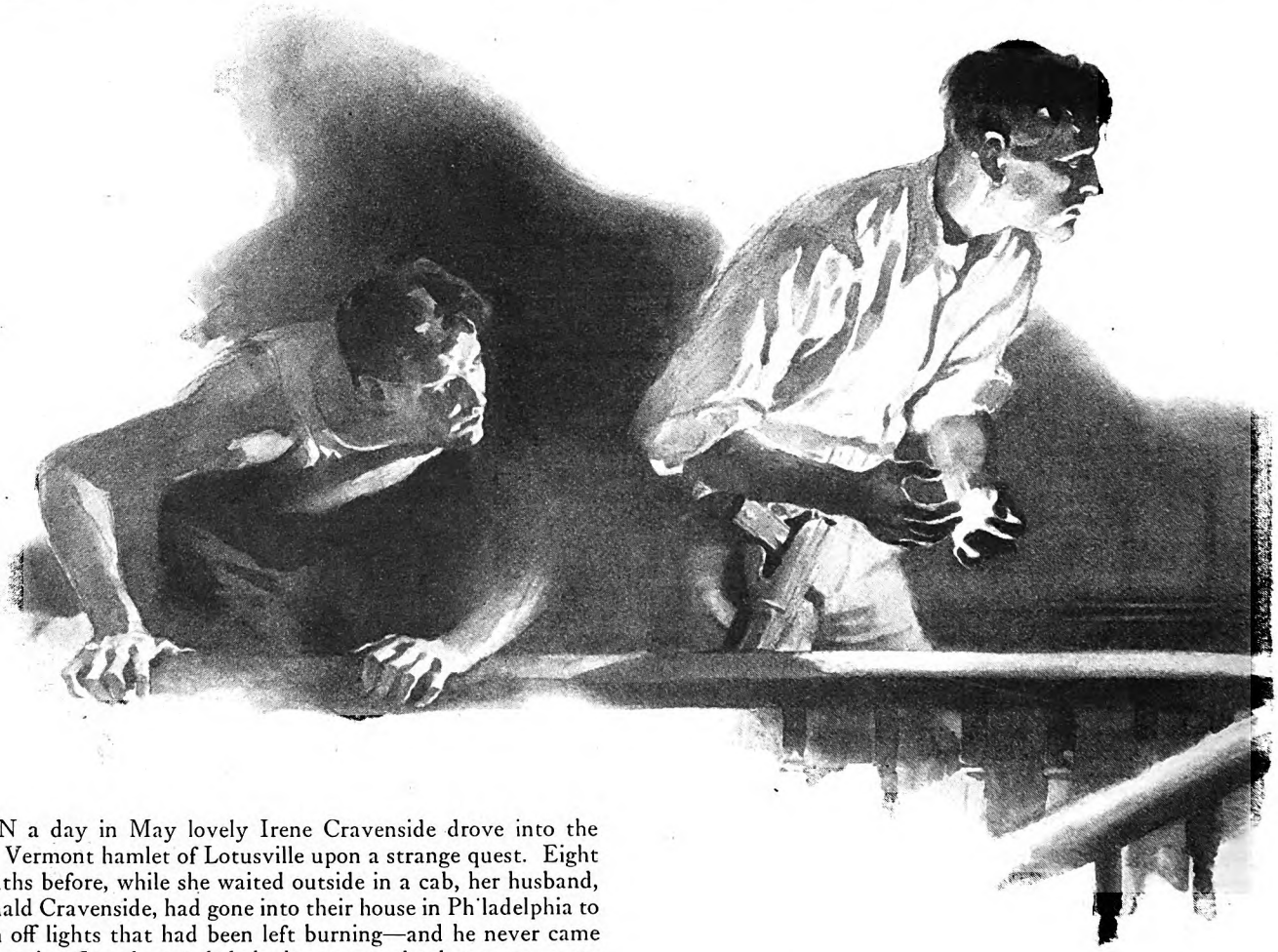
Dark HAPPINESS



Irene held Katrina from plunging down the stairs. The maid was in her nightdress. Irene was disheveled

ON a day in May lovely Irene Cravenside drove into the Vermont hamlet of Lotusville upon a strange quest. Eight months before, while she waited outside in a cab, her husband, Donald Cravenside, had gone into their house in Philadelphia to turn off lights that had been left burning—and he never came out again. Search revealed the house completely empty—even of servants, who had that night off—and every door and window locked from the inside. From that day it had been a mystery, utterly without clues—except for the rumor Irene had recently heard about a "phantom" which was haunting the old Homestead of the Cravensides, closed these many years.

And Irene's first contact in Lotusville was a confirmation of the rumors she had heard. "Hives" LaFlemme, a half-wit boy, directed her chauffeur to the home of John Forsythe government topographer and caretaker of the old place—meanwhile grumbling about a grudge against John and muttering threats to "kill him some day when I get a good knife." Irene found Forsythe a virile young bachelor, living in a house on a back road, with an Airedale named Tripe. To him she confided her mission, explained her wealthy husband's absorption in experiments he was carrying on in the nature of light, and declared her intention of sleeping in the Homestead that night.

An excited old native broke into this conference to report a new sight of Donald's "ghost" up on the hilltop, and the formation of a posse to investigate. John sent the old man back with instructions to the posse to approach from the highroad, while he and Irene went up from the rear mowing. Arriving at the barn on the hilltop, they were startled by weird noises from within its dark interior. While they listened, the door opened and a tall woman's figure came through the doorway into the yard, as if sleep-walking. John trained his flash-light upon her, but she came on, directly toward them, with hands held out before her. Then—up from the near-by orchard—came an eerie strain of sweet violin music, and the figure halted—stood there, poised, listening.

PART II

THE strange music played and as strangely died away. Soft, mystic, elusive, it had seemed—a dozen bars from *Traumerei*. Persons down along the roads could never have heard it. On this old Vermont hilltop in depths of May evening it conveyed the essence of "a moonlit garden spread in dreams where angel wings beat softly.". . .

Yet played as a love call. Could those auditors doubt it?

The figure of no player could be seen down that orchard. The gnarled, unkempt trees, budding sparsely in senility, were veiled by kind night and fused in illusion. Down three or four acres this illusion persisted. Then came meadow-marsh that stretched to the side road. Anything conceivable could be haunting such a vista, yet the music seemed to come from just over the wall.

The "phantom" woman turned and moved back toward that wall.

"Jessie!" called Forsythe. He snapped off the flash-light.

"Who—is it?" asked the "specter," pausing a third time and seeming to be frightened. Mrs. Cravenside gasped, that her companion knew the trespasser.

"John Forsythe, Jessie. You needn't run away."

The surveyor moved out from the shadow of the ell. He strode toward the woman in the center of the yard. The city woman waited. . . .

"But there's—somebody with you, John!"

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WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY'S *remarkable story of the strange happenings in the* House *of* Cravenside

Illustrated by
OSCAR F. SCHMIDT

"Yes. It's Mrs. Cravenside."

"Ah—I thought so!"

"What made you think so?"

"I don't know as I could say. Yet I felt she was coming. I hoped to get away—"

"Why do we find you up here on this hilltop? What have you been doing?"

"I—I haven't damaged anything."

"No, probably not. All the same, you're trespassing and it needs an explanation. Who's down in that orchard? *Who just played that music?*"

The woman in the shawl debated in distress. Then hoarsely she replied:

"Your guess—is as good—as mine, John Forsythe."

"You mean you don't know?"

"I said—your guess is as good as mine, John Forsythe!"

"Come, come, Jessie—this won't do at all. You've had mighty good reasons for getting up here tonight ahead of Mrs. Cravenside. They've got something to do with that orchard musician—"

"Maybe I ran up to do a neighborly act—make sure, for instance, that nothing happens at this house between now and morning to scare Mrs. Cravenside."

Irene approached the pair. They stood, three figures in starlight, the woman from the city wide-eyed at John's shoulder, the one they confronted plucking at her shawl. John said in explanation:

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"Miss Barnes's eyesight is faulty, Mrs. Cravenside. Jessie, Mrs. Cravenside is right here at my elbow."

Jessie nodded stiffly.

"I suppose I should say I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Cravenside. But there's nothing personal in the fact that I'm not."

"I'm sorry we're distressing you, by discovering you so."

"Oh, 'tisn't *that!*"

"See here," growled Forsythe, "you answer me, Jessie—how do you know anything might happen, between now and morning, to scare Mrs. Cravenside?"

"This homestead's said to be haunted, isn't it? P'raps I figgered she should know it, not stay and be frightened by what she sees or hears."

"You spoke just now as though you might prevent her 'seeing or hearing' anything. You'd better come clean. There's a mystery here we mean to run down."

Again the blind girl considered. Finally she announced:

"*If Mrs. Cravenside don't want to see something that'll bring her sorrow all the rest of her days, she'd better turn 'round and go back where she came from!*"

THERE was nothing bitter in this warning, neither impudent nor hostile. It was even solicitous, in a grim, impersonal way, for the city woman's welfare. But it frightened Irene more than all else to the moment. She paled in the dark and shrank against Forsythe. Cordy and competent beside her, bareheaded as she had first encountered him in his yard, he reached out a hand and gripped Jessie's elbow.

"Explain that, Jessie Barnes! Explain it darned quick!"

"'Tisn't for me to explain. All I'm saying is, she'd better not stay here."

"Jessie, you listen. There's half a dozen men heading up here from the village. They'll get here any moment and they mean to search this property. If we turn you loose—for bagging—they won't be so considerate as Mrs. Cravenside and I. But there's more to it than that. Don Cravenside's behavior is *his* business—and his wife's—but if men like Baldwin and Austin get hold of him, he'll have to explain, not only to his wife, but to half of Vermont. That might mean a scandal his wife shouldn't suffer—"

"COULDN'T we go into the house and settle this?" Irene questioned nervously. "When those busybodies come we can send them away by telling them we've found out whom Mr. Baldwin saw—some friends who were up here awaiting my arrival."

John had to agree. Lamps in the homestead would attract the men at once. Such reasonable explanation, offered with frankness, would deflate the petty mystery and return them to the village—provided Don Cravenside—or his spirit—or whoever was wandering the orchard in the starlight—was not so indiscreet as to offer more music.

"All right," he announced. "You come with us, Jessie. We'll talk about this in the house."

The blind girl seemed rueful. Then she suddenly straightened.

"I'm not afraid," she said. "When you try to help folks out, and they fight you, I guess you just can't help it!"

They started toward the ell, John drawing out his keys.

The house took on size as they stood on the doorstone. A hoary dignity it had, built on the highest eminence in Lotusville, where it watched the years pass over the mountains. A weather-warped lattice encircled the doorframe—even the side

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"You can't leave this room, Jessie Barnes," said John, "till you've given us a truthful 'yes' or 'no' to one vital question"

doorframe into the kitchen—with vines of small roses newly budding upon it. The door lintel had a fan of shutters. Plantain and chickweed grew close to the step. The panels of the door were cracked; its latch was of iron—heavy—slightly rusted.

The door, when pushed inward, snapped sharply upon its hinges. Into a low-studded, time-mellowed interior they stepped—a long-unused kitchen, fetid with the odor of bricks, old mortar, much chimney creosote. John's flash-beam picked out lamps on the shelf above the sink. He crossed over and took them down, three of them, lighting their wicks from the same flaring match.

Irene saw a kitchen typical of New England, a place of rigorous charm but giving no thought to a tired woman's footsteps—twenty feet in distance from range to pantry, another twenty feet from pantry to sink. Great iron hooks thrust down from its ceiling—hooks to hold poles for the drying of herbs—and knots and square nailheads thrust up from its flooring. She took note of these features later, however. The three tall hand-lamps, with obese, flowered chimneys, were lighting the "spook" they had caught in the yard.

MRS. CRAVENSIDE was startled. The strange feminine trespasser was dynamic with character, not at all the peasant she had seemed in the starlight.

"Blind Jessie" Barnes was a woman in her thirties—her late thirties—with a flood of brown hair and strong lines down her mouth. Her body belied its handicap of sightlessness, being big-boned and capable, and possessing a suppleness her frock could not hide. Her bosom was ample; her figure had grace. Dressed in modern mode she might have been comely. But her hair had come down on the small, rusty shawl. Her printed challis dress was rumpled. She was wearing a pair of male congress boots—from cruel lack of more suitable outdoor footgear, Irene learned later.

But the city woman's scrutiny came back to Jessie's face.

It had Dantesque strength, that face. The forehead was high, the nose and chin prominent. And the mouth—where had Irene seen such a mouth? No, not on Dante. Rather on Lincoln. That was it—Lincoln! Lincoln's death mask!—it might have been Jessie's whole countenance. . . .

"Mrs. Cravenside has never been up here to Lotusville before," the surveyor said gruffly.

"It's a house out of Louisa M. Alcott!" Irene commented.

"Suppose we go into the sitting-room. We'll leave one lamp and take the others with us."

IRENE'S chief concern might have been her missing husband, whether or not he was down in that orchard, yet she had to admit the inveiglement which the stark old homestead offered as she guided blind Jessie in John Forsythe's wake. Through a spacious dining-room they passed, where a castor was the only adornment on a plateau of walnut table, and into a room that smelled acridly of plaster.

The body of the house downstairs was divided into four equal-sized rooms, Irene discovered. Dining-room and sitting-room opened along the east; a parlor and bedroom had windows toward the west. Between these closed apartments cut a narrow slice of hall. The stairs to upper chambers were but three feet in width; the stair-flight was steep; a thin handrail, painted, did service as a banister.

The northeast-quarter sitting-room, where John set the lamps on a marble-topped table, epitomized the home of a prosperous Vermonter—as prosperity was reckoned thirty years bygone. Its three main appointments—a (*Continued on page 118*)

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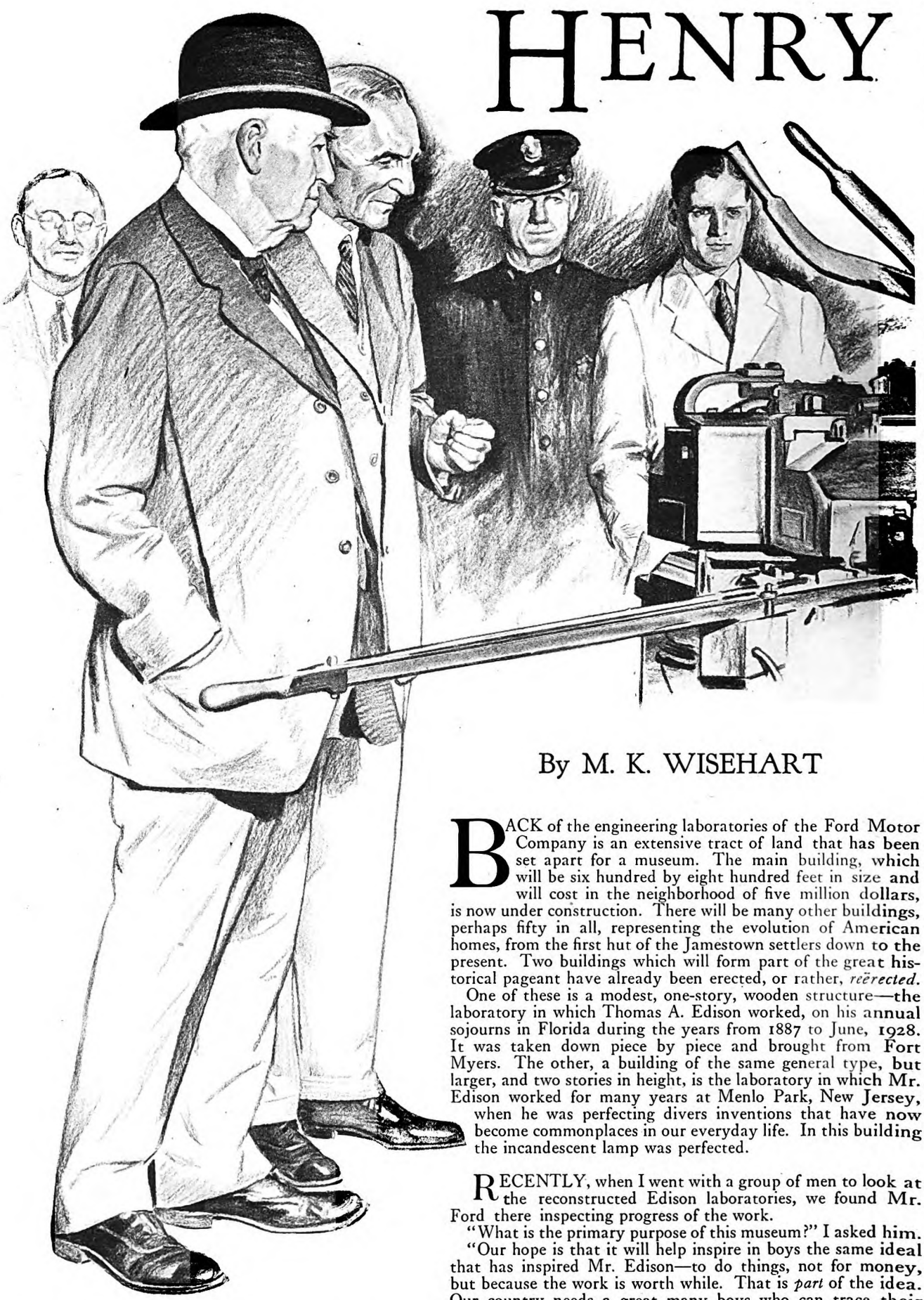
HENRY



Henry Ford, with his old friend, Thomas Edison, looking at some of the machinery in a Ford plant. "Our country needs a great many boys who can trace their intellectual ancestry to Thomas A. Edison," says Mr. Ford

By M. K. WISEHART

BACK of the engineering laboratories of the Ford Motor Company is an extensive tract of land that has been set apart for a museum. The main building, which will be six hundred by eight hundred feet in size and will cost in the neighborhood of five million dollars, is now under construction. There will be many other buildings, perhaps fifty in all, representing the evolution of American homes, from the first hut of the Jamestown settlers down to the present. Two buildings which will form part of the great historical pageant have already been erected, or rather, *reërected.*

One of these is a modest, one-story, wooden structure—the laboratory in which Thomas A. Edison worked, on his annual sojourns in Florida during the years from 1887 to June, 1928. It was taken down piece by piece and brought from Fort Myers. The other, a building of the same general type, but larger, and two stories in height, is the laboratory in which Mr. Edison worked for many years at Menlo Park, New Jersey, when he was perfecting divers inventions that have now become commonplaces in our everyday life. In this building the incandescent lamp was perfected.

RECENTLY, when I went with a group of men to look at the reconstructed Edison laboratories, we found Mr. Ford there inspecting progress of the work.

"What is the primary purpose of this museum?" I asked him.

"Our hope is that it will help inspire in boys the same ideal that has inspired Mr. Edison—to do things, not for money, but because the work is worth while. That is *part* of the idea. Our country needs a great many boys who can trace their intellectual ancestry to Thomas A. Edison."

"That makes me wonder," I remarked, "what you would have to say about the problems confronting young Americans today. If you were talking to young men who are now just starting out on their careers, what ideas would you try to drive home?"

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FORD *Talks to* Young Men

Drawing by J. Henry from photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"It's worth thinking about," returned Mr. Ford; and on a later occasion, when I renewed my questions on this topic, he said:

"Here"—and he made a gesture that took in the entire Ford enterprise—"we are interested primarily in two things: First, in the car, because that gives us money with which to do things; second, in young men. And young men of a certain type: Those who have it in them to become leaders! We don't care whether they become leaders in our plant, or go out to work for our competitors, or seek entirely new fields—so long as they take with them such powers of leadership as they may have. There must be more and more industrial leaders—creators of employment."

"WHAT is it that makes a leader?" I asked.

"There is one sure way to become a leader," was the answer. "Make something that people want. When you first make it, the price will probably be too high, and people cannot, or will not, buy it. The next thing is to set about making it *right*. Make it right with the use of machinery; develop the machines that will help you make it right; keep the waste processes out; then you can get the price down so people will buy it.

"We always keep our eye on a young man who shows signs of being dissatisfied, especially if he thinks he has anything to offer by way of improving things. The chance that a boy or a young man who is content with the way things are done now will develop into a leader is pretty slim. The restless boy, the one who wants to know *why* things are as they are, and why they can't be done better, shows signs of possible leadership. At times he may be a nuisance. But no boy ever became a leader without making himself a nuisance to somebody—at some time.

"If I were a young man starting in today and had a job that seemed too hard for me, I would set to work to find out how to make it easy. A serious attempt to take the drudgery out of a job will develop the brains of any young man and start him to creating something. He may build his future around what he finds out.

"In general, there are *three* things that are necessary for industrial leadership in a big way. A man must know enough about finance to be able to balance accounts. He must know a whole lot about mechanical things. Also, he must know enough about human beings to understand their wants, desires, and motives, and so be able to balance *them* up as well as his accounts."

"Assume that a boy is trying to fit himself for this kind of leadership," I suggested. "How should he go at it? What are the important things for him to know?"

"There are five things which I believe are fundamental. I'm willing to tell any boy what they are. They have to do with *cleanliness, investigation, putting to use that which you already have, belief in your ability to accomplish that which you set out to do, and knowing how to spend money.*

"NOW, for a minute, let's talk about these things in the order in which I have mentioned them. First, the matter of cleanliness: The first advice I would give to any boy starting in today would be that he should learn to keep himself and everything around him clean. If he is able to do this, he is one in a thousand.

"Neatness—cleanliness—orderliness—the importance of these things is due to the fact that they have a great effect on the way a man's mind works. The man who keeps himself and all his tools clean is apt to do things well. Every move he makes is likely to be in the right direction, along the line of creation.

"At one time, in our plant, we used to figure out how to use the waste material that resulted from certain processes. We thought we were doing something, and prided ourselves on it. But now we have come to realize that the proper thing is to arrange our processes in such a way that there is no waste. We get more out of the material and save money. We found this out by trying to keep clean and by eliminating as much dirt as we could.

"Dirt is always evidence of waste, either of material or of mental and physical energy, or both."

In his personal appearance Mr. Ford is immaculate. All the offices of the company are flawlessly clean. The corners of the shop are painted white and are kept lighted.

Mr. Ford was once asked what he would do if he were called upon to take charge of a business that had failed. "No business I know of ever went to the wall without accumulating a vast pile of dirt," he answered. "The dirt and all that goes with it—untidy thinking and untidy methods—helped to cause the failure. The first thing I would do with a business like that would be to *clean it up!*"

Some years ago, a man who had acquired his industrial training under Mr. Ford and had come to realize the significance of his employer's principles of cleanliness, was made president of a manufacturing concern which had gone bankrupt. After studying the conditions of the business, the new president went before his board of directors and asked for a large sum of money—many thousands of dollars—to be used in cleaning up the débris, in washing and painting and lighting the offices and shops. The directors protested. "We're already broke!" they said. "All this money for fancy work?" But the new president fought for the appropriation. "The first thing this business needs," he declared, "is a liberal application of brooms and brushes and soap and water. We must clean up before we can tell where we're at." Finally he got the money and he spent it in the way indicated. This was not the only thing he did, of course, but it was the *first*. Today that business is going strong, and its product has a nation-wide reputation.

"Some years ago, in the Pittsburgh district," continued Mr. Ford, still with reference to this matter of cleanliness, "I was watching them work iron. They first (*Continued on page 158*)

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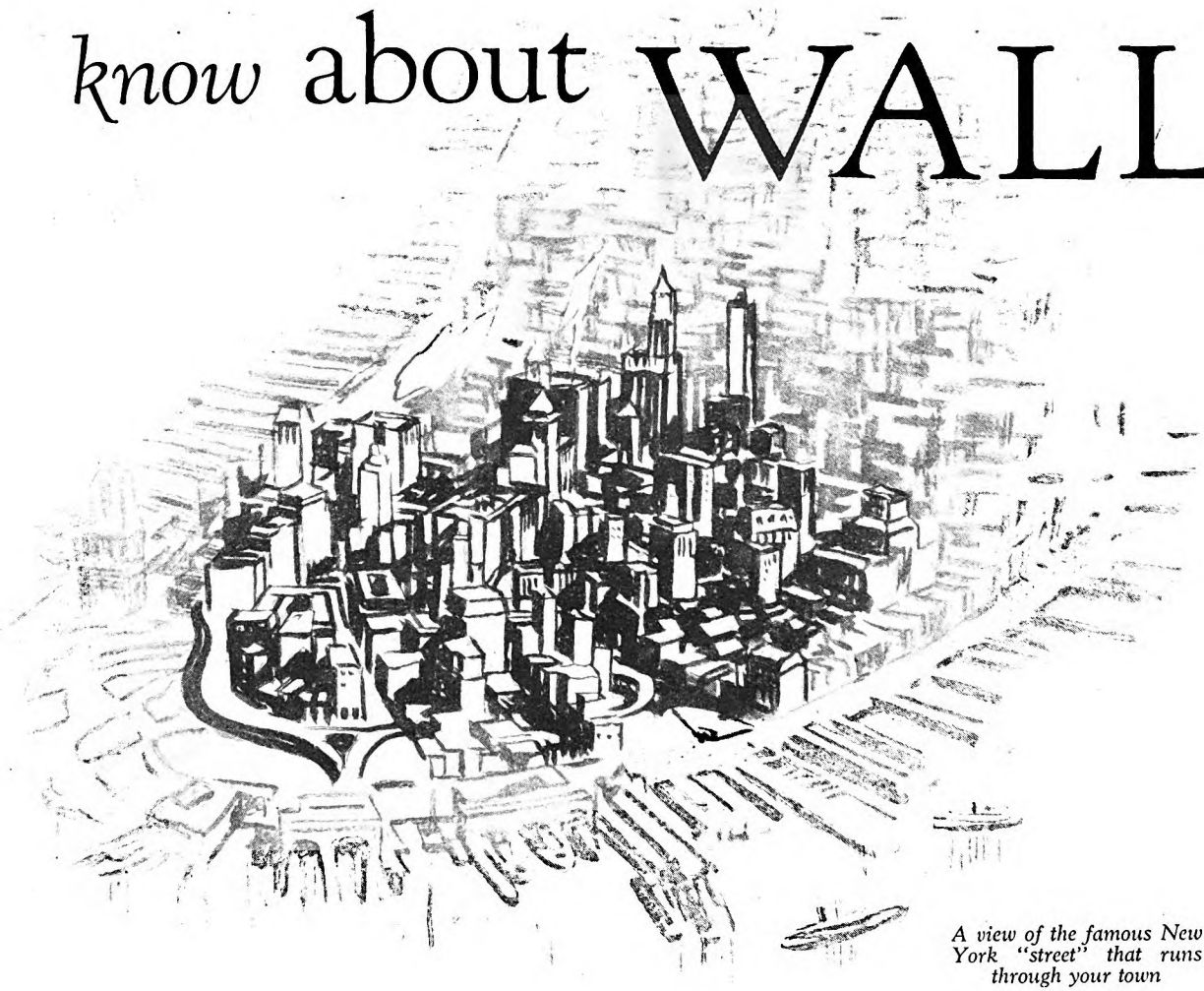
How much do you *know* about WALL



A view of the famous New York "street" that runs through your town

HERE is a scrap of doggerel, and after you have read it I want to ask you a question:

On Monday I bought share on share,
On Tuesday I was a millionaire;
On Wednesday I took a grand abode,
On Thursday in my carriage rode;
On Friday went to the opera ball;
On Saturday came to the pauper's hall.

Now, when do you suppose that was written? Save for a little quaintness in the language, it might have been turned out last March. As a matter of fact, it was written two hundred years ago. From which we may see that the contagious disease called speculation is not by any means a modern infection. When that bit of verse was penned, the notorious Mississippi Bubble had broken in France and the frenzied stock buyers were rushing madly into a little lane in Paris called Quincampoix Street, where the stock sharpers carried on their trade in the open air. The municipal authorities, in order to check this crazed speculation, boarded up the street to keep the foolish victims out. There are lots of people who think something like that ought to be done in Wall Street today. But I am willing to wager that if a dozen persons, picked at random anywhere in the country, were to be authorized to build a fence around Wall Street, not more than one in a dozen would know where to locate the fence.

Wall Street has come to be a name which designates the financial district of New York. It is a neighborhood. If you were to look down from an airplane at the island of Manhattan, you would see it sticking like a tongue out of the throat of the Hudson River into the gorgeous bay of New York. The tip of that tongue is the financial district. At the very point of the island is the famous Battery and the Barge Office, through which millions of immigrants have streamed into America. Then comes the Wall Street district. Almost the first step an immigrant takes in America is into Wall Street. A few of them have never gotten beyond it.

MANY people think of Wall Street as a trim little thoroughfare, with the Stock Exchange in the center, filled with noisy, frenzied brokers, with brokers' offices and money lenders lining both sides of the street, a few smug bankers' offices among them, and on the inside a group of powerful, sinister old gentlemen with side whiskers—the keepers of the Money Devil—pulling the strings that make prices go up and down.

In fact, the financial district comprises about eighteen city squares. It runs from the Custom House, at Bowling Green, up to Liberty Street. At this point the island is three-quarters of a mile wide. It is a half mile from Liberty Street to the Custom House. The core of this section is the financial district known as Wall Street. The center of it in importance is the Stock Exchange. But there are other exchanges—the Curb

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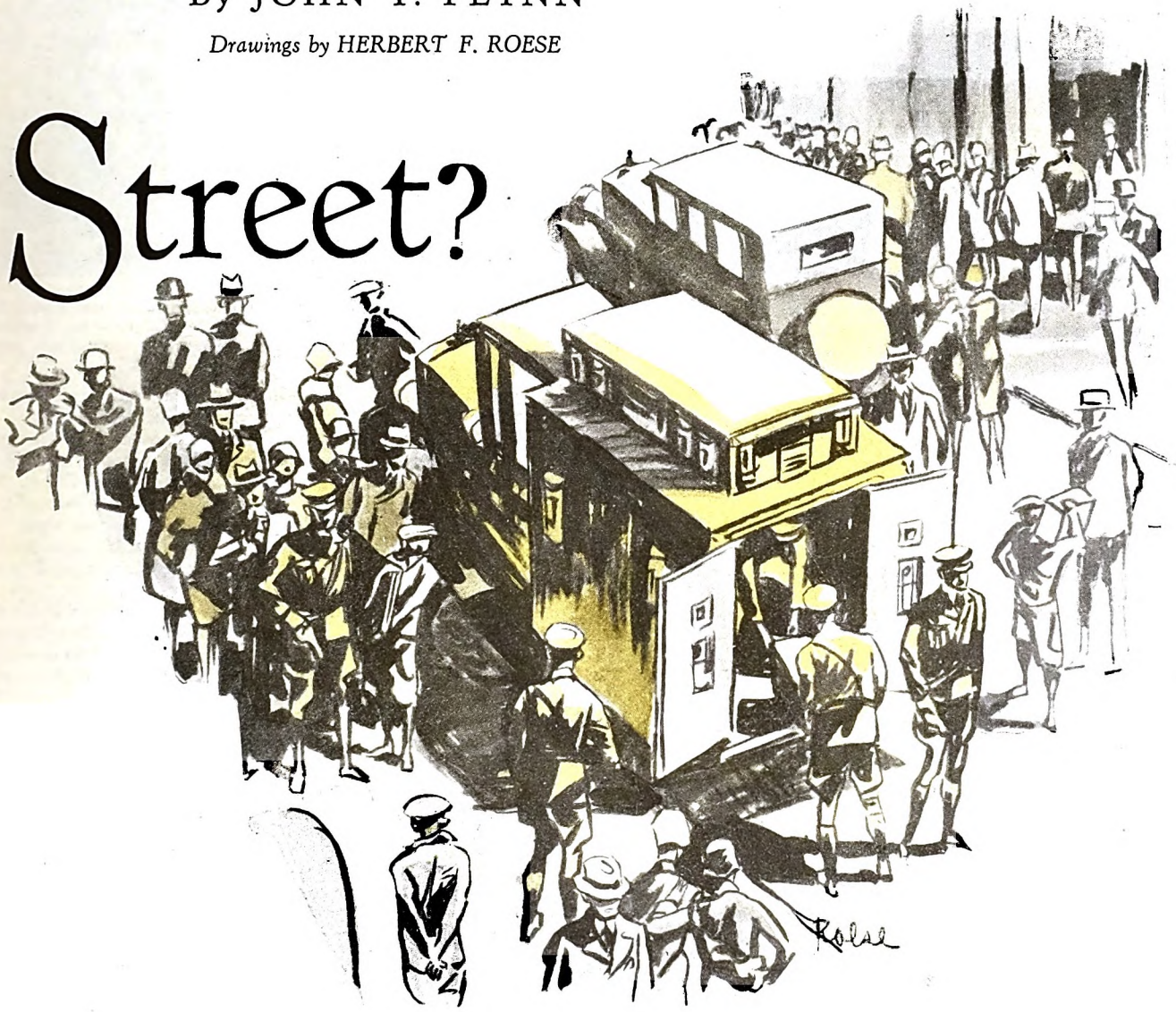
By JOHN T. FLYNN

Drawings by HERBERT F. ROESE

Street?



Market in Trinity Place, behind old Trinity Church; the Produce Exchange, at Beaver Street; the Cotton Exchange, at Hanover Square; the Metals Exchange; the Sugar Exchange; the Maritime Exchange; and others.

There are ninety banks, the greatest in America. There are twenty-five trust companies and the fiscal offices of one hundred and thirty railroads. There are fifty-seven life insurance companies, two hundred and nine fire and maritime insurance companies, and over one hundred other insurance companies. It has fifteen safe deposit companies, twenty cable and telegraph companies, one hundred and ninety steamship companies, one hundred and fifty coal and iron companies, and hundreds of powerful industrial corporations, such as the Standard Oil Company, at 26 Broadway, and the United States Steel Corporation almost across the street. And, in addition to all this, the district has, for the convenience of those who lose their fortunes in speculation, several churches, one jail, two rivers, and a graveyard. The last is the historic churchyard of Trinity Church, whose dark, Gothic spire rises like a hitching post in the canyon between the soaring skyscrapers of Broadway.

WALL STREET is the one district of New York which is found today right where it started. The shopping district has traveled steadily uptown—to Chambers Street, to 8th Street, to 14th, to 34th, to 42d Street, and is still tending northward. The theatrical district has moved up—from Union Square to 42d Street, and now towards Columbus Circle. The silk district has shifted. The garment center has changed. Indeed, all the various trade centers of the metropolis have moved about. But the financial district is still in the same place. It has gotten a little wider and a bit longer and very much higher in the air. But it still swirls around Wall Street. There it started about one hundred and forty years ago.

WALL STREET was then the city's most fashionable residence street. There the government of the United States was domiciled. Congress met in Federal Hall, at Broad and Wall. Washington was inaugurated at that corner. Hamilton and Jefferson and other members of the Cabinet lived in the neighborhood. There were no brokers and no stock exchange. But Congress, after the Revolution, assumed the debts of the states and put out an issue of eighty millions in bonds for that purpose. Then, down in Philadelphia, which was the business capital of the country, the merchants organized a bank—the Bank of North America. The New York merchants got busy, and under the guidance of Alexander Hamilton organized the Bank of New York. Aaron Burr, Hamilton's arch enemy, who was later to take his life in a duel, had to have his bank, so he brought into existence the Bank of the Manhattan Company. The two powerful foes who founded them have slept for more than a hundred years (Hamilton in Trinity churchyard at the

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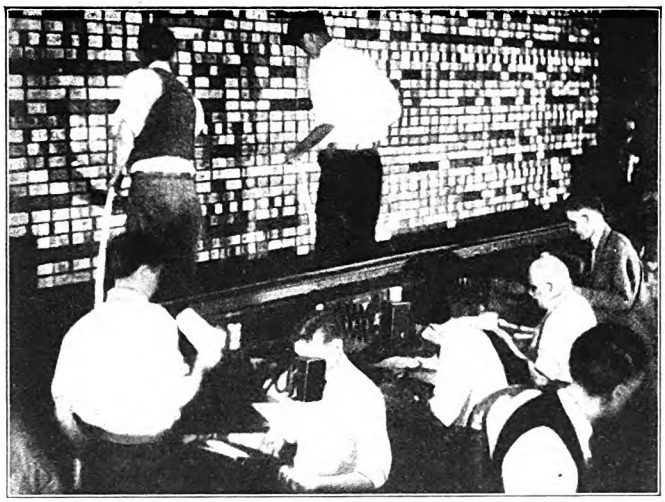

The wire room of a broker's main office. Orders to buy and sell stocks are pouring in from all over the country. Behind is the "board" on which the prices of stocks are kept up to the minute

© NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

A corner of the floor of the New York Stock Exchange during the trading hours. In the front is seen a "post" around which certain stocks are bought and sold. The "floor" is just a group of these posts

head of Wall Street), but the great banks are still flourishing close to the spots at which they were begun.

It was all this which gave Wall Street its start. Men began to buy and sell the bonds of the United States and the stocks of these three banks. There was no established exchange. Just in front of what is now 68 Wall Street stood a large buttonwood tree. Here, under its pleasant shade, about a dozen gentlemen used to sit at various hours during the day and deal in this small list of three bank stocks and one bond issue. On rainy days they would adjourn to the old Tontine Coffee House, which stood nearer the river on the site now occupied by the Tontine Building. These were the first brokers. The very first of them was Leonard Bleeker. He was the first man to devote himself exclusively to dealing in securities. And it was he who, in 1792, got all the brokers together in a compact that they would not buy or sell a share for less than one-quarter per cent commission and that they would treat only with one another. This was the beginning of the Stock Exchange. As time moved on, they grew in numbers and ultimately rented quarters which they called their board room.

Then came the era of development, and the day of the machine. Men began moving west, opening up new country. Corporations were formed to dig canals, to start textile mills, to build and run steamboats, and finally to develop the railroads. The promoters of all these corporations made their way to Wall Street for money. The shares of them flowed into Wall Street for a market. For that is what Wall Street is—a market place for stocks and bonds and money.

IN THE old days, stores and factories and stagecoaches belonged to individuals. And if, for any reason, a man wanted to sell his shop or his factory, he looked about for a buyer and sold his whole enterprise to a single purchaser in one transaction. But now men no longer own stores or factories or stagecoaches. These things belong to corporations. It is the stock of these corporations which belongs to men. And the man who owns a share of stock would never have bought it if there were not some place where he could go to sell it when he wishes to change his investment.

If you will reflect a moment, you will realize that in this day there are but few other ways for a man to invest his money. In an older day a thrifty worker who had saved a little pile invested it in a house to rent; or he threw up his job and started a little store; or put some money into a little business with a friend. But this is no longer so. Few now wish to put their savings into a little business. Whether for good or bad, the day of the little business is past. Like it or not, we are all employees now, from the humblest apprentice boy right up to the president of the great corporation. And so, when we have a few dollars to invest, we are likely to buy stocks and bonds. There must be some way in which these shares can be readily bought and sold. That is what the Stock Exchange is—an open market place to which a man can send his stock for sale.

Suppose you own a share of United States Steel stock. You wish to sell it. There are several hundred thousand owners of United States Steel stock and some five million shares. These owners are scattered all over the world. You wish to sell your stock today; but there are many other men who wish to do the same thing. They are in your town, in California, in New York, up in Canada, down in the Argentine, over in Germany or Holland or Russia, or maybe in China. On the floor of the Stock Exchange is a trading post where United States Steel is traded in. A broker with your share of stock for sale will stand today at that post. Other brokers will be there with shares of United States Steel stock for sale. Still other brokers will be there who have orders to *buy* United States Steel. These orders will come from men in your town, in New York and New Mexico, in Canada, in Europe, in Asia, everywhere. Thus, around that one post on this day when you wish to sell, will be collected the entire supply of United States Steel stock for sale and the entire demand from every quarter of the globe. The same is true of every other stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Whatever else you may think of the Stock Exchange, this must be conceded: That the institution which can produce this result is a miracle of organization.

BUT why the Exchange, you ask? If a man wants to buy a car or a radio or a house, or if he wishes to sell any of these things, he goes to a dealer in these articles. Why could he not do this in the case of stocks and thus have them dealt in without all this gambling and manipulation which goes on at present? Well, this very thing is done now. All securities are not listed on the Stock Exchange. There are thousands which are listed nowhere. Many stocks cannot meet the requirements of the Exchange. Many stocks are so limited in supply that listing would be futile. Many corporations keep their shares from being listed. If you wish to buy or sell such stocks you must go into what is called the "Over-the-Counter" market. Shares are bought and sold there literally "over the counter," like soap or eggs, or anything else. There are over-the-counter dealers who specialize in such stocks. Let us suppose you want to buy one hundred shares of Hercules Powder stock. You go to an over-the-counter broker and tell him so. You ask him how much you must pay. He has none, but knows a broker who deals in this stock. He calls that broker on the phone.

"Can you let me have 100 shares of Hercules Powder?—and for how much?" he asks.

Of course, the second broker owns none, but he keeps in touch with a supply. He has a client who is willing to sell for $103 a share. So he tacks on two points for himself and informs the first broker that he will let him have 100 shares for $105 a share. Your broker now turns to you and tells you he can get you 100 shares at $108 a share. He adds on three points for himself. He may add more or less according to the circumstances. Now, don't you see what has happened? The owner has sold for $103 a share. But you have bought for $108 a share. Five points have been consumed in the offices of the brokers in this cumbersome method of trading. The seller always gets the lowest price and the buyer always pays the highest price. You do not know what the owner got and he never knows what you paid.

Had this transaction taken place on the Stock Exchange, it would have been open. The prices would have been known,

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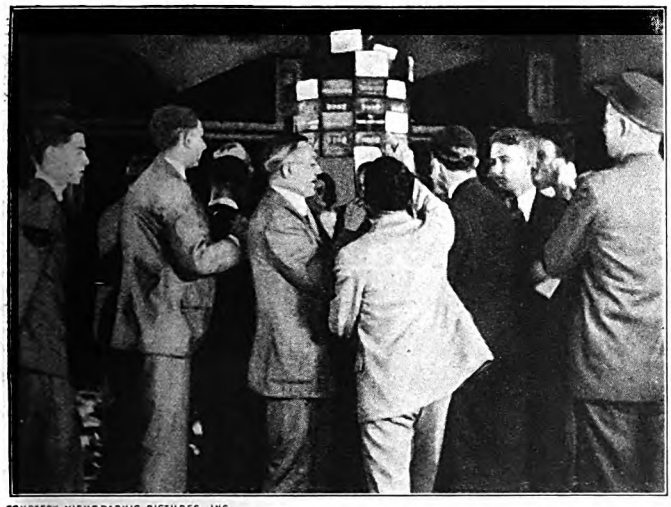

COURTESY VISUGRAPHIC PICTURES, INC.

A busy moment around a post. Here the whole world-wide supply and world-wide demand of a given stock is focused. These brokers are bidding during a moderately busy session

Closing a trade. Whether it involves but a hundred shares or millions of dollars worth, it is done this way—each broker makes a memorandum on a pad—that is all. The cash and stocks pass next day

not only to the parties, but to everyone, and immediately. The stock would have been bought on the floor, with other brokers around offering stock for sale and still others ready to buy. Free competition would have prevailed on both sides. If the sale had been made for $108, you would have paid that sum and the seller would have received all of it. You would have paid your broker fifteen cents commission on each share, and the seller would have paid his broker fifteen cents commission on each share.

IN MODERN business there has been a marvelous reduction in the cost of making things. But the cost of selling remains high. We have perfected mass production. But as yet we have only scratched the surface of mass distribution. The only place where mass distribution has been brought to perfection is on the floor of the Stock Exchange. You can sell $100,000 worth of automobile stock for $125 selling cost. But if you were to sell $100,000 worth of automobiles, it probably couldn't be done for one hundred times that much.

Now, then, how does this extraordinary trading machine work? Let us suppose you live in Tulsa, Oklahoma. You wish to buy some General Motors stock. You go to your New York broker who has his branch office in Tulsa. There are eighteen branch brokerage offices in Oklahoma, in nine cities. You go, first thing in the morning, and place your order for 100 shares to be bought at 80—$80 a share. You hand your broker a check for $8,000. Now what happens?

If you could be suddenly transported to the visitors' gallery of the Stock Exchange in New York, you would see what happens. Let us say it is ten minutes to ten o'clock. You are in the broad balcony reserved for visitors. You look down on the floor of the Exchange. It is an immense arena, as large as a good-sized armory. The ceiling is high, as in a theater. All is of marble. The first thing you are aware of is that the floor is crowded with men. There must be six hundred brokers there. Next, you observe that they are grouped around certain fixed points. These points are called posts. Each stock is assigned to some post—trading in that stock must be done there. There is a buzz of low conversation, but it is plain that they are doing no trading. They are relatively quiet. The trading hour has not yet arrived.

At the sides of the vast chamber are hundreds of telephone booths. In these booths are telephone clerks with the receivers strapped to their heads. They never leave the booths. They are excessively busy writing out slips of paper and handing them to messengers. Telephone bells are ringing, telegraph instruments are clicking. Somewhere in one of those telephone booths a ring will come and the clerk will be told to buy 100 shares of General Motors at 80. That is your order. The broker in Tulsa has wired the order to the New York office. The New York office has telephoned it to the Exchange telephone clerk. The clerk writes the order, gives it to a messenger, who puts it into a pneumatic tube which shoots it to the trading post where General Motors stock is dealt in and where the floor broker of the office is stationed. Thus, the floor man has your order now, perhaps five or ten minutes after you had placed it in Oklahoma. Thousands of other orders like yours are pouring into the Exchange from all parts of the world.

The hand on the big clock is moving slowly toward ten. There are but a few minutes left. The opening hour of the Exchange is at hand. It is always a busy hour. Orders from the afternoon before and from that morning have been accumulating. At several points on the floor you see uniformed men tinkering with some sort of mechanism. These are the sending stations of the tickers. They must keep the world informed about prices and trades. They must begin working in a few minutes—and *they must work*. They are the eyes and ears of the financial world. Mechanics are inspecting them, testing them, and they add their nervous ticking to the clatter and murmur and ringing and clicking which is now rising in intensity as the clerk of the governors of the Exchange ascends the big rostrum. This rostrum—the seat of the president of the Exchange—has a great gong behind it. The clerk lifts a hammer. For an instant there is a hush. All faces are turned toward the rostrum. In your gallery perch you feel, without being told, that things are about to happen. The clerk's hammer descends on the great bell. Instantly a roar goes up. Men shout and gesticulate. They seem a little crazed. But that is not so. Each man is behaving in a very orderly manner. It is the conglomeration of sounds and gestures which makes the place seem mad.

Now, if you have kept your eyes on that man who has the little slip bearing your order, you will notice that almost the moment the gong rang he put up his hands. He was crying your order. Instantly a man on the other side shot up his hand and said "sold." Your order is placed. Your 100 shares of General Motors are bought. You are in for it now. Each broker writes a hasty memorandum on a little pad, tucks the slip in his pocket, and plunges back into the fray. At the same moment a clerk writes down a memorandum of that trade and sends it to one of those floor ticker-sending machines. In a few seconds men standing around tickers out in Tulsa, traders in Wall Street, in State Street, Boston, in LaSalle Street, Chicago, away up in Oregon, and around thousands of tickers all over the land, read on the tape that 100 shares of General Motors stock were sold for $80 a share.

THE brokers at whom you have been looking are part of a total New York Stock Exchange membership of 1,100. But the Exchange has recently authorized an increase to 1,375. There are, however, seldom more than eight hundred men engaged in actual trading on the floor. There are Exchange members who never go near the floor. The elder John D. Rockefeller still owns a seat, though he has never traded. The present J. P. Morgan owns a seat, but never enters the Exchange. The elder Morgan, the most powerful figure in its operation, never owned an Exchange seat. Today, men like the Fisher brothers, Arthur Cutten, William C. Durant, the biggest operators in the street, are not members and seldom go near Wall Street.

The work of these brokers is a grueling one. It is a job for young men. Yet there are twenty-five men who have been members for forty years and six who have traded for fifty years. There are two who have been on the floor since 1869. When they joined, they paid around $7,000 apiece for the seats. Today they could sell them for $500,000 each. (*Continued on page 131*)

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The Pace that Bores

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

Illustrated by T. K. HANNA

"There is nothing that makes you feel so much like a woman of the world as to know you are the subject of a secret passion—"

Suddenly, like a blow in the solar plexus, the truth dawned upon me. Under my very eyes, that girl was flirting with my husband!

THEY talk about people hiding their vices from all eyes, but it's been my experience that most people are a great deal more afraid of having their virtues leak out. Corinne, for instance, just can't bear being called "good-natured," though her best friend can't deny that she is.

"When anybody calls you good-natured," Corinne always laughs, "what they really mean is that you're a kind of fat, easy-going sap who hasn't got spunk enough to resent it when somebody steps on your face."

Howard Merton, who has four children and is the most devoted husband and father, shows as plain as can be that he can hardly stand it when somebody speaks of him as a "good, steady, family man." Miss Asbury, the librarian, who is a Phi Beta Kappa, doesn't like to be called brilliant or highly educated.

For my part, what I hate, of all things, to be called is "wholesome." It's only older people, of course, who don't know any better, who ever would call anybody that. People your own age would come right out frankly and say *slow*.

And just as it's always the virtue you can't deny that makes you the maddest, there are times when I've suspected that our whole young married crowd is a little bit wholesome.

It's just like what dear old Doctor Weldon said once when somebody asked him if he thought a young man could live decently on fifteen dollars a week. Doctor Weldon was always loads of fun, even if he was a minister, and he answered very seriously that he didn't see how a young man could be anything but decent on that salary.

That's been the way it's been with our crowd. We all come from good old Montrose families, but none of the boys are making any great amount of money and we all have anywhere from one to four babies apiece. For wholesomeness, you can't beat that combination.

Not that we ever considered ourselves slow, though. We keep our houses right up to date—Dulcie has just taken down all the ruffled net curtains in her upstairs and put up ruffled organdie—and we dress as smartly as we can see our way clear to. We have good parties and we've practically all begun playing contract instead of auction bridge. Why, there's one club of old married girls in Verblen that's still playing five hundred! That's what I consider slow.

ON THE other hand, I know that there must be crowds in Chicago and New York and London and Paris that would put ours in the shade. For that matter, there's the rich Harvester bunch right in Montrose. Of course, I don't believe they really do half the things they're said to—they couldn't and keep their health—but they don't count, anyway. They're not real Montrose people. The J. C. Harvester Company is a Chicago firm—it's just the plant that's here, and the officials come and go.

But Billee and Carter Randolph came right into our own crowd. For one reason, Carter is Roger Lane's second cousin. Then, too, Billee's mother lived here in town when she was a girl, and all our mothers used to know her. So, when the Randolphs came to live in Montrose and it got around that Mrs. Randolph was Maude Saunders's daughter, all our mothers got after us and made us call right away. They wanted us to take Billee right in. Honestly, if they'd dreamed what they were wishing on us!

It was a very queer sensation for Will and me to call on the Randolphs, because they'd taken our old house, the story-and-a-half bungalow right next door to Roger and Dulcie. It gives you a very odd feeling to ring your own front doorbell and have to wait till somebody else comes to open your own door.

Carter Randolph let us in. He seemed to be awfully pleased to see us; ushered us into the living-room and said his wife would be right down. The living-room didn't look anywhere near as nice as it had

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and be relieved when his wife came and took me off his hands so that he and Will could talk about real estate and stocks and bonds and business conditions and whatever it is men seem so crazy to get rid of women in order to talk about.

Such, however, appeared not to be the case. There was something about Carter Randolph's look that said more plainly than words that if he could choose which one of us he'd like to have off his hands, it would be Will.

It was a perfectly proper look he was giving me, but in some mysterious way it made me think of New York stories where a young married woman meets a man and says casually, "Have tea with me some afternoon, won't you? Shall we say Thursday?" If you said anything like that to a Montrose man he'd either think it was a joke and laugh raucously, or he'd say could you make it Sunday—that was the only time he had in the daytime—and should they bring the kiddies?

WILL started right in talking politics to Carter Randolph, feeling that, Carter being another man, the social responsibility was naturally up to him. Carter talked to Will and didn't even make any effort to draw me into the conversation. But every now and then he would glance at me and I'd be glad I'd worn my new figured transparent velvet dress and think what an addition the Randolphs were going to be to our little group.

In a few minutes, Billee came down. She was one of those girls that everybody just naturally calls "cute." With a short upper lip and French heels. She didn't sit down on the davenport beside me and ask me if I had any babies and how old they were, which is likely to be the opening line in a new acquaintance. Instead, she went clear across the room from

I could scarcely believe my own ears. Carter was saying exactly the same thing in exactly the same tone as he had to me!

when we had it, if I do say it myself. The Randolphs' rug was too small, and they didn't have any glass curtains. There wasn't any color scheme at all; the sofa cushions swore at the lamp shade. The pictures weren't hung evenly, there was a lot of rubbish in the fireplace, and whoever had used the dry mop hadn't gone under the radiators. I'm not the kind of fussy housekeeper who notices what's wrong in another girl's house, so there were doubtless dozens of other things I didn't even see.

WE HAD been there for ten minutes or so, and Billee hadn't come down yet, when suddenly I noticed something very peculiar. Carter Randolph was looking at me.

That probably doesn't sound as odd as it felt. When you've been married seven years and have twins and go mostly with the same crowd, you get pretty well out of the way of having a man look at you. If you've been married some time, you know what I mean. I expected, naturally, that Carter Randolph would make a few polite remarks to me from a sense of duty,

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Each new arrival was greeted with hysterics and catcalls

me and took a chair not far from Will's.

For a while the conversation was general, and I had time to notice that Billee was really very pretty. The soft, cuddly kind of pretty, with big brown eyes and yellow hair. Her dress could have stood pressing—it was leaf-brown chiffon—but it was very becoming. She had the thinnest stockings I ever saw in my life and the shiniest fingernails. Having her so cute and pretty made it all the more flattering, in a way, her husband paying so much attention to me.

There was no point in being modest and pretending that he wasn't paying attention to me, because he very soon made it unmistakable. Just as soon as he could, without its being too conspicuous, he made the excuse of showing me the picture we'd all been talking about, and sat down on the divan beside me where I'd naturally expected his wife would sit.

"HOW has it happened," he asked in a much lower and more confidential tone than he'd been using, "that I've been in this town for three weeks and haven't met you till now?"

I opened my lips to explain that Jill had been having a bronchial cold and, though we'd meant to call before, we'd been kept from it. That is the sort of answer you get used to making after you've been married long enough. But there was something about the way Carter Randolph was looking at me that peeled off seven years of married life as easy as the skin off an onion.

"Are you sure you haven't met me—and forgotten all about it?" I heard myself asking.

Carter looked straight at me.

"I scarcely think that possible," he said.

Now, plenty of the boys in our crowd might have said that. They're not slow on repartee. But they'd have said it as though it was a joke that they were trying to pretend to mean. Carter Randolph said it as though he really meant it and was trying to pretend it was a joke. That may sound like a rather slight difference, but in reality there's all the difference in the world between those two ways.

And with that, we were off. There was the same sense of exhilarating surprise that I had the first time I got on a bicycle after I was grown up and found that I could ride right off, just as I'd used to. Carter glanced at me sideways now, and to my pleased surprise I found that I still seemed to know just what to do. As every woman knows, that is a very reassuring and uplifting discovery.

It was the shortest evening I'd spent in years. When Will suddenly announced that it was after eleven, I could scarcely believe my ears. We had meant to pay only a very short, formal call, it being our first. I couldn't have told what Carter and I had been talking about there on the davenport, but I half rose, feeling guilty at the late hour and pretty and gay and excited and happy, all in a glorious jumble.

THERE was one blot on the otherwise perfect evening. From time to time, while we had been talking in low tones, I had wondered, with a slight uneasiness, how Will was taking it. You can't always tell about a husband. But whenever I had glanced up he had been talking politely to Billee and hadn't seemed to be paying any attention to us at all. And after a few such apprehensive glances, I forgot all about him. It did flit through my mind that it was unusually broad-minded and tactful of Billee to distract Will's attention like that.

But as we started to go, while Carter was out getting my coat from the hall closet and I was free for a moment to notice what was going (*Continued on page 77*)

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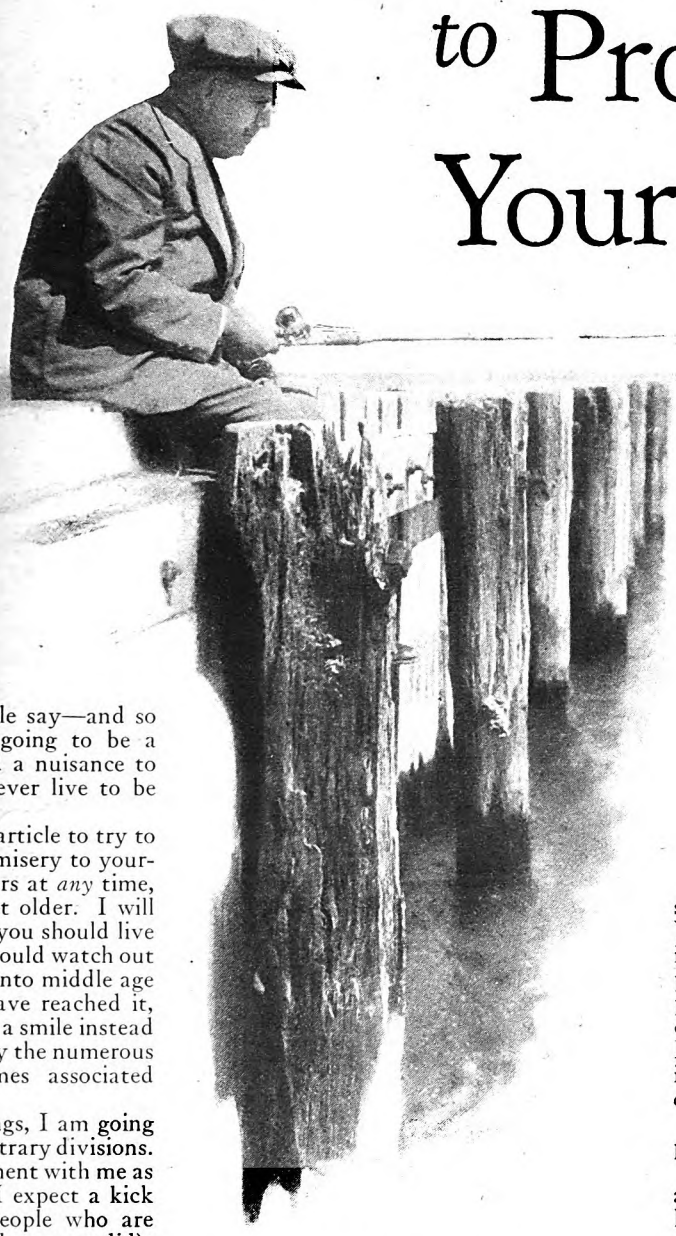
What *to do at* Your Age *to* Protect Your Health

By
WILLIAM S.
SADLER
M. D.



Dr. William S. Sadler is one of the most widely known writers and lecturers on health subjects in America. He lives in Chicago, where he is connected with several leading hospitals

I'VE often heard people say—and so have you—"If I'm going to be a misery to myself and a nuisance to others, I hope I'll never live to be old."

It is the purpose of this article to try to prevent you from being a misery to yourself and a nuisance to others at *any* time, but particularly as you get older. I will briefly outline to you how you should live and what symptoms you should watch out for, so that you may slide into middle age and not know that you have reached it, and may greet old age with a smile instead of with a wry face caused by the numerous aches and pains sometimes associated with that period of life.

In order to simplify things, I am going to divide age into seven arbitrary divisions. You may register disagreement with me as to the points of division (I expect a kick from some middle-aged people who are feeling just as young as they ever did); nevertheless, in order to talk about health and age, I must draw the lines somewhere.

Here are my divisions:

1. Infancy and childhood—extending, let us say, to 13 or thereabouts.
2. Youth—13 or thereabouts up to 21. (A very trying period of adjustment for both boys and girls.)
3. The prime of life—from 21 to 35; when you feel ready to take on the whole world—the most robust and virile decade and a half (or it should be).
4. Middle age—from 35 to 50. (How some people in the late thirties will resent being called middle-aged!)
5. Advancing age—from 50 to 65.
6. Old age—from 65 to 80.
7. Advanced age—80 and upward.

Now, I want to forestall any criticism that may arise and cause you to begin to argue about these divisions.

There are, I know, hundreds of you who will not fall definitely within these age limits. Many of you, for instance, carry your "prime of life" well into the forties. In fact, you may overlap all the divisions, except, perhaps, "advanced age." I don't think you'll quarrel with me there.

I haven't space to talk about the first two divisions, childhood and youth. But if you've inherited a sound constitution, or have been blessed with sensible parents who, when you were growing up, gave you plenty of fresh air and the right food, and taught you to control your emotions and nerves, you've reached the "prime of life" fit and fightin'.

And that's exactly as it should be. If you are not feeling that way, you had better have a thorough medical overhauling at once. By this I don't mean a mere analysis of your blood and urine, and a cursory heart and lung examination, but an investigation from top to toe, inside and out. Then, when you know what the trouble is, you can get right to work to bring yourself up to 100%.

My first advice to you "prime-of-lifers" is that you should get married around twenty-five. You are young; you are full of vitality and are beginning to carve your positions in the world. Carve your positions together and link yourselves closer by means of several children. Responsibilities don't hurt you people in your prime—they steady you and develop you mentally and morally.

Now for the physical aspect of this period.

Some of you who are reading this article have a tendency to "fly off the handle" when things go the wrong way. Stop doing it. You can and *must* if you wish to enjoy middle life. Temperamental explosions, which are usually the outcome of a badly controlled nervous system during childhood and youth, are extremely harmful to you later on. Who wants to be a neurotic man or woman? Who wants to be a nervous dyspeptic? Anyway, "flying off the handle" is bad for you socially—it affects your business and professional contacts. And in the "prime of life" it is necessary that you build, and build substantially, for business and friendship.

BUT over-repression is just as bad for the health as emotional sprees. Indulge in all *normal* and natural modes of expression. In brief, be yourself—only, see that it's your best self that you're being.

In my medical work I notice that a good many "prime of life" people curtail their physical activities too rapidly for their good. At school and college, or up to about twenty-three or so, they play pretty actively—get a (*Continued on page 106*)

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Watch Me Get Fired!

ON ONE side of the great mahogany table sat young Sam Hobson, whom his father had planned, since the boy's birth, to make a full-fledged partner in the Hobson Engineering Company.

And opposite Sam sat his father—known to his employees and to members of the profession as "Old Man Hobson."

He had been Old Man Hobson since he was forty years of age—cold-blooded in his business dealings, shrewd as a Yankee trader, and relentless in his methods of attaining his ends.

Old Man Hobson's mouth was a straight, grim line. His eyes were steely and cold, peering out appraisingly from under beetling brows. His jaw was the kind of jaw successful professional fighters have—the kind which, according to the sports writers, indicates possession of the "killer instinct."

Young Sam looked much like his father—except that the corners of his mouth turned up instead of down and his eyes were invitingly friendly. But he had that same solidly set jaw.

"Now, I'll tell you why I'm going away," the Old Man informed his son. "I want to teach you your lesson."

Sam looked keenly interested.

"What lesson?" he wanted to know.

The Old Man waved aside the question.

"A lesson that'll hit you right between the eyes," he replied. "That's the kind that does the most good—the kind that hits you right between the eyes."

Sam grinned.

"Well, do I get some warning it's coming?" he inquired. "Or does it sneak up behind me?"

The Old Man's eyes gleamed.

"That's exactly the point," he snapped. "That's part of the lesson."

"All right," replied Sam. "Turn it loose any time."

Hobson grunted, rose from the table, and put on his hat.

"It's just three months from today that I'll be back," he announced. "Now, I want you to remember what I've said; and I want you to make the most of your opportunities—remember that: Make the most of your opportunities!"

"I'll try to."

"And one more thing that you, of all people, have got to watch out for: Be ab-so-lutely cold-blooded! Never mind the other fellow's grief. If somebody else's grief can be useful to you, then produce the grief! But never let it get in your way."

"Sure," chuckled Sam. "If the victim gives up his money politely, that's fine. But if he struggles, rock him to sleep with an old-fashioned hay-maker."

Hobson paused on the threshold to offer one more piece of advice.

"You watch out that the hay-maker doesn't land on *your* chin," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

And then he was gone.

THREE months from that day he was back again. He felt actually jovial after his long pleasure cruise. He beamed as he entered the big outer office. He even stopped to shake hands with one or two of the men, and chuckled with satisfaction at the doglike gratitude that shone in their eyes at his unexpected show of comradeship.

He approved of men like that—men who did exactly as they were told; who never questioned his judgment, but carried out

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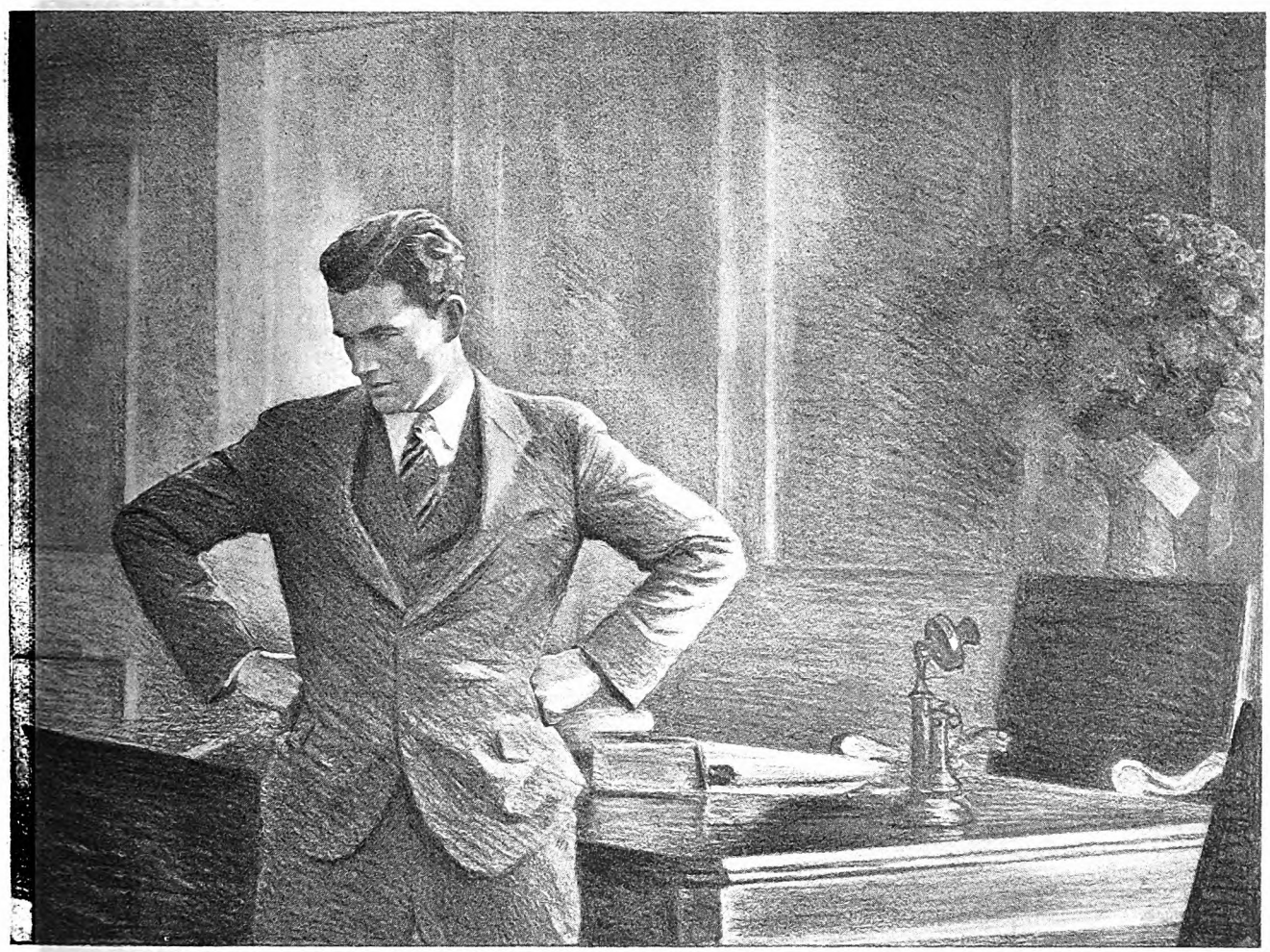

Old Man Hobson merely glared. "So you're hoisting the white flag, eh?" he said tartly

A Story By E. Waldo Long

Illustrated by PAUL MEYLAN

his commands without a thought as to the consequences. "Yes men," his enemies called them.

All the men in his organization were of that type—all "well broken," as he sometimes explained. And that explanation was always accompanied by the Old Man's personal opinion of men.

"There are two kinds of men," he would explain. "The kind you can teach, and the kind you have to break. The ones you break, work out best; because they never argue, but just worry their heads for fear they can't carry out orders fast enough."

PASSING through the outer office, Hobson bestowed smiles right and left upon his minions.

But he paused with a start at the door of his private office. The place was literally filled with flowers.

"Who's dead?" he demanded jocularly of Miss Pierce, his emotionless secretary.

Then he began to examine the cards that had come with the flowers. He chuckled to himself. They were from men who detested him and feared him—but who wanted mightily to sell him goods.

On his desk Miss Pierce had placed a neat stack of papers, and into that stack Old Man Hobson proceeded to delve, firing a staccato question at her from time to time and receiving her immediate, even replies.

Near the bottom of the stack he came upon a sheaf of papers that brought a grunt of interest from him. He read intently. As he read, his face darkened.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he commented suddenly, flushing with anger.

Miss Pierce looked up inquiringly. He glared at her and began tapping the papers with his finger in angry rhythm.

"That was the deal I wanted to see him swing," he growled. "The Cordingly deal—and get the sentimental nonsense out of his system. . . . And look what he did to it!"

Miss Pierce had long since learned the value of silence.

"Didn't I tell him exactly how to handle Cordingly?" Hobson inquired.

"I reminded him of that," Miss Pierce replied.

"You did, eh? And in spite of that he deliberately let Cordingly out of the trap, eh?"

He leaned back in his chair, his mouth a-tremble with wrath.

"When you reminded him, what did he have to say?" he demanded.

"He said, 'Thanks. I hadn't forgotten.'"

"Where is he?" the Old Man roared. "He was outside when I came in. . . . Hunt him up! . . . Get him in here!"

THE roaring voice penetrated the partitions easily and caused the word to pass up and down the office that the Old Man was on the warpath.

Miss Pierce was back in a moment.

"He has a customer he's been working on all summer," she explained. "He'll be in just as soon as he can."

The Hobson fist smashed down on the great table.

"You tell that fellow that when I say 'Come,' I mean come! You tell him to get in here quick!"

And in a moment Sam had come in, his eyes blazing.

"Do you know that I have Mr. Wescott of the Wescott Manufacturing Company out there?" he demanded.

"I don't care if you have all the royalty in Europe out

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there!" roared the Old Man. "Let 'em wait. Sit down here!"

"Why can't this interview wait?" demanded Sam. "That deal with Wescott is worth—"

"The interview can't wait because I don't want it to wait! Sit down there!"

"I'll have to explain to Mr. Wescott."

"You'll explain to nobody."

Sam eyed his father a moment. Then he quietly turned and left the office, leaving the Old Man choking with rage. Two minutes later he came back again, his face flushed.

"Why did you go out there when I told you to sit down?" demanded the Old Man, determined to exact discipline at all costs.

"Because you were too hot to be reasonable," came the prompt retort. "Do you think I'm going to insult a man just because you happen to be up in the air about something?"

Hobson opened his mouth as if to hurl a broadside of vocabulary. Then he closed it again, as if at an utter loss for words to express his rage.

"If I had done the right thing," Sam persisted, "I'd have let you holler, and I'd have gone ahead with Mr. Wescott."

"All right!" stormed the Old Man. "All right! Forget it! . . . Now, what I want to know is, how did you handle the Cordingly deal?"

"Haven't you looked over the records right there on your desk?" countered Sam.

"I'm asking you a question!" roared Hobson. "Answer it!"

"It's all answered right there in plain black and white English!" snapped Sam.

THE Old Man rose from his chair, stalked the length of the room, and came back again. It was plain to be seen that Sam was not the type that could be "taught"; he would have to be "broken."

So the Old Man went methodically about the task.

"Now, Sam, you cut out arguing, and you answer questions!" His voice was lower, but just as determined as ever. "I left you that Cordingly deal to handle—it was a *good* deal for you to handle, to help you get rid of one of your many weaknesses! And you bungled it!"

"How so?"

"How so?" echoed Hobson. "Before I went away, I told you in detail how I'd handle it, didn't I?"

"Yes. The way *you'd* handle it."

"And I showed you how I had walked Cordingly right into a trap, so that he couldn't get away. I pointed that out. Remember?"

"Yes. I remember."

"And I showed you what a corking chance there was to close down on him, squeeze him, and take his business away from him—a seven-hundred-thousand-dollar business! . . . Remember that?"

"Yes."

"In other words, I gave you a complete plan."

"But I found a better plan," Sam said. "My plan made money for you, will make Cordingly a steady customer—and it enabled him to avoid absolute ruin."

"Enabled *him* to avoid ruin!" echoed the Old Man. "Whose interests were you paid to look out for—his or mine?"

"I was paid to look after yours; and I looked after them!"

"You did, eh?" Old Man Hobson's eyes were aflame. "You threw away seven hundred thousand dollars—deliberately took it out of my grasp. And that's looking after my interests, is it?"

"You made money on the deal, didn't you?" inquired Sam, trying to drive his father into a corner. "So why wasn't it satisfactory?"

"Why? . . . Because you didn't do what you were told to do!"

"But I tell you that after you'd gone, I got a better plan!"

"It wasn't *my* plan!" Hobson shouted. "That's exactly the point."

"BUT why on earth should I blindly follow your plan, when I got hold of an even better one?"

"Why?" Hobson leaned forward in his chair and pounded the table with his fist. "Because I told you to. That's all the why you need."

"Even though following your plan meant ruining Mr. Cordingly?"

"I told you never to let another man's grief spoil your plans, didn't I?" Hobson demanded. "Didn't I tell you positively to close down on Cordingly?"

"Right-o!" came the crackling retort. "In effect, you said, 'Here's a man down. Kick him in the stomach and take his wallet away from him. It's a great chance to make some quick money.' . . . You're right—I didn't do it!"

With a snort of disgust, the Old Man pushed back his chair and began pacing again.

"'Here's a man down!'" he mocked. "Great Cæsar's ghost! . . . That's the very weakness I wanted you to get out of your system. 'Here's a man down!' What about doctors? Dentists? What about the fellows who operate hospitals? What about the fellows who manufacture crutches and glass eyes? . . . Those are all pretty respectable occupations, aren't they? . . . But every one of those fellows makes his money from somebody's hard luck—from somebody that's down, as you put it. Didn't you ever stop to think long enough to figure that out? . . . It's always the fellow that's down who pays the freight. And he's got no excuse to crybaby. . . . That's life. 'From him that hath not, it shall be taken away.' . . . But you in your wisdom pooh-pooh all human experience out of the way and throw overboard an opportunity of a lifetime!"

"Was that the big lesson I was supposed to learn?" Sam asked irreverently.

"That was part of it," came the tart rejoinder. "You're right in the middle of the rest of it now."

"I don't believe I care about the rest of it, Dad," Sam said quietly.

"Eh?"

"You see, you can never make a 'yes man' out of me. And, besides, this isn't the sort of outfit I want to tie up with. There isn't anything here but a well-broken team and a driver—and if the driver should ever take a sudden wild notion to drive right off the side of a cliff, that fool team would go over without a murmur. Well, when that happens, I don't want to be part of the team. . . . So count me out. I'm going down and get a job with Mr. Cordingly. This isn't a safe bet up here."

Old Man Hobson was too much astonished even to attempt to conceal his astonishment. The mask which he habitually wore fell from his face. He stared wide-eyed at his son for a full minute. Then he wet his lips, took hold of himself again; and his astonishment was somewhat tempered by anger.

But Sam spoke again before the Old Man had decided how to meet this sudden turn of events.

"Mr. Wescott heard you shout that you didn't care who was out there with me—that he could wait your royal pleasure. Believe me, I felt pretty cheap when I tried to apologize for that sort of treatment. But he merely smiled and said, 'That's perfectly all right, son. That was nothing you could control!' . . . So good-by to that contract! . . . You raise the roof because I didn't steal the Cordingly business. And here, without any excuse at all, you throw away an honorable deal that would have amounted to four times the Cordingly deal. . . . No, sir! I wouldn't stay here on a bet. . . . Why, anything's liable to happen under that sort of management!"

Old Man Hobson merely glared.

"So you're hoisting the white flag, eh?" he said tartly.

"Not a bit of it! That's what all these 'yes men' in here have done—hoisted the white flag! But not for mine! A fellow's self-respect is worth something. Why, you would kill every bit of hope a fellow has! And if the hope is taken out of a job—what's left?"

Old Man Hobson had no reply for that. Everything that he had said seemed to have come back at him like a boomerang. He fell back upon his practiced custom of maintaining strict silence when he was being bested.

"Well," said Sam, "this isn't getting anybody anything. I'm on my way down to Cordingly's."

THE Old Man sat silent as Sam went out and closed the door. He did not move for minutes.

Accustomed as she was to his moods, Miss Pierce could read Hobson's face. He seemed lost, befogged, utterly confused.

He looked as any other normal human being might have looked had a cherished hope of twenty-five years been destroyed like a burst bubble. Soon he looked up at her.

"Do you suppose he meant that?" he asked. There was a note of pathetic fear in his voice. "Do you suppose he's really—gone?"

Miss Pierce nodded.

"You think so, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. Hobson, I honestly do. . . . Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Hobson stared at her, unseeing. "I think so too," he said.

"I built this business to give to my boy," he commented. "But *now* what am I going to do with it?"

Miss Pierce felt a flame of murderous resentment at young Sam.

The coldness had fled from the Old Man's eyes. Fright shone there. The cruelty of his mouth's straight, grim line had sagged into helplessness; and the iron jaw had lost every suggestion of fight. Hobson had suddenly become an old man.

"What am I going to do with it now?" he asked again, as if he were asking himself.

Miss Pierce's (*Continued on page 100*)

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IF YOU ASK ME:

A wise man knows when to repeal his opinions

I USED to know a man whose opinions were as permanent as the ledges that ribbed his eighty-acre farm. He was "sot in his ways," folks declared. In politics, he never split his ticket. In religion, he never darkened the doors of a church outside his own denomination. While still in his twenties, he finished finding out what was wrong with the world—and *that* was settled for all time. "Once a scoundrel, always a scoundrel," he would say of anyone to whom he had taken a dislike. To the end of his days he wore old-fashioned cowhide boots, which he pulled off every night with a bootjack that had been his grandfather's. His scorn for "newfangled contraptions" was devastating, and he liked to boast that he never changed his mind.

I couldn't understand why the Petrified Man, that famous hoax, should have been a national nine-day wonder. Didn't we have one in our own community?

LATELY I met a woman who prides herself on being Responsive. She laughs with those who laugh and weeps with those who weep. Among freethinkers she likes to be a rebel. Among conformists she prates propriety by the yard. When she reads Bertrand Russell she feels that death is the last chapter in life. But a radio sermon by Doctor Cadman fills her with fresh faith.

Never had I heard her express an opinion that was counter to the general current of talk. And never, never does she take sides. Her ideas have to be placid and predigested or she finds no comfort in them.

Somehow, she always suggests to me that passage from Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra":

> Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
> Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
> To rot itself with motion.

You might read those lines over. They are not often quoted. . . . "Lackeying the varying tide." What a phrase! And what a lackey to the varying tide is our Responsive Lady! How she "rots with motion" as she drifts back and forth! Moved by every ripple, she has never made a ripple of her own. And when she passes into that Great Beyond about which she holds no fixed opinion she will not leave a ripple behind.

THE two cases I have just cited are "prize examples." Few minds are quite so shut or quite so open. There are plenty of people, however, who belong in the same categories. Of these, I have found that the opinionated are in the big majority. Let's look over our shoulder at *them* as we feel our way toward the Happy Medium.

I have often thought that we human beings should occasionally put our ideas, our convictions, on the witness stand and cross-question them. Instead of saying, "I have believed such and such a thing all these years, and so it must be true," let us say:

"I have believed such and such a thing all these years—but *is* it true? Let me reason it out again in the light of what I know today. Let me talk with other men, or read what other men have written, and find out how my puny pot of wisdom stands up with the mass wisdom of the race. If my convictions cannot stand this test, they are not worth having. If they do stand it, they shall be all the more precious to me."

It is human to have pride in our own opinions. It is natural to coddle our own prejudices. But reason should be the court of last appeal. St. Paul had the right idea when he wrote: "Prove all things; *hold fast that which is good.*"

The italics are mine.

Maybe you'll make them yours, too.

Merle Crowell

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Matthew Stirling's

Adventures in the Land that God Forgot

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

The smiling gentleman above is Matthew Stirling, outward bound to the land of untamed men. At the top of the page you see one of his parties paddling a canoe through the jungle in New Guinea; and at the left a Dyak porter is having trouble to keep his pack dry

ONE spring night, four years ago, a chance after-dinner conversation began one of the strangest and most daring expeditions that has ever sailed from American shores to lift the veil from the unknown.

On this occasion, three men—not one of them more than a year past thirty—sat around a restaurant table in St. Petersburg, Florida. They sat, and smoked, and talked.

One was a Chicago reporter. His name was Stanley Hedberg.

The second was an aviator, an expert in aërial photography. He also was from Chicago. His name was Richard Peck.

The third was Matthew W. Stirling, a young Californian, who had taken up ethnology—that is to say, a study of the races of mankind. His lean face was still copper-colored from recent exposure in the South American tropics.

The Californian had been recounting to the others his hair-raising experiences among certain obscure Indian tribes of the jungle interior.

"Matt," demanded Hedberg after a moment of silence, "what is the least known, least civilized, most dangerous and God-forsaken spot on this round earth?"

"Southwestern New Guinea," said Stirling promptly.

"WHAT'S kept the explorer out?" drawled Peck.

"Mountains," said Stirling, and his voice was suddenly sober. "Behind the snow-capped Nassau Mountains which

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form a wall about that section of New Guinea, rumor says there is a lost tribe of pygmy men who are still living in the Stone Age. Both the British and the Dutch have sent out expeditions, but, thus far, nobody has been able to break through that mountain barrier."

"What about an airplane?" interrupted Dick Peck eagerly. "It would clear those mountains in a hop, Matt, and go farther in thirty minutes than an ordinary expedition could go in six months! A good pilot could come down on some lake or river and make camp right in Pygmy-Land itself. They'd probably take him for a god!"

"That's an idea!" exclaimed Hedberg, pushing forward over the table in sudden excitement. "A hydroplane could do it, sure as we're alive! Good Lord, what an adventure—to *fly* back into the Stone Age and live with those pygmies!"

AND before another year had passed, these three, led by Stirling, actually went back into the Stone Age of mankind. They lived with a people who were ten thousand years behind civilization. And they did this in the company of Dyak head-hunters from Borneo and convicted murderers picked for the task from Dutch Colonial prisons—as bizarre a company as explorer ever got together.

Stirling told me the story.

Five hundred men and three ships had been recruited, and a European nation had been Stirling's partner. Many of his men had died, or had been killed, while half of them had become invalided by disease; moreover, their airplane had been wrecked. This adventure, so casually begun in a Florida restaurant, had cost in ships, materials, men, and guns the equivalent of half a million dollars. And, as yet, nothing of consequence had been printed about it; the story was still to be told!

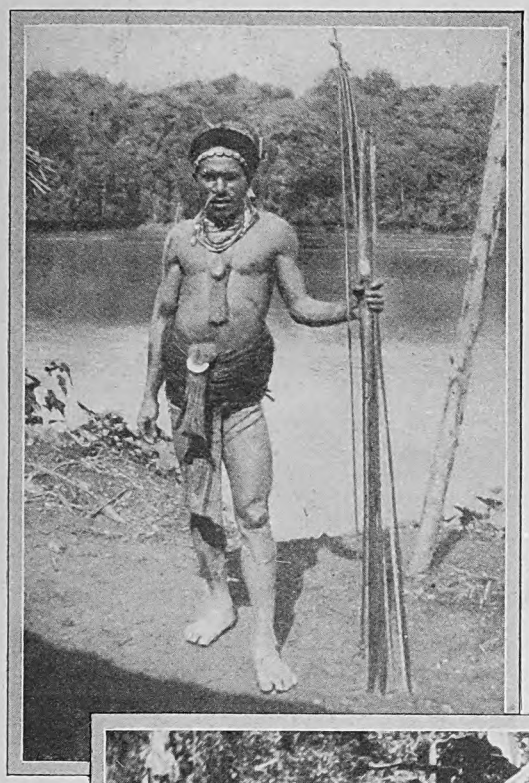
"Where, how, did you raise the money for this thing?" was the first question I put to young Stirling.

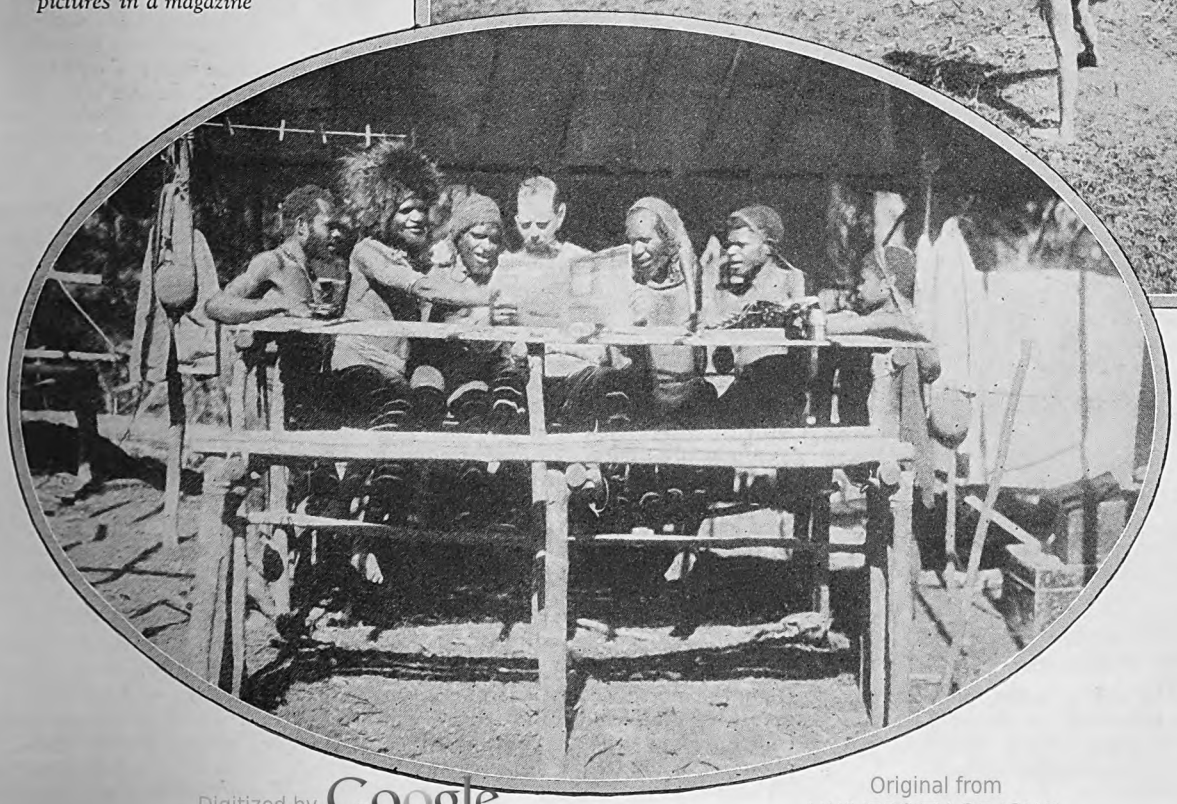
"It was a tough job, the getting of that money," he confessed, smiling. "The fact is, sheer nerve got us by."

HEDBERG had no money. Between them, Peck and Stirling had about $30,000. This sum represented every cent that they owned, but without a qualm they tossed it into the common pot.

They bought a hydroplane, built to order, and Peck persuaded two aviator friends, Hans Hoyte and Prince Hamer, to join the party. As the crowning touch, the proposed expedition was sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, whose officials gave all possible assistance.

A Papuan in his Sunday clothes





A group of Papuan cannibals watching the approach of the white explorers and wondering, perhaps, how they would taste. (Below) The pygmies greatly enjoy the pictures in a magazine

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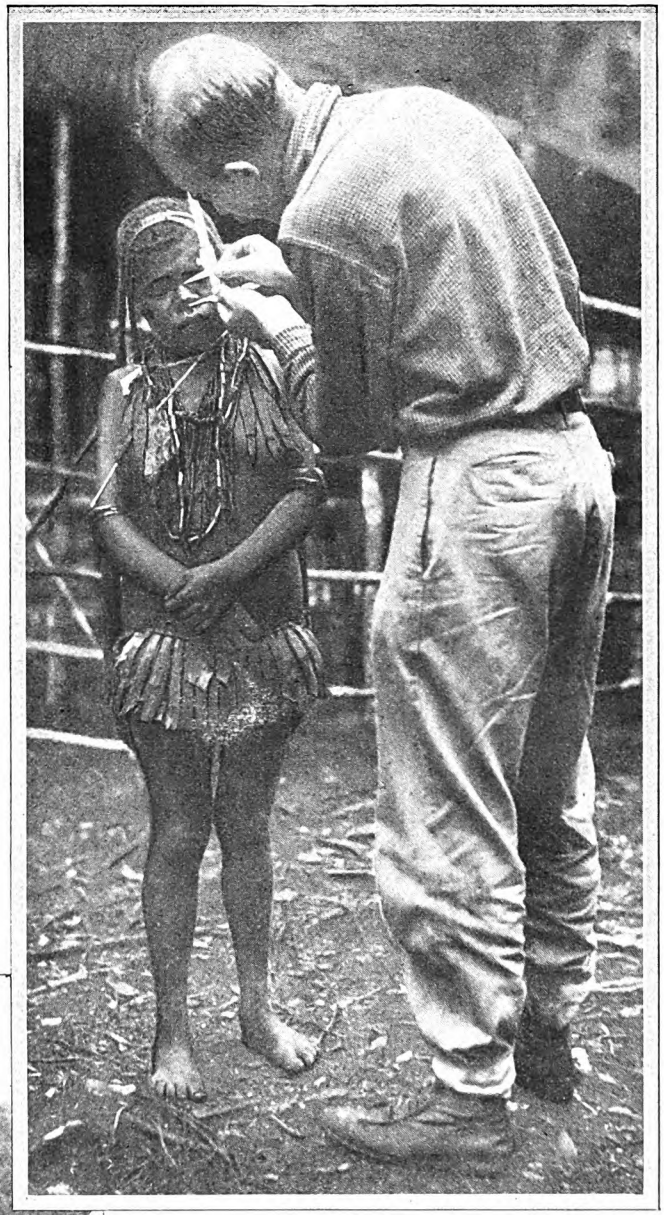
Then Stirling, aided and abetted by Hedberg, who recalled the example of Columbus, boldly began negotiations with the Government of Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. Western New Guinea is Dutch crown property. However, these Americans didn't stop with asking the queen's permission to go in; they asked also for her coöperation and aid, both military and scientific—*and they got it!*

THEY didn't win this royal partnership in a day, however, nor was it granted without conditions. There were months of diplomatic palaver through our State Department. The Dutch Indian Commission for Scientific Research at Batavia, Java, had to pass upon the proposal, which took time. And the Americans had to raise as their contribution to expenses the sum of $100,000.

They had $30,000, as you know, which meant that $70,000 had to be found somewhere, somehow. Our own scientific agencies had no such sum to spare, and Congress has no interest in New Guinea, of course. So Stirling did the one thing left: He borrowed the money—borrowed it from banks on personal notes secured by the indorsements of relatives. Incidentally, he confessed to me that he is still paying on those notes, and will be doing so for some years to come.



Not a doctor hunting for sinus trouble, but Mr. Stirling making scientific measurements of a pygmy woman

Without a tail of leaves, such as this Papuan is wearing, the natives of the Van Rees Mountains consider themselves embarrassingly undressed

What about the remaining $400,000 expended?

HATS off to the Dutch! Early in 1926, after having been weeks at sea, the five Americans arrived at Batavia, Java, with their hydroplane in crates. Plans were already under way for the coming adventure, now officially designated the Netherlands-American Expedition. Holland had given her word, and she kept it without stint.

"The British attempt at exploration had been made from the south coast," Stirling explained, "and it had failed in the snowcapped mountains. We planned to avoid the great mountains by going in from the north coast, starting at the mouth of the Mamberano River. This course would lead us southward for about two hundred miles into the interior, where we planned to turn directly west up the Van der Willigen River to the Rouffaer River and follow the latter to its source. This route, we believed would bring us to the very edge of the hidden district which was our objective."

So, at Batavia, at Surabaya, at Macassar, and in Central Borneo, ships and men and supplies were assembled. The Dutch provided three ships of the coast guard, manned by Malay crews. Foods, sufficient to ration five hundred men for a year, were laid in.

A military force of eighty native soldiers, commanded by Dutch officers, was made a part of the expedition. To act as canoe men and carriers, seventy Dyaks, every one a picked man, were recruited in Borneo. Many of the Dyaks had never before seen a white man. They were fighters, skilled in the jungle, and probably the most daring and expert canoe men in the world. Stirling was proud of these Dyaks.

THEN one hundred and forty convicts were picked from the prisons to act as burden carriers, laborers, and servants. With one or two exceptions these convicts were murderers, mostly from the island of Madura, where men are noted for their hot tempers and the keen blades of their knives.

"Great guns! Why did you deliberately pick murderers?" I asked Stirling.

He laughed.

"Petty criminals and sneak thieves invariably are cowards, quitters, riff-raff," he said. "Murderers are much more likely to be men of courage and character. We simply made the crime the index of our man, and, besides, these Madurese were skilled boatmen and handy fighters with their knives."

This made a total of two hundred and ninety men, exclusive of the ships' crews and the whites. The latter, additional to the five Americans, were Van Leeuwen, botanist and leader of the Dutch forces; Le Roux, an ethnologist and topographer; Doctor Hoffman, a physician; Captain Posthumus and Lieutenant Jordans, in command of the troops, and three Dutch noncommissioned officers. This original force, however, before the expedition's end, was to be supplemented by more than two hundred replacements needed to fill gaps caused by disease, accident, and Papuan arrows.

On April 7, 1926, the expedition was ready, and on that day the first ship sailed out of Batavia, with the second ship scheduled to leave in two weeks, followed shortly by the third.

"We were loaded to the Plimsoll," described Stirling. "We had almost fifty tons of food aboard, two cows, a dozen chickens, Dyaks in loin cloths, soldiers, convicts, even some women and children belonging to the Malay crew. Ten big Dyak canoes were lashed to our rail, making odd contrast with our 400-horsepower

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A makeshift airdrome in New Guinea

hydroplane, which was roped securely to the after deck."

It was a colorful company. The brown, naked convicts were a hardy, muscular lot, loyal to death if treated right, but unforgiving killers if angered. The short, stocky, Indian-like Dyaks carried, in their belts, their big "mandows," or head knives, with elaborately carved wood or bone handles ornamented with tufts of hair—these knives were two feet long. They had the native axes, invaluable in the jungle, huge, painted war shields, and long, slender blowguns. There was no servility in the bearing of these Dyak warriors; they looked you eye to eye and held their heads up as befitted fighters and men.

Twenty-three days after leaving Batavia the first camp of the expedition was pitched on the banks of the Mamberano in New Guinea, ninety-five miles inland from the river's mouth, this being as far as the ship could go. Cockatoos, parrots, hornbills, and parrakeets made bedlam in the dense jungle at this intrusion. Great flocks of nocturnal bat-like creatures known as kalongs, or flying foxes, hung by uncounted thousands in the profusion of trees, slowly and ceaselessly fanning their wings. The great river, swollen and angry, muddy and filled with driftwood, roared a sullen challenge to the white man and his strange machine with wings.

"WE PASSED about a dozen Papuan villages as we came up the river," said Stirling, "but all but two or three were deserted. Ahead we would see smoke rising from houses, but before we had reached them the smoke would be gone and the inhabitants vanished. Some bolder Papuans, however, did watch us from the river bank—jet-black, glistening-skinned fellows with great heads of fuzzy hair, armed with bows and arrows. However, we didn't see a woman or a child. That meant that the Papuans were prepared for war, if war it was to be."

At once Dyaks, convicts, and soldiers began clearing the jungle for the site of the base camp, named "Camp Albatross," after the ship. Giant trees were felled by the Dyaks. Cabins took form, tables and bunks were built, all with those expertly wielded Dyak "mandows." Dyak "ghost-scarers" were set up to frighten away evil spirits, and a huge god, twenty feet high, was carved from a forked tree to keep away illness.

INSECTS were everywhere. All of the insects of the earth, it seemed, were holding convention in New Guinea. Ants, varying in size from mere mites to savage creatures an inch in length, swarmed by billions over the ground. The air was thick with tormenting, biting flies of every conceivable color and size. Leeches and microscopic chiggers added their relentless attack, and hordes of mosquitoes droned the dread song of malaria.

One of the intrepid Dyaks who helped Stirling and his companions to penetrate jungles and mountains hitherto unvisited by white men

"The insects were worse than the snakes, and snakes were as common as the chipmunks in the woods at home," Stirling recounted, with a grimace.

"What was your first big thrill in New Guinea?" I asked Stirling.

He answered quickly, "Our first exploration by hydroplane, made on May 15th by Hoyte and myself. Our base camp had been established, our supplies, men, and equipment unloaded," he went on, "so it was time to begin the business we had come to do. The plan was to locate a series of camps along the Mamberano, the Van der Willigen, and the Rouffaer Rivers.

"It was no easy task to take off with our heavy load in the turbulent river. On either side were hills that formed a narrow gorge into which we rose slowly. It was thirty-five minutes before we emerged from the gorge into a vast plain dotted with lakes, old river courses still partly filled with water, and numerous tributaries to the Mamberano. With this confusion of waterways below us, it was the most difficult kind of work to keep to our course.

"A hundred and fifty miles we followed the Rouffaer, until suddenly it turned sharply south towards the great mountains and vanished in a ragged gap in the hills. 'Go on!' I signaled Hoyte. I was now certain that (*Continued on page 86*)

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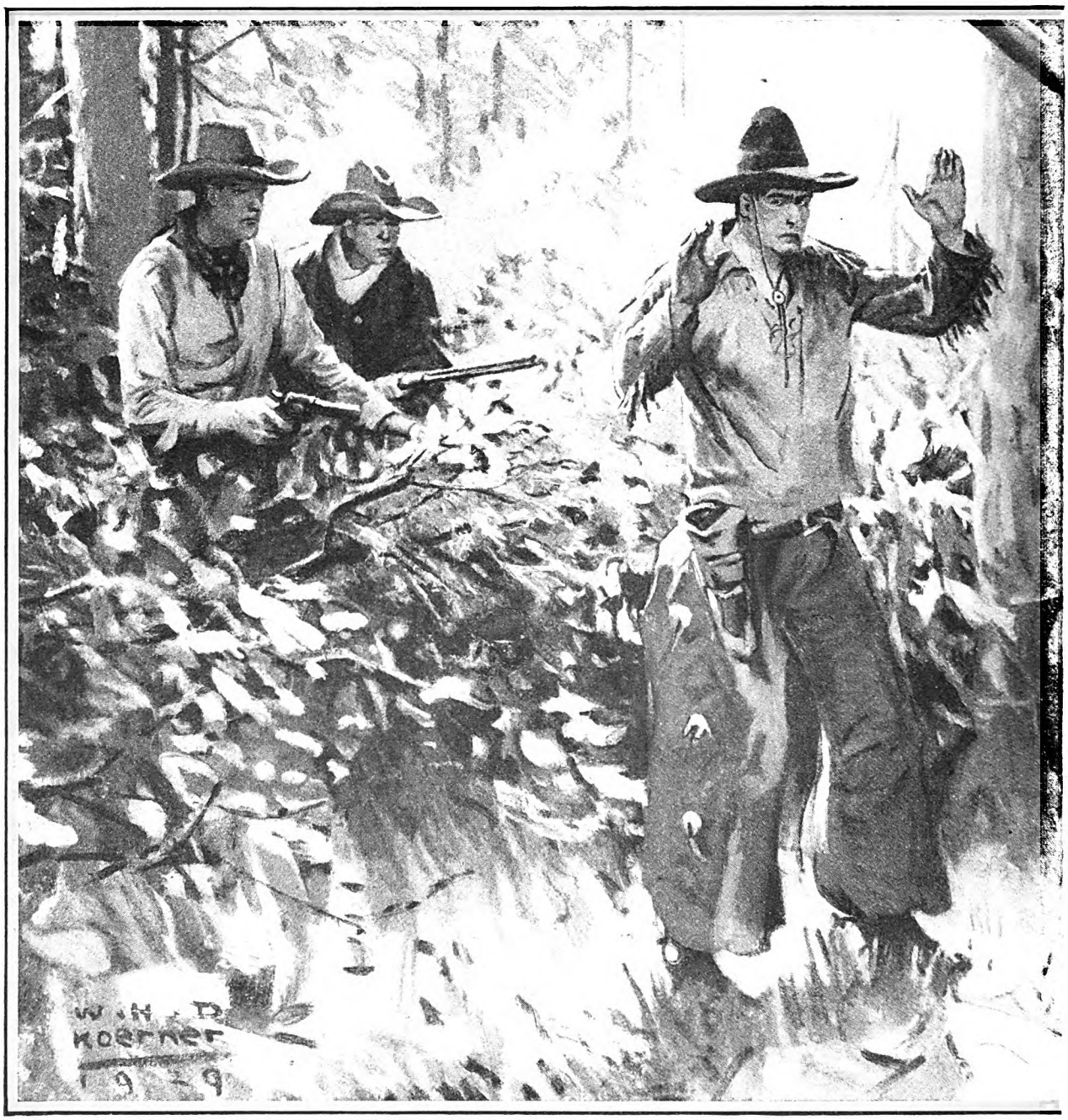

Then the brush crashed. "Hands up!" came in

THE Drift Fence

LITTLE Molly Dunn of the Cibeque—the loveliest girl in all that valley—was the daughter of a crippled, more or less worthless homesteader father and a nagging mother. With them she lived, near West Fork—with them and with "Slinger" Dunn, her brother, notorious for his lawlessness through all the Cibeque country.

It was Molly with whom Jim Traft fell in love at a rodeo dance in Flagerstown—tenderfoot Jim, who had come on from Missouri to take charge of his uncle's outfit, the Diamond, and to build for old Jim Traft the hundred-mile drift fence which Slinger Dunn and the Haverlys and the rest of the Cibeque gang had sworn to cut as fast as it was built.

Long weeks of misery followed that dance—misery for Molly because of hopeless love for the nephew of rich Jim Traft; for Jim because he had found out who Molly was and had to listen to endless insinuations against her from Hack Jocelyn and others of his cowboys. Finally, in desperation, he fought it out with them, established himself as boss of the outfit in fact as well as in name—and fired Jocelyn.

By this time the drift fence was close to West Fork, and Molly learned from Andy Stoneham that Slinger had broken with the Cibeque gang, that Jocelyn was plotting with them to cut the fence, to kidnap Jim and hold him for ransom, and to lay it all on Slinger Dunn. Molly went at once to her brother with this news, only to have him force from her a confession of her love for Jim, and then ride furiously away toward the Diamond camp. On her own pony Molly trailed him for miles through the forest. Then suddenly, up the trail, a rifle shot rang, clear and sharp, and a wild cry followed.

PART V

VIOLENT collision with ground or tree ended Jim's acute consciousness. His first sensations afterward were the chill of water on his face and a burning pain in his breast. Then he felt hands on his forehead.

He forced his weighted eyelids open, to see bright sunshine and spread of foliage over him.

He lay half sitting up against a log. Be-

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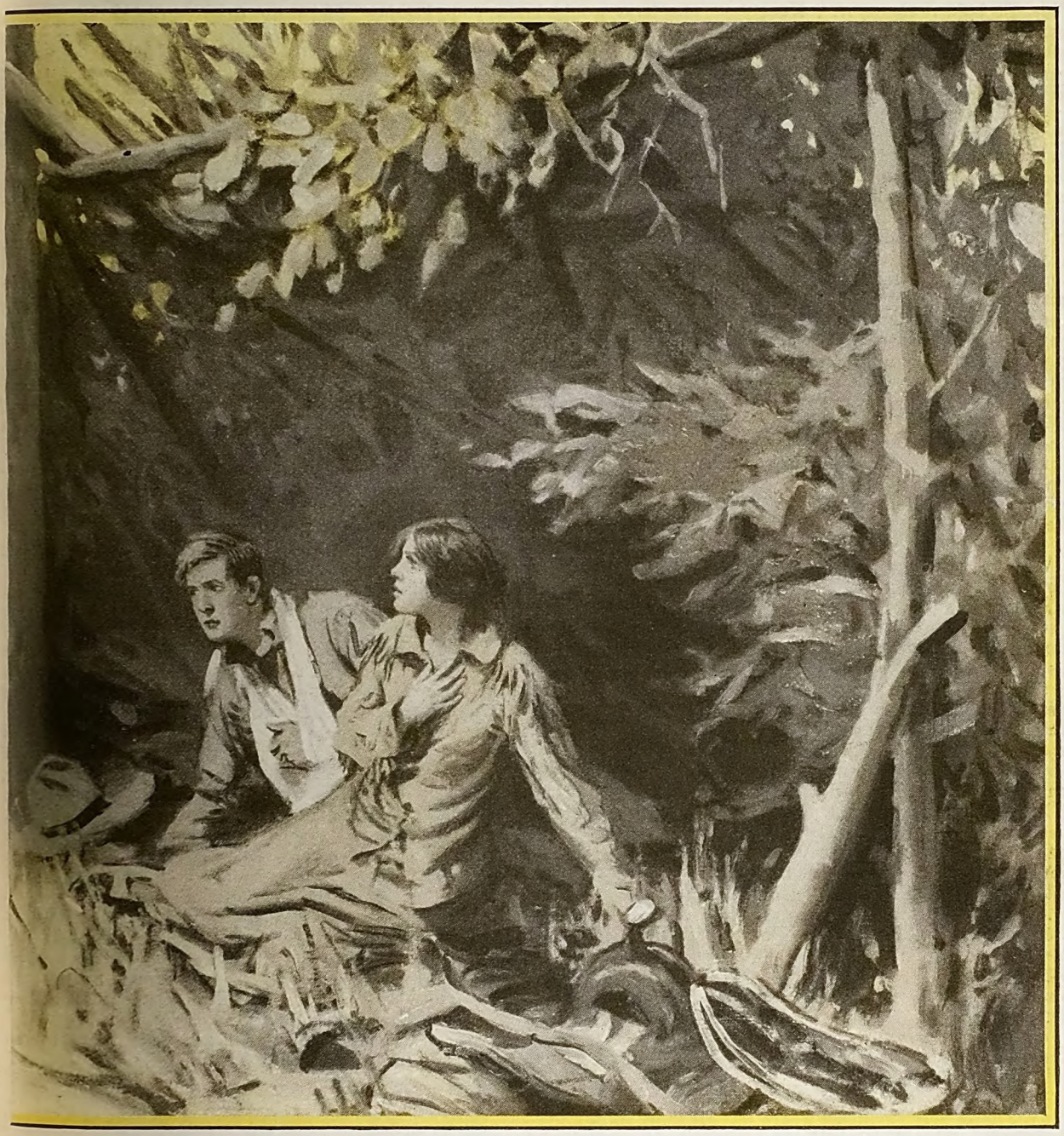

a cool, sharp voice that made Jim's blood leap

ZANE GREY'S *smashing New Serial*

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

side him knelt a girl. She uttered a broken cry.

"Molly Dunn!" Jim's voice was not very strong. She straightened up a little so that the light struck her face. It appeared pale and convulsed, with big, dark eyes dilated with horror. Both her little hands were red with blood. This fully clarified Jim's stunned faculties. "Am I badly hurt?"

"Oh—I don't know—I—I'm afraid," she cried.

"Show me where I'm shot."

"Your breast . . . heah!"

Jim's shirt was open. It took nerve to feel for the wound. His whole breast burned. A wet scarf lay pressed tight over his heart. Blood had saturated his clothes. It was flowing freely. Then his fingers located a hole in his flesh that seemed on fire.

DESPITE the shock to his wits, Jim knew he had not been shot through or near the heart. The bullet hole ranged upwards. Had it missed his lungs? The moment was fraught with terror. He localized the sharpest pain higher up. The bullet had come out on top of his left shoulder. From here the blood flowed. Something cold and ghastly released its clutch upon Jim.

"Bullet—glanced," he muttered. Then he asked if there was any other wound.

"You hit on your haid," replied the girl.

"Molly, I'll not die," he said.

"Thank God! I—I was so terribly frightened. What can I do?"

"You had water here?"

"I filled your hat at the brook."

"Tear this scarf in strips," directed Jim. "You'll find a clean one in my pocket. . . . Inside. . . . Now tear that—and fold into pads. You've only to wash off the blood—and bind the pads on tight."

She complied with his instructions without hesitation, though her hands shook.

"But this top hole! You're bleedin' so!"

"Put one of the pads over it. Press

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tight. Now I'll hold it there. . . . Knot the strips. . . . Slip under my arm—over my shoulder. Now the other pad . . . and tie tight."

The difficult task was at length accomplished. Molly sat back on her heels, plainly weak. Tiny drops like dew stood out upon her forehead. Her hair was wet. She made a move to brush it back from her face, then, aware of her bloody hands, she essayed to do it with her elbow, holding them out so as to avoid contact.

"Molly Dunn, you've got blood on your hands all right," said Jim, with significance.

But it escaped her. "I shore have—and it sickens me," she whispered. Then, pouring water from his sombrero, she washed them and wiped them upon the grass.

Jim felt faint and he was suffering severe pain, both of which circumstances, in the thrilling agitation of the moment, seemed nothing to be concerned about.

"I must get you back off the trail heah," she spoke up suddenly.

"Yes. If you help me I can manage," he replied. With her assistance he labored to his feet and walked, leaning on her. For a little girl, she certainly was strong. They seemed to go far. Jim grew dizzy. He heard running water, but could not see it. Blurred spruce trees stood up all around. His head swam, and when the girl stopped to let him down it was none too soon for Jim. He spoke, but apparently she did not hear. Then his sight cleared. She was coming with water in his sombrero.

"You aboot fainted that time, Mr. Jim," she said, lifting his head so he could drink.

"I—should—smile," whispered Jim, as he lay back. Presently he had recovered again, not only to the mounting pains but to a thrilling sense of this extraordinary situation.

"What—happened?" he asked. "Do you know who shot me?"

She hung her head.

"You needn't tell me. I know. It was your brother, Slinger Dunn. . . . He stepped out from behind a tree . . . didn't seem in any hurry. But I was paralyzed. I forgot I had a gun."

JIM felt the lump over his breast where the lower pad had been bound. It was right under his shirt pocket over his heart. His fingers located the bullet hole in his shirt, and at the same instant his watch.

"See here, Molly," he said curiously. "Take my watch out."

She complied. The watch was of heavy silver and had been long in the Traft family. Evidence was not wanting that it had served its day. The bullet had struck the case, making a heavy dent, and then had glanced upward.

"That accounts," whispered Molly. "I wondered aboot it. Slinger doesn't often miss what he shoots at."

"Saved my life!—Well, I'll be jiggered," exclaimed Jim, fondling the watch. "And I came very close to not fetching it!"

"Oh, such luck! Thank Heaven! . . . But, Mr. Traft, what'll we *do?* You'll have fever. An' maybe blood poisonin'. We got to have medicine!"

"It won't do to send you to my camp."

"Why not? My horse is heah, tied over there."

"The boys would know your brother shot me. I don't want . . ."

"Mr. Jim, you needn't let Slinger off on my account," she interrupted.

"I'll have something to say to him when I'm all right again," declared Jim grimly. "What'd the—why did he shoot me? On account of this drift fence?"

"No. Reckon it was aboot me."

"You!"

"Shore. It's gone all over the country—what you did—what *we* did that night of the dance . . . out on the porch."

"Bud Chalfack!" ejaculated Jim, stiringly aware of Molly's scarlet blush. "He told it. . . . Oh, I'm sorry, Molly. That was such a—a crazy thing for me to do."

"RECKON I was just aboot as crazy," she replied generously, and smiled just a little wistfully. "But Slinger didn't heah what *I* did . . . an' he shore wouldn't believe me. I was scared he'd choke it out of me."

"What does he think, Molly?"

"It couldn't be no worse, Mr. Jim."

"The blockhead! Some of these Arizona fellows make me see red. . . . I'll make it my business to hunt Mr. Slinger up."

"Oh, don't do that. I beg you!" she implored. "Arch is the most awfullest man when he's mad."

"I didn't know whether he was mad or not, but he sure looked awful," replied Jim, forcing a laugh. "Molly Dunn, how'd you happen to come along here and find me?"

"Slinger just the same as told me he'd kill you," she replied, grave, dark eyes on him. "I waited this mawnin' till he was gone. Then I trailed him. My plan was to keep behind him till we were up on top; then I'd ride off the trail an' go round to your camp. I wanted to warn you aboot Slinger. An' that you was in most as much danger from the Cibeque outfit."

"Molly Dunn!" he cried incredulously. "Then it wasn't an accident? You actually came to save me?"

The distance to the little brown hand on her knee was not far, and his quickly bridged it. She seemed neither shy nor cold.

"It shore wasn't no accident, Mr. Jim," she said.

"You must have risked a good deal, Molly."

"I didn't think aboot it. But if they find it out down in the brakes—well, the Cibeque wouldn't be no place for me. An' Slinger will aboot kill me."

"Oh, I'm sorry. And grateful! Molly Dunn, I've got to think up some way to prove it. . . . But you must not let Slinger or anyone see you. How far is it to your home?"

"Reckon aboot five miles, down through the woods. I can keep off the trail."

"How'd you happen to find me?"

"I trailed Slinger to where his tracks went off into the woods. Then I stopped. Pretty soon I heahed a shot—then a cry—then a horse comin' my way fast. I hid behind a spruce. An' I seen Slinger ride by. I didn't know what had happened. But I tied my horse an' slipped up the trail. First I saw your horse. He was makin' off, draggin' his bridle. Then I found you lyin' by a tree. You'd fallen off an' hit your haid."

She released her hand from his and gently touched Jim's head above his temple, where even a slight pressure caused him pain.

"I'd better fetch your horse," she added, rising.

"Don't go far or stay long," said Jim.

THE slight, buckskin-clad form vanished in the green. And only then did Jim take note of his surroundings. He lay in a sort of lean-to made of spruce boughs, dead and brown. He could see one small bit of blue sky; all the rest was green. He heard a low murmur of running water. The place was secluded, and redolent of dry, sweet pine needles.

Soft thuds on the ground made Jim aware that Molly was returning with his horse. They ceased. Then he heard a rustling sound and the soft flop of leather. Next she appeared with his saddle blankets, his coat, and his gun, which she deposited by his side. How pretty, slim, and graceful she looked in buckskin! He told her so. She just gazed at him with great, reproachful, melancholy eyes.

"Have you worn the lovely white dress since?" he added.

"No . . . I'm savin' that to be buried in."

"Molly! . . . You should have said married. How sweet—"

"Mr. Jim, you're shore talkin' too much—not to say too wild. Your face is hot. An' time is flyin'. What'll we do? I've hobbled your horse."

"You must go home at once. Don't let anybody see you. . . . Will you come back tomorrow?"

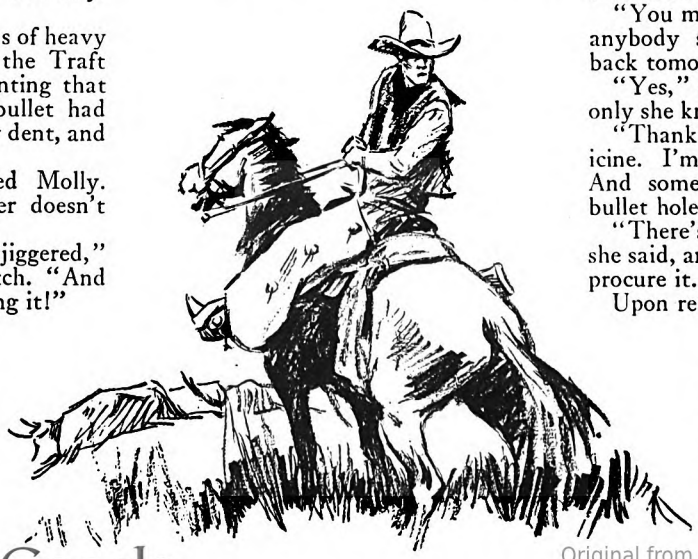
"Yes," she replied, with gravity, as if only she knew what that promise implied.

"Thank you. Better bring some medicine. I'm going to be pretty sick. . . . And some clean linen to bandage my bullet holes."

"There's a canteen on your saddle," she said, and stepped outside the shack to procure it.

Upon returning, she placed it beside his rifle. Then, on her knees, she scraped up a soft pile of pine needles, spread his saddle blankets upon them, and folded his coat for a pillow.

"There's a bed for you. I reckon you won't get cold. If you do, use one of the blankets. . . . An' now I'll go."



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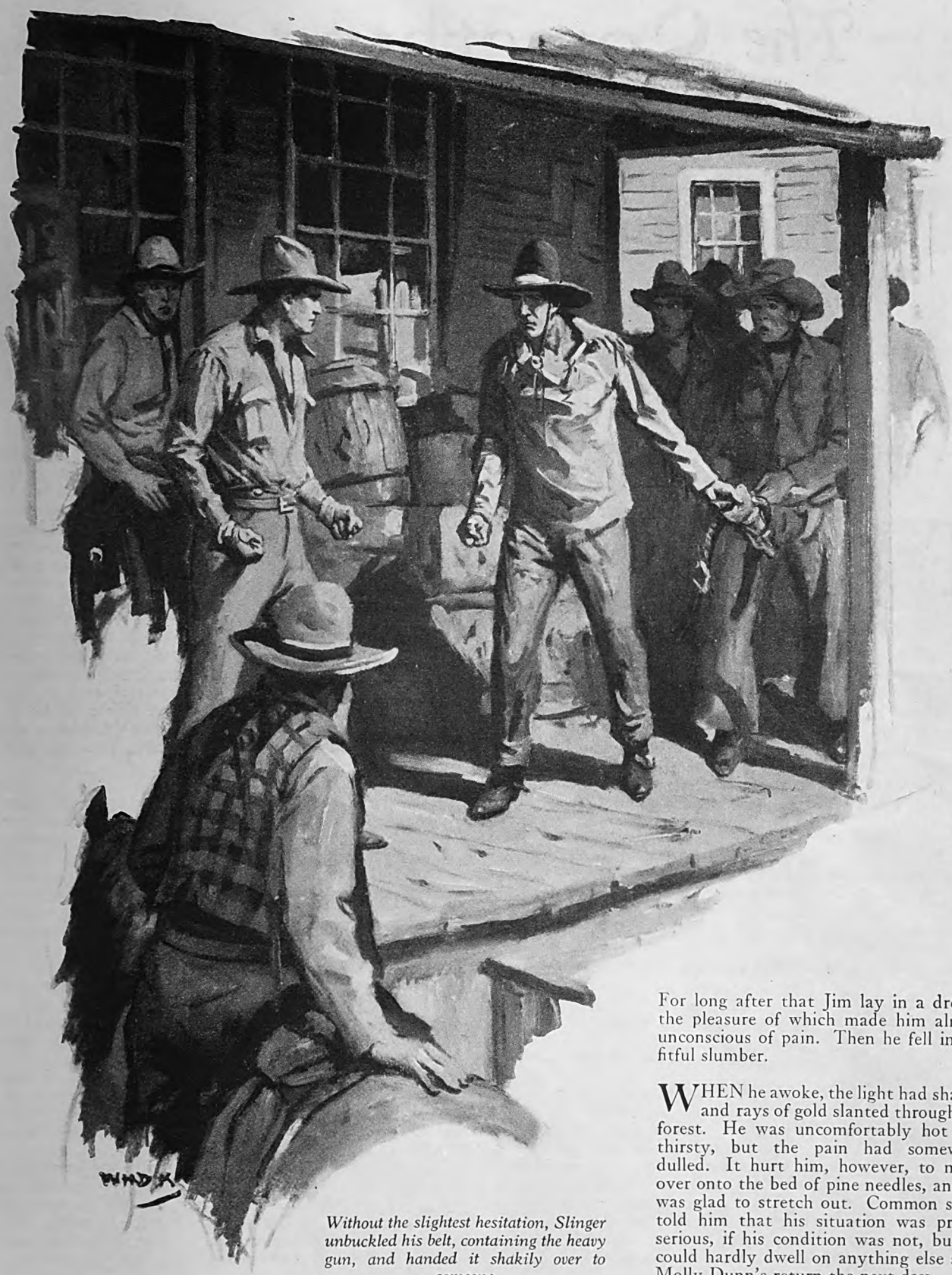

Without the slightest hesitation, Slinger unbuckled his belt, containing the heavy gun, and handed it shakily over to someone

Jim gazed up at her as she knelt there.

"Molly . . . kiss me," he importuned, quite beside himself. "I'll be here alone, unable to move. . . . Slinger might come back and kill me. . . . Kiss me, Molly!"

"You ask that of *me*—Molly Dunn?"

"I don't care who or what you are!"

Twice he reached for her, but she was just a little too far away.

"You mustn't move," she said, in alarm, edging close on her knees. Then he could reach her. How large and dark her eyes appeared in her pale face!

"Kiss me, and go."

She bent over his forehead as if impelled, yet earnestly.

"No!" he cried, seeing her intent, and moving impatiently.

Then, blushing duskily scarlet, she bent lower, closing her eyes, and laid cool, sweet lips on his. Before he could catch his breath to speak again she had fled. For long after that Jim lay in a dream, the pleasure of which made him almost unconscious of pain. Then he fell into a fitful slumber.

WHEN he awoke, the light had shaded and rays of gold slanted through the forest. He was uncomfortably hot and thirsty, but the pain had somewhat dulled. It hurt him, however, to move over onto the bed of pine needles, and he was glad to stretch out. Common sense told him that his situation was pretty serious, if his condition was not, but he could hardly dwell on anything else save Molly Dunn's return the next day.

He watched the gold fade from the tips of the spruces. The sky turned gray. Twilight enveloped the green surroundings in obscurity. Soon all was black except a small space of sky overhead where pale stars blinked and grew clear and white. The stillness was something that Jim soon felt he could not endure. But it did not last. A sigh breathed through the tree tops. The night wind had begun its dominance of the forest. Soon from all around came rustlings and stealthy sounds. (*Continued on page 94*)

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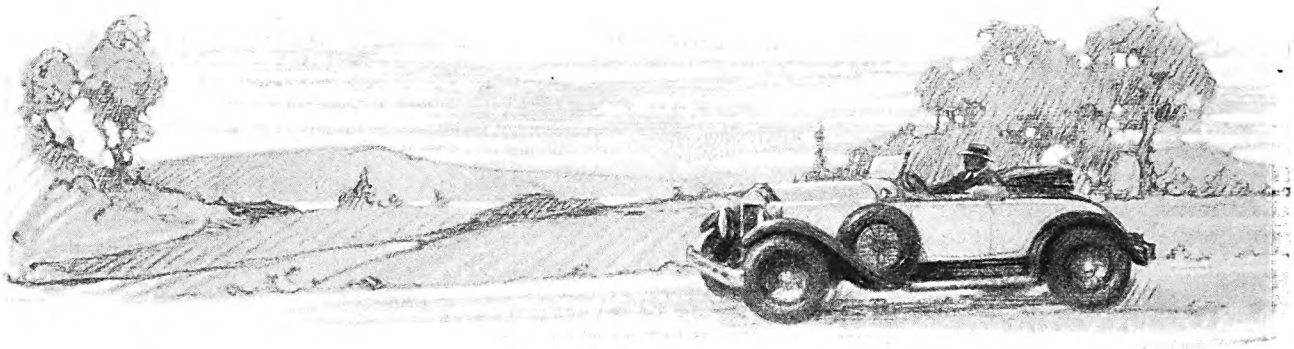
The Something that's in



By MILDRED HARRINGTON

Illustrated by C. R. CHICKERING

THIS is the story of a man who, while he was yet a boy, had the good fortune to discover within himself a power that could work miracles. He calls this power "the something that's in a man's heart." At some time or other all of us have heard the urging of an inner voice. But, mostly, we have disregarded it because we were afraid to listen.

Ray Eldridge was not afraid to listen. . . .

A sixteen-year-old boy lay on an upstairs bed in a Vermont farmhouse. He hadn't closed his eyes in sleep for five nights. His pain-racked body was drenched with perspiration; every nerve was taut, on edge.

His mother had just gone down to the door with the doctor. He knew that when she came back, he would have to fight the biggest battle of his life—a battle against the combined odds of his mother's love and the imperious demands of his own tortured body.

Presently, he heard his mother's footsteps on the stair. She opened the door. In one hand, she held a small pasteboard box such as druggists use in putting up their wares. She approached the boy's bedside and stood looking down at him. When she spoke, her voice was shaken with love and pity:

"The doctor said to take it, Ray."

"No, Mother."

"But he says it will make you worse to fight the pain—and this, too."

"No, Mother."

The woman's face worked convulsively, the tears rolled down her weather-roughened cheeks.

"Then for *my* sake," she pleaded. "I can't bear to see you suffer like this."

Again that stubborn whisper: "No, Mother."

The woman laid the little box on the table at the boy's side.

"I'll leave it here," she said. "Maybe you'll change your mind." And she went out and closed the door behind her.

All day and all night it lay there within sight and within reach—relief from the fiendish agony that was twisting the boy's joints into unsightly knots. But when morning and the doctor came, the little box of morphine still lay on the table untouched.

For four weeks the battle raged. Then one night, after a particularly hard day, the boy fell into a deep, sound slumber from which he did not awaken for twelve hours. When he regained consciousness, the desire for morphia was gone forever. A few more weeks and the pain was gone—as suddenly and as inexplicably as it had come.

But the double ordeal had left Ray Eldridge cruelly crippled. He was destined never to walk again without assistance, never again to have the free use of his hands. For many years, he was to know the pressure of poverty and debt. He was never to know what it is to be free from the need to fight with every ounce of his strength. But in his victory over the morphine habit, he had determined to his own satisfaction that, no matter what the odds, a man—even though he is only a boy—can still be the captain of his soul!

A few weeks ago—which is to say, thirty years after the incident I have just reconstructed for you—in the office of his big handkerchief factory in Charlotte, North Carolina, I faced Ray Eldridge across the desk over which he does a business of nearly a million dollars annually. He had just told me what I have told you—and a good deal more which I shall tell you presently.

I knew that at the age of fourteen he had had an attack of scarlet fever, followed a year later by rheumatic fever, one of the most painful of all diseases. I knew that he had recovered from this attack, only to suffer a more severe recurrence the next year.

It was during this second siege that the doctor had prescribed morphine to assuage the almost intolerable pain. During one of the rare intervals when he was comparatively free of pain, the boy found that he had become a slave to the drug. Young though he was, Ray Eldridge knew what this meant, and he made up his mind to be free from the habit, if he died in the attempt.

But this was easier said than done.

In the first place, when the pain pounced upon him again, the battle was doubly hard. In the second place, both his mother and the doctor opposed a sudden breaking off from morphine—his mother because she could not bear to see her child tortured by pain; the doctor because he was pretty sure that the boy could not live long anyway, and, therefore, anything that eased him would make things easier all around. But, as you already know, the lad found somewhere the courage to rid himself of the morphine habit, and to go on living.

"WHEN you found that things were so bad, how did you have the courage to fight?" I asked.

There is a gentle gayety in Ray Eldridge's eyes and in the smile that hovers about his firmly cut mouth. But for the moment his face was set in grim lines.

"I didn't have the courage *not* to fight," he told me gravely. "Unless you are totally without imagination, fighting is the easiest thing you can do when you are up against something big. Fighting gives you something to get your teeth into—something to take your mind off yourself.

"In one sense, of course, I *had* to sit still and let things take their own way. But I didn't have to let my body be the pacemaker for my mind. There were a thousand reasons why I couldn't just wait for things to get better—or worse. For one thing, my parents were poor, and my long illness had put them terribly in debt. And I was the oldest boy, the one they had counted on to help them out.

"But there was more to it than that"—and Ray Eldridge's face softened and his voice deepened. "I'm not what you would call religious," he went on a little apologetically, "but I believe that if a man will only listen to it, there's something deep down inside him that will urge him on to fight against what looks like overpowering odds. I don't know what it is, unless it's the little bit of God we all start off life with. I call it 'the something that's in a man's heart.'

"Whatever it is, it gave me the courage to build up, bit by bit, a viewpoint that enabled me to discount my handicaps. At first I was keenly sensitive about my physical shortcomings. But I fought it out with myself until I came to believe that people

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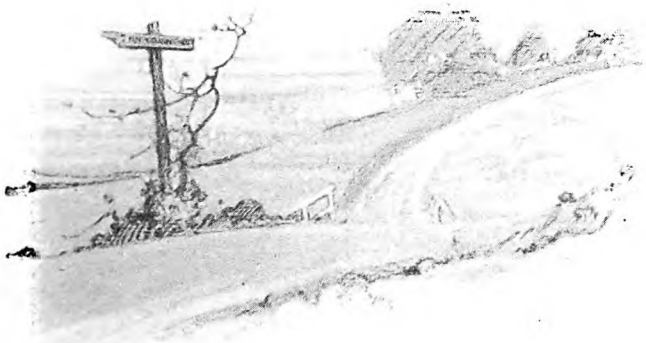
A MAN'S Heart

It works miracles when given a chance—as it did in the life of Ray Eldridge



soon forget how a man looks, that they are much more likely to remember what he does.

"The next step was to set about doing something. That wasn't hard. When you hit rock bottom, you can't go any lower, so you sort of sit up and look around. At least, that's what I did. There I was, bound to a wheel chair, my legs useless, my hands not much good. As I have already said, we were head over heels in debt. I saw that the only way I *could* travel was upward, and that I might as well be about it.

"THE first thing I tried my hand at was selling subscriptions to magazines. I did this mostly by correspondence. I had to; few visitors find their way to a lonely Vermont farm, ten miles from the nearest village. I built up my list of prospects through information obtained from the doctor, the preacher, the county newspapers, and whatever neighbors and other acquaintances happened to drop in at our place.

"In asking for subscriptions, I never mentioned that I was a cripple. I sold my proposition strictly on the assumption that the purchaser would get his money's worth, never on the ground that by subscribing he would help me pay my doctor's bill, or meet an installment on my wheel chair.

"Gradually, I built up quite a good-sized list of customers for my magazines. Of course, I kept hot on the trail of renewals. As soon as I had acquired a little capital, I added novelties—pencils, calendars, gift cards, stationery, and the like—to my line. These things went well, too; my father declared that I had the true Yankee flair for trading.

"At the end of two years, I decided to concentrate on a single staple, rather than fritter away my time and energy on so many odds and ends. In looking around for some small, inexpensive article that everybody uses, I hit upon the handkerchief as the answer to my problem.

"At once I began to buy from the manufacturers in job lots and to build up a canvassing force of sales agents. Of course, my margin of profit on each handkerchief was small, so it was up to me to hustle and expand my business as fast as possible. By the time I was twenty-one, I had put by five hundred dollars. I was now ready to move into the near-by town of Orleans, Vermont, and start my own handkerchief factory. I wanted to be my own manufacturer and middleman. In this way, I could give my customers better prices and at the same time make more myself. I began with six machines; now I operate more than two hundred and fifty, and I have from three hundred to three hundred and fifty employees on my payroll, depending upon the season."

IN FOUR or five years the young man had saved up enough to go to Boston and be treated by a fine specialist. Time after time he went on the operating table. As fast as he regained his strength after one ordeal, he would be recalled for another operation.

The total result was that his legs were straightened out so that he could use crutches. The surgeons were unable to relieve the cramped joints of his hands and feet. When he left the hospital, he was again head over heels in debt. But he was not discouraged. On the contrary, he was jubilant, for at last he was free of the wheel chair!

For fifteen years, he moved steadily forward, adding to his factory until it was one of the largest of its kind in the country. Then, four years ago, in order to escape the rigors of the Vermont climate and to find a more convenient center of distribution, he began to look around for another location for his plant. He finally settled upon Charlotte, North Carolina. Here, in addition to a mild climate and excellent shipping facilities, he found himself in the cotton-growing section which furnishes his raw materials.

From the first, the new factory prospered. The output of the second year doubled that of the first. Last year's business showed an increase of sixty per cent over that of the preceding year. Two hundred and fifty-odd machines turn out more than 100,000 handkerchiefs a day; the total volume of business runs into nearly a million dollars annually.

Ray Eldridge, who knows roses as intimately as other men know their pals

Mr. Eldridge had made the story of the development of his business sound so simple and so easy that I could not refrain from asking a question:

"But didn't you ever get discouraged?" I demanded. "Surely, things didn't always go just the way you wanted them to."

"No, things didn't always go right," he admitted, "and there were times when I was tempted to get downhearted. But I never quite let go. You remember, I told you a few minutes ago that I worked out my particular philosophy of life pretty early. So you see, when business troubles and rebuffs came, I had something to tie to.

"It is my belief that every human being has to work out a philosophy of life to suit his own circumstances. I can't always use your life line, and you can't always use mine. In my case, I soon figured out that no matter how unequally things seem to be divided in this world, they are likely to get evened up in the long run.

"The child who is early deprived of the protection of parents gains self-reliance in pitting his own puny strength against the world. If a man loses one eye, nature immediately sets about making the remaining eye strong enough (*Continued on page 148*)

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He stopped some time to study the current of the river and to examine its clay banks

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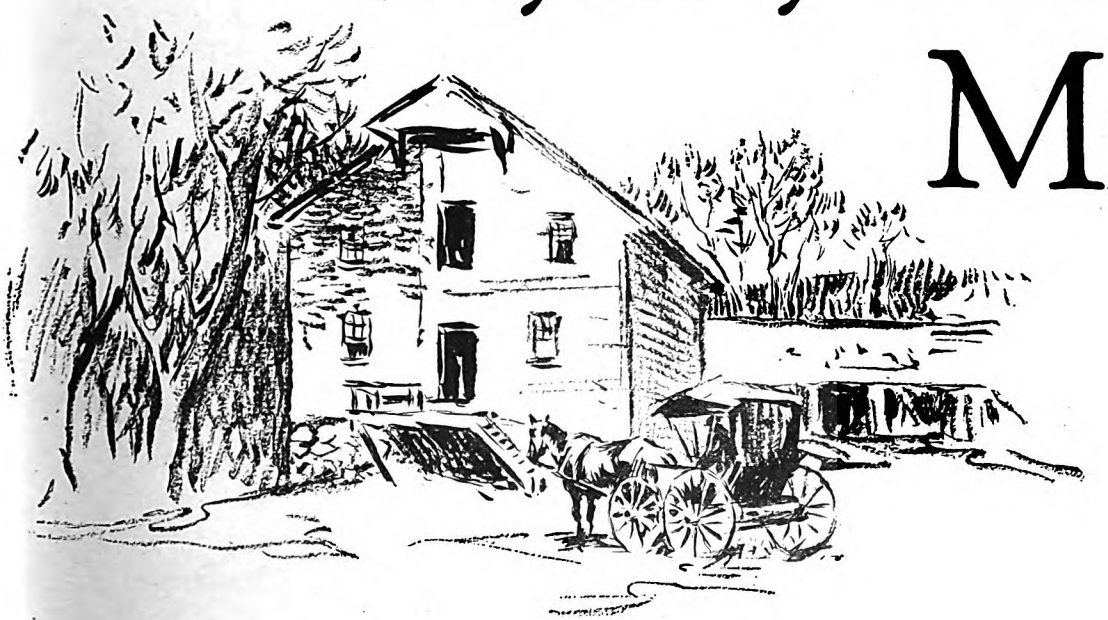
The Mystery at the Mill



Illustrated by
W. H. D.
KOERNER

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST'S *great story of the inscrutable justice that moves behind the deeds of men*

THERE was something sinister in the first act of this tragic drama. And there was something appalling in its last act.

Something that put one down and chilled one's bones with fear. I do not mean any little human terror. I mean the fear of God. The vast, inscrutable justice of God was in it. The human mind withdrew and covered its face before that immensity. There was no escape when the avenging agencies of God followed on one's track. One slew with the sword, and the sword in his hand turned on him. The very thing that the criminal agent used for the destruction of his victim was the very thing that these agencies of God used for his own destruction. It staggered the human mind. . . .

It was five o'clock of an autumn morning.

The world, emerging from darkness, was making ready for the day. The farmer was in his fields. A low fog lay on the land, but it was beginning now to lift. It was the frontier of Virginia. Simple men were about the simple acts of their primitive vocations.

Old Simon Betts, the miller, had got out early on this morning. His mill sat on the edge of the river—one of the rivers tributary to the Ohio—that rose in the foothills of the mountain and descended through the long valley. It ran deep and steady and undisturbed, except when the great rains flooded it and spread it out like a vast smear of yellow over the bottom lands.

The people depended on old Simon Betts and his grist mill for their bread.

Winter was on its way, behind this haze of autumn. The wheat fields had been reaped and the grain threshed. The wheat was ready for the mill. The urchin on the farm horse would come in with his grist, and the farmer with his sacked load in his wagon. The mill must be made ready for its work. Betts had been at this work himself, for one in such a trade must add to his skill, in a new land, something of the skill of the trades upon which his own depended. But there was a work on one of the stone burrs that he could not do, and he had sent for Lance, a millwright of the neighborhood, who possessed the skill he lacked. Lance had promised to come early, and so old Betts was about his mill at daybreak.

LANCE did not arrive, and Betts, with his big silver watch open in his hand, stood in his mill door looking up the valley along the path by the river. But it was not Lance he saw.

It was something that floated in the river.

His eye instantly fastened on the thing. A log or the dead limb of a tree was a peril to his paddle wheel. He had to look out that it did not turn into the sluice. He stood thus with his watch in his hand, looking at the floating object. . . . It seemed, Betts said, to hesitate in the slow current above the dam and then enter the sluice. He went down the steps of the mill with his log hook in his hand. But it was not a log that had come in.

The body of a dead man had entered the mill from the river.

It moved slowly along the plank sides of the sluice and stopped against the paddle wheel. The body floated face down—a little man dressed in the kind of clothing that one wore about the cities.

Lance arrived then; and the two of them took the dead man out of the water and laid him on the floor of the mill. They did not know him. He was a stranger in this region. The miller knew the people far and wide through this county of Virginia. The mill was a central point for meeting and for gossip; all of the community gathered at this point. If one traveled out of the valley or entered in it, the miller knew. Therefore, a larger mystery lay about this unknown dead man who had come floating in the current of the river.

And they did not know what to do.

The county seat was at a distance.

It would take a long time to get the authorities of the state here. There was no swift means of communication. There were only the country roads, and the highway of the Ohio, a few miles farther down at the mouth of the river. There was a tavern there and a steamboat landing. One could go north or south on the Ohio; but one could not travel inland except slowly with a saddle horse, or more slowly with a carriage.

BETTS and the millwright, Lance, talked together in the door. They were bewildered by this tragedy. But they were practical men and they must do something. What should they do?

And while they hesitated, the authority behind the world, moving to its inscrutable adjustments, brought a third person to old Simon's mill.

Colonel Braxton, arriving on a river boat, had got a sort of carriage of the country inn at the steamboat landing, and on his way the negro driver stopped

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for a direction, in the road beside the mill. And so the lawyer came into the thing at its crucial moment.

It seemed the mere hazard of chance that brought him to this place, the hazard of chance in more than one direction. But was it chance? An event occurs, and we call it accident; and we reject a design behind it, for we will believe that a design must strangely violate the order of events, as though the will of God were a thing apart that must break in with its disturbing finger. And so, when an ultimate object appears in a chance event, we are moved to attribute the happening of that chance event to the pressure of some supernatural insistence. One had a premonition, or a feeling that one could not resist, or some vague direction of a dream, or voices.

These are the absurdities of the human mind.

Why should the Ruler of Events require this supernatural pressure in order to move them to His will!

Old Simon Betts came out to the carriage. He knew the eccentric lawyer, for he had seen him in the court-rooms and his fame had traveled through Virginia. He hailed him, as a vexed corporal in action might hail the arrival of a general. And he began to explain what had happened, and his perplexity.

The dead man lay on the mill floor, dripping, as Betts and Lance had brought him from the river. They had not disturbed what they had found in any manner. They knew only that he was a stranger and that his body had come floating into the mill sluice.

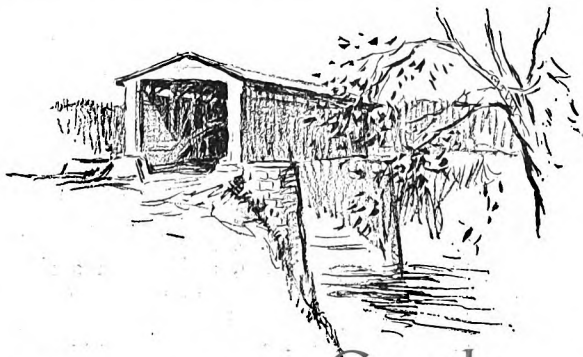
Colonel Braxton got out of the carriage and went up the steps into the mill.

The door opened and a big, ox-shouldered man appeared with a candle

THE dead man lay as the miller and Lance had placed him, on his back with his arms extended along his body. Colonel Braxton did not know him. But he set about an examination of the body to discover what it might reveal. There was no wound or mark of violence on the man nor any evidence of a struggle. The clothing was intact and there had been no robbery, for here was the man's watch in his waistcoat pocket, and there was a sum of money in his leather purse. But there was nothing to give his name or to explain his presence in this portion of Virginia.

It was certain that he had met his death in the river, and that no violence had preceded it. He had not been murdered and thrown into the water. It was the water that had killed him.

It was clear, also, that the body had floated for some distance in the water, for there were stains on the clothing where the current had carried it against the clay banks of the meadow lands. These stains were clearly visible; a dirty, gray smear on the right sleeve and shoulder, and elsewhere yellow smears.



Colonel Braxton called the attention of old Betts to these stains. They were clay stains, the miller said, where the body had been carried against the river banks on its journey. These banks were mostly yellow clay; but there would be also, now and then, a white soapstone stratum in them. The body would gather such evidences on its way. Colonel Braxton examined the man's clothing carefully about these stains, and under his fingernails bits of the yellow clay appeared. These things apparently gave no light.

But the man's watch gave a clear direction.

It had stopped at a quarter past eleven o'clock. If it had stopped at once upon immersion in the water, that was the hour at which the man had gone into the river.

THE lawyer undertook an experiment to determine this: He caused a bucket of water to be brought and, unhooking the chain, he submerged his own watch in it. It was a gold watch with a tight-fitting hunting case. It stopped in a few minutes. He then took the stranger's watch, opened it, emptied it of water, dried it over a candle, wound it with its key, and placed it in the water. It stopped in a dozen seconds. It was clear, then, that the dead man had gone into the water at fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock.

But how rapidly had the body traveled in the river?

The miller and Lance disputed about that; a log in the river would float a mile

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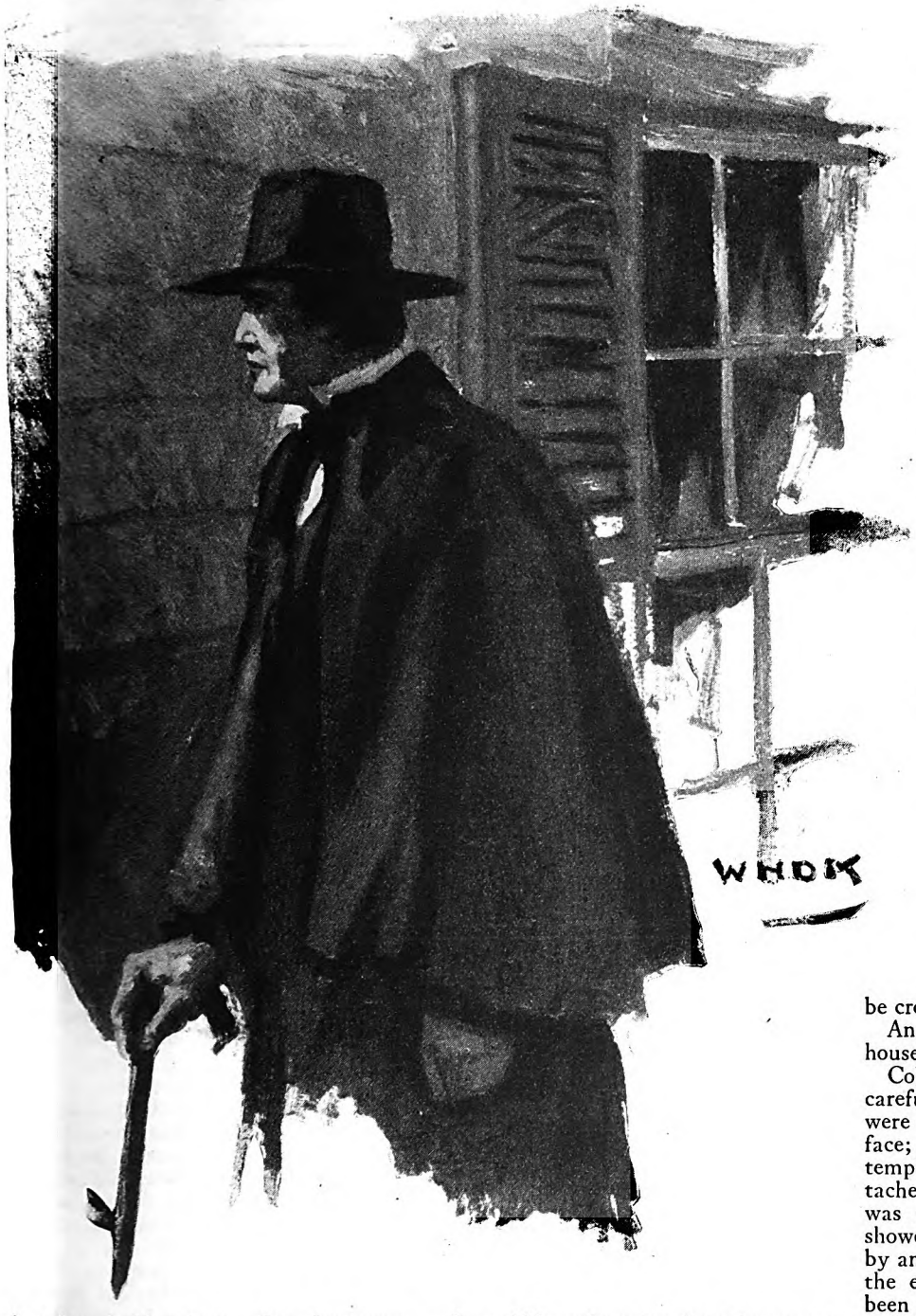

in perhaps half an hour. But they were uncertain. They had lived a lifetime on this river, and yet they had no definite idea of its current.

This was presently clear to the lawyer, and he set about an experiment to get at some workable conception of the current.

He weighed the body on the miller's scales. Then, with the aid of Betts, he filled a wheat sack with hay and sand until he had a like weight and something of the long bulk of a human body. They took this sack in the carriage to a point a half-mile up the river and placed it in the water, noting the precise time. They returned to the mill.

The sack arrived in some thirty minutes. It seemed, then, that one could estimate the journey of the body in the river at about an hour to the mile. This would mean that the dead man had entered the river some six miles farther up.

But this estimate could not be accurate. It could be only approximately correct. The body would be occasionally delayed. Colonel Braxton thought he might deduct a mile, and come a little closer in his estimate. He asked Betts about the river at this distance above them. The miller said that there was a ford in the river at this point, where an old road crossed. But it was a deep ford, and for this reason the state had changed the road here and put a wooden bridge across the river some quarter of a mile above, where the channel was narrow. But this bridge was not yet open to travel.

IT WAS now noon, and Colonel Braxton went in to dinner with old Simon. The miller's wife had assembled her best service for the distinguished guest. The three men sat down at the table and the miller's wife, going about her duties, talked.

"The ford's dangerous," she said, "an' the county needed that bridge. But I reckon we wouldn't 'a' got it if Rickman hadn't 'a' lived there. I don't see how the state come to give him the contract for these bridges, he's as crooked as a dog's hind leg . . . he'd steal pennies out of a hat in a meetin'-house. They say the state's after him now for stealin'."

Betts tried to silence her.

"Don't talk like that, Melissa," he said; "you mustn't talk like that."

"It's the truth," continued the woman; "everybody knows it. He's as mean as garbroth. His wife's left him, an' he's up there by himself. It would be a good thing for everybody if God Almighty would take him."

The millwright, Lance, looked up with a quizzical smile.

"Now, Melissa," he said, "what would God Almighty do with him?"

But the woman was the better at this banter. The mild atheism of the millwright was well known to her, and she countered on it.

"That's it," she said; "some folks say there's no hell, but if there ain't, what *is* God Almighty goin' to do with Rickman?"

IN THIS fashion the midday meal passed in the miller's house.

Colonel Braxton said little, except the simple courtesies common to the guest. They did not talk of the dead man or the mystery about him. It was of the weather and the crops. Nor did the miller inquire into the lawyer's mission. He had the instinctive courtesy of simple men. The guest was not to be cross-examined in one's house.

And after dinner they went out of the house and down the highway to the mill.

Colonel Braxton went in and looked carefully at the dead man. But there were few distinguishing features in that face; pale, reddish hair, thinning at the temples, a short, closely-trimmed mustache. From the general aspect the man was clearly of the cities. The hands showed that. They were not calloused by any tool that felled the forest or tilled the earth. The dead man might have been a scrivener or a lawyer's clerk.

Colonel Braxton made some inquiries of the miller.

It was seven miles to the ford, if one followed the country roads; but there was a path along the river and one could cut down the distance if one walked. With this information, Colonel Braxton turned the driver back and set out along the river path. But first he gave directions to old Betts to leave the dead man on the mill floor until the morning. He would return then.

And also he took a little package out of the carriage. It was no article of mystery, connected with this devious affair. It was a bit of lunch put up at the inn when he had set out from the Ohio on this morning. The river ran for these five miles very nearly straight through the meadow lands, as though the channel had been digged out on a line.

The lawyer followed the path along it. He walked (*Continued on page 151*)

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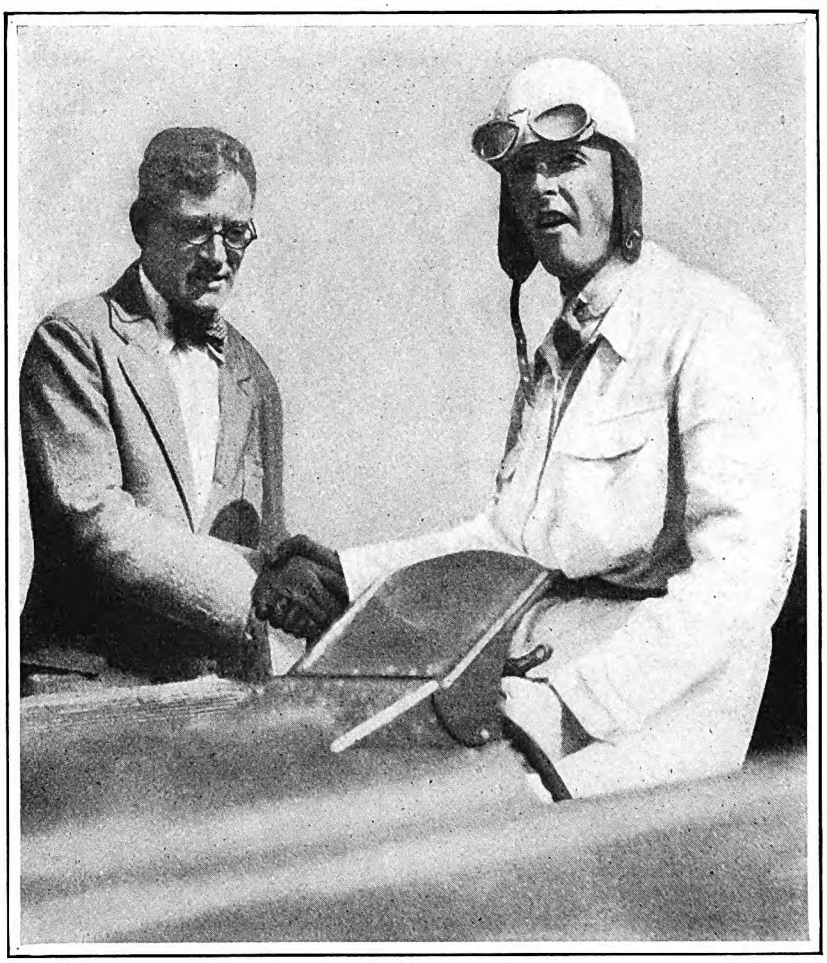

CULVER SERVICE

Major Segrave, who has moved between two points over the earth's surface faster than any other man, receiving congratulations after his last race at Miami

He's Off—He's There!

MAJOR Henry O'Neal de Hane Segrave, British sportsman, crack automobile driver, can discuss speed in its highest form—spiritual and mechanical—from scorching experience. For he has moved between two points over the earth's surface faster than any other man.

Cocked in three tons of streamlined chassis, he recently rocketed first north, then south, along a one-mile course of Beach at Daytona, Florida, at a speed of 231 miles an hour. His machine, the "Golden Arrow," made each mile trip, into and with the wind, within fifteen and a fraction seconds.

"If you had skidded at that speed?" I asked him.

"The tires would have burned up on the spot."

"And if the tires had burned up; or if one of them had let go . . . ?"

"Is it necessary to answer that question?" he countered.

Major Segrave had calmly risked his life upon a manufacturer's promise that the tires would last—at that high speed—approximately twenty-five seconds. It was the fourth time he had exceeded 200 miles an hour; only two other men have reached that speed, and lived. Frank Keech had, up to Segrave's last try, held the record of 206 miles an hour.

"Frankly, I don't like these high speeds," Major Segrave observed. "Please don't think that I am afraid of them, although there is reason enough, at times, to fear. But once a driver gets into the higher velocities, the real excitement of speed—the sharp, knifelike consciousness of surpassing motion—is lost.

"The impression of everything becomes blurred. You are moving too fast to take in anything. You must keep your eyes glued to the course; if you took your eyes off the markers, for the barest fraction of a second, to enjoy the landscape flitting past at 350 feet a second, your chances of keeping control of your machine would be frightfully thin.

"Once the machine approaches maximum—and a four-mile run is required to bring the machine to that pitch—the driver's attention is fixed upon his course; the deflection of a single degree might mean disaster."

Major Segrave is unquestionably the true British sportsman. Being well-to-do in his own right, socially established, he races for the sheer joy of it and—so he explained these last record-breaking trips—the desire "to capture at least one record from the Americans." He is one of the prodigies of racing, for he has been a racer less than seven years and in that time has captured, at one time or another, every important speed trophy offered on the Continent.

But he brought to the driver's cockpit a mind and body schooled in danger, at once nervously flexible and perfectly controlled. He stands six feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds; his shoulders are high and braced, his hips narrow; he is even symmetrically streamlined himself. Nor is one conscious of the slight limp in his walk, the heritage of his war experiences.

He was at Eton when the war broke out, and though only seventeen, he obtained an assignment to Sandhurst, where he was rushed through instruction in infantry and artillery tactics, gazetted a lieutenant in the infantry, and sent to the front. There, he was put in charge of machine gunners.

One day he was ordered to set up machine gun placements in a supposedly abandoned trench. With his sergeant, Lieutenant Segrave started across the field, carrying only a crop. He saw the sergeant drop into the trench, and followed him. But as he dropped, he saw his sergeant prostrate, bayoneted; saw, too, a German infantryman lunging at him with a bloody bayonet, and behind that German about forty more.

As his feet hit earth, Segrave whirled, and the searching blade slid past his jacket. Then he got the German by the throat. He held on inexorably because behind that German was an officer with a revolver trying to edge in for the "kill."

The trench was too narrow for the officer to pass and get him from behind; so Segrave always propelled the soldier in between, hoping that he could hold out until his own men came up. But the grip he had on the other's throat was too strong. Choking, the German fell, and as Segrave crashed down with him, the officer fired. Flame spurted through Segrave's body.

Still, the shot warned his men. What had started out to be an ambush of Britishers became an annihilation of Germans, and Segrave, believed to be dying, was carried back to the British lines.

Yet his recovery was quick, and he returned to action, now a full-fledged pilot in the Royal Flying Corps. Within a short time, he brought down four enemy ships. But one morning he was in turn brought down by an enemy. It was night-

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fall before he was found, sagged in the splintered cockpit hanging in a tree.

Shortly after the war he joined the Sunbeam Company, manufacturers of a famous make of cars. Within two years, he became captain of the Sunbeam racing team, one of the greatest teams in its day in Europe.

Automobile racing is not always a fine, heady dash toward a goal; there are times when dogged courage is needed; when a driver must have the patience of the tortoise that set out after the hare. In one of Segrave's first attempts to capture the French Grand Prix—a 525-mile run, with hair-pin turns, steep hills, and gravel roads—he had fourteen blowouts, the oil lines broke, the radiator clogged, and the chassis frame was knocked out of alignment when the machine hit a bump at 110 miles an hour.

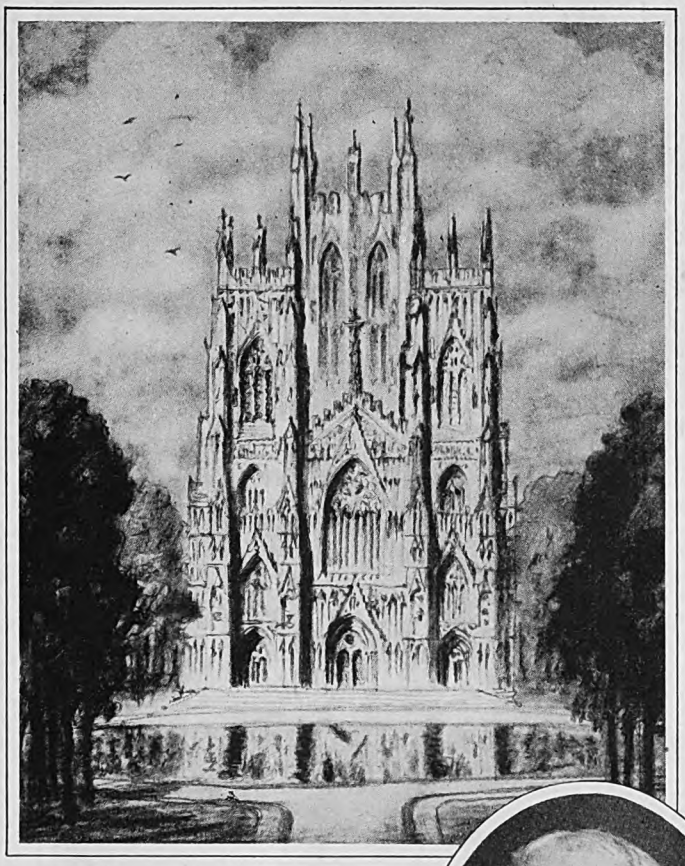
But he kept going and finished fifth. In 1923, he won the race, averaging 78 miles an hour for the whole run and 115 miles an hour for 277 miles. Of the seventeen machines that started from scratch with him, only five crossed the finish line.

Segrave insists that he is through with speed. "I think my record is secure for the time being," he said, "and even if it is exceeded, I don't imagine that it will be to any great extent. For there is a limit to the speed at which it is possible for man to travel on land. Mathematicians and scientists agree on that.

"And, besides, a young man should begin to think of settling down and all that sort of thing, you know."

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

Where Washington Prayed Thousands Now Will Pray



The Reverend W. Herbert Burk, who is making Valley Forge a great historic shrine

PHOTO BY MARCEAU

THE reading of Revolutionary history inspired the Reverend W. Herbert Burk with a great purpose. It led him to exchange a growing church in Norristown, Pennsylvania, for a bit of lonely woods located upon what had been the edge of the famous encampment at Valley Forge. There he proceeded to erect the Washington Memorial Chapel, now completed and pronounced by architects to be one of the finest Gothic structures in the New World.

What, however, did it matter that when he built the first temporary wooden structure he had but fifteen dollars and a pledge of a further hundred from his Norristown Sunday school?

"I wanted to build a church," said he, "commemorative of what I regard as the most significant incident of the War for Independence—Washington upon his knees praying for his army. Moreover, I was profoundly impressed by the deeply religious character of so many of the Revolutionary leaders. Coupled with that was a great faith in the future of Valley Forge as a patriotic shrine."

The corner stone of the chapel was laid in June, 1903, upon the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge; although it was four years later, when enough money had been obtained to raise several walls and cover a temporary roof with tar paper, that the Reverend Mr. Burk said farewell to the congregation of All Saints in Norristown and came to Valley Forge to live.

None but the pastor himself will ever fully comprehend the extent of the labor of the intervening years. Funds were sought from individuals and patriotic societies in every state in the Union. Even today seven correspondents are still busied with this task. A dozen times the work of building ceased, only to be resumed later.

Conditions, however, changed for the better. The automobile brought ever-increasing popularity to Valley Forge. Thousands of visitors came where only ten had come before, and these left contributions of quarters and fifty-cent pieces and dollar bills. That is why the chapel stands completed today. "Generally speaking," said Mr. Burk, "ten dollars is a large gift even now."

The Reverend Mr. Burk, however, does not mean that the chapel shall be the full measure of his life's achievements. Last June he laid the corner stone of a great edifice that will seat five thousand people and cost ten millions of dollars. It will be English Gothic, four hundred and fifty feet long and a hundred and fifty wide. It is to be known as the Washington Memorial Church and it will stand beside the chapel.

I asked Mr. Burk how much money had been raised towards the new project.

"Ninety thousand dollars," was the reply, "but the rest will be raised. You can count on a million dollars in quarters and fifty-cent pieces from the people. Moreover, I expect to inaugurate a nation-wide campaign, and hope to have a part of the church ready for dedication in 1932. Several of the wealthiest men in the country are interested."

Great as is his plan to build so monumental an edifice, he has yet another interest. It is a Museum of American History. Thousands of objects are already upon display in a wing of the chapel, and thousands of others await the completion of additional units. "My collection," said Mr. Burk, "is worth fifty thousand dollars and comprises such diverse objects as the check tendered Lafayette for his services and a Conestoga wagon. In reality they are the property of the Valley Forge Historical Society, which now has three thousand members and of which I am the founder."

The names upon the church roll number but a hundred and ten, and as the Reverend Mr. Burk is the first to point

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out, his communicants actually consist of the thousands of visitors who come there. Last year nearly three hundred couples were married in the Valley Forge chapel. Go there on any Sunday and see the hundreds of automobiles and busses and the thronging crowds, and you will more readily comprehend the kind of people who are embraced within his ministry.

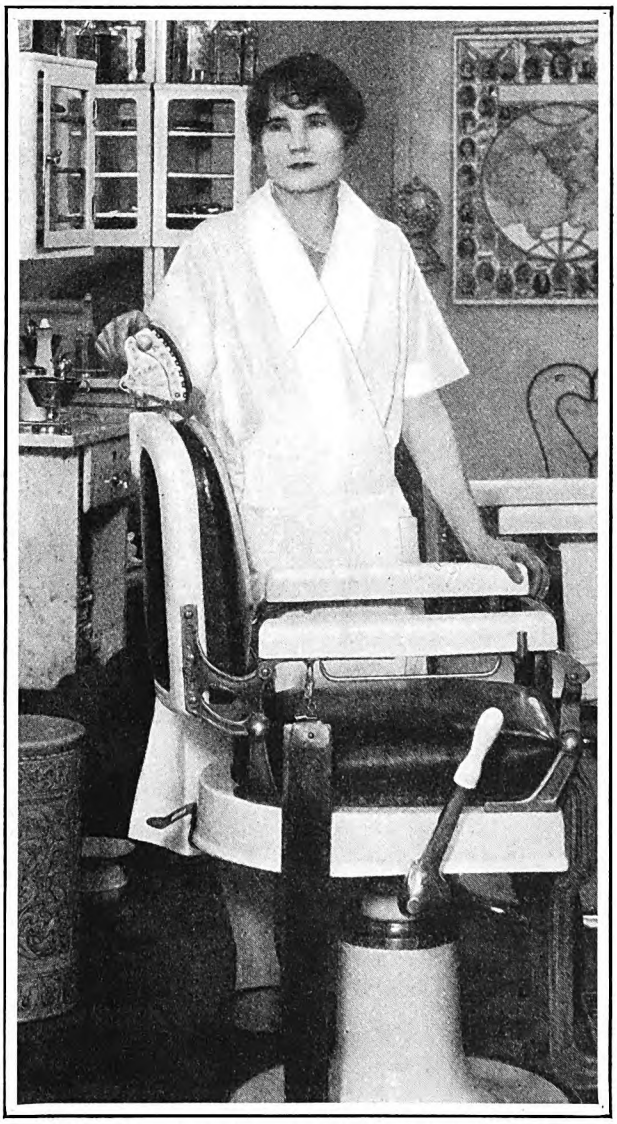
"I put absolutely no stress upon denomination. Washington didn't when he was here," Mr. Burk explained. "None learn that the chapel is Episcopal unless the question is directly asked."

The Memorial Church is for these people, for there is now at Valley Forge no meeting place but the chapel, which seats only a hundred and fifty individuals.

I could not help thinking that here is a man who is supremely happy because he has found an enthralling work. Born in Philadelphia, he is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, of which his father was so long secretary, and of the Philadelphia Divinity School.

Long recognized as an authority on everything pertaining to the famous encampment, he received just last year an outstanding token of recognition, being the recipient of the Bok award given annually to a citizen of Philadelphia for distinguished public service. The ten thousand dollars, however, were never deposited to the pastor's personal account—he divided it equally between the chapel and the museum. Thought of self is not a predominant trait with the man Burk of Valley Forge. J. LEROY MILLER

Haircut an' Shave, Sir? Yes, Ma'am



Miss Hilma Koivula, master barber, who believes that silence is golden and works by the "talkless" method

I HAD overslept that morning and hadn't had time to shave, so when, around noon, I found myself near a barber's shop at 125th Street and Fifth Avenue, I decided to get freshened up.

Imagine my surprise when I found myself confronted by a pretty, slender blond woman who asked me what I wished done.

"Good heavens," I said to myself, "I've wandered into a women's beauty parlor by mistake." But I hadn't. I had simply wandered into the one and only barber shop in New York, or probably in the country, owned by a woman and manned by women barbers.

Naturally, I wasn't going to play the coward's part. "Come what may," said I, "I'll go through with it." Yes, sir, I was as brave as that. And I want to tell the world at large that I was given one of the best shaves and haircuts that I've ever had, and all done by the "talkless" method.

I learned later that Miss Hilma Koivula, the master barber proprietor, is a native of Finland; so also are the three women and one man who assist her.

"In Finland," she told me, "ninety per cent of the barbers are women. So it isn't strange that I took up barbering when I came over here.

"I learned my business in my home town of Tampere, Finland, and although I did very well over there, I wanted to see more of the world. Friends who had crossed the Atlantic told me there were no women barbers here. Whereupon, I was fired with the ambition to be the first woman barber in the New World.

"I knew no English when I first came over, so I settled in the Finnish colony at Waukegan, Illinois, and ran a barber shop for four years. But I got homesick and returned to Tampere.

"I determined after a year to try my fortunes again in America; so I came back this time to the largest city in the country, New York.

"I opened this place with three chairs. But Americans, particularly the men, seemed to relish the novelty of being barbered by women, and my business grew so rapidly that I soon added two more chairs.

"For a year I employed only women, then I decided to cater to the trade which prefers male barbers, so I added Mr. Simila to my staff.

"Curiously enough, with the addition of Mr. Simila, I noticed an increase in the number of girl customers."

Miss Koivula's shop is only a barber shop. She does not even have a bootblack or a beauty parlor, although she is planning to add the latter.

"Yes," said Miss Koivula, "I'm going to stay in this country for keeps. I like the people here, and I figure if America is good enough to earn a living in, it's good enough for citizenship."

"You're not married?" I ventured timidly.

The barberette shook her head.

"Too busy; maybe some day, maybe never. I have men friends, but I don't often see them."

"But most of your customers are men," I remarked.

"Naturally," she replied. "I have to smile," she went on, "when I see the surprised look on the men's faces when they first come here. But not one of them has ever backed out of the shop. For one thing, they appreciate that we don't chatter with them."

It was evident by the way the girl barbers stuck to their business and worked silently and efficiently that the jokes about the loquacious barber do not apply to his tonsorial sister. Haircuts, shaves, tonics, massages, and shampoos were given with a minimum of conversation, and the girls wielded the razors more deftly than do most men.

"Do your masculine customers ever try to flirt with your girls?" I asked Miss Koivula. She seemed somewhat indignant at this question.

"Certainly not," she replied, and then added, "At least, they never try to make dates, so far as I know."

Never! Well, personally, I should say that it would have to be a very brave and daring man who would attempt to squeeze the hand that wields a razor with so much skill. FREEMAN H. HUBBARD

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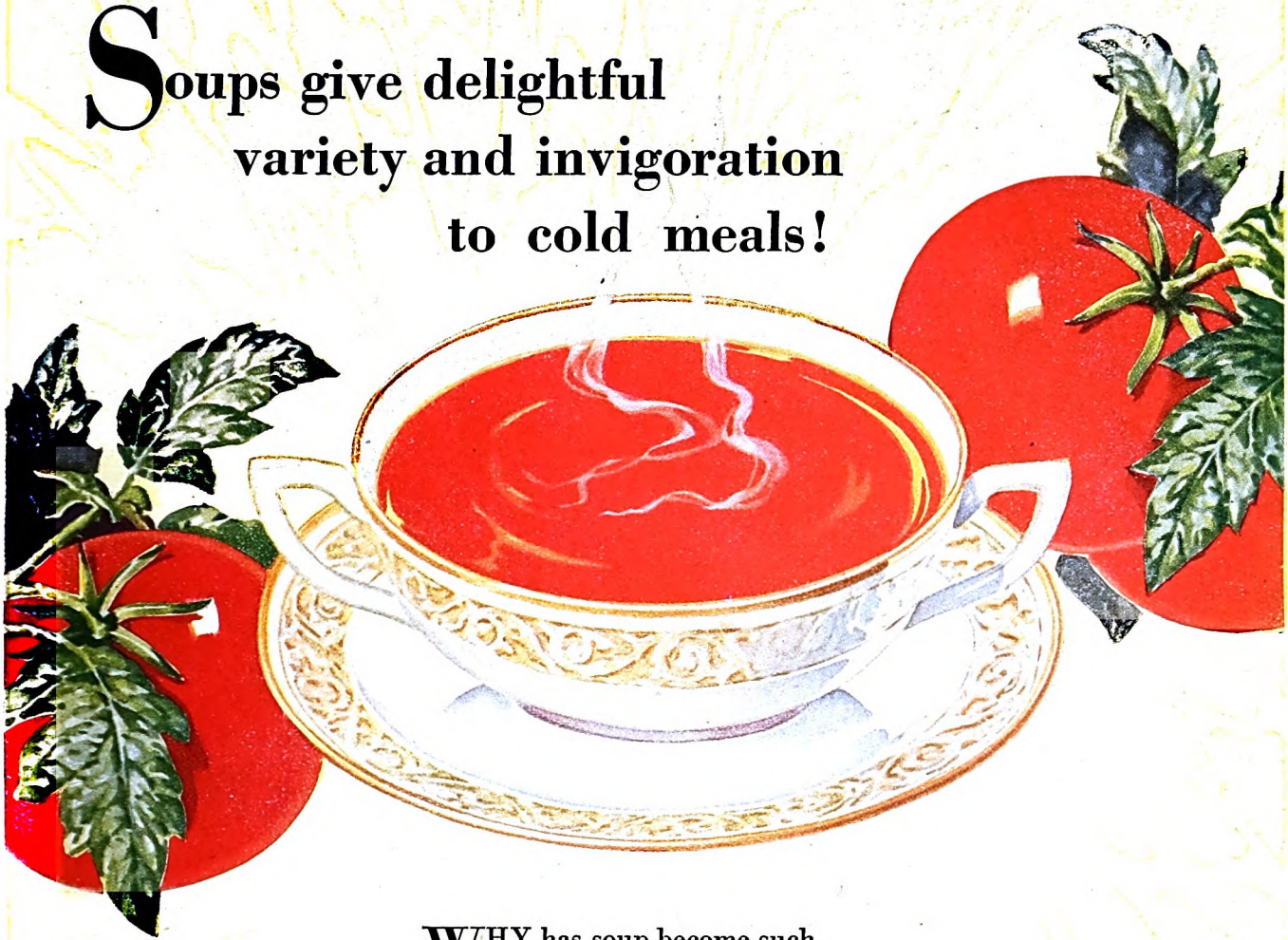
Soups give delightful variety and invigoration to cold meals!



WHY has soup become such a popular summer-time food? In countless homes it is now served as regularly in summer as in winter. It's because people realize how much real enjoyment and benefit hot soup adds to the cold meats, salads and ices!

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Clam Chowder	Tomato
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Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

Twenty-one Campbell's
Soups—oh, boy!
Every one filling
Me with joy!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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The Pace That Bores

(*Continued from page 52*)

on about me, what I noticed was not so good. Billee kept glancing up at Will with a look that was neither broad-mindedness nor tact. And suddenly, like a blow in the solar plexus, the truth dawned upon me. Under my very eyes, that girl was flirting with my husband!

The utter brazenness of it fairly took my breath away. How she had dared, with me sitting right there in the room! We were scarcely off the porch when Will began about what a little peach Billee was. Didn't I think she was cute and pretty? And there was really a lot more to her than you'd think at first glance.

I admitted that she was pretty, if you liked that sloppy type. I'm much too sophisticated to run down a girl just because my husband praises her. In fact, that's just when I can't say nice enough things about her. So I said that Billee's dress was awfully becoming, even if it hadn't been pressed for six months, and that, for my part, I didn't see anything vulgar about such bright red, varnished fingernails. And I said that her dark eyes and yellow hair made a very striking combination, and that people who said that that color hair was practically always touched up, were just being catty. As far as I was concerned, it was pretty, and what difference did it make? And so on. I just put aside all personal feeling and couldn't say nice enough things about the girl.

I DRESSED for the first Dancing Club party the next Saturday night with more of that half glorious, half apprehensive sort of excitement than I'd felt about a dance since I was married. I had a new scarlet evening dress that was simply annihilating, if I do say it myself.

We came into the Masonic Hall at the same moment as the Randolphs. There were several others arriving, too, and in the crowd Carter said to me in a low voice, "It isn't right for any human being to look as devastating as you do tonight."

You can't beat that to start out a dance with. Then I heard Will say, "Hello, there, Billee Randolph, how about the second dance with me?"

Billee has lashes about an inch long, and she lifted them in a glance so obviously flirtatious that I should think Will would have seen through her, then and there.

"Why, I've sort of half promised Mr. Pierce," she said.

"Tom Pierce is out of luck then," said Will, in what I suppose he flattered himself was a masterful, cave-man sort of voice. The whole thing was simply disgusting.

We all danced the first dance with our own husbands, and when first Howard and then Roger asked me for the second, I turned them down. I didn't want to disappoint Carter Randolph. And then Carter didn't ask me. He was dancing with Dulcie. He didn't ask me for the third, or the fourth, either. I always have plenty of partners at Dancing Club, so it didn't make any difference to me. But I'm afraid I was a bit absent-minded with them. I simply couldn't understand it.

The fifth dance I had with Carter. We hadn't taken ten steps before I knew why he hadn't asked me before. He had been afraid to. Of course, he didn't come right out and say this. He was very subtle about it. But I'm no fool—I can get subtlety as well as the next one. He was so much interested in me that he was afraid of doing something that might attract attention. So he was just bending over backward, being circumspect. That put an entirely different light on it, of course. When he only danced with me once the rest of the evening, I understood perfectly.

Some girls are so gullible. He danced three times with Dulcie and she mentioned it to Mrs. Kirsted as casually as though she didn't realize that it didn't mean anything. He had the supper dance with Corinne, and Corinne acted so silly and fussed that I actually believe she thought he was interested in her.

UNDERSTANDING how Carter felt gave me a very sophisticated sense. There is nothing that makes you feel so much like a woman of the world as to know that you are the subject of a secret passion. I felt very suave and experienced as I danced with the boys in our old crowd and tactfully kept them from realizing that, while once I had really enjoyed dancing with them, all was different now. It made the way Will was carrying on with Billee—cutting in on her dances and pretending to fight over taking her to supper—seem too schoolboyish for words.

But there was no making Will see this. When I tried, he kept pretending that he thought I was jealous.

"Oh, Will," I begged, "don't be absurd! It's nothing to me what you do, only I've a little natural pride. I hate to see you making yourself ridiculous!"

It's very hard for a wife to see her husband being taken in. I don't suppose it would ever have occurred to Will that he hadn't made any special hit with Billee, that she simply made a practice of stringing every man along. In fact, I had noticed that she wasn't dancing for several dances during the middle of the evening, and Monday morning I found out why. I happened to run into Mrs. Frank Kirsted at the Busy Bee grocery and she told me.

Billee had slipped away from the party and had gone for a little drive with Roger Lane in his car.

"Little drive, your grandmother!" Mrs. Kirsted sniffed. "They went 'way out past Winneposocket."

Mrs. Kirsted and Dulcie Lane, having been the two prettiest girls in the crowd, have always been a little edgy at each other, and from Mrs. Kirsted's voice, it was plain that she thought that this was a good one on Dulcie.

"Billee Randolph thinks our married crowd is slow," Mrs. Kirsted went on. "She says the crowd they went with in Chicago didn't act as though getting married was the same thing as going into a nunnery."

"Of all things for her to say! And after everybody has been so perfectly lovely to her! So she thinks we're *slow*, does she?"

But after a few moments of righteous indignation I suddenly had to giggle.

"Well, if Billee finds the crowd slow," I said, "she's picked a dead sure way of getting all the excitement she wants. Flirting with Dulcie Lane's husband!"

Billee, of course, hadn't known Dulcie all her life the way the rest of us had. Before Dulcie was married, she was nothing short of a menace. She couldn't look at any man, even if he was engaged to somebody else, without wanting to try her hand on him. The trouble that that girl caused! For years she kept every other girl in town from knowing one peaceful moment. Everybody said it was amazing, the way she had settled down and made such a good wife to Roger. Nobody would have believed it. And since little Dulcie had been born, people had almost forgotten the way Dulcie had used to do.

But I remembered, and the more I recalled, the more I had to giggle. If Billee Randolph was suffering from lack of excitement, she was certainly twisting the right lion's tail.

When Dulcie swept into the dressing-room at the next Dancing Club party, it was evident that she was on the warpath. She had on a new dress, the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. White tulle and silver, a period thing with a tight, slim little bodice and a foamy, billowy skirt. Silver slippers with twinkling rhinestone buckles. With her snowy skin and silvery blond hair, she looked like a fairy off the top branch of the Christmas tree.

There was a polite murmur of praise all over the dressing-room. And you could fairly feel the atmosphere tensing up. Girls glanced veiledly at each other, and you knew that all-but-forgotten memories were suddenly coming to life.

"DOESN'T Dulcie look stunning!" I exclaimed to Carter as we danced the second dance.

He glanced at her indifferently.

"I imagine so," he said, "to anyone who happens to admire the ash-blond type."

"Don't you?" I couldn't resist asking.

He looked down at me and smiled, a sad smile, as one who is hiding an aching heart.

"There's no use your trying to distract me with other girls, Dorothy," he said quietly. And added, after a moment or two, "Though I wish to heaven I could *be* distracted."

With anyone feeling that solemn, hopeless way about you, ordinary flirting does seem awfully childish and undignified I suppose I should have been above even being irritated at seeing Will dance four times running with Billee. As far as that goes, I wasn't irritated at all, but you hate to have everybody seeing your husband make a monkey of himself.

There was a slight diversion along late in the evening when Mrs. Kirsted hissed in my ear, "Where's Dulcie?"

I looked around the room—Dulcie had unquestionably disappeared. It was a

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gorgeous Indian summer moonlight night, and the same thought occurred to us both at once. She had copied Billee and slipped away for a little drive. But who with? The floor was crowded. Like people after a casualty, calling the roll to see who is missing, Mrs. Frank Kirsted and I ran a calculating eye over the survivors.

The only husband we couldn't account for was Frank Kirsted.

I shall never forget Mrs. Kirsted's face, watching it change from sheer incredulity to outrage, to angry decision.

Well, that was the beginning. I don't believe Billee Randolph or anybody in the Harvester crowd—or anybody in the swiftest crowd in New York or Paris, for that matter—could have called our bunch slow that fall. Billee Randolph had certainly started something. Not since we were all in high school have I seen such a mix-up of flirting.

IN ORDER to get back at Dulcie, Mrs. Frank Kirsted began flirting with Scott, which, of course, set Corinne off, and Corinne made a dead set for Howard Merton. It became almost overnight all mixed up and complicated. Instead of going to the movies with your own husband, it became the correct thing to say, "Tom Pierce asked me to go to the Palace with him tonight. You don't mind, do you, Will?"

And Will would say, "Of course not," and call up Billee and ask her how she'd like to take in a movie. There aren't so many places you can go in Montrose and we were all likely to round up together at the Oasis, later in the evening. But instead of pulling two or three tables together, as we used to do, we'd sit at little tables, two by two, and talk in low tones.

If I could always have gone with Carter, it would have been all right. But on account of his being really hopelessly in love with me, he felt he had to be extra discreet, and he took all the girls in turn. This left me to go with some man I'd known ever since he wore a bib, and there were times when I'd have really been almost bored if it hadn't been for the satisfaction of knowing that we weren't being slow. Indeed, as a crowd, we were so far from slow that to eat a chocolate marshmallow sundae with your own wife or husband was as good as confessing that you couldn't get anybody else.

Married couples—married, that is, but not to each other—were always slipping away from the dances. If there happened to be another dance going on in town, they'd slip away and go there, or they would go to the Oasis or over to Verblen to drop in for a minute on a basketball game or the movies there. Or just to take a ride. It didn't make much difference where you went, but you felt you were an awful social failure if you didn't go somewhere sometime during the evening.

Our life was really becoming terribly expensive. We were all spending money like sailors on shore leave. Girls who had decided to make the old evening dress do through another winter, kept getting one new one after another. Ye Faire Ladye Beauty Shoppe had to put in another girl to take care of so many waves and facials. Tom Pierce sent Corinne a dozen roses on her birthday, and of course that gave the other men something to live up to.

And there were times, though I wouldn't have admitted this to a soul, when part of it seemed to me to be just a little bit tiresome. Except for my perfectly natural satisfaction in having Carter Randolph so unhappy about me, I felt occasionally that there wasn't much in it. Men are all very well, but girls are nice, too, and our crowd, which had always been so trusting and friendly, was becoming catty and suspicious of each other. Our Lodge Night Bridge Club that I had always looked forward to more than almost any mixed affair became a mere armed truce.

And then there was Billee Randolph. To be perfectly frank, it gave me an odd, almost scary feeling of uneasiness whenever I'd think of Will and Billee. Suppose he was really falling in love with her. Such things do happen. I'd start to think of what life would be with Will in love with somebody else, not always thinking first of me and the twins, maybe feeling we were just in the way—but I never went very far with this thought. I pushed it away with a shudder and went on flirting like the rest of the crowd.

And then came the benefit dance for the Community Chest. I had decided to wear my scarlet dress again, when Will came home and mentioned casually how cute Billee Randolph looked in her new fur coat. I went right down to Ye Violette Shoppe and bought the yellow chiffon petal dress I'd decided I couldn't possibly afford.

I was glad I had when I glanced about the dressing-room and saw that practically everybody had on something new. Dulcie was in black tulle, Mrs. Frank Kirsted in cream lace, Billee Randolph in apple blossom pink. We were all very complimentary about each others' looks, but there were an awful lot of sideways appraising glances, and every girl there knew that every other girl had her knife in her teeth.

AS I sauntered out to the hall, I saw Carter Randolph standing there. There were others coming, so he spoke hastily.

"I've a rotten headache," he said in a thrilling undertone, "but I came just the same—because I knew I'd see you."

The first dance was beginning and I danced away with Will, feeling sorry for Carter but thrilled and glad I had my new yellow dress.

There was a dance going on in Verblen that night, too. Not nearly as good a dance as ours, but half through the evening our crowd began to thin out. Howard Merton asked me if I wanted to drive over for a couple of dances but I turned him down, feeling that it wouldn't be fair to Carter. Howard left me in front of some palms while he went over to get me some punch. And suddenly, while I was waiting, from somewhere just the other side of the palms, I heard a familiar voice.

"I've a rotten headache," it said, "but I came just the same—because I knew I'd see you."

I turned eagerly and peered through the palms. I couldn't see Carter, but there was no failing to recognize that yearning voice. I was about to speak when I heard a girl's voice answer. I could scarcely believe my own ears. Carter was saying exactly the same thing in exactly the same tone as he had to me!

The truth broke over me like a splash of cold water. Carter wasn't hopelessly in love with me. He was probably saying the same thing in the same yearning voice to every girl he danced with. And probably told every one of them that he didn't dare dance with her alone—they must be circumspect. It didn't mean a thing. It was just his line.

I saw Howard coming back with the punch and tried to pull myself together. I laughed merrily and chatted as though nothing had happened. That, I knew, was what a cynical young matron in a society story would do. I told Howard I'd changed my mind—let's drive to Verblen.

I regretted I'd said this before we'd gone a mile. Howard's car is an old open flivver and the night was bitter. The wind whistled around that front seat sixty miles an hour, and a million robes wouldn't keep you warm.

I knew that, to save my self-respect, I ought to start a flirtation with Howard. But I looked sideways at him and remembered how we'd used to play Run Sheep Run, and the Hallowe'en he and Will took the doors off Father's garage, and the morning after his last baby was born when he stopped at our house, looking like a ghost, and I made him a cup of strong, black coffee. I suddenly realized that I loved Howard like a brother but that, even to save my self-respect, I couldn't work up enough romantic feeling about him to keep warm on a night like that.

IT WAS an actual relief when, out of the cold stillness, we suddenly heard the fire siren blowing. Of course, Montrose has a paid fire department, but there is a Volunteer Auxiliary besides, and all the boys belong to it. Without so much as a word of apology, Howard turned right around and drove back to the party. Dumped me there and went rattling off as fast as he could go to the fire.

I went upstairs feeling horribly left out and lonesome. And there was nothing left of that dance to cheer up a body. Practically all our crowd had trickled out in couples. I looked around for Will, but he wasn't there. And neither was Billee.

I went out to the dressing-room and sat down alone. And slowly, sick at heart, I took out that thought that I'd been shuddering away from for weeks. The thought of Will really in love with Billee. I wanted to put my head down on the dressing-room table and cry in sheer forlornness.

Just then I heard steps outside the dressing-room and hastily put on a smile. Dulcie and Mrs. Kirsted came in together, both of them half mad, half laughing. But, for once, they weren't mad at each other. They were both mad at the men. It seems that at the first sound of the fire siren both girls had been brought back to the hall and dumped like so many sacks of sand.

"It wasn't even a good fire," Dulcie said indignantly. "The regular department could have taken care of it perfectly. But Scott pretended it was his duty to go. Duty fiddlesticks! He wanted to go."

"And your husband," Mrs. Kirsted looked at Dulcie accusingly, "was all for leaving me to stand on a street corner and freeze to death in my silver slippers. When I said that the least he could do was to bring me back here, he said he'd thought I'd want to see the fire. That was just an excuse. From the instant he heard

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the first toot of that whistle, he didn't know I was in the world."

And she and Dulcie laughed in a half-real, half-pretended indignation that was almost comradely.

Just then Rosie and Corinne and Mrs. Tom Pierce came in. They'd been dumped, too, like so much excess ballast, at the first sound of the siren. And they were all kind of miffed about it, too, half angry, half amused. So were Girlie Hinkel and Mrs. Carstairs and Mrs. Freddie Hupp and Portia Deland.

AND suddenly, the whole crowd seemed to decide at once to take it as a joke. To be cut out like that, by a second-rate fire! By the time Mrs. Vance and Peggy Sinclair arrived, the dressing-room was in hysterics. Each new arrival was greeted with whoops. Each distant sound of the siren fanned the blaze.

Suspicion, guardedness, cattiness, all the qualities we'd been developing in the last few months, seemed actually to be laughed away. I felt more lonely and left out than ever. For I knew Will had started over for Verblen with Billee, and she was the only girl who hadn't come back. It was all right for all the rest to decide suddenly that this playing with fire was just an absurd joke. They could afford to laugh and kid each other. None of them had got burned.

And yet, when they all got together and decided on a trick to pay the boys back, I couldn't very well stay out of it. And if I could only have entered into it with a really free heart, I could see what a lark it would be. All the rest were in stitches over it. We'd pay the boys back, they said. We'd show 'em they couldn't play fast and loose with our young affections like that. We'd pay 'em back.

The plans were made in giggling whispers.

"Don't let's take Billee Randolph in," somebody suggested.

And, mercy, no! everybody agreed. We couldn't be sure about Billee, and if anybody gave it away, the whole joke would be spoiled. Just our own crowd. We decided on the Dewdrop Inn, the country place where we'd had our high school parties, a million years ago.

Dulcie wrote all our husbands' names on slips of paper and we all drew. I drew Roger Lane.

Will came back from the fire with the other boys. It seemed that he had taken Billee home instead of back to the dance. That made me feel a little better about it, but only a little.

The joke we were playing was the kind that would be pretty deadly if it didn't go just right. Still, having started it, we had to go through. And I wanted to be a good sport. So I wrote the most clandestine, mysterious note I could:

Dear Roger: Can you meet me at the Dewdrop Inn at seven o'clock Saturday evening? There's something very confidential I want to talk to you about. Please don't mention this to a soul. Especially not to Will or Dulcie. Don't even answer—it wouldn't be safe. But come. Yours, Dot.

Will's note came in the afternoon mail. I recognized Mrs. Frank Kirsted's smart-looking angular writing. It was funny to watch Will's face. It registered one tenth curiosity and interest, but nine tenths disapproval and apprehension. It was obvious that he thought Mrs. Kirsted was going too far.

The Women's Club was going to have a pot-luck supper Saturday night, I told Will, and mother would keep the children. We had all agreed to tell the same story. It wouldn't be necessary for the men to make any slick excuses to get away.

It was bitter cold Saturday. We girls all went out to the Corners in the bus together and walked the remaining half mile. Naturally, we didn't wear evening clothes. There would be twelve couples—at least we hoped there would be—and Mr. Fleck had given us a huge, round table. We bustled around, arranging chrysanthemums in the center and putting out place cards, as we'd done for birthday parties and high school banquets and church suppers and club affairs ever since we were all kids together.

We laughed and joked constantly. If I could only have felt sure that Will would take it right, I'd have been happier than I'd been for months. The girls were all friendly and jolly and together again, the way we'd used to be before Billee Randolph came to town. But I wasn't sure—uneasy. If I could only feel as care-free and confident about it as the rest all seemed.

Suddenly, somebody saw Scott Forest's blue coupé drive under the gate light. Breathlessly, we all crowded into the little cloakroom right off the reception-room. We kept perfectly still; nobody even whispered. But some way—I don't know how I got it, but I did—I realized that the other girls weren't feeling any surer or more care-free than I was. We were all suddenly afraid of what we'd done.

In the dead silence, Scott came in and sat down.

WE took turns peeking through the crack in the door. It wasn't two minutes before the big Kirsted car drove up and Frank Kirsted came in. We were still as mice in the dark cloakroom—we heard the two men greet each other and got all the concealed consternation in both voices. Neither apparently knew what to do or say, so they sat there together, making strained conversation. In the midst of it, Roger Lane and Freddie Hupp came in together. They had discovered each other outside parking their cars.

I was away from the crack in the door, but suddenly my heart seemed to stand still. I heard Will's voice.

There were several moments of awkward stiffness—we girls not making a sound in the dressing-room. Then, "Say, what's the idea? What are you out here for, anyhow?" Scott demanded.

"Well, what are *you?*" Frank Kirsted countered.

There was a moment of dead silence—we fairly held our breath. Then suddenly, in the stillness, everybody heard a clatter. It was unmistakable, the chug of Howard Merton's flivver engine. All five men seemed to realize at once that there was something up. At the first sound of Scott's guffaw, we girls came tumbling out of the dressing-room.

By the time Tom Pierce and Sidney Hinkel and Harry Burris arrived, one at a time, the party was in full swing and they walked right into everybody they knew, all at once. Each new arrival was greeted with hysterics and catcalls.

And every last man went through the same series of looks. First scared, then mad. And then relieved. They had all come out on this secret tryst like the sad-faced farmer in the old story who said, "I'm going to town to get drunk and, gosh, how I dread it!"

It was such a cold night that no other diners arrived and we had the big dining-room all to ourselves. There was a fire in the fireplace, and a turkey dinner, and nothing to keep us from being as hilarious as we liked. It was so much like old high school days before any of us were married or had babies or any other responsibilities that we acted like a bunch of kids. Even gave the old football yell—"One a-zicka, two a-zicka, three a-zicka, zi. Rah, rah, rah, rah, Montrose High!"

I suppose it wasn't like a cynical matron in a society story, but I couldn't seem to help myself. Under the cover of the noise I whispered to Will, "Do you mind Billee not being here?"

I fairly held my breath waiting for his answer.

"Naw," he said indifferently. "It's kind of a relief."

OH, FROM that moment, it was a party for me! I looked around the table at the familiar faces and felt a glorious lump in my throat at sheer heavenly joy of being back home again.

After supper we turned on the radio and danced. And we all *stayed* and danced, too. No slipping away in twos. Suddenly, in the midst of the dancing a new couple came in from outside, and as they came into the light, we recognized Carter and Billee Randolph. They were taken aback to see all of us. And before they had a chance to be hurt, some tactful soul said, "But why didn't you get here in time for supper?"

They said they hadn't heard anything about the party; they'd been driving home from Dawson and dropped in for a hot drink. We all looked regretful and said: Didn't you get the invitation? Oh, what a shame! Isn't the post office getting to be the limit! And all the kindly lies you tell rather than hurt somebody's feelings.

Someway, tonight, not one of us wanted to hurt anybody's feelings, not even the Randolphs'. The Randolphs seemed ridiculously harmless tonight. Billee could cast her big brown eyes about, and Carter could murmur yearningly in as many ears as he liked. We'd take it for about what it was worth.

And if we weren't quite as snappy as the bunch the Randolphs had gone with in Chicago, they seemed pleased enough to take off their wraps and swing into the Paul Jones with us. In fact, they seemed tickled to death to find that they hadn't been left out.

The wind whistled outside and the fire crackled and the radio sang. And we circled to the right and left, danced with the gentleman on your right, grinned at our wives and husbands as we happened to brush past them. And I don't believe a soul minded its being wholesome!

One and all, we were frankly enjoying all the pleasures of a good, slow crowd

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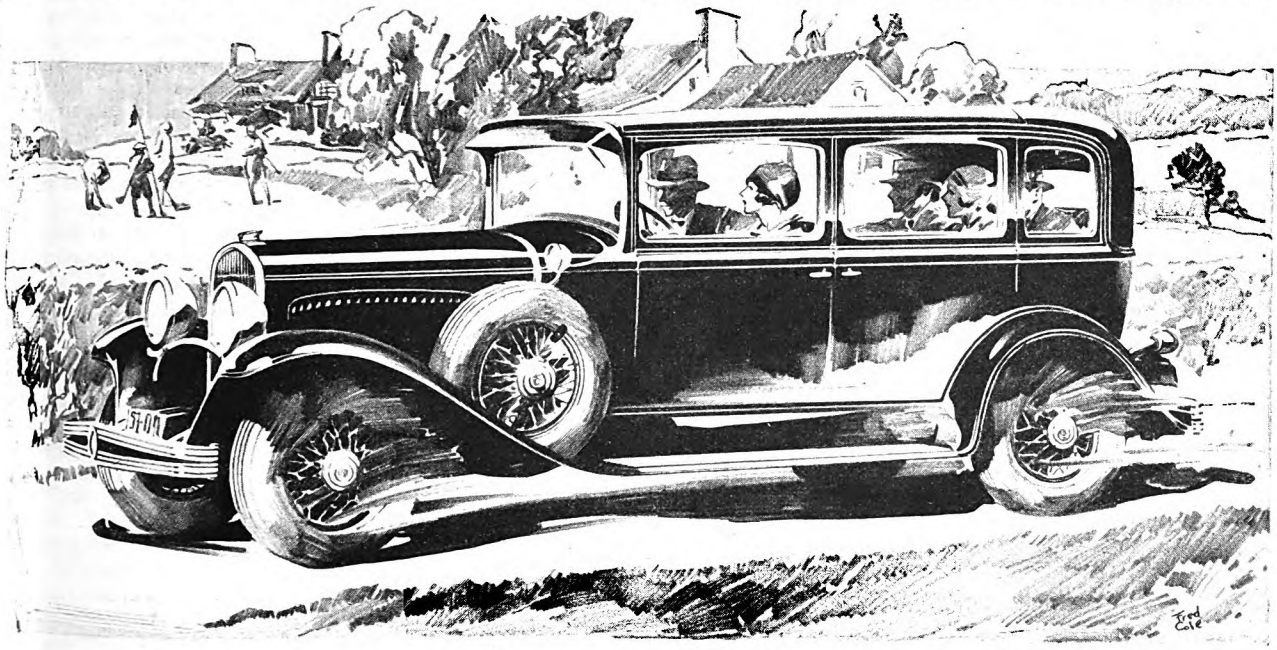
Advertisement, Literary Digest, December 6, 1924



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Hello, Hello, London

(*Continued from page 23*)

clearing house for all transatlantic telephone conversation in the Western Hemisphere, at 24 Walker Street, in the center of the financial district in downtown New York. Here the operator at the eastern end of the Chicago channel reroutes your call and later your voice to the operator stationed at the London board.

Although you might expect, because of its importance, that the transatlantic operator would be accorded an eminent position, the eastern terminal of this important service is just a technical position—they call it No. 104—in the long array of boards in long-distance headquarters. The board is flanked by other boards connecting distant cities. Its only distinction is that at its top is the legend "London," in chaste, and inconspicuous, Cheltenham.

Well, the transatlantic operator redirects your voice, still via land wire, to the huge transmitting station at Rockypoint, Long Island, 75 miles away. Here it is prepared for its 3,350-mile trip across the Atlantic. Great banks of thermionic vacuum tubes build up its strength, magnify its powers 300,000,000 times. Tremendously energized, almost irrecognizably changed in appearance (as to the form of its original wave), it is hoisted to the two-mile-long antennæ and then hurled across the seaway.

At a speed of 186,000 miles a second, it weaves across the Atlantic; static, atmospheric absorption, and such, rob it of its strength; barely a billionth part as strong as when it quit the American Continent, it is gathered by the tremendous framework of antennæ of the receiving station at Cupar, in Scotland. Replenished again, your voice is shunted to land wires that carry it into the Whitehall Exchange in the London Post Office, the European clearing house. The completion of the great adventure on which your voice set out now becomes a formal, routine thing. Your friend is on the phone at the hotel, and you are all set.

BUT now an extraordinary thing—the technical reason for which I shall discuss later—occurs. The voice of your friend, instead of returning over the same route, makes its transit on a way all its own. Returned to the Whitehall Exchange, it scurries—not back to Cupar—but to another huge transmitting station at Rugby, 85 miles removed from London. Here the voice is tremendously amplified—just as was your voice at Rockypoint. Full of vim, vigor, and vitality—millions of times more powerful than your most awful shout—it straddles the antennæ that rears 800 feet—taller than the Woolworth Tower—above the ground, coasts down the three-mile toboggan of wire, and springs for the United States, now 2,990 miles away.

A bare whisper of what it had been, it trickles into the American receiving station at Houlton, Maine. Vacuum tubes resuscitate it, and then, via 600 miles of land wires, it is sped to New York, and thence to Chicago. The whole operation may take no more than a few seconds.

Thus, explains Mr. Miller, although the conversation is carried over a single-wave length and though the question and response follow instantly, you and your friend actually relay your conversations from immensely separated geographical sounding boards. It sounds simple, but I daresay it isn't. From what Mr. Miller and his aides told me, it is a most bewildering process, although—and this is gratifying—they seem to know all about it and apparently have no great difficulty in keeping the mechanism working.

INDEED, they assure me that this new and startling form of communication—surely the most fascinating that the world has ever seen—is hardly more than in the pioneering stage. The engineers are already engaged in research directed toward perfecting the system of twenty, even fifty, years hence—a system of world communication beside which this present vehicle will seem as archaic as the dinky little device with which Alexander Graham Bell, in 1876, talked to his assistant, Thomas A. Watson, over the two miles between Boston and Cambridge, thus putting the word "Hello" on a business basis.

Scientifically, though, Mr. Miller would not prophesy just what form this new vehicle for the human voice will take, but he did hint that before long—perhaps in a decade—there may be laid across the floor of the Atlantic a huge cable for telephone use only. If this project is carried through, it will involve one of the most important engineering episodes of the century.

"Will that mean a complete abandonment of your present system?" I asked.

"Not at all," Mr. Miller answered. "What it will constitute will be a very important supplement to the existing service. In fact, because of the increase in demand, we are already broadening the present service. In addition to the single long-wave channel, over which most of the calls are made, we have established a short-wave channel. The Rockypoint-Cupar channel is conducted over a wave length of 5,260 meters, while the short-wave channel involves a wave length varying from 22 to 30 meters. The American transmitting station for this second circuit is located at Deal Beach, New Jersey, and we have acquired property near Princeton, in the same state, for other short-wave stations.

"But primarily the contemplated cable will at once serve as a complementary and supplementary factor to the radio service. You see, there are atmospheric conditions—static and such—that at times render the operation of the existing services a very difficult matter.

"Here is how static sometimes plays hob with the transatlantic telephone. Somewhere over the Atlantic a terrific storm gathers. Great discharges of lightning, inconceivably powerful, spurt from one cloud to another. The electrical current that carries your voice must break through this area of storm; but terrific as is this man-made power, it is trifling compared to this preternatural violence. During particularly excessive disturbances, it is almost impossible to drive a message through.

"Even so, we have reduced these periods to a point where they have become rare," Mr. Miller said, "by placing both receiving stations in northern latitudes—in Maine and Scotland. Curiously enough the amount of static in these vicinities is fifty per cent below that prevailing, say, in New York or more southern points. Then, by aligning our antennæ at each of these places—pointing them directly into the face of the oncoming message—we have further succeeded in outlawing the reception of alien energies. And additional protection derives from the fact that the long- and short-wave systems are rarely put out of action at the same time.

"Finally, the cable, I believe, will absolutely insure secrecy of conversation."

"Tell me," I suggested, "whether or not it is possible to overhear transatlantic telephone conversations with the ordinary radio set."

He smiled. "That's something everyone wants to know. It is possible, but not with the ordinary radio sets. We have developed a form of transmission that virtually precludes any chance of eavesdropping with the ordinary set."

IN MY investigation, I was particularly struck by the importance which is conferred upon this means of communication. A transatlantic call, apparently, is as good an introduction as a ten-inch biography in Burke's Peerage or three generations in the Social Register. Since the service has been in operation, scores of calls have been made by Americans to foreigners in high position—cabinet members, royalty, premiers, dictators—who would not otherwise be accessible to the persons calling.

What they wanted, I don't know. Probably an endorsement of a new kind of lawn mower. Still, the significant fact is that these calls are almost generally accepted, for Europeans have always been interested in what these queer Americans are doing.

When Helen Wills, the tennis player, was reported engaged, a British newspaper hastily telephoned to her in California. The 6,000-mile telephone call was rewarded with an affirmation, and Miss Wills, for her part, learned that it was a very dull, foggy day in dear old London.

In the main, Mr. Miller explained, social calls compose about forty per cent of the conversations put through, with business calls—messages from bankers, brokers, and business men—ranking just above.

Husbands traveling abroad frequently make use of the new service to assure wives that it is real business—and not monkey business—that keeps them in Paris; and sweethearts separated by oceans are never loath to put delicate fabrications upon the one hundred kilowatt current. And there is always the precedent of the husband from the Illinois

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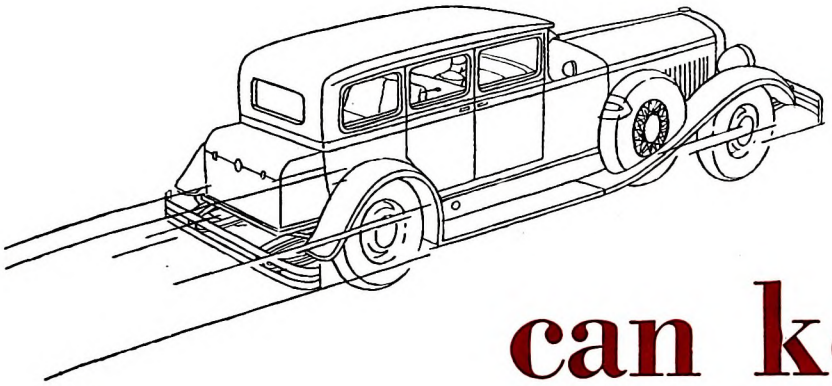

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Why did you choose the make of car you drive?

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No single upkeep item is so important in preserving this first-year feel as the quality of the oil you use.

As the result of thousands of miles of driving tests on the Atlantic City Speedway, on dirt roads and paved highways, we confidently say this: The New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. We say "confidently" because *actually* the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice 30,000 miles.

Also in fair comparative tests the New Mobiloil developed increased power and showed a 20% less consumption than many competitive oils of the same viscosity.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speeds is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

Again may we repeat that no single item in preserving your engine's first-year feel is so important as the oil you use. Get full protection for your engine by using the New Mobiloil—the achievement of 63 years of specialization in the manufacture of scientific lubricating oils.

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city who, finding upon his arrival in Paris that he had lost the shopping list which his wife had given him and commanded him not to lose, slyly called up his daughter at home and got her to repeat it to him, *sotto voce*.

One of the inveterate users of the phone was the late Belgian capitalist, Lowenstein, who fell to his death from his airplane while crossing the Channel. During his airplane trip across this country, he was in daily conversation with his foreign representatives, no matter what city he was in. It cost him a pretty penny, but he was, just before his death, one of the wealthiest men in Europe. Dillon, Read and Company, famous bankers, got on the phone to arrange a $25,000,000 loan to the Batavian Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of the Royal Dutch Company. It seems that correspondence had failed to clear up some minor detail upon which the transaction was temporarily snagged. One of the executives here in New York called up London and cleared up the misunderstanding within two minutes. The cost was forty-five dollars.

A WHOLE series of such incidents is recorded in the files of the telephone company, the calls emerging from all compass points in the United States and landing in all parts of Europe. A business man in Holland called up an automobile concern at South Bend, Indiana, and ordered $100,000 worth of automobiles. A manufacturer in Vienna called up a concern in Atlanta, Georgia, and ordered 300 bales of cotton. His script having been lost in the mails, an American composer sung his song to the stenographer of a London producer and it was played, two hours later, at the opening of a show at the Alhambra, thus averting a postponed performance.

A deal involving $1,000,000 worth of tobacco was arranged over the telephone between New York and Hambug, Germany, at a cost of $82.50, and a New York broker, trying to capture the benefit of a few minutes' difference in the rate of exchange, hurriedly purchased $6,000,000 worth of foreign currencies in the course of a two-minute conversation. Then an enterprising Chicago realtor, who had just seen the chance of getting an option on a valuable bit of property, telephoned a prospective buyer who was summering in Paris and promptly got an order to buy it. Not to overlook, either, the Detroit jewelers who got a "beat" on the proposed increase in the price of diamonds by jamming a call through to Amsterdam, purchasing $200,000 worth of unset stones just before the boost went into effect.

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, dealer in first editions, utilized the service in striking fashion. There was scheduled for auction at Southby's, in London, a copy of the vellum Aldine, "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili." Printed in 1499, it is an extremely rare item, much prized by collectors, for there remain in existence only three or four copies. Doctor Rosenbach, in Philadelphia, decided not to let the prize slip out of his fingers and, on the day of the sale, called up the auction room.

He, on the phone, more than 3,000 miles away, began a spirited competitive bidding with an English dealer who was right in the room. A clerk acted as intermediary. The price began at 500 pounds and moved upwards in great bounds. Doctor Rosenbach finally won with a bid of 3,000 pounds.

"But in view of the fact," I interrupted, "that you have but two channels to London—what do you do when three or more people want to use the service simultaneously?"

"Well, that rarely happens," Mr. Miller explained. "We have educated most people into making a date in advance. They pick a time, we reserve that time for them, and the channel is free and clear for them then."

"WHAT is the longest distance call thus far made over this system?" I asked.

"From San Diego to Stockholm, a distance of 8,630 miles," Mr. Miller said. "Here's a very extraordinary thing to consider. Suppose, for no reason at all, that a man in San Diego was able to shout loud enough to be heard in Stockholm—that is, to talk loud enough so that the sound waves he set up could be heard in the Swedish city. In view of the fact that sound waves travel only 720 miles per hour, it would require twelve hours for the American's voice to reach Stockholm, and another twelve hours for the second man's voice to return.

"In other words, there would be a twenty-four-hour lag between sentences and words. But the voice is transported over the electrical circuit at an average speed of 110,000 miles an hour, requiring but one-fourth of a second for the journey. It attains its highest speed via the radio—186,000 miles a second—and its lowest speed in the cable between St. Louis and New York, 20,000 miles a second. In other words, electricity squeezes 8,630 miles into a mere 275 feet."

"What is the longest call—that is to say, the longest in point of duration—that has ever been made?"

"Well, there have been a number that lasted about an hour, but the longest was one from Paris to New York. It lasted one hour, thirty-seven minutes, and thirty-two seconds. The cost, I believe, was $1,527.50."

THERE seems to be no special etiquette governing the use of this remarkable device; or, at least, if any has been set up, no one seems to follow it, with the exception of statesmen, who indulge in sonorous platitudes hailing the great occasion, predicting that out of it will come broader understanding and amity.

When ordinary people get on the wire, everything, to use the phrase, goes. Generally it's something like this:

"Hello, Sam, this's Bill—back in Toledo, you know."

"Well, well, well," replies Sam, slowly swallowing the significance of this. "Well, well, well, I'm flabbergasted." Then, after a pause, "How's tricks?"

"Great, Sam. How's things with you?"

"Pretty good. How's good old Toledo?"

"Same old burg. I bet," Bill suggests, "that you're painting Gay Paree red."

A $10 pause.

"Sure . . . with a great big bucket of paint. But, Bill, I'm getting lonely for the gang."

After that, there comes what seems an inescapable exchange of observations on the difference in time between the two cities, the fact that the sun is shining in one place and it is foggy in the other, and "what God hath wrought."

"You ought to try it," suggested Mr. Miller. "There's really a great kick in it."

Matthew Stirling's Adventures in the Land That God Forgot

(*Continued from page 61*)

the Rouffaer was the highway into the unknown district.

"'Gas getting low!' shouted Hoyte.

"We turned back, having been two hours in the air and seen land no white man had seen before us. We began to look for a landing place where we could unload our supplies.

"Where a tributary stream came into the Rouffaer, Hoyte came down and touched the water with the pontoons. As quickly, he rose again, for the water was too shallow and rough for the plane. Further down he tried it again, this time with success. The river was quite broad at this point and Hoyte headed the plane for a low bank with a few yards of clearing behind it. We jumped out and tied fast. On the muddy bank were fresh barefoot tracks, though not a soul was to be seen!

"We had already used more gas than was safe, so we didn't dare to seek another spot. We looked to our revolvers and followed the tracks for several hundred yards into the jungle, at the same time searching for a hiding place for our supplies. Still we saw nobody, but the jungle began to twitter with curious birdlike calls which momentarily grew louder and more numerous.

"'Papuans!' whispered Hoyte.

"We hurried back to the plane and started to unload it, carrying the stuff into some tall saw grass about a hundred feet away and covering it as best we could with oilcloth and dead leaves. The bird calls had increased alarmingly. We could hear them in the jungle on the opposite side of the stream, above and below us, and in the jungle back of us. Plainly, we had been completely surrounded by Papuans.

"Then, as if at some signal, the bird calls became savage shouts and whoops. The air literally rang with the hubbub. About four hundred yards upstream six canoes containing about thirty jet-black,

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Common Sense

A FAMOUS doctor said, "Many of the people who want me to diagnose and treat their ailments are more impressed by some scientific medical apparatus than by plain, common sense advice. And they are more willing to follow orders faithfully if given some special office treatment.

"Recently a man I know well came in looking haggard. I gave him a thorough physical examination while inquiring about his living habits. The diagnosis was clear but the patient a problem. If I had told him the simple truth that what he needed most to get back his health and strength was to slow down, sleep more, and get the proper amount of fresh air and exercise, he would have thought I did not understand the complications which were undermining his health. Had I sent him a bill for such advice, he would have told his friends that I was a robber and not fit to practice medicine.

"So I gave him a treatment with a scientific apparatus and wrote a simple prescription. At the same time I gave strict orders as to what he should eat and drink, how many hours he might work, how long he should remain in bed, and the amount of time he should devote to outdoor exercise. To make sure that he was following my orders concerning his living habits, I had him report once a week for further observation and treatments. In a few weeks he was well. He will tell you—and he believes it—that I am a great doctor.

"Perhaps someone may say my methods with him were open to criticism. But it was my responsibility to use every means within my power to bring him back to good health. Knowing my patients as I do, I know that many of them will not obey my orders for *correct living habits* if given without special treatment or medicine. More than half of the people who consult me would not have to do so if they would learn and practice important rules of health. They expect me to cure them of physical ailments which they could easily have avoided."

A majority of cases of physical let-down and distress are caused by careless or wilful violation of health rules. Bad eating habits, too little sleep and rest, lack of fresh air and exercise, worry, self-pity are responsible for many cases of bad digestion, headaches, poor circulation, constipation, jumpy nerves, depression and run-down condition.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has had a booklet prepared by eminent health experts which tells simply and clearly the fundamental rules of intelligent living habits. A chapter or more is devoted to each one of eleven important rules of health under the headings Sleep and Rest, Fresh Air, Sunlight, Exercise, Cleanliness, Water, Food, Comfortable Clothing, Work and Play, Good Posture and Good Mental Habits.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.
Booklet Department 89-A

Gentlemen:

Please mail free, without any obligation on my part, a copy of your booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life".

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

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fuzzy-topped men appeared like magic. Downstream as many more canoes and men appeared. The men were armed with bows and arrows and they gesticulated wildly. Both squadrons began to paddle madly toward us. I could see the Papuans fitting arrows to bows.

"Hoyte jumped onto the wing to crank the motor, while I cut loose the line and stood on shore holding the plane by hand. Hoyte was already exhausted by our efforts in that scorching midday sun and he just couldn't make the big motor turn over.

"The first Papuan arrows slithered over our heads or swished into the river short of us. One arrow ripped through the plane's wing—and at the same instant the motor exhaust roared; she was going at last. With throttle wide open, Hoyte headed the plane's nose toward midstream, while I crawled along the wing back to the cockpit, our tail just clearing the tree. The Papuans, paralyzed by astonishment, stood like ebony statues in their canoes. Then they leaped into the river in panic, routed without our having fired a shot.

"AFTER our second camp, which we named Batavia, was established, about seventy-five miles above Albatross Camp, we became quite friendly with the Papuans of the vicinity through the time-tried medium of beads, knives, mirrors, and various other trinkets. Daily they came into camp to look over the plane.

"The plane at the time was being used as a transport for supplies on a regular schedule, a fact which the Papuans soon noted.

"On the second day, shortly before the scheduled arrival of the plane, every Papuan had vanished from Batavia Camp. When the plane came in, the pilots reported with some amusement that numerous arrows had been shot at them along the course. They had simply gone up beyond arrow range, but still the sniping had continued.

"The next day the thing happened again. First the Papuans vanished; then, a little later, Hoyte and Hamer arrived to report another futile arrow bombardment. They had even flown low for a time, confident that no arrow could hit the fast-moving plane, whereupon a veritable fusillade had come from the jungle.

"A Malay sergeant investigated. He found the course of the stream lined with Papuans in ambush awaiting the return trip of the plane, and yet their chief professed friendship.

"'No, no,' he explained in all innocence. 'We are not angry with the strange white men who bring us presents. We are only trying to kill the big bird with the terrible voice that frightens us.'

"The sergeant promised to kill the chief if he or any of his men killed the 'big bird,' but efforts to kill the 'big bird' continued as long as we had the plane in use."

After Batavia came Motor Camp, two hundred and fifty miles up on the Rouffaer. Then Head Camp, thirty miles beyond Motor, and finally Exploration Camp, at the end of the navigable waters. This latter camp, at the threshhold of Pygmy-Land, was five hundred miles from the Mamberano's mouth. Gaining that point took four months of grueling work.

In the terrific heat and under the constant torment of insects, men went down with malaria like flies in a flame. A hospital had to be built at Camp Batavia, where Doctor Hoffman labored day and night. Every canoe bound down-river carried men too sick to go on, and the up-bound canoes carried replacements. The whites, too, felt the paroxysms of the fever, but for them there was but one choice—to go on.

A windstorm almost wiped Albatross Camp off the map. The plane, fortunately, had been drawn up for overhauling. Hoyte and Hamer were working frantically to lash it fast against the wind, when a big tree fell only a few feet away, smashing the boom to which the plane was attached. A second falling tree demolished the staging leading up to the plane.

Later, the plane was caught in one of these storms just short of Batavia Camp. For fifteen minutes Hoyte and Hamer drove it, bucking and tossing, through pitchy darkness. Coming down at camp, one of the plane's pontoons was smashed.

The damage to the airplane rendered it useless for further flights, so it was dismantled and sent back with Hoyte and Hamer to America. This left Stirling, Hedberg, and Peck, of the Americans, to continue the expedition.

"With the plane out of the way," continued Stirling, "the Papuans became daily more hostile and troublesome. They invaded Head Camp by scores and stole whatever they could lay their hands upon. An effort by our soldiers to stop this led to the camp's being surrounded by about a hundred angry natives who launched an attack with arrows. We didn't want trouble but our soldiers finally were compelled to fire. Several Papuans were killed, whereupon they retreated.

LATE in August, Exploration Camp was established in a setting of dense jungle and mountains. On both sides were precipitous cliffs of granite, masked by tangles of vines. Knifelike ridges projected upward toward the skies. Not even Papuans ventured in here, the barrier land between them and the rumored pygmies.

For days the whites and Dyaks scrambled and crawled in the final grim test—that of getting over this barrier. On some days they advanced only a mile or two, mostly on all fours like monkeys. Again, hours were spent in cutting a path through jungle growth where no man had passed for centuries, if ever. On notched trees, felled by the Dyaks, the whites crawled over gorges and wild rock-strewn streams. It was man-killing labor.

Finally, from a tree top, a Dyak sighted smoke. They made for it and came to a village. Only one person was in sight, a tiny girl of about six years. She *was* a pygmy, and she smiled!

"She was neither afraid nor surprised," Stirling told me. "She calmly waited for us to come up, prattled with delight at some bright beads that we gave her, and then led us to a house in which there was an old woman. She, too, was unafraid. We signed to her that we wished to see other people, so she promptly departed, leaving the little girl in our care. In a few minutes the old woman returned with several younger women and some men. They were all quiet, very kindly, and neither timid nor obtrusive. We were made welcome, for the first time in New Guinea, by these pygmies who had never seen nor heard of a white man.

"By evening thirty men were assembled about our camp, as well as women and children. They weren't dwarfs, but true pygmies, miniature men and women but little more than four feet tall. We bargained to trade a knife for a pig, and the pig was immediately brought, along with a bunch of bananas. Several pygmies held the pig while another stood off and dispatched it neatly with an arrow shot. We ate and slept that night in peace, awaking next morning to find that word of our coming had already spread some miles through the land. All day long we sat in camp and received delegations of polite, welcoming pygmies.

"WE SOON found that the pygmies were honest. Paid in advance for any article, they would at once go and fetch the article, as agreed. They seemed hospitable. Each of us was given a present of arrows or bracelets, no distinction being made between ourselves and the Dyaks. They proved to be keen traders.

"In no way did they resemble the Papuans, either in temperament or in physiognomy. The latter were excitable, intensely nervous, and unstable. The pygmies were calm and steady.

"The men wore fiber nets over their hair, and many had elaborate headdresses of black cassowary feathers. They carried net bags decorated with boars' teeth, and in these each had a tiny bag in which was a cacoon. They wore the tusks of boars, reed tubes, seeds, and cuscus tails in their noses and ears, necklaces of shiny black seeds or bright yellow orchid stems, and rattan arm bands, under which were concealed aromatic leaves or sweet-smelling flowers. Their most striking article of apparel was a large gourd which curved upward over the abdomen to the chest, being worn in lieu of a loin covering. In expressing amazement, they clicked their finger nails against the gourd, making a sound like that of a telegraph key.

"The women wore aprons of short strips of bark, a greater number of neck ornaments, the rattan hair net, but no headdress. By no stretch of the imagination could they be considered beautiful.

"Igoon was the head man of the village. He held that post, we were to learn, by virtue of his ability and wisdom and by common consent. The chieftainship didn't pass from father to son, but to the ablest available citizen, who continued in office until an abler man deposed him in popular opinion. The head man had no authority other than that conceded by reason; such an authority, in other words, as any community confers upon one who 'knows what he is talking about.'

"Politically, the pygmies were thoroughgoing socialists. They practiced a primitive agriculture in a common garden What the garden produced was distributed share and share alike. Nobody had less, nobody had more, than his neighbors Land and houses seemed to be common property, as were the tools, the trails, the bridges, the dogs, and the pigs. There were no rich men, no poor men. If one excelled another in public esteem, it was because of his prowess as a hunter or warrior, or because of his good sense and wisdom.

"They tried to be helpful. One day th

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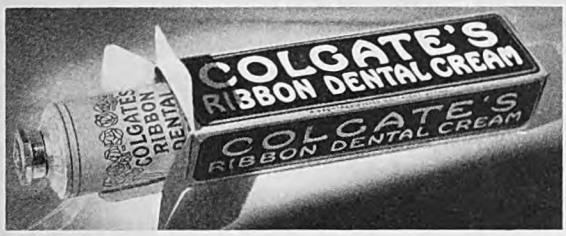
Why It Takes a Penetrating Foam to Clean Teeth *Completely*

The difference between Colgate's and ordinary toothpastes lies in the unique, active foam released by Colgate's, the instant it is brushed on the teeth.

For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly . . . *it does more!* It possesses a remarkable property called low "surface-tension" which enables it to go down to the very bottom* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums. There, it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay . . . and *washes* them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

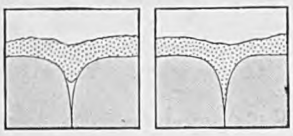
The reason why Colgate's acts in this way is because it contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man. This cleansing agent makes the famous Colgate foam whose action is described above and it is the presence of this particular ingredient which makes Colgate's a better cleanser; a more economical cleanser . . . different in action and in results from ordinary, sluggish toothpastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's active foam sweeps into every tiny crevice, washing out decaying impurities which ordinary brushing can't reach.



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1606 595 Fifth Ave., New York. In Canada address, Colgate Toronto 8, Ontario. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

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Dyaks were felling a tree near the middle of camp and were a little dubious as to its falling in the proper direction. The pygmies, without waiting to be asked, sprang to their assistance. About thirty of them brought a long pole and pushed with it against the tree to give it the desired fall.

"Their tools, all of stone, were superior to those of the Papuans, though of the same simple nature. Their houses were better built and neatly swept. The women, like those of the Papuans, lived by themselves, but in this the pygmies went their neighbors one better, or worse: In the women's huts also resided the village pigs. Fire was made by the age-old method, the friction of rattan against wood with the aid of tinder and dry leaves. Foods were more varied than those of the Papuans, a typical dinner being composed of pork, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and bananas. I couldn't recommend the pork as they cook it. Raspberries, taro, and tobacco were about the only other crops they raised. They had no beast of burden."

DAY after day new visitors from distant villages came in to see and to trade with the white men. The trading grew keener as the pygmies shrewdly demanded more for their possessions, and the whites put on entertainments of phonograph music, sleight-of-hand, and "magic." The pygmies weren't nearly so much astonished by some of these difficult tricks as they were by some simple action, like rapidly turning the pages of a book. The phonograph soon lost interest, but they marveled at what they saw through field glasses turned backwards.

The whites shaved, and the pygmies promptly did likewise, but by their own method. They pulled the hairs out by the roots, a crescent-shaped stone knife and the thumb-nail being used to perform the operation. Igoon's village became a Mecca, and daily Igoon grew in his importance and became more elaborately ornamented in his person. But in the offing trouble was brewing, nevertheless.

Stirling went on:

"A large number of villages, varying in size from a half dozen to sixty or a hundred people, were scattered through the region and joined by a maze of foot trails. Some of these villages had their own distinct languages, all perfectly understood by the neighboring villages however, and the larger villages seemed intensely jealous of each other.

"It was this jealousy which led to dangerous complications. Igoon's village became too popular to suit its rivals. Neighboring chieftains drew us aside to whisper disparagingly of Igoon's pigs and his hospitality. They insisted that we become their guests. Also, as luck would have it, we were running low in articles of trade. This led to latecomers' suspecting us of unjustly favoring Igoon's people or others who had been on hand when knives, mirrors, and beads were plentiful.

"Igoon, on the other hand, became just as insistent that we remain in his village as did the others that we leave it. We wanted to do some further exploring in the region. Finally we decided to use our present camp as a base from which to make excursions.

"This new plan, put into effect, proved utterly unsatisfactory to the pygmies. It only half pleased Igoon and displeased everybody else. At first we were received cordially enough in the neighboring villages, but as soon as it became known that we had not come to stay, friendliness changed to downright hostility.

"At the time we were at a village called Tombage. The pygmy guides we had engaged overnight refused to lead us farther. When we spoke of presents left at Igoon's village, the men of Tombage made plain that we could regain favor only by throwing over Igoon for good and moving permanently to Tombage.

"This was a nice howdy-do, so we decided to go on without guides. For two hours we put up a desperate struggle, cutting our way and tunneling through dense undergrowth which was soaking wet and a mystery even to the Dyaks, crawling up rocky rivulets through jungle that seemed to begin and end nowhere. Finally we had to give up. Without the pygmies we were helpless, lost. We went back to Tombage prepared for retreat.

"All of the pygmies were gathered around and there was a strange quietness in the air. Standing beside a big log, about twenty-five yards from our tent, were three men carrying bows and arrows. Back of our camp, the same distance away from them, was a man from the neighboring village of Towase. His face was painted black and he was wearing a most elaborate coiffure. His hair had been arranged in a hundred or more long curls and was oiled until it shone. Over it he wore six hair nets, one atop the other. He was bedecked with an array of savage finery.

"Then the three Tombage warriors began to shoot their arrows with deadly accuracy at the visitor. They shot one at a time, taking careful aim and drawing their arrows to full length, but the arrows streaked through the air in rapid succession. The Towase man would crouch tensely, facing the bowman, and dodge the arrow, which was only a fraction of a second in reaching him. Between shots he would occasionally take a hasty shot himself.

"No stage play was this, no childish game, but serious business. The aim of the Tombage men was good, and practically every arrow touched the living target. I checked six shots. Three of them glanced off the man's back, one off his head, one grazed his cheek and pierced the wad of hair nets, and the sixth he dodged. One false move and he would have been a dead or badly wounded man.

"IN VIEW of our being in disfavor it was no time for us to interfere, so we took the trail for the village of Igoon while the grim shooting went on.

"Igoon explained it. The man from Towase had merely wanted to marry a Tombage girl. The shooting contest was a test of his courage and dodging ability in battle. If he came through the test alive he was a fit bridegroom. If he didn't—well, the lady had simply picked the wrong man and had to find another."

More than a month the party lived with the pygmies. Hedberg, Peck, and the Dutch leader, Dr. Van Leeuwen, finally arrived with convict carriers and soldiers to join Stirling and Le Roux and their Dyaks.

"Le Roux and I made countless head and body measurements for scientific study," Stirling related, "until we were literally overwhelmed with requests to be measured. The pygmies regarded this as a sort of ceremony of greeting. They even insisted that we measure the children. We gathered hundreds of articles representative of their industry, culture, and life. Our trading was done always with the scientific interest in the forefront. We had such a large quantity of this stuff that getting it back to the coast became a serious problem.

"Marriage was an odd institution among the pygmies. The arrow-shooting test was but a phase of it. Sometimes the pygmies formally married and sometimes they didn't, though they all had children. When a woman was taken in marriage the husband chopped off the first joint of one of her fingers with a stone ax. If his wife died, the widower chopped a joint off one of his own fingers.

"Many women in Igoon's village complained that their men were away in other villages under the spell of rival charmers. Despite this philandering, however, there seemed to be few domestic difficulties and the women generally were treated well.

"Earthquakes, we found, are common in those mountains. One evening we had a particularly violent one. I've felt a lot of earthquakes at one place or another and they have usually been preceded by a characteristic rumble, but this one came down on us with a roar like that of an express train, growing louder and louder, until at the climax of the roar came a jarring shock that knocked things topsy-turvy. Then the roar receded as it had come, passing from west to east.

"WE HAD one difficulty in getting out of this land. Because of the quantity of ethnological objects that we had collected, we were put to it for carriers, and tried to hire the pygmies. They refused to help us, and with designs aforethought. They reasoned that if we couldn't take out what we had bought by trade, they would fall heir to all of their former possessions. They even refused to sell us food to replenish our own depleted supplies.

"Nevertheless, we had no desire to end our lives in a pygmy village. We foiled the pygmies in their first design by loading the first carriers out with our ethnological collection and by forming relays to bring out the camp equipment. For food we subsisted on a variety of ferns and green bananas, which we cooked. The pygmies, despite their threats, didn't molest us, though they were fighting mad at our going. In the end they relented and we parted friends.

"Hedberg went down with malaria. Our Dyaks were cut and sore from scrambling over rocks; one had been so badly injured that he had to be carried; another was helpless with black water fever. Our shoes were in shreds, as was also our clothing. The men were thin, wornout, held up only by the fact that their faces were turned home."

Stirling laughed.

"Gosh, what a sight we were," he said. "But, happy? I was the happiest man in the world! We had done gone and done it, as we used to say in school. We had got our money's worth!"

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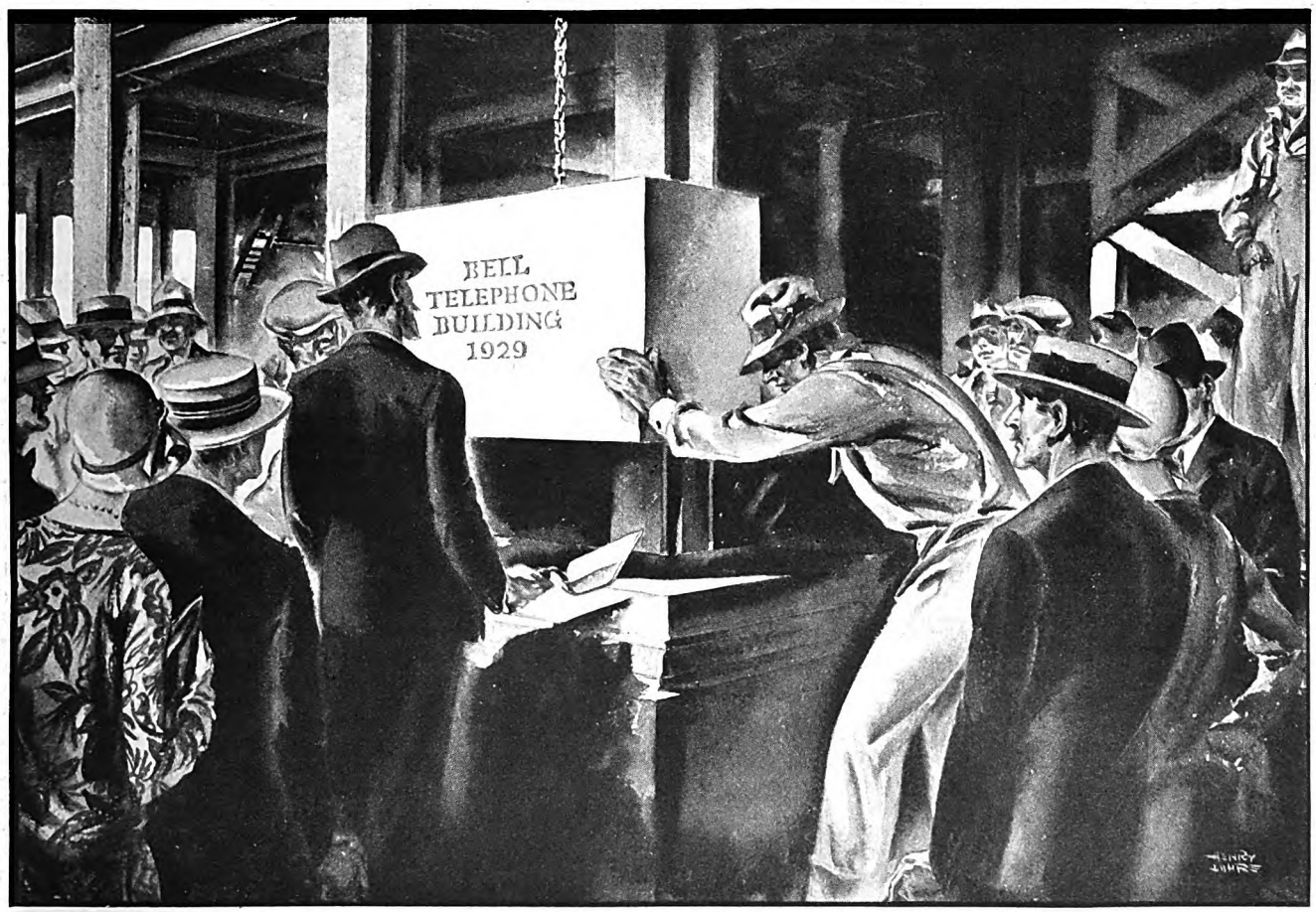

THE BELL SYSTEM IS BUILDING AHEAD OF THE GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY

This is the telephone's job and goal

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE United States is developing a new civilization. The telephone is an indispensable element in it. The Bell System is building ahead of the growth of this civilization. In 1929 the telephone budget for land and buildings is 54 million dollars, with new buildings rising in 200 cities. New equipment for central offices will cost 142 millions; exchange lines 120 millions; toll lines 119 millions.

The Bell System's total expenditure for plant and service improvements this year will be 559 million dollars.

This outlay is required because the telephone is a universal servant of this democracy. Business uses it to create more prosperity. Homes use it for comfort and protection, for keeping friendships alive and enriching life. Its general use enables each personality to extend itself without regard to distance.

The telephone ideal is that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

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The Great Tomorrow

By WALTER B. PITKIN

Professor of Journalism, Columbia University; Formerly Associate Editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica

Hunting Lions By Television

AT THE next World's Fair we are promised front seats at a lion hunt in Africa. Television will bring it to us. After that, there will be only one thing left to do, and that is to shoot lions in Africa by television, we sitting comfortably at home as we aim our rifles with a radio dial. To give the sport the right zest, our inventors must rig up a contraption which enables the lions to bite the hunter by radio.

Don't Fly! Just Glide!

SO YOU don't want to drive your own plane? You find piloting too strenuous? All right! Just hook your glider to a Raab-Katzenstein express train, and you'll be relieved of all care, effort, and responsibility in air travel.

On February 26, the Germans ran the first air train in the world's history. The locomotive was a husky plane designed to haul several gliders. Each glider was attached so that its passenger could unhook it whenever he pleased. The train flew at an altitude of 1,200 feet. Each glider cut itself off and gently descended while the train was traveling at top speed.

A long-distance service is now being started. Then real air travel will begin. A glider is very cheap—only a few hundred dollars. It is very easy to handle. No reason why a big firm couldn't rent you gliders and take you wherever you wished to go, for much less money and at much less air hazard than in separate machines, or you might own a private one.

Farms in Skyscrapers

BUT it will not seem half so queer to the average man as farming in skyscrapers. The time is at hand when this will become common. Already it has begun. New York City produces foodstuffs quite as truly as Kansas does. At a recent meeting of the Institute of Chemistry, Dr. H. E. Barnard said: "Thirty men working in a factory the size of a city block can produce in the form of yeast as much food as 1,000 men tilling 57,000 acres under ordinary agricultural conditions." And yeast, say the scientists, can be used as the basis for a variety of palatable foods. Chemists feel sure that they will be synthesizing the proteins before very long; and when they do, that will shift more food manufacturing from farm to town. Then, too, the cities will be hte logical sites for growing certain food plants under glass and in peculiar lights which stimulate leaf, stalk, tuber, fruit, or flower, according to what you want. Up at the marvelous Boyce Thompson Institute, in Yonkers, New York, they are already doing this. Within another generation, what is now a scientific trick will become a commercial commonplace.

And Now All's Well Again

WHAT would you do with an old natural gas well that's all petered out and as empty as a hole in the ground—which it is?

A cunning Canadian has hit upon a use for it. He is C. J. Yorath, president of the Canadian Western Natural Gas, Light, Heat and Power Company. His company is going to refill the old wells! They have some wells where the gas pressure is high. They lie pretty far from present markets, away up in the Turner Valley, southwest of Calgary. Their gas is now going to waste—which is a pity. So Yorath is going to pipe this overflow away over to some empty wells at Bow Island. Billions of cubic feet will thus be conserved.

What next? Will artificial gas be tanked up in old holes too? Well, why not?

One World, One Speech, One Harmony

YOU have often thought how much better off the whole world would be if everybody spoke the same language. Perhaps the best thing that could happen in the next century would be the total abolition of foreign languages. But which one will survive as the world speech? English, surely. Dominant today, it will become universal in the Great Tomorrow. And its victory is being accelerated by the movies and radio. Our pictures have already developed a mania for learning English in the uttermost parts of the earth. Soon broadcasting will be perfected so that American programs will reach all of Europe, Africa, and South America with ease. Then you can go to any town and into any store or home and talk with the natives. Race hatreds, silly nationalisms, and stupid wars will have hard sledding in those days.

Ether Talk Around the World

WITHIN a year or two you can flash a 500-word letter or a photograph halfway around the world in 48 seconds. Dr. Zworykin, of the Westinghouse laboratories, has a wholly new device that reproduces the dispatch directly on photographic paper at this appalling velocity. Here's another thing that will help to Americanize the world. Conversation by ether is coming, and most of it will be in the English language. The preponderance of American radio broadcasting and international telephoning has already created a greater interest abroad in the American language, and each new development in communication brings the day of a common tongue nearer. And what will all the authors of conversation books for tourists do then?

Shall We All Wear White Tomorrow?

THE Bureau of Standards finds that white cotton and silk admit ultra-violet rays to the skin, while wool and colored fabrics shut them out. Ultra-violet brings health and thwarts many ailments. When people, in the Great Tomorrow, follow science instead of fads, will they all dress in white, even in the winter, as Mark Twain used to do? It's a cheap way to get the rays.

These rays come through tracing cloth, too, as C. H. Young, of McGill University, has just discovered. But heat waves don't penetrate it easily. So Young suggests that, by using tracing cloth for our curtains and opening our windows, we can keep cool and yet benefit from ultra-violet even better than if we were to install the ultra-violet glass. Thus do the good things of life grow cheaper and cheaper.

Looking Pleasant Panoramagraphically?

BUT there are many new things whose use and human value cannot be even guessed. Some of them may lie around for years gathering dust until something else bobs up that creates a market for them. We saw such an oddity the other day at the Bell Telephone laboratories. Ten years ago Dr. Kanolt, of the Bureau of Standards, had invented it and laid it away to rest because he saw no particular use for it. Then Dr. Herbert Ives, who made television possible, tackled the same problem independently, never having heard of Kanolt's work. He devised a camera which photographs you in several positions continuously. The picture also gives depth effects, like the old-fashioned stereoscope. Look at it directly, and you see yourself in front view. Look at it from the left, and you see yourself in profile! So too with all other positions. Now, can you think of a use for this?

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Snubbed *into* solitaire

Here is a man of charm and distinction who loves bridge and plays it like a master. Yet were you to follow him to Palm Beach in the winter or to Newport in the summer, you would usually find him playing solitaire — certainly not from choice—but actually snubbed into it by those of his own set. He is the fourth nobody wants. And he doesn't know why.

If you have ever met a person with a real case of halitosis (bad breath) you can readily understand what a barrier to social or business success it would be. Imagine yourself in such a predicament.

As a matter of fact, the probabilities are that you *do* have halitosis *frequently*. Few escape it for the reason that every day, in normal mouths, odor-producing conditions (many of germ origin) develop. So, thousands have halitosis and are unable to detect it.

Since the risk is great and detection difficult, the wise thing to do is to definitely put your breath beyond suspicion by the daily use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It both prevents halitosis and ends it, should it get the upper hand.

While safe and pleasant in action, full strength Listerine is a powerful germicide which kills even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds. Naturally, it destroys lesser germs in the mouth. Furthermore, it's an active deodorant which overcomes odors of all kinds.

No fastidious person will omit the use of Listerine daily. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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The Drift Fence

(*Continued from page 65*)

From time to time Jim had to take a swallow of water from the canteen. These movements caused him acute pain, but when it subsided he suffered only the dull, throbbing ache in head and breast. He could stand it. He did not mind except when it interfered with his pondering of the problem of Molly Dunn. At some late hour in the night relief from his mental struggle came, if not relief for the physical distress under which he labored. He had made up his mind about Molly, and a sweetness, a gladness, pervaded his soul. Then he fell asleep.

WHEN Jim awoke at last, not only had dawn come, but the sun had risen. His throbbing headache had departed and he seemed to be doing pretty well indeed. He sat up, finding that only the use of his left arm and shoulder hurt him severely.

About this hour, he reflected, there would be consternation in the Diamond camp. Curly and Bud would scatter those cowboys like a bunch of quail; and lonesome riders encountered in the woods were going to have to give strict account of their presence.

Thus engaged in thought, he was not prepared for low clatter of hoofs down the trail. The horse that made it was neither heavy nor shod. It swelled clearer for a little, slowed down, and then ceased.

"It's Molly," said Jim softly, and yet he endeavored to fortify himself against mistake. The moments dragged, until a rustle of brush and soft footfalls just behind the lean-to brought him up transfixed and thrilling.

Suddenly the slight, gray form he had in his mind's eye appeared before him. She was bareheaded and the sunlight glinted from her disheveled hair. She carried a bundle. Her eyes appeared unnaturally large and black in her small, pale face.

"Morning, Molly. I reckoned you'd never come," he said gladly.

"Are you—all right?"

"I had an awful night. And I was bad until just now," he replied.

She sat down and, depositing her bundle, she put a hand to her bosom as if to still its heaving. She appeared worn and troubled, as if she had passed a harassed, sleepless night. She seemed such a wistful, pathetic little figure. Jim's heart filled with tenderness.

"Molly, did you get home safe?"

"Yes. Slinger didn't come, an' Ma never heahed me."

"That's fine. I'm sure glad. I've worried a lot." Then, noticing that she wore a bloodstained bandage around her left hand, he asked solicitously if she had injured herself.

"No. I just put this on to fool Ma, so I could go to the store," she explained, in a matter-of-fact tone. "An' I told Mr. Summers I'd cut myself an' was scared of blood poisonin'. I bought this medicine, an' I've fetched some clean linen, a towel an' soap, an' somethin' for you to eat."

"You're just wonderful, Molly!"

She gave him a fleeting flash of eyes. "I'll fetch some water," she returned.

Presently she reappeared, as noiseless as a shadow, to set the dripping canteen down beside him, and then knelt to undo a buckskin thong around the bundle.

"It's goin' to hurt right smart," she said practically.

"Molly, I could stand being carved into mincemeat by you!"

Whereupon she laid a cool hand on his forehead and temples, and then slipped it inside his open shirt to feel of the bandages.

"Wal, you don't 'pear to have fever, but you shore look an' talk flighty," she said. "Will you hold still an' keep quiet? This's goin' to hurt like sixty. I've done it more'n once for Arch."

Jim nodded his acquiescence. She cut the strips of scarf that had served as a bandage, and then she essayed to remove the pads. They had stuck tight. She saturated them with water and pulled gently at them. Jim made the mental reservation that it hurt twice times sixty. But once the pads had been removed, how soothing to his hot skin and the irritated wounds were the touch of her cool hand and the feel of water!

"There. I cain't do no more for you," she said, after applying a stinging solution to the wounds and bandaging them thoroughly. "I reckon these bullet holes are healin' clean, but it'd be sense to have your men get you to Flag, pronto. . . ."

"Thanks, Molly. I'm very grateful to you," he rejoined, opening his eyes to smile up at her. "I'll go to Flag, if it's necessary. But I'll come back. . . . Molly, is it safe for you to stay with me a while?"

"Safe? I reckon so, now I'm heah," she replied. "Ma won't miss me. . . . But all the same I ought to *run!*"

"Run? From what?"

"From you, Mr. Jim."

"Please leave off the Mister. We've known each other a long time now. Why should you run from *me?*"

"I've been with you only twice, an' you made a fool of me both times," she replied resentfully.

"I never did," he protested. If he could stir her, even to anger, he might overcome the aloofness he sensed in her this morning.

"You shore did. That night on the porch at Flag! An' yesterday—that was worse. Your persuadin' me!"

"Molly, consider. There was no excuse for me at the dance. But yesterday there was."

"Maybe for you. But not for me. I shore wonder what you think of me."

"MOLLY, if you'll look at me, I'll tell you what I think of you," he said, in the coolest, easiest tone he could muster.

The dark head whirled. Her spirited action, the fire of her eyes, the receding of hot color, implied a doubt of him. Yet there seemed something else in her expression, not conscious hope, but a pathos due to the dream she only half divined.

"Will you marry me?" he asked simply, but with deep emotion.

"Mr. Jim!"

"Let's dispense with the Mister. Call me plain Jim, and say 'Yes.'"

"Boy, now I *know* what ails you," she said, in self-reproach.

"No, you don't. I haven't come to that."

"If you're not out of your haid, what on earth are you?" she cried wildly.

"In love, Molly."

"In love! . . . With *me?*" she whispered.

He got hold of her hand, to find it trembling. "Listen, child," he began, determined to convince her. "You remember our meeting. Well, I think I fell in love with you then. If not then, at the dance surely. And last night I made up my mind to ask you to marry me. I've been shot, I know, Molly. And I'm excited. But I am absolutely in possession of all my wits. I love you very dearly. And I want to make you my wife."

"Me? Molly Dunn?"

"Yes, you—Molly Dunn."

"Oh! . . . I cain't believe it," she exclaimed, incredulous of the amazing truth. "But, Mr. Jim—"

"Stop calling me that," interrupted Jim imperiously. "Call me Jim. . . . Do you hear? *Jim!*"

"Shore, I heah you . . . Jim," she replied sweetly.

"It sounds very nice. Now, what do you say, Molly?"

"I'm shore upset. An' I'll be so—so proud all my life—an' happy that you love me an' want me. . . . But, Jim, I cain't marry you."

"Molly! Do you love someone else?"

"No."

"Don't you—couldn't you care for me?"

SHE gave him an enigmatical little smile. "Jim, you *have* lost your haid," she went on. "I'm Molly Dunn of the Cibeque. They always called me that. My brother is Slinger Dunn. An' this last shootin' will make him an outlaw."

"It needn't, Molly. No one need ever know. I'll not tell. And I'll find a way to change Slinger."

"But that's only one reason," she protested. "My father has lived for years under a cloud. . . . My mother isn't much good, either. There's talk aboot her an' this an' that cowboy. Jim, I may be pretty, like a wood mouse, as Arch calls me, but I'm nobody. I'm no-no fit girl for you."

"Why not?" he demanded, stabbed again by that fierce, jealous doubt. "You've sure got good looks. You've the face, the hands—the instincts of a lady. There must be good blood in your family."

"Yes. My mother came from a southern family. She brags aboot it. It's a lot to do with her fittin' so poor in a log cabin."

"Molly, if—if—" he tortured himself to get this out—"if you've had affairs with any boys—with Jocelyn—or anyone—affairs you're ashamed of—just forget them. I *know* you're the kind of a girl who'd tell me. But I really don't want to know. I think you've had a rotten deal down here in the Cibeque. What chance have you had—among these louts. So, Molly, turn your back on the whole mess and come to me."

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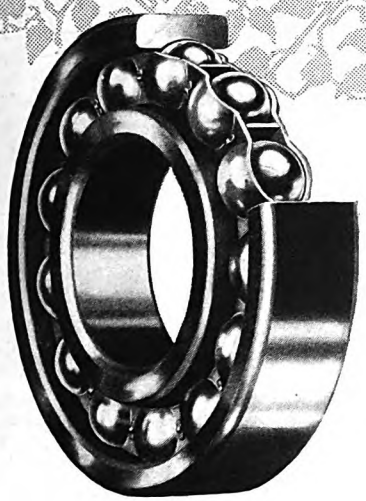

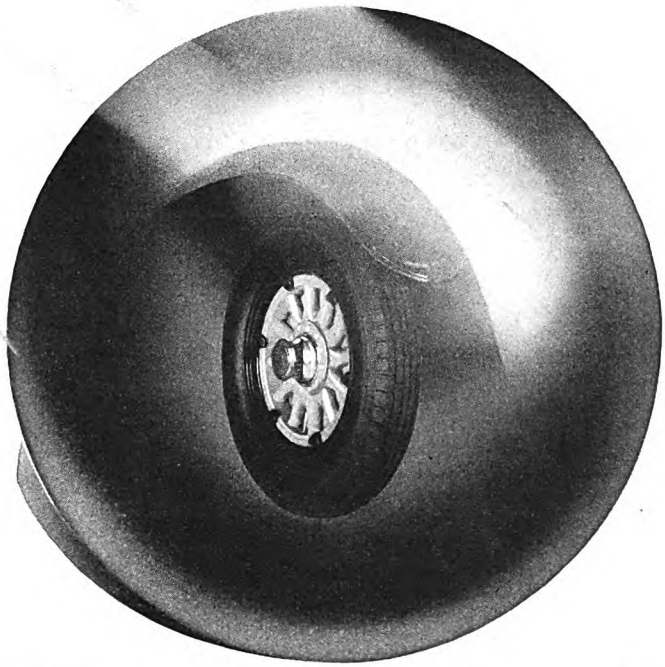

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"Jim Traft, do you think I'd ever disgrace you *now?*" she flashed, with tears welling down over her cheeks. "Just that you said, would make me love you, if nothin' else would. But it also makes me see clear. . . . I—I *cain't* marry you."

Jim did not press this point any further, for her demeanor, the way she clung to his hand, the tremendous agitation that shook her, the telltale eyes of which she was not conscious, were facts that moved him with tumultuous joy.

"But, Jim, I reckon you've heahed talk aboot me," she went on. "An' you're shore the one man I'd tell everythin'. Don't you let any lies aboot me stick in your haid."

"I didn't, Molly," said Jim, which he feared was not wholly truth. But, on the other hand, had he not clung to some strange championship of her? Then he told her of Hack Jocelyn's vain boastings, of his innuendoes, and at last his open, vile claim.

"Slinger will kill him for that," she replied furiously.

"I'd have done it myself," declared Jim, "if the boys hadn't pulled me off him."

"Jim, he never had no claim on me," Molly said earnestly. "Some of the other boys have tried to make up to me. But I cross my heart, Jim, no boy ever got anythin' like you got from me."

"Darling!" cried Jim.

That, and the stealing of Jim's arm round her waist, drawing her down, would have been Molly's undoing. But he heard a soft step. A shadow crossed the light above him.

JIM had only a glimpse of Slinger Dunn looming over him, gun in hand. Then Molly, with a scream, threw herself upon Jim protectingly.

"So heah you are, you wood louse," grated Slinger.

"Arch, I found him—on the trail—bleedin' to death," cried Molly.

"When—an' what you doin' up heah?"

"I—I went ridin', Arch. Yesterday. I heahed a shot. Then you came by like mad. An' I found him."

"You was meetin' him heah."

"No. No. Honest—I wasn't."

Jim needed only one look up at Slinger Dunn's face to understand Molly's terror.

"Dunn, she's not a liar," he said. "She couldn't have known I was on the trail. I was trailing the man who cut the drift fence."

"Aw, she'd lie an' you'd swear to it." His piercing gaze rested curiously on Jim. "How do *you* happen to be alive?"

"Your bullet hit my watch."

"Wal, heah's another," said Slinger, with fierce intensity, and he brought the gun up to align it with Jim's head. But quick as a flash Molly covered Jim.

"For God's sake, Slinger, don't kill him," she begged.

"I shore will. An' I jest aboot as lief bore you, too. . . . Git up."

He kicked Molly, and his boot came in contact with Jim's thigh. The brutality of it, after the deadly speech, seemed to liberate Jim from a cold paralysis.

"Let go of me, Molly," ordered Jim. "If he's such a skunk as that, he might kill you. And if he means to murder me you can't stop him."

Molly not only refused to move, but she got her arms round Jim and clung to him, shielding his vital parts with her quivering body.

"Arch, you cain't shoot him—when he's down—crippled—defenseless," she burst out passionately. "It wouldn't be human. It wouldn't be like Slinger Dunn. . . . If it's on my account, you're wrong—terribly wrong. He never meant—bad by me."

"Molly, I reckon he's *done* bad by you. An' you're not only lyin' for him, but givin' yourself away."

"You cold-hearted devil!" she exclaimed. "How could you have a decent thought? . . . Kill me too!"

"Ahuh. You little hussy! . . . But bein' daid wouldn't hide your shame, Molly Dunn."

"Oh, Arch, there's no shame. . . . There's been nothin' but thoughts an' feelin's that have changed me. . . . I love him. Cain't you see it? I love him!"

"Wal, I ain't blind," replied Slinger, and, reaching down, he laid hold of Molly and tried to pull her off. Then suddenly Molly, fierce as a wildcat, flung herself upon Slinger and fought him for the gun.

The girl's courage, following her declaration of love, roused the lion in Jim. With all his might he kicked Dunn's hand, knocking the gun out of it.

"Hold still! Somebody comin'," whispered Dunn hoarsely, stiffening.

Molly slipped out of his grasp, down to the ground. Jim listened, but could hear nothing save the pounding of his heart. Dunn stood strung like a listening deer. Then the brush crashed.

"Hands up!" came in a cool, sharp voice that made Jim's blood leap.

Dunn's back was turned. Swiftly he elevated his arms high above his head. Jim moved, to see that Curly Prentiss had appeared round the corner of the lean-to. He held a cocked gun.

"Come round heah, Bud," he called. And, with more crashing in the brush, Bud Chalfack followed his extended rifle into view. Both cowboys stepped closer, eyes piercing and hard.

Jim slipped Dunn's gun out of sight—an act as impulsively swift as the thought that prompted it.

"Face around heah," ordered Curly, and as Dunn pivoted, he showed no surprise, but an alert, cold suspicion.

"BY HEAVEN!" shouted Bud. "If there ain't the boss. . . . An' Molly Dunn!"

Jim seized avidly upon his opportunity, though his wit and spirit far exceeded his physical strength.

"Hello, boys," he began huskily. "So you found me—at last. . . . Put up your guns."

"What's wrong heah?" demanded Curly, and Jim's heart felt a rush of warm gladness and thrill at the significance of the cowboys' mien.

"Nothing wrong, Curly—now—you've found me," replied Jim, cheerfully. "Put down your gun—and you too, Bud. I'm nervous."

"Wal, you look it," growled Curly, complying with Jim's order. Bud likewise lowered his weapon. "I reckon you'd better talk fast."

"Curly," burst out Jim, in relief, "yesterday I found a cut in the drift fence. And horse tracks on the trail. I followed them down here. . . . Somebody shot me, knocked me galley-west off my horse. . . . When I came to, Molly Dunn was bathing my face. She was on her way up to camp—to warn me that Jocelyn and the Cibeque outfit had planned to kidnap me—for ransom. She heard the shot and found me.

"Well, it turned out the bullet had glanced off my watch, and cut up through my shoulder. We tied it up. I wasn't able to get on my horse. Molly wanted to ride up to camp and fetch you. But I thought it'd be best for her to go home. You fellows would probably trail me, and if you didn't she could ride up today. . . . Well, Molly came today, and it seems that her brother trailed her. Found us here. And, well—the truth is, he thinks I'm a bad egg—and had evil intentions toward Molly. That upset me—and made Molly sore. . . . And, I reckon—that's all."

"SLINGER DUNN, you're shore a thunder of a bright fellar," quoth Curly, with all the sarcasm of a disgusted cowboy. "Let your hands down. An' mebbe you'd do well to make yourself scarce around heah. But before you go, you put this in your pipe an' smoke it, you — — — hard nut of a Cibeque gun-slinger!— My boss, Jim Traft, wouldn't never have evil intentions toward *no* gurl, much less so sweet and luvly a little lady as your sister."

"Slinger, sumbody ought to beat the daylights out of you," added Bud. "Me an' Curly both made up to Molly. Was we good enough fer her? No, we was not. Mebbe Jim *was* good enough. But you can gamble both he an' Molly are above your low-down suspicions. . . . Now, you mosey along, and hereafter stay on your side of the fence!"

Slinger eyed them while they delivered their separate speeches, and then looked strangely down upon Molly, and lastly at Jim. Then he strode out, to disappear in the brush.

The situation lost its suspense.

"You dog-gone old tenderfoot," said Curly, sitting down beside Jim. "Gone an' got yourself shot fer the Diamond! I shore hope it ain't bad."

Bud crowded in beside Molly. "Boss, I wuz orful scared fust off. Course, we didn't see who it wuz. . . . Gosh, I never wuz so glad aboot nothin'. . . ."

"An' so little Molly found you!" ejaculated Curly. "My Lord, the luck uv some fellars!"

"Howdy, Molly," drawled Bud. "So you saved our boss? Wal, I reckon now the Diamond will belong to you."

"Boys," interposed Jim, with a happy ring in his voice, "I know *a* diamond that will be Molly's, if she'll take it—along with the boss of the Diamond."

The cowboys looked bewildered volumes and were speechless. "You boys take yourselves off in the woods for ten minutes," ordered Jim audaciously.

Curly got up awkwardly, after the manner of cowboys, and Bud followed suit. "But say good-by to Molly," added Jim, relenting.

Curly had dignity and selflessness. "Miss Molly, you shore hev my thanks. Jim has won over the Diamond, an' if he's won you—wal, I don't wonder, an' I reckon him the luckiest fellar on the range. Good-by an' good luck."

They slumped away into the spruce, leaving a pleasant jingle of spurs.

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"Oh, they're terrible—an' lovable, too," burst out Molly, lifting a flushed face.

"You bet they are. But that tickled me, Molly," declared Jim. "I've had a time with them. And of all the tables turned on them, this with you is the best! I think we turned the table on Slinger, too. . . . Darling, do you know you told him—*you loved me?*"

"What else could I do?" wailed Molly.

"But, heavens, tell me you didn't lie!"

She turned away her face. "No, Jim."

"You do love me?" he implored, drawing her close.

"I cain't help it. . . . But don't ask me—never no more—what you did."

"I shan't, if you're going to be distressed. But, Molly Dunn, that offer stands!"

"Don't!— What do you think I'm made of, anyhow? . . . But, Jim, the wonderfullest thing I ever lived was when you hatched that lie to save Slinger. Jim, if I hadn't loved you before that I'd have done it after. . . . Perhaps it's all for some good. You shore have changed me. Who knows? Maybe even Slinger Dunn might be made to see."

"I had the same thought, Molly," said Jim earnestly. "And some day I'll follow it up. . . . Now you must go, Molly."

He released her, won to solicitude by the gray hue and strain of face she betrayed. But suddenly she surprised him by flinging her arms around his neck, and pressing lips and cheeks to his. "Oh—Jim! *Jim!* . . ." Then she rose and ran into the spruce.

Jim lay back spent, elated, conscious of recurring pangs in his wounds, overcome by his feelings. But presently his reverie was disrupted by the advent of the cowboys with his and their horses. Bud found his saddle, and then came into the lean-to for the blankets.

"Come on, you boss of the Diamond," he said, making no effort to help Jim up.

Jim slowly crawled to a post of the lean-to and, using that as a support, he labored to a standing position. Then he swung up into the sadd e, to fierce, shooting pangs through his shoulder.

A WHOLE week had to pass by before Molly Dunn came out of her trance. Good luck facilitated an otherwise insupportable situation. Her parents never learned she had been away from home nearly the whole of two days.

She felt Slinger's eyes upon her at times when she was not looking at him, but he never spoke to her. More significant of his mental chaos were the hours he spent sitting idle. Sometimes he would go into the field and work, careful to take a rifle along. Molly would catch a glimpse of him, leaning motionless on a spade, looking off into the forest.

A second Sunday came. Would she date all the rest of her life from that last day in the woods with Jim Traft? What would become of her? When Andy called, she begged him to excuse her. "Why, gurl, you're sick. You look turrible," he said anxiously.

Then, in the afternoon, young Keech came on horseback. He was very mysterious, and Molly felt she would presently be rude, but he whispered to her that he had brought something for her which he had left outside by the fence. He gave no explanation and departed.

"Crazy fool," muttered Molly, who had no patience these days. "Whatever is he up to?"

Nevertheless, curiosity consumed her, and she went out by the gate and searched in the bushes. There she stumbled upon a large package, neatly tied in paper, the like of which she had seen in the big Flagerstown store.

She watched her chance to carry the parcel in unobserved, and up to the sanctuary of her attic. Then, with trembling hands and beating heart, she opened it. Inside were three smaller parcels, and some books, one old and several new. One parcel was a box of candy tied with ribbons. Another held the most beautiful silk scarf Molly had ever seen. The third was a little sewing kit, containing everything imaginable.

"Shore, it's from Jim—bless his heart!" she murmured, and searched frantically for a note. There appeared to be none, and her wild hopes subsided. She examined the books and thrilled at their titles. The old book was a school grammar and had the look of long thumbing. Then on the flyleaf she discovered handwriting:

James Traft. Wellsville High School. September 1, 1878.

MOLLY was thrilled, puzzled, and then suddenly dismayed. "It's a hint for me to study how to talk correct," she muttered resentfully. But anger would not abide with her. One single query drove it away. Why should Jim Traft want her to make up for her lack of education? There could be only one answer. He wished her to study. He believed in her. He meant— But Molly dared not follow up that thought.

Molly hugged the grammar, miserably sure of her mingled pain and joy. She put it under her pillow. She kissed the silken scarf and tied it round her neck. And all the rest of that afternoon she sat by her window, devouring both the candy and the storybooks.

The next Sunday Molly waited all day for another possible visit from young Keech. But he did not come and she had to fight bitter disappointment. Reason came back to her, however, after she had become thoroughly wretched. Keech would have to ride to Flagerstown, a whole day, and another back home. Then it would take the same time to make the trip down the Cibeque and back. Four days out of one week! That was too much. But he might come again the following Sunday, and she lived on the hope of that.

Slinger still stayed at home, though now and then he went to the village; and Molly detected that he was drinking. Once or twice he had spoken gruffly to her. And he had cut the corn and packed it into the crib; he had repaired the fence to keep the hogs out; he had begun to chop the winter supply of firewood.

Molly marveled, and sadly divined the torment in him. No doubt he had expected a visit from the Flagerstown sheriff, or the cowboys of the Diamond. But they did not appear. And no word of Jim Traft's having been shot by fence-cutters had yet reached West Fork. Molly believed now that it never would, and so she told her brother.

Other news and rumors were rife, however, some of which might be true. Work on the drift fence had not progressed beyond Tobe's Well. All the labor tha the Diamond put in was in repairin sections that had been laid low. Sma herds of stock had been reported on th trails, driven by riders whose names we not even whispered in West Fork. Mone appeared plentiful in the village. The had been several shooting frays, of sma consequence, one of which had been a attack on Andy Stoneham while he w walking the trail to Molly's home.

ANOTHER Sunday arrived and with after Molly had waited long, agoni ing hours, young Keech, wearing more a mysterious air, more assurance that shared a great secret.

"Thar's a pack fer you in the barn, h in the corner," he informed her, with meaning grin. "I'll drop in on my w back, in case you want to send a letter

"Letter!" faltered Molly. "How how soon'll you be back?"

"Reckon aboot sundown. I'll whistle he returned, and rode off down the la

Molly watched him guiltily. I seemed to take it for granted that she w a party to this courtship of Jim Traft The affair certainly could not be ke secret very long, even if young Kee justified the trust Jim had in him. So everybody would learn that she w accepting gifts from the nephew of ri old Traft, and that would only be anoth black mark for Molly Dunn of t Cibeque.

Not that Molly cared on her o account—she was thinking of Jim, a how her people and neighbors of W Fork would only have more against hi Oh, if she could only let them know honesty—his goodness!

She went to the barn and found t pack. Three times as large and heavy the first one! Molly hid it, and r back to the house. She would return But, no, she had not the strength to that, let alone hurt Jim's feelings. S would write him not to send any more

Up by her loft window, Molly labor over that letter, and her tears fell upon For she had to explain to Jim why he m not send more presents, why he must f get her. And then she seemed driven add more, the content of which s scarcely realized and which she dared r read over.

Keech trotted down the lane, a received the letter as a matter of cour Molly watched him ride away into t gloom of the forest. And when he h gone she stood there, looking up at t grand bulk of the Diamond, from t rugged rim of which the afterglow of su set was fading, and felt vaguely that son how she was a forlorn little soul, cheat of love and happiness. Yet she was gl she had risen to the heights, even if f ever afterward she must be plunged in the depths.

Under cover of the thickening dusk s secured the pack, and carried it to t cabin and up to her secluded abo Carefully she assorted the parcels, lit and big, searching for a letter. But ag there was none. And Molly was glad. she read written words of love and h and demand from him she would be unstable as water.

More books, and these from St. Lou To her amaze all the parcels were mark with the name of that distant east

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Better than all the laxatives

COMPLETELY harmless in spite of its great efficacy. It reduces the poisons which make the body cells grow old."

These are not our words. They are the words of a great scientist and famous physician, Dr. Georges Rosenthal of the Pasteur Institute of Paris.

Yeast is a food—every bit as fresh as delicate dewy leaves of lettuce or spinach right from the garden.

But fresh yeast—as millions know who have benefited—has health properties no other single food possesses. Myriads of living active yeast plants in every cake gently stimulate sluggish bowel muscles—bringing about natural easy elimination, ridding the body of depressing poisons. Appetite picks up, bad breath and headaches go, ugly skin eruptions disappear!

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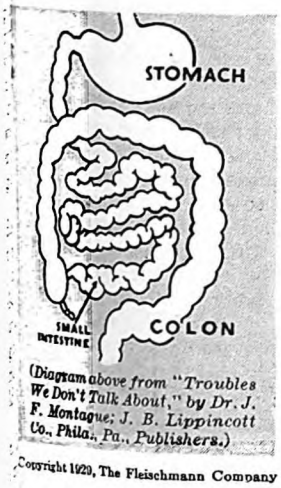
HERE IS THE FRESH FOOD—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—that famous doctors in six countries recommend. For beautiful, vigorous health just eat three cakes daily, one before each meal or between meals—plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. For best results, eat it regularly, and over a sufficient period. Habit-forming laxative drugs can gradually be discontinued.



(Diagram above from "Troubles We Don't Talk About," by Dr. J. F. Montague; J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa., Publishers.)

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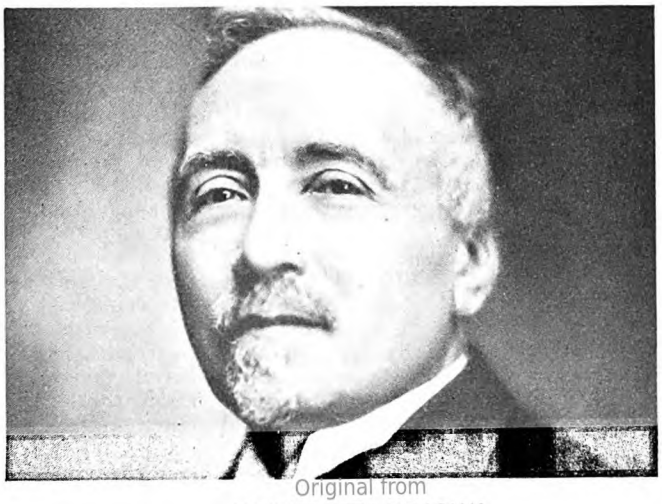
(RIGHT)
DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, doctor of the schools of Paris, says, "Yeast is the policeman of the intestines. It reduces harmful poisons. It regulates digestion. It is a classic remedy for boils."

(LEFT)
"The digestive tract," says Dr. Rosenthal, "is a veritable laboratory of poisons. Fresh yeast checks these dangerous poisons." Don't depend on habit-forming drugs and pills. Keep this important tract clean, active and healthy with fresh Fleischmann's Yeast.



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city. He had sent for things. The Flagerstown stores were not good enough for her. How could she ever resist his way of making somebody of her? For the ensuing hour she marveled at and gloated over a multiplicity of pretty and useful little presents. Then she crawled into bed and cried herself to sleep.

During the next few days Molly went through a hundred variations of mood, ranging from lofty pride to self-pity, from resignation to furious revolt. And then she seemed to fix upon a settled wretchedness. Yet the days passed and life had to be lived and neglected work done.

ON SATURDAY afternoon she went to the village with her mother, the first visit there for a month. It was the one day in the week when there was any activity at West Fork. Saddle horses and buckboards, along the hitching rails, attested to visitors in town; all the available space along the plank sidewalk was taken up by wagons and buggies.

They came at length to Summers's store. Mrs. Dunn and Molly had to await their turn, and when Mrs. Dunn met the worst gossip in West Fork, to become avidly absorbed at once, Molly strolled on through this store into the next, which was connected with it.

Presently she found herself quite near the door, and curiously took a peep out. A young man had just ridden up to the porch. And when Molly recognized Jim Traft she nearly dropped to the floor. Then, as the usual hum of talk of the loungers outside abruptly ceased, Molly realized that she was indeed not the only interested one. Jim dismounted and threw his bridle, to walk up half the steps.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said coolly. "My name's Jim Traft, and I'm looking for Slinger Dunn."

Molly bit her tongue to keep from crying out. Her quick glance flashed over his lithe figure. He wore corduroys, high top-boots, and a brown shirt. Manifestly he could not have had a weapon upon him. Relief mitigated Molly's terror. He did not mean to fight, and certainly Slinger, no matter how provoked, could not shoot an unarmed man before all these people. Jim did not look exactly pleasant, but how fine, Molly thought, and manly and clear-eyed.

"Wal, Mister Traft, you'll find Slinger in Mace's saloon," drawled someone.

"Thanks," replied Traft, and flipping a silver coin to an urchin there, he said: "Johnny, go in and tell Slinger Dunn that if he isn't afraid to come out, Jim Traft would like to see him."

The boy snatched up the coin and bounded off the high porch. Jim stepped up another step. He appeared composed, but pale. He had some deep motive in bearding Slinger Dunn right in his own den. Molly fell prey to a tumult of thrill and shudder. Traft's message had caused a low exclamation to run through the occupants of the porch, a dozen or more of whom Molly could see through door and window.

"By gum, Slinger's a-comin'," said someone.

"Reckoned thet'd fetch him," replied another. These two stood near the door and partly shielded Molly. She could not see Slinger yet.

Then the slow step of a spurred boot sent combined fire and ice over Molly. Slinger came into view, crossed the porch to confront Traft.

"Did you send thet kid in heah—" and Slinger jerked his left hand backward; his right hung significantly free and low—"askin' me out if I wasn't afeard?"

"Howdy, Slinger. Yes, I did," replied Jim, and he stepped up the last step. After a keen, fearless glance straight into Slinger's eyes, he extinguished the cigarette he carried and dropped it off the porch. It was noticeable that he wore gloves.

"Wal, you want to be careful aboot sendin' fer me thet way."

"No offense. I just wanted you outside."

"An' what fer, Mr. Traft?"

"Several things, Slinger, and for that reason I'm glad some of your friends and townsfolk are present," replied Traft. A small group of men had followed Dunn out of the saloon, but did not come up on the porch.

"What you want?" demanded Dunn.

"First, I want to tell you I'm sorry my outfit suspected you of cutting our drift fence. We found out who did it. So I'm apologizing for myself and the Diamond—to you, publicly."

"Wal, it wasn't necessary fer nobody to apologize to *me*," returned Dunn. "All the same I hadn't nuthin' to do with cuttin' your drift fence."

"Well, that settles that. Now you settle *this*. There's talk going around about your sister and me. Some of it is credited to you. Did you tell Hack Jocelyn and Seth Haverly that you not only heard I had insulted Molly—mistreated her—but that you *believed* it?"

"I reckon I did, Mr. Traft."

"Thanks," said Traft, raising his voice. "Now, listen. You are dead wrong. I fell in love with Molly—pretty pronto, I admit. And I asked her to marry me. *Twice!* . . . Was that an insult? I shall ask her again. Will that be an insult?"

"I cain't see it thet way."

"I did—well, embrace her *before* I asked her. But I meant no insult. I was just excited—out of my head. Could that be held against me, by any fair-minded person—knowing I followed it up with an offer of marriage?"

"No, it couldn't be," declared Dunn.

"Thanks again. . . . Well, Molly refused me. And one of her reasons was that she was Slinger Dunn's sister."

Molly saw Arch flinch, and she felt a pang for him. This Jim Traft had a tongue as deadly as a bullet.

"NOW, Slinger Dunn, listen," added Traft, his voice rising. "If you were half the man you think you are, you'd quit this lazy, drinking, gun-slinging life for your sister's sake. She deserves a better fate than to be disgraced and degraded by a rotten two-bit of a desperado brother. . . . But you've not got sense enough to see what she's worth. And as for your talk about her, well, you are a dirty, low-down skunk. You're a yellow dog. You're a liar, and a suspicious, miserable Cibeque blood-spiller. Now, I'm not much on guns, but if you're not a coward—a *coward*—you'll lay off that gun-belt. And I'll swear, if I don't beat you as you deserve, I'll borrow a gun from somebody here, and fight you your own way!"

Without the slightest hesitation, Slinger unbuckled his belt, containing the heavy gun, and handed it shakily over to someone. He sailed his sombrero off the porch, exposing a livid face. He made a gesture, eloquent of supreme fury. Then like a panther he leaped at Traft.

(*To be continued*)

Watch Me Get Fired!

(*Continued from page 56*)

eyes filled. She hurried from the office.

Old Man Hobson pawed listlessly through his papers, then looked around for Miss Pierce. He had not noticed that she had left. But he did not summon another girl. Instead, he rose and went to the door, stood looking out at the people in the outer office.

One by one, he considered the men. He had trained every one of them to do precisely as he was told to do—and nothing else. Every one could be depended upon to do exactly that—what he was told to do.

No boss could have had a more faithful crew. There was not a man among them who would argue a point with the Old Man. . .

And that thought brought Sam's straightforward comments to the Old Man's mind: "That's what all these 'yes men' in here have done—hoisted the white flag."

IT BROUGHT up the further alarming thought that there was not a man on that staff who could be depended upon to take the helm in case accident should overtake the Old Man himself—not a man who could lead a fight in a crisis.

They were all people who were holding their jobs, not because they hoped for better things, but because they were afraid to let go and take their chances elsewhere; they were people whose courage had been stripped from them by the Old Man's browbeating tactics—people who did what he told them to do because they were afraid not to.

He had taken the hope out of their jobs. He could read that in their eyes.

For the first time in his business career, Old Man Hobson felt utterly alone. There was nobody to turn to. He had built a successful business—and for what purpose?

He was getting along in years. He was tired. Yet he could not stop, because there was nobody to step into his place?

It came over him with a rush that the money involved was a petty thing; that it was something else that had held him to that task of his—the hope of seeing his son do big things with it. He would have lived on in his boy's success.

His son's words came back to ring in his

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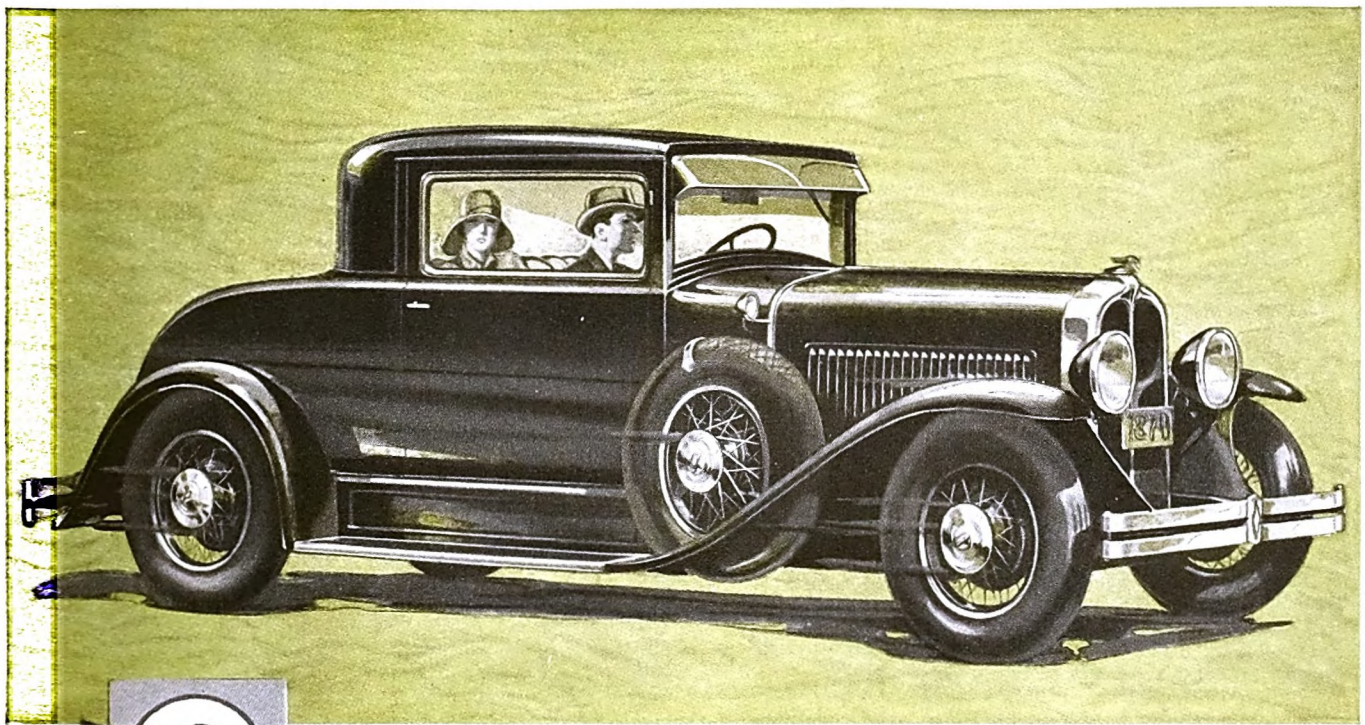

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ears: "Take the hope out of a job—and what's left?"

Hobson suddenly became conscious of the fact that the people in the office were looking at him with startled eyes. A clerk rose and came toward him.

"You're ill, Mr. Hobson," he said, with concern in his voice. "Let me help you."

"Eh?"

The Old Man was old indeed!

"Better come in and sit down, Mr. Hobson," the old clerk urged. "I'll send for the doctor."

Quietly, Old Man Hobson permitted himself to be led into his private office.

"Clem," he said suddenly, "don't send for any doctors. Just shut that door. I want to talk to you."

Wondering, Clem obeyed.

"How long have you been with me, Clem?" the Old Man inquired.

"About thirty years, Mr. Hobson. Isn't my work satisfactory?" There was fright in his tone.

The Old Man stared at him a moment.

"Clem, what do you hope to get out of this job you're holding?" he asked.

Clem looked startled. Then mystification clouded his face.

"I'm satisfied, Mr. Hobson," he said. "I like the place. And—I've been here a long time."

"But, Clem," Hobson persisted, "what do you want? If you could have anything you asked for, just for the asking—what would it be?"

Clem studied the Old Man for a moment.

"Well, if I could have anything I asked for—I'd ask for my health to hold out. I'd like to be able to keep up and not slow down. When he gets old, he isn't wanted. He does well if he can keep his job. . . . That's the greatest blessing I'd ask for—to be sure that I could keep right on for years to come, and die in harness."

OLD Man Hobson peered deep into Clem Turner's eyes. Old Man Hobson was shrewd. He could read men's thoughts in their eyes. He studied Clem Turner's face. Then he turned and looked into the mirror at his own.

And he read there the same story that was written on the chief clerk's face—fear. The one lived in a fear lest he lose his means of livelihood; the other, lest the work of a lifetime fail to bear fruit.

Hobson turned back to his chief clerk.

"Clem," he said huskily "Clem—we're both in the same boat!"

He sank back in his chair again. Clem stared at him, incredulous, mystified.

"Clem," Hobson said again, "I've made a mess of things, haven't I? . . . I've made a mess of things! . . ."

His voice trailed away, as he fell to thinking, his chin on his chest, his hands resting limply on the arms of his chair.

"Mr. Hobson," Clem exclaimed suddenly. "I want to know what's gone wrong!"

Hobson did not reply.

"Tell me!" Clem insisted. The relationship of master and man was forgotten. "Tell me! . . . I've been working for you for thirty years. I've got a right to know what's gone wrong—so I can help you!"

Hobson's eyes rose to meet the old clerk's. Their eyes met—locked. Then Hobson leaned forward, laid a hand on Turner's shoulder.

"Clem," he said. "I wonder if—if we can't help each other! I wonder if it's too late!"

A faint flicker of hope illumined the Old Man's eyes.

"Clem, do this: Go get Tom Riley and Peter Hartshorn. And get Jim McKay. . . . Bring them in here."

"Now?" Clem asked.

"Right now, Clem. Right now."

One by one they appeared—those four men who had been with Hobson for upward of thirty years, men who had given the best years of their lives to the business.

Hobson welcomed them all quietly, indicated chairs. They waited in silence, their faces all betraying their concern as to what was about to take place.

"Boys," Hobson began in a low tone, "something happened today to teach me the biggest lesson I ever learned in my life. . . . My own son taught it to me. I doubt if anybody else could have done it. I doubt if even he could have done it in any other way But that lesson smashed me right between the eyes."

The men listened in rapt attention.

"I've tried to go it alone," Hobson explained. "And it can't be done. . . . It can't be done. . . . I never realized before what I'd been doing to you men. I never realized what it meant to a man to have his hopes killed. Yet I've made a practice of killing hopes around here. . . . I didn't have any idea what it meant to people. . . . I had no idea. . . ."

There was no sound in the room, except the breathing of the little group seated about the table.

"Boys," Old Man Hobson continued, "there are a lot of things about this business that you know better than I do. You know that. I admit it. You know of a lot of things that could be improved."

The four men's faces were utterly noncommittal.

"Today," said Hobson, "this is my business. But tomorrow—"

He paused.

The four men waited nervously—very evidently anticipating bad news.

"Tomorrow, it will be *our* business. . . . *We* will run it. . . . Not just *I*. . . . My hopes will be your hopes. . . . Your hopes will be mine. . . . We'll all be in the same boat. . . . We'll have to pull together. . . . See what I mean? . . . It isn't too late, boys! . . . What if we are all gray-headed? What's the color of your hair amount to, if your head and your hand are steady?"

TREMENDOUS eagerness shone in Hobson's eyes. But he could read in their faces the fact that the others had not fully grasped the import of what he was saying. Or was it doubt he read there?

"It's easy!" he insisted. "It's easy! . . . I'll have the lawyers fix it up so that we all have a share in owning this company. . . . You have a share, Clem. And you have a share, Tom . . . and Jim and Peter. . . . And I have a share. It will be *our* business. . . . We'll all have a common goal to hope for."

Hobson leaned back in his chair again.

"If only I had done this before," he commented softly. "If only I had!"

"Mr. Hobson." It was Clem Turner who spoke. "Do you mean you propose to put the business on a sort of profit-sharing basis?"

"That's the idea!" Hobson's eyes shone with eagerness. "Everybody will have an interest. . . . It will put some hope into the job. . . . Take the grind out of it."

The four men looked at each other incredulously.

"Can't we do it?" Hobson inquired.

"Why, sure we can!" asserted Clem. And Hobson was amazed at the glow in his eyes—a glow that he saw creeping into the eyes of the other three men.

"I'd be happy," Hobson said, "if Sam were captain of this team—with us old, experienced fellows to sit in with him and help him steer around the rough spots. . . . Think he could swing it?"

"Sam?" Tom Riley spoke up. "Sam swing it? Huh! I'll say so!"

"But that isn't to be," explained Hobson. "That's the thing that waked me up. . . . That isn't to be. . . . I'd planned for years to turn my job over to Sam. That had been my one big hope."

MISS PIERCE came quietly back into the room, hesitating only a moment in her surprise at finding a conference of employees in the private office.

"Mr. Sam got the Wescott contract, after all," she announced, with a telltale gleam of excitement in her eyes.

"That's fine!" Hobson dropped his eyes. "That's very fine!"

"He's coming up here pretty soon," Miss Pierce continued. "He says he's going to finish what you and he started this morning—that racket, as he called it."

Hobson looked pained.

"You see, I got a taxi and rushed down to Cordingly's," Miss Pierce explained. "But he hadn't been there. I found him at Wescott's. . . ."

The Old Man looked up at her questioningly.

"Mr. Sam is a lot like his father," she said. "When I began to scold him for leaving, he came at me as if he was a wildcat. 'Let me tell you something,' he snapped at me. 'I haven't been to Cordingly. And I'm not going to Cordingly! The minute the signatures on this contract are dry, I'm going to take it right up to the Old Man. This is going to be a Hobson job! I'll sell the Old Man my ideas if I have to knock his stubborn block right off his shoulders!' . . . And he ought to be here before many more minutes go by."

Old Man Hobson's face was a study. He looked from one to another of the four men around the table.

There sounded a sudden commotion in the outer office. The outer door was flung open—slammed closed again. The typewriters stopped their clatter. Swift, determined steps marched in from the outer door, through the railing—came to an abrupt halt just outside the door of the private office.

"Who's in there?" demanded Sam's crackling voice of the girl at the desk just outside.

But those inside did not hear her reply—for the Old Man drew their attention with a sudden: "Sh-h!" His face was glowing with excitement, like a boy's.

"Watch me get fired!" he whispered loudly, and sat back in his chair as the door of the inner office burst open.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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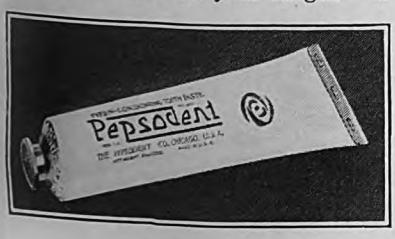

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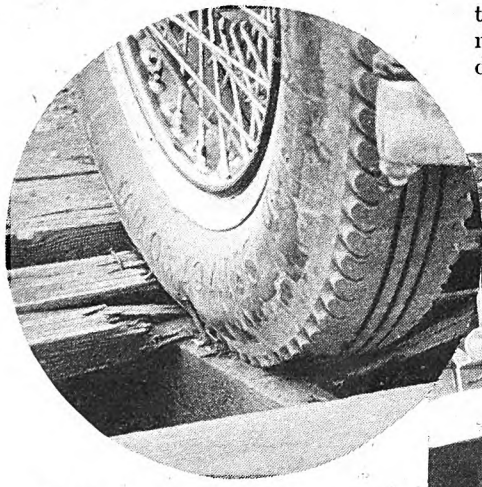
In terms of mileage, the 16,000 figure on the speedometers tells but part of the story. Remember that 16,000 miles is the accomplishment of 5 dozen tires. All told, the Fleet has piled up a grand total of a million tire miles . . . with no major troubles in that amazing distance.

When you consider the punishment to which these tires have been subjected . . . when you study these pictures and grasp the conditions they have faced . . . the record is a remarkable one. For what owner of any car would not be satisfied with similar service?

But the most important point of all is this: These tires are every one stock tires. Standard casings in every respect, just like your nearest Goodrich dealer has to offer. They receive no care you cannot give them yourself . . .

By all means, see the Fleet, if it has not passed your section of the country.

In the meantime, visit your nearest Goodrich dealer. Surely, you need no further proof of the greater value, the superior mile-for-mile economy of Goodrich Silvertowns. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company., Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.



CLOSE CALL, THIS! The camera caught this tire in a tight place, but no damage was done. Such incidents and roads like those in the picture at the right have been common occurrences on the Silver Fleet's tour.

Goodrich Silvertowns

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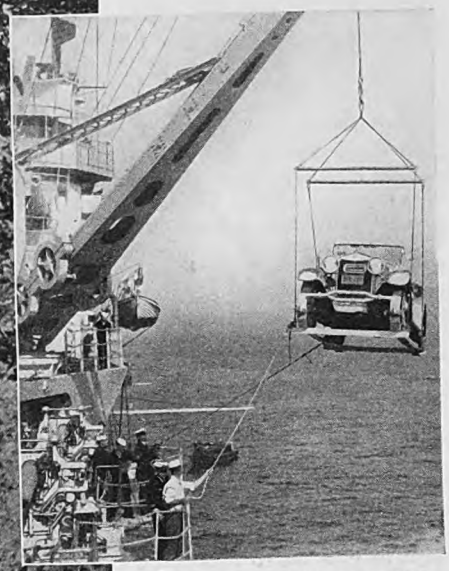
16,000 MILES, PLUS! The photo above, delivered by air mail, shows the mileage of the Silver Fleet as this page was sent to press.



FLEET VISITS FLEET. Here you have one of the cars of the Silver Fleet being hoisted aboard the Airplane Carrier *Saratoga* when cars and pilots visited the Pacific Fleet off the coast of Southern California.

THROUGH THE SCENIC WEST COAST. The Fleet rolling northward through one of the West Coast's beautiful valleys. Such roads are welcome relief to pilots, who have become used to back trails.

SILVERTOWN DE LUXE (*Left*) Superlative style and service . . . a tire that outlives your car. Its very lines say "Built to master every road."

THE FAMOUS SILVERTOWN (*Right*) The recognized standard of tire quality everywhere. Stretch-matched cord construction and water-curing have made it famous for service wherever tires are known.

GOODRICH CAVALIER (*Center*) A new tire. High quality at amazingly low prices. Made like Silvertowns, it is the choice of hard drivers and keen buyers.

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What to Do at Your Age to Protect Your Health

(*Continued from page 53*)

great deal of outdoor exercise. Then it is just as if they say to themselves, "No time to play any more; I've got to get right down to brass tacks and make my fortune." This attitude is often the result of marriage or the arrival of the first baby. It is a big mistake. It is far wiser to delay the fortune-making for a few years and for both men and women to make it their duty to get regular outdoor exercise. Everybody who is able to do so should indulge in more or less fairly strenuous physical activity until he is around forty years of age. That's the best method I know of for approaching middle age free from headaches, insomnia, faulty elimination, and high blood pressure. Moreover, this change from an active life to a sedentary one is often productive of heart disturbances.

Another thing I have noticed about "prime of lifers" is a tendency to avoid periodical visits to the doctor and the dentist. The truth is, they are feeling so fit that illness isn't in their minds. That's fine, but what they *should* have in their minds is *prevention*.

Tonsils, for instance, which have not been bad enough to remove during youth, are carried over into this robust period of life without any thought except to be recognized as the reason for a sore throat now and again. But the infection carried into the blood stream through neglected tonsils may be laying the foundation for rheumatism, kidney disorders, and heart disease in middle or later life.

So, although you are feeling so strong and well that a little thing like a sore throat or a temperature doesn't worry you at all, take warning. Here are symptoms crying out aloud. You do not want to be a "sissy" about your health, but there is no need to be foolhardy.

And don't neglect your teeth. Pay your six-monthly visit to the dentist and get ahead of the little microbes which just love to get in their deadly work before you are aware of their existence.

Here are a few more health hints that I wish to pass on to those in the prime of life:

1. Take care of your elimination. Chronic constipation is one of the worst causes of middle-aged misery that I know of.
2. Give yourself a *daily* sweat, even if it is only a moderate one.
3. Drink plenty of water and keep your kidneys in good shape.
4. Don't overeat. For a time you can take care of the extra food that you may tuck away, but sooner or later it will appear in the shape of fat—and no one wants to carry around the excess baggage of fat.

NOW let us talk about *middle age*.

The human nervous system seems to pass through three periods of change and readjustment. The first is the adolescent period. The next takes place around thirty years of age and marks the apex of virility and the highest ascendant point in the prime of life. The third change occurs around the forties—usually the late forties. It marks the termination of middle age and the approach of advancing age.

If there has been failure to control the appetite and to take proper physical exercise during the prime of life, by the time forty is reached obesity will have made its appearance. It may not be very pronounced, but there is a general thickening up around the waistline.

Now, the over-accumulation of fat during middle age results from a number of things—hereditary tendencies, overeating, and under-exercising—and it may also be attributable to the fact that the thyroid gland of the average individual begins then to slow down. The thyroid gland determines the rate at which we burn up fuel in the body, and this is why when you get beyond forty—even if you don't eat any more than you did ten years before and even though you take the same amount of exercise—you will begin to gain in weight.

We don't like to see people under thirty-five under weight. Good flesh in youth and the prime of life is insurance against tuberculosis, but after forty it is better to court a little under-weight tendency than to be obese. In pneumonia, overweight is a tremendous handicap. And from whatever angle you view it, overweight is a decided liability after you reach middle life.

WHEN you reach the age of forty I advise you to have an analysis made of your health. This should include, outside of the ordinary investigations normally made, an analysis of your stomach secretions, an X-ray of every part of the body, including the teeth, a metabolism test, a Wasserman test, and other special tests just to show where you are. If you have picked up anything that you shouldn't during your busy journey through life, this examination will reveal it. Anyway, is is a wonderful thing to have in your possession all the charts, analyses, and diagrams which will be presented to you at the end of the research. They aid your physician in keeping tabs on your general health, and are extremely valuable for use in checking back during the years to come. This thoroughgoing research should be repeated when you are around fifty-five years of age, or at least before you are sixty. One or two such investigations serve to make much more valuable and practical the comparatively simple annual health audits.

At the mid-channel period of life a continued elevation of the blood pressure sometimes suggests that tobacco should be reduced or its use stopped altogether. And if you have been dallying with alcohol in your younger days, you may find it advisable to climb aboard the water wagon. Also, take stock and see whether you are drinking too much coffee and tea—most middle-aged people are.

If you have had typhoid or any other serious infectious diseases in early life, now is the time to watch out for gallstones. In the later forties, too, we must watch for early indications of cancer. While we don't want to worry about cancer, we should know the early indications, such as neglected moles, sore tongues, unusual lumps in the breast, severe and unusual attacks of stomach disorder with sudden loss of weight. Remember that most cancers may be regarded as curable if they are discovered in time and if the proper course is pursued.

It should be needless to add that as we approach fifty there ought to be a slowing down of physical exercise. However, in this connection bear in mind that age is relative. One man of forty-five years may be about that age in his physical tissues, blood vessels, etc. Another man may be only forty, still another may be fifty or fifty-five. Around fifty years of age it is common to find men and women varying as much as ten years in the actual condition of their body structures; consequently, age must be interpreted with some elasticity. For instance, I stop many men from playing tennis when they are forty-five; yet I have a patient of fifty years whom I allow to play tennis moderately. Anyway, I should say that forty-five is a safe age at which to begin the reduction of strenuous physical activities. But what I am saying about tennis and vigorous competitive games does not apply to golf. From the physical standpoint, the mid-channel of life is the ideal golf period. And do not neglect the daily walk.

I am now going to ask many middle-aged people to cure themselves of that disease known as Americanitis, or, in plain words, habitual hurry.

I am appalled by the number of men who die between the ages of forty and fifty just because they have allowed themselves to be driven from morning to night without relaxation or proper rest. If you middle-aged people who have been driving yourselves with a whip don't let up, how can you expect to reach a comfortable old age?

Mobilize your intelligence, reorganize your work, slough off the non-essentials, make up your mind that there will be no night work after forty—evenings must be devoted to diversion and play.

A number of middle-aged men have said to me, with their voices full of pride, "Do you know, Doctor, that I haven't taken a vacation away from my work for the past ten or fifteen years."

If I could only have said what was in my mind when they told me this, I should have replied: "Dolts and idiots, don't you know that you have been doing the most foolish thing, from a health standpoint, that you could possibly do?"

Therefore, if any middle-aged people who read this article have been in the habit of foregoing vacations, let them stop this foolish practice. At this period of life an annual vacation is a *necessity*. And please see that you get it.

NOW just a few words to the middle-aged married folks. This is the time of life when you should begin to watch your step. Your children are grown up, or at any rate are off your hands to a considerable extent; the early married years, which are usually full of struggle and hardship, are over. You have more money and more luxuries. See to it now that you don't begin to drift apart, as so many married people do at this period.

If you have neglected your social life,

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HIP! . . . HIP! . . . HIP! . . . four oars must flash in perfect rhythm. If one lags a little —if one isn't as good as the other three—the whole crew is weakened.

Bear that in mind when you buy motor oil. There are four quarts in every gallon—but often they aren't *four of a kind!*

For ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of oil, a quart or more of material that is of little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor—one quart that isn't as good as the other three.

But Quaker State is not refined in the ordinary way. It is *super*-refined—a process that removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in —a process that makes the four quarts in every gallon of Quaker State *four of a kind!* Four quarts of the finest lubricant that ever went into a motor!

So what you actually get is an *extra* quart in every gallon of Quaker State!

And all four quarts come from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the very finest that nature produces!

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35¢ PER QUART

Higher in West, Southwest and Canada

Let your motor show you the difference! Stop at the green and white service station sign. Drain your crankcase and refill with Quaker State. Then drive—with the sweetest lubrication your motor ever had!

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Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make of tractor a longer life and a merrier one

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because, possibly, you have been enmeshed in business worries and family cares, make an effort to retrieve this error. Middle-aged people need a sane and healthful social intercourse to help them over one of the most trying periods of life.

You wives who have been occupied entirely with your children get out and play with your husbands. As a matter of fact, no wife should allow herself to become so engrossed with her children that she neglects the social and play life of her husband. If the average, restless, high-strung man cannot have diversion around the home and in company with his wife, he is all too likely to seek playmates elsewhere.

THE reason I speak of the period between fifty to sixty-five as *advancing age* is that I think it is hardly fair to the active men and women of that period who are, many of them, doing their best work, to call them *old*. Of course, there may be something personal in this. I'm in this period myself.

Frankly, though, we must admit that we are no longer *young* and we should live accordingly.

After fifty years of age, medical guidance becomes more and more essential to the best health and highest efficiency. We must know where we are weak and where we are strong; where we should soft-pedal and where we can still step on the gas.

One of the most important things, I think, which should come up for consideration after fifty years of age is the daily rest period. Yes, I know there are many of you who will hold up your hands in horror at this suggestion. Nevertheless, I believe it is a wise health measure to adopt the practice of resting about one hour around the middle of the day. You don't have to go to sleep, but, for the sake of your health, don't think, much less speak, about business during this rest hour.

And *never, never* entertain the idea of retiring from business. Let the younger men and women fuss over the details, but carry on with the essentials. Too many men have retired while they were still active both in mind and body, only to fall a prey to imagined ills.

All that I am going to ask you "advancing years" people to do is to modify your activities and allow yourself more time to rest. Also I wish you to have an annual health audit—that is, check up on your blood pressure, on the state of the blood and the kidneys, etc. It is at this time that the question of the more serious anemias arises—that is why I want the condition of your blood carefully watched.

If, when you reach fifty, you have failed to reduce your weight properly, then this matter of weight reduction becomes *imperative*. You simply *must* reduce. Get right down within the limits for your height and age, bearing in mind, of course, that there is a great individual and family difference in weight tendencies. If in doubt about these matters, consult your family physician.

I don't want you to coddle yourself when it comes to the matter of trifling exposure, but do not put yourself into the way of unusual exposure or sudden drafts. Pneumonia is a foe not to be dealt with lightly at this period.

After fifty, your diet should be wisely regulated. Don't abuse your digestive machinery; don't overeat, and don't eat highly seasoned food. If you have been watching your reactions to food for a number of years, you know what foods agree with you and can work out a sensible diet for yourself.

Around this period of life eyeglasses should be re-fitted once a year—under no circumstances should they be allowed to go over two years.

The older we get, the less we sleep, and, with many of us, the less soundly we sleep. But this should not become a source of worry. If we are in fair health, we get the sleep we require. And the noonday's rest that you are taking (or that you are going to take, if you are sensible) will make up for any shortage.

One other thing I should like to advise, if you can possibly manage it. Take two vacations a year, instead of one.

NOW we come to *old age*.

I can only hope, for your spiritual satisfaction, that you have worked out a philosophy of living that will help you to adjust yourself to the fact that you are *old*. I should have warned you around middle life that a philosophy of living is necessary if you want to be a nice old man or woman, welcomed by middle-aged folks and young alike. However, it isn't too late to rectify my omission.

From sixty-five to eighty you have to learn how to capitalize the assets of age and, as far as possible, how to avoid its liabilities and dodge its handicaps.

You must avoid undue exertion, and a new importance should attach to the noonday rest.

Coarser foods should be eliminated from the diet. Remember that at this period of life the entire human system, from the circulation of the blood to the digestion, returns more and more toward the less robust type of childhood. (This second childhood that you hear about does not refer to the mentality, but to the diet.)

Moreover, special care should be observed at this time regarding the kidneys and the heart. And if the blood pressure is above normal, this should receive attention—but not worry. The sicknesses to avoid are pneumonia, kidney trouble, heart failure, and the explosions incident to very high blood pressure.

CONCERNING the period of *advanced age*—eighty and beyond—I can only say that it becomes increasingly necessary to follow the advice I have given for old age.

I firmly believe that seventy-five years should be the *average* length of life of the human species, and that a more intelligent and conscientious observance of the rules of living, as developed by modern science, would speedily enable the race to attain one hundred years as a common experience. As it is, we consider it remarkable if we meet hale and hearty old people around seventy-five and eighty.

I have found that the vast majority of my older patients have no fear of death. As they get nearer and nearer the end of their earthly journey they look upon death as a perfectly natural thing, as a transition sleep between this world and the next.

It has never been my experience to witness a Godless deathbed scene; that is, I have never witnessed a person, old or young, passing out of this life resisting death and fearing the future. There seems to come, especially to old people, a compensating hope in the future and a comforting faith in immortality.

Solutions of July Travel Trails

PRIZES: THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE offers a prize of ten dollars for every original Travel Trail accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. A Travel Trail, to be eligible for the contest, must not be longer than twenty words, including the starting point and destination. Also, it must have the home-town of the contestant as its starting point or destination.

Other suggestions are: Keep all cities and towns of your Travel Trail in the relative positions they occupy on a map. Clue sentence, if included, should carry interesting local facts and contain a few of the words required for traveling the trail.

Strive for an interesting, trail-like design. Limit the letters overlapping between any two words to a number as little in excess of three as possible. This helps to make your trail admit of only one solution. As far as you can, use well-known and appropriate words. You can make your trail sufficiently difficult by traveling from one word to another through unusual three-letter combinations.

Contestants are not limited in number of trails submitted. This month's contest is limited to trips to points of historical interest. Send in yours to "Travel Trail" Editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.

SOLUTIONS TO JULY TRAILS:

RALEIGH, sealed, trousseau, beautiful, bear, clear, leave, avenge, engaged, age, marriage, grammar, monogram, diamond, monk, ceremony, money, one, sooner, honeymoon, balloon, all, NIAGARA FALLS, carriage, scar, cares, reside, ideal, inside, wins, wing, ring, wedding, owed, showered, shoes, COSHOCTON.

WEST POINT, best, establish, able, enable, arena, renown, nowhere, serenade, ade, cadets, scad, scan, cannon, ANNAPOLIS.

DAYTON, Monday, RICHMOND, tartaric, tar, starter, TERRE HAUTE, utensil, silage, age, carriage, vicar, CHICAGO.

ELDORA, orator, tore, creator, acre, across, crossroad, crow, row, morrow, more, ore, sore, sordid, didactic, (*R.* crossroad, roach, ache, niche, nice, rice, brick, tick, didactic), act, react, reap, MINNEAPOLIS.

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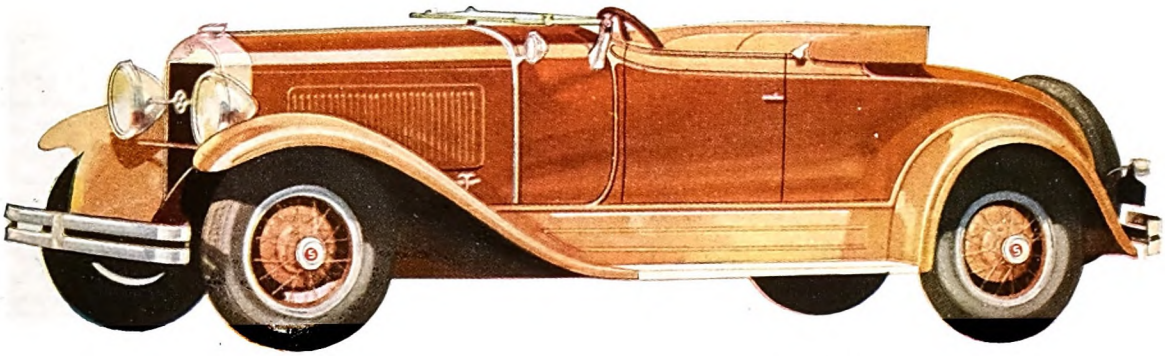
SOUTHAMPTON'S SPARKLING SANDS ...LONG ISLAND...WHERE ONE MEETS THOSE WHO KNOW FINE CARS

IT IS interesting—and significant—that Studebaker's great straight eights and sixes, motor cars quite low in cost, should enjoy such notable popularity among fashionable Southampton habitues. Here, as at every play-place of Americans of means and discernment, these champion cars rival the costliest—not alone in numbers, but in the enthusiastic partisanship voiced by their owners. As for the way Studebaker Champions acquit themselves in friendly, informal brushes of speed, judge results by the fact that Studebaker holds, undisputed, *every* official stock car speed and endurance record ...and sells more eight cylinder cars than any other maker in the world. Illustrated is the Commander Regal Roadster for four, available with either straight eight or six cylinder power.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



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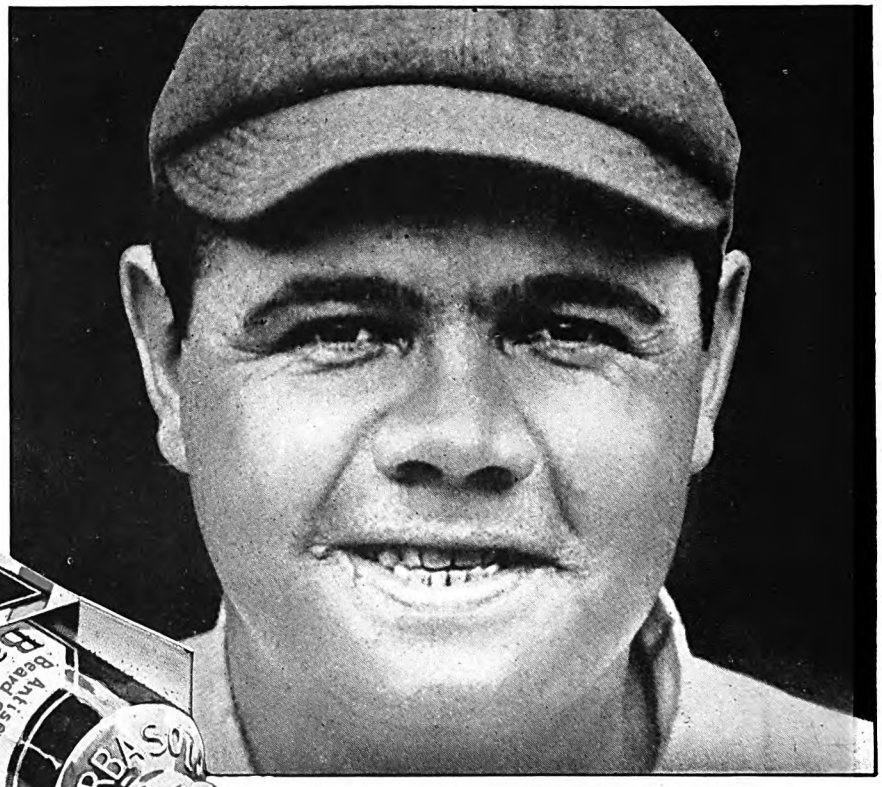
WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"It gives an errorless shave and hits 1,000 in smoothness, comfort, speed"

"If I had to brush, lather, rub and stand the nicks and pulls that were a part of old-fashioned shaving methods, I would grow a beard. But thanks to Barbasol I don't have to. This modern shaving cream makes a hit with me every morning. It gives such an easy, cool, soothing, comfortable shave."

George H "Babe" Ruth



GEORGE HERMAN RUTH, "THE BABE." Baseball's most colorful player, idol of the American boy and without doubt the most popular ballplayer of all time. He fields and hits homers for the Yankees.

SEND your shaving brush and mug back to the minors for their useful days are over. Modern times bring you a modern shaving cream that gives a remarkable performance without these props. It's the success of shaving creams and the shaving cream of successes.

You ask for Barbasol. And with it you get a shave that's cool when you're hot, soothing to the nerves and skin, reviving as a barber's massage and fast and clean enough to satisfy the fastidious man who has too few idle minutes.

Without making a mess of things or leaving your face a mass of nicks and cuts, Barbasol will give you the most joyful, smoothest, quickest and most comfortable shave you've ever had.

Here's how it's done:
1: Wash your face, leave it wet . . . 2: Spread on Barbasol, don't rub. It's the frictionless cream . . . 3: Shave! Up and down and around the chin the razor speeds over the face. Smoothly, quickly, evenly. Without pull or scratch, the whiskers, the toughest whiskers, are hewn at the skin line . . . 4: Then dry the face with a towel.

Take a look at yourself. Your face looks as it feels—clean, refreshed and youthfully alive. And it will look that way all day. For while being the modern vehicle for shaving, Barbasol also pampers the skin. It is healing and soothing. It contains rare vegetable oils that help to revitalize the skin, keep it clear, clean and young looking.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

KEEPS THE SKIN youthful, bright and keenly fresh looking. That's why men like this New Barbasol Skin Freshener. It cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face — after shaving — whenever tired. Nothing better . . . you'll agree!

Part with the uncomfortable past, today, and welcome the future. Step up to the nearest drug counter and get a giant tube of Barbasol. Two sizes, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

It's Great for Sunburn

To discover the healing, soothing, properties in Barbasol, rub it on sunburned skin. Relief from pain comes almost instantly. The skin loses its redness and soon recovers its normal temperature. Then sunburn changes to a healthy tan.

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Boy-about-Town

(*Continued from page 33*)

chauffeur sitting out in front of her party.

Getting back to the main issue, the scion of the House of Hardwick was being educated (if at all) at Valley Hall.

"Oh, really!" cried Hattie, trying to look as if she had heard of that famous school.

"That must be a pretty hot school, all right," said Geraldine.

"I'll say so," exclaimed Junior, and sure enough he did. It was the costliest school now going on, and some of the nation's most important boys went there. But young Hardwick, though a student at this exclusive school, was anything but bookish. In fact, he told how he had outwitted the fiends in human form who tried to insert knowledge into his head. Harriette nodded sympathetically, for she, too, hated to have her cultural yearnings cramped by school-teachers.

V. H. was strictly a boys' school, but a person of talent got feminine society. Junior often went downtown and trampled on the hearts of a movie cashier, a candy salesgirl, and a waitress in Schemmel's restaurant. All these ladies, it seemed, were pretty hot, all right.

"Do you play football and everything?" asked Gerry.

No, Junior was not an athlete, owing to the fact that he was far from strong. This brought him up to the very climax of his life story.

He was the hero of a five-hundred-dollar operation at Mercy Hospital, not counting the fifty smackers a week for the private room. The hot nurses, too, had fallen victims to his charms and bootlegged him illegal pie and cake.

"That's a pretty hot suit of clothes all right," ventured Tillie, taking a pinch of sleeve.

"Bailey's."

"Who's he?" asked ignorant Tillie.

It was explained that all his clothes came from Bailey's, outfitters to the youngest set. Didn't the boys here buy their clothes at Bailey's? All the V. H. fellows did. The number of smackers Junior cost the pater for suitings and neckwear was nobody's business. Apparently he was Bailey's most visible means of support.

A GRACIOUS guest was Junior Hardwick, and the democratic way he gobbled Mrs. McIntyre's simple refreshments was most flattering.

But the inevitable hour came when Joe honked for the young master. Junior consulted fifty-three dollars' worth of wrist watch, and said it was time to meet the pater's train. Arrangements were concluded for the morrow.

"I'll stop here for Geraldine and she can show me where everybody else lives."

"All righty," said Gerry.

According to the constitution and bywords in Harriette's head, the president, not the secretary, was the official guide of Pequot, but she did not raise the issue.

That night she shared with her humble but respectable parents the good news about Lawrence Hardwick, 2d—his hot school, his operation, and his high cost of upkeep. Mother was pleased that high society had come into Hattie's life so early, but poor Pater could not get this boy through his head. In fact, he lost his mental balance and said: "It's far kinder to drown them before their eyes are open!"

On the following afternoon a gleaming limousine full of beauty and chivalry and Joe stopped before the Deale home. Did the host poke his head out and yell: "Hoo! hoo! Hattie!" in a crude Pequotish way? Not at all. He came up to the house, met Mother with etiquette, and protected the presidential elbow from rough characters on the trip to the car. The rough characters were the same old boy and dog. Jim-Jams made no attempt to conceal his disgust at the horrible sight he saw, and as the car moved off he dropped in a dead faint and almost fell on Admiral. Her neighbor's agony made Harriette very, very happy.

AT THE movie the genial host planted himself in the geographical center of his garden of girls and nourished all with chocolates. Dottie Darling, the patron saint of the order, was lovely, though curling up with no improving books. Before returning the girls to their simple homes, Junior took all hands to the Red Cross Drug Store, where he threw off all restraint and ordered a round of maple, walnut, caramel sundaes. The day's orgy jolted the Hardwick fortune two smackers and forty cents, but he made light of this matter.

"There's more where this comes from," said Junior.

Three inches of this theater party appeared in the next issue of The Pequoter, and all names were frankly mentioned. For the first time the Junior Culture Circle landed on the front page!

The ensuing scandal was delightful. Harriette had meetings with Jim-Jams, with Allan Landsford, and with Click Smedlay, and delicious insults were served. Elders took a hand in the whispering campaign and Junior Hardwick became a public question. Sam Deale got a cheap reputation as the leading wit of the 8:13 by saying, "Give me a kid who is popular with girls and unpopular with boys and you will give me a pain in the neck."

In our particular republic people are always saying: "What this country needs—" but the *local* issue, that summer, was "What Junior needs." Authorities differed widely. His mother, an able woman, but blinded by prejudice, felt that he needed feminine society. Junior himself believed that his greatest need was maple, walnut, caramel sundaes. Mr. Deale spoke in favor of a hair-cut. Mr. Smedlay advocated a diet. Mr. Jameson prescribed hard labor. His son Jim-Jams said: "What that sissy needs is a good sock in the jaw." At least everybody agreed that Junior needed *something*.

The news of the five-hundred-dollar operation had reached the lower classes.

"When *I* get through with him," said Jim-Jams, "it'll cost seven hundred and fifty to fix him up!" Click offered to do a thousand dollars' worth of atrocity without service charge. Junior's habit of going bareheaded did not puzzle Breckinridge Jones. "They's no hat made that's big enough for that swell head," said Breck.

On the Wednesday afternoon following the theater party Harriette's opinion of herself moved to a new high level for all time. On that day of glory, while she sat on the porch doing little or nothing, the Hardwick chariot again stopped before the humble house of Deale. Junior came up the walk fair as a star when only one is shining in the front yard. Lawrence Hardwick, the Younger, was shattering another juvenile precedent; he was making an afternoon call!

Harriette hastily curled up with a book kept for that purpose, then etiquettishly gave her guest a chair. Like everybody else, she knew what Junior needed. He needed to be read to.

"Listen to this," she said. "I think this is prackly the most beautiful poem there is."

"All right. Shoot," said the brave lad.

This gem was mercifully brief and she was pronounced a pretty hot reader.

"Looky here, Harriette." Junior shook the silken locks out of his eyes. "Why don't you let me join the club and improve my mind and everything?"

"I never took in any boys," the founder replied. "They are so ignoramious and hard to culture."

The candidate made glowing promises. His mater would throw the hottest party yet thrown. They had a five-hundred-dollar radio and lots of ginger ale. There would be a giddy whirl of pleasure all summer. Finally he laid the limousine and Joe at her feet, which she would no longer need for walking purposes. The Junior Culture Circle would go joy-riding constantly.

IT WAS a heavy temptation for an eighty-three-pound girl to resist.

"The constitution and bywords," she admitted, "don't say boys *can't* belong."

"I didn't know you had any constitution and bywords."

"They're not wroten down yet. I been so busy."

"Sure, it would be all right to take in *one* boy. I thought up a yell for us."

"What is it?"

"If I can belong—"

"All right, you can belong." Thus, casually, the Junior Culture Club became co-educational.

Out of his academic knowledge, Junior had produced this yell:

Oh, Gee!
Who are we?
We are the people of the J. C. C.

The president agreed that this was a lovely yell for culture lovers to holler as they lolled around town in their twelve-thousand-smacker limousine.

As already noted, Junior was a fast worker, and two days later the hot party was thrown. At three on Friday, Lawrence the Second, draped in one of Bailey's new-

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est creations, bore his bouquet of Pequot beauties to Hardwick Hall, vulgarly known as the Doc Reynolds place.

As they neared the scene of revelry, a delightful incident occurred. Jim-Jams and some other ruffraffs and hoodlumps were holding a slight ball game in the street. Joe honked these nuisances out of the way, and the younger social set gave them the knowledge yell. Hearty jeers were exchanged between the upper and lower classes, and the jeer leader went so far as to stick his head out and cry: "You hicks oughta get run over!"—an observation which was destined to have historical value.

THIS may now be set down as a profound truth: When Junior comes in at the door, culture flies out of the window. There was no higher life at this party, only restreation. There was laughter, guzzling, and dancing, but no exercise for intellecks. Ginger ale, girl, and song were Junior's dish.

If he had been etiquettish enough to shower attentions upon the president, much might have been forgiven him. But he did not know how to act. He danced shamelessly four times with Gerry McIntyre, and once with each of the other guests, but not at all with the Founder. Geraldine was happy and gay in a new frock and an amateurish dab of rouge. Tillie Rickhill's fat little nose crinkled at the smell of impending cocoa. Junior told everybody in confidence that the collation was to include four-color ice cream and paper hats.

"Before we eat we ought to have a meeting of the club," said the host, "to elect me a member and everything."

Glad to get back into her proper place in the public eye, Harriette fell into this trap and called the Junior Culture Circle to order.

"I elect Junior a member," said Geraldine.

"So do I!" cried Tillie Rickhill. The Greek chorus echoed this sentiment.

"You are unaminously taken in," announced President Harriette.

"Now we got to elect officers," proposed the new member. "I cannydate myself for pres'dent. The pres'dent ought to be a boy. A girl is not so hot for pres'dent."

Harriette protested bitterly that this was against the constitution and bywords.

"Show me the constitution and bywords," said the cannydate.

"They're not wroten down yet but—"

"You're a heck of a pres'dent!" Junior now recommended himself cordially for the job, appealing to the lower sides of these girls' natures. He had a car and lots of spending smackers; under his administration life would be rich with maple, walnut, caramel sundaes. "All in favor I should be pres'dent say 'aye.'"

Harriette shouted an emphatic "No," but what was she against so many?

The usurper instantly changed the name of the society to the Junior Pleasure Club. "All that poetry and stuff," he said in part, "is a lotta baloney."

This was more than frail flesh and blood could bear. Hattie's thin veneer of culture dropped off and she talked like a bobbed-haired bandit. "Oderous creature!" she cried. A fat-faced sissy and a swelled-headed ignoramious were other regrettable phrases she used. It is possible that the prince of the House of Hardwick had never been so thoroughly denounced in all his sheltered life.

"You better be careful how you speak to me, you darn ol'—"

His epithet was lost in assault and battery. The youth had made the error of bringing his hated face too close to outraged maidenhood and what happened to it was a resounding slap. The victim made a defensive grab for his assailant and received a kick on one of his gaudy shins. Harriette now freed herself from his grasp by the primitive device of biting him slightly upon the hand.

Junior pursued her insincerely out over the sunlit lawn, obviously willing to let this little biter go out of his life promptly and forever. But when she reached the sidewalk, and safety, she surprised him by setting up a heart-rending cry for help.

"That's my gang of boys," she exclaimed. "They'll be simply furious at how you treated me. They'll bust up your rotten old party."

"Yeah—my pater will have you all put in jail." Thus spoke the true son of a famous law firm, but it is a fascinating fact that he returned to the house with great speed. If the deposed president was going to tell her troubles to that gang of pugilists, Junior's place was in the home.

Jim-Jams was the first to reach the scene of the crime.

"What's the idea?" he asked. "Why ain't you at the party?"

The rising young actress pressed her hand against her heart and made noises like a maiden in distress. She waited until the audience had all arrived and then said in a remarkable voice:

"I escaped away. I slapped him and kicked him and bit him and escaped away. He chased me way out here, but you came just in time to save me."

"What'd he do to you?" asked Breckinridge Jones.

"He caused me a great deal of sufferage."

"How?" asked Jim-Jams, who had been trying for years to do that very thing.

The hoodlumps crowded in with looks of relish upon their evil faces. As she had spent the greater portion of her career treating them like poison ivy, something told her that Jim-Jams, Breck Jones, Click, and Al Landsford would do little, if any, party-busting on her behalf.

BUT there was a fifth athlete present, an insignificant splinter of the human race named Lon Brickly. His intellect was not a towering one but he was fated to strut and fret his little hour upon the stage. Lon Brickly was in private life the brother of Genevieve, one of the Greek chorus girls now enjoying life so basely in the horrible Hardwick house. Upon him Harriette now fixed an accusing eye.

"You shouldn't ought to hang around here, Lon. You ought to go home and tell your mother to get Genevieve out of that party before it is too late."

"What's the matter of Genevieve?"

"Oh, my goo'ness; don't stop to argue. There's no time to lose!"

"Go on, Lon, beat it," said Breck Jones.

Thus incited, Lon hurried home to break the news to Mother that some danger, variety unknown, threatened his sister Genevieve. It was not Harriette's fault, as she afterwards pointed out, that Mrs. Brickly telephoned around to all the other mothers and scared everybody half to death.

It is a well-known fact that youth has some occult power of broadcasting good news. This juvenile wireless now spread the word that some sort of atrocity was being held at the palatial Hardwick home. Instantly, other kids began to appear out of the circumambient void and delicious rumors were served. There was one morbid and popular theory that the lovely Geraldine McIntyre was being tortured with horrible agony. It was easy to believe anything of a boy who said that ball players should be run over. Jim-Jams threatened to give Junior Hardwick a sock in the jaw, and others chose various parts of Junior's anatomy to give him socks in.

All this violent talk was sweet music in Harriette's ears. With her talent for self-deception she began to fancy herself a Joan of Arc about to lead an army against the usurper, but suddenly her dreams of glory were shattered by a cry:

"Looky! Here comes two cops. I bet he's goin' to get pinched!"

Simultaneously with the arrival of the police came two worried mothers driving family cars.

An officer of the law walked into the mob scene and laid a hand on Harriette's shoulder.

"You come with me, young woman," he said. "You've got some explainin' to do!"

THIS tangled affair Mrs. Samuel Deale duly unraveled for her husband at their evening meal. These distressed parents could speak freely, because Hattie was not in their midst; she was locked in her room, theoretically repenting of her sins. Samuel finally got it through his uncultured head that his daughter had, in one crowded hour of glorious life, personally bitten an heir, broken up a ball game, ruined a pinochle match in the police station, destroyed the peace of mind of a half dozen assorted mothers, spoiled a children's party, smashed the Junior Pleasure Club to bits, blasted a young man's reputation, and been practically arrested for disorderly conduct and inciting to riot.

"But who telephoned the police?"

"Junior, the girls say. He got scared when he saw all those rough boys."

"That'll help his popularity a lot," said Mr. Deale bitterly.

"It doesn't matter, Sam. They are sending him away to a boys' camp tomorrow. Mrs. Hardwick doesn't seem to think that we are very cultured here." There was a suspicion of a twinkle in Catherine's eye.

Mr. Deale rose to his feet.

"Do you mean to tell me that Hattie drove that boy out of town? I see I'll have to speak to her about that!"

"Yes, but don't be too harsh, Sam. After all, she had some provocation. He took her club away from her."

"That's the sort of attitude," Samuel replied," that causes widespread disrespect for the law!"

Mr. Deale walked firmly up the stairway, unlocked his dangerous daughter's door—and gave her two dollars.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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"Now He Swings His Crutch . . . up the road to independence"

"He came to my office in considerable excitement"

Clifford S. Burdge, president of the North Side Bank and Trust Co., Bristol, Conn., tells the story of his advice to a cripple... and what happened

"SEVERAL years ago I was a bank officer in another city," said Mr. Burdge. "I used to buy my paper, every evening, from a newsboy whose stand was just outside the bank door. Angelo, we'll call him.

"Angelo is a cripple—the result of injuries received when just a child. One day, Angelo came into the bank, and to my desk, in considerable perplexity.

"He wanted to know what to do. He had saved up a thousand dollars, and he was being 'pestered to death' to put all the money he had into a 'marvelous opportunity' that would 'double his money' in a few months.

"I knew how Angelo must have worked to save that thousand. I told him why he simply could not expect safety if he put his money into anything so highly speculative. I showed him why, in his circumstances, he ought to put safety before every other consideration.

"Finally, Angelo decided to safeguard his $1000 by putting it into a thoroughly high grade security. Since that time, Angelo has saved and invested steadily; not only has he still got his thousand, but he has already saved two or three more, and is safely launched on an investing career. Angelo now swings his crutch up the road to independence."

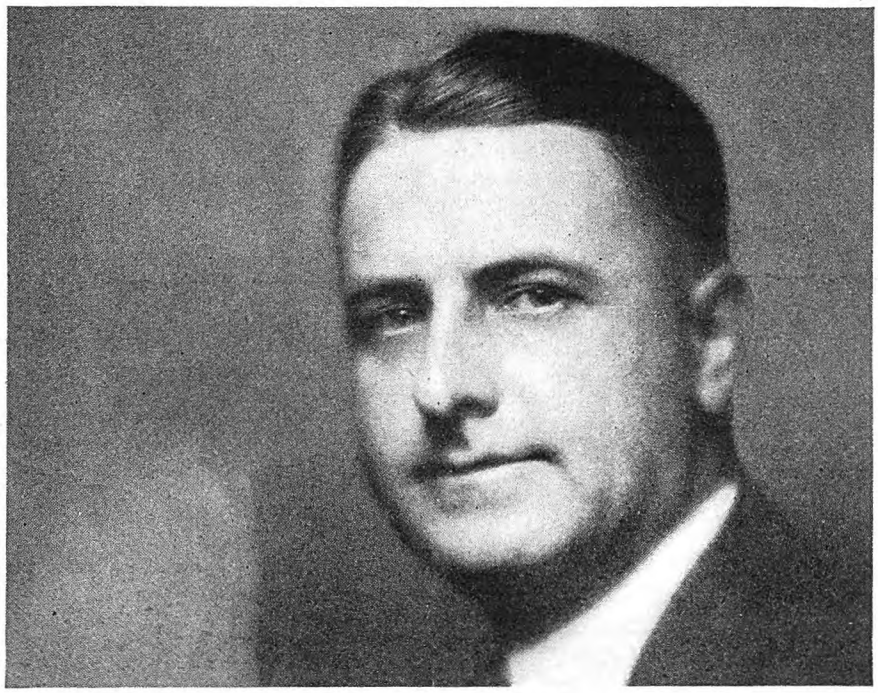
✣ ✣ ✣

In an era of skyrocketing prices and widespread speculation, the mature and sober judgment of the banker can exert a tremendous influence on the safeguarding of the investment of literally millions of investors. Safety as the cardinal principle of investment was never so important. An average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his banker, or a high grade investment banker, before he decides what to buy.

Good yield, of course, is a highly important consideration, although a high per cent should never be permitted to outweigh the most rigid safeguarding of principal. For any investor who has several thousands to invest, the question of diversification enters—how to spread his investment over different types of securities.

Bankers throughout the country, in widely separated communities, choose from among Straus offerings, both for recommendation to their depositors and for their bank reserves. Among such bonds are seasoned securities from many different investment fields—railroad, municipal, industrial, real estate, public utility, and foreign bonds. From among bonds offered by S. W. Straus & Co., many thousands of investors have filled all their needs for twenty years and more.

As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for Booklet H-1021 or fill in the coupon below.



Clifford S. Burdge, president of the North Side Bank and Trust Co., Bristol, Conn., formerly bank examiner for the State of Connecticut, is actively interested in the rapid industrial and commercial development of the prosperous district centering around Bristol.

ESTABLISHED 1882 **S. W. STRAUS & CO.** INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDINGS ... *In New York*, 565 Fifth Ave., *In Chicago*, Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd., *In San Francisco*, 79 Post St.

Gentlemen: **Please send me, without obligation, a copy of Booklet H-1021, "How to Invest Money."**

*Name*_____

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Farm Trade Tips

Volume 1 — *Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers* — Number 4

ELEVEN SALES "TIPS" THAT WILL SELL FOR YOU, TOO

Red Rooster

Mount Joy, Pa., and the surrounding country woke up one morning and found tacked on telephone poles a 5" by 8" card printed in red, saying, "WATCH FOR THE"—and underneath was a picture of a big red rooster. For two weeks people wondered. More of the mysterious cards appeared in town and out along country roads. Then came a newspaper announcement by Eshleman Bros. that the following Saturday a hungry Rhode Island Red rooster would appear in their window to be fed—and that the person guessing nearest to the number of grains of corn he would eat that day would win a prize. Clyde Eshleman says they had more farm trade in the store at one time that Saturday than ever before. Guesses ranged from 24 to 1630. The rooster "guessed" 230.

PROFIT FROM NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Picture Contest

An amateur picture-taking contest for farmers put on by a group of merchants in an Illinois town not only increased sales of cameras and films, but also led to large aggregate purchases of paint, cement, shrubs, yard and garden furniture, fencing, lawn mowers, and many other items of merchandise, says L. B. Lyons, Washington, Ill. The contest began April 1st and closed October 1st. Prizes of cash and merchandise were offered. Only farmers were eligible. The pictures of farm homes and their surroundings were all of the "before-and-after" type—illustrating how appearances could be improved with little expense. The whole community, as well as the merchants, benefited.

Picks His Trades

Earl O. Pursley, successful Tennessee car dealer, gets quick turnover on used cars that are traded in to him—because he actually selects them before they are traded. In *Motor* he tells how he always keeps on the lookout for the type of cars that are most in demand by used-car buyers. He takes their license numbers, checks up on their ownership, makes out prospect cards, and sends his salesmen around. He averages one new-car sale for every ten such prospects!

Murray "Farms" On Main Street

Robert J. Murray, successful hardware and implement dealer of Honesdale, Pa., believes in action displays to sell farm machinery. His implement department is equipped with motor driven line shafting, and on a moment's notice he can throw a switch and start the grindstone, saw, or mowing machine working. The above picture shows one of his spectacular demonstrations. With the silo built on the sidewalk right in front of the store, a power unit and blower make it a better "show" by blowing the corn out over the roof three stories above ground. Farmers for fifty miles around attend Murray's demonstrations.

STOCK NATIONALLY KNOWN LINES

"Surprise" Sampling

A. W. Burnquist, general merchant of Waubeka, Wis., wanted to introduce his store and merchandise to new farm customers. So he wrote to manufacturers and asked for quantities of nationally advertised samples, telling them of his plan. They were glad to help. When the samples arrived he arranged them in individual assortments and packed each assortment in a neat shopping bag with customer's name attached. Then he sent out postcards to customers announcing the following Saturday would be Surprise-Package Day—and would they call for the interesting package that was waiting for them? *They came!*

Selling Fertilizer

Orin McClendon, Lanett, Ala., tells how his store increased its fertilizer sales. On a large vacant lot next to the store two plots of cotton were planted last year. Fertilizer was applied to one plot and compost to the other. Signs were put up and each Saturday farmers coming in to trade noted the progress of growth in the two plots. At the end of the season the cotton was picked and weighed in the presence of a group of farmers. The plot on which fertilizer was used produced 45 per cent more cotton—an increase that more than twice paid for the fertilizer. The store's fertilizer sales increased 50 per cent this year.

SELL THE TRADEMARKED BRANDS

Trademark Contest

W. J. Dunmire of Latrobe, Pa., tells of a "Trademark Contest" idea that increased business in the store he works in. Fifty nationally advertised trademarks (labels from packages, cans and boxes) were mounted on cardboard and numbered, and slightly disfigured to make identification somewhat difficult. They were then displayed in the window, and two $10 prizes were offered—a woman's prize and a man's prize—for the largest number of trademarks correctly identified, accompanied by the best letter telling the store how it could improve its sales service to its customers. This contest stirred up a lot of interest and resulted in increased sales in all lines.

Stork List

A woman pharmacist in Ohio keeps a mailing list of babies up to three years of age, checking it weekly for new arrivals. To the mothers she suggests baby equipment and prescription items of seasonable interest. In case of a death an appropriate card is sent.

"It"

F. Demers, successful grocer of Saco, Maine, arouses customers' *curiosity* over a special article he offers each week. As customers enter his store a large sign on the door questions "Have you seen IT?" On the wrapping counter beside the scale is another sign with one word "IT" printed on it, and under this sign is the special which is being introduced. The special is changed from week to week.

—*Progressive Grocer.*

TIE UP WITH NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Weekly Phone Ad

At exactly 7 o'clock every Friday evening every telephone in Des Moines, N. M., and in the surrounding country, rings. The Palace drug store is on the wire with a 3-minute broadcast of Saturday specials which go on sale the following day. The town has no newspaper and this novel method of advertising was resorted to through the cooperation of the local telephone company. The cost is reasonable and sales results have been excellent.

—*H. Davis, Des Moines, N. M.*

PUSH NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS

Getting Ads Read

A Pennsylvania hardware dealer pays $3 in trade each week to get his newspaper advertisements read more widely throughout the county. In each of his three ads each week he inserts the following—*"If Mrs. B——k of R.F.D. No. 1 will call at the store within one week we will give her one dollar in merchandise, FREE."*

$10 for Your Tip

We pay $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade tips. This is not a contest. Send in as many tips as you wish. We may use them all. You don't have to be an experienced writer. It's the idea that counts. The only requirement is that the tip must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods. Give complete details.

Send your idea to *Farm & Fireside*, Dept. A-4, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ · IN · MORE · THAN · 1,300,000 · FARM · HOMES

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The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

Travel Trails

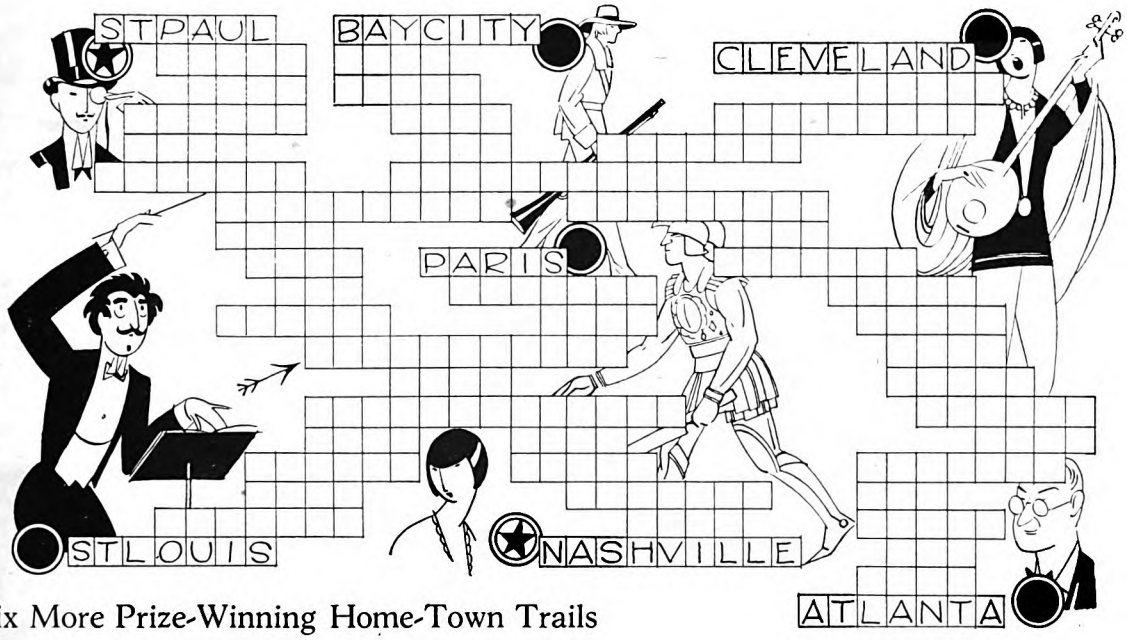
By Arthur Ebenhack and Loren Stout

Take Pleasant Trips Via Travel Trails

When shall we seven meet again?

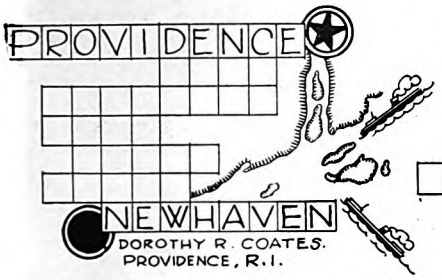
Clue Paragraph:

A maestro, a centurion, a dandy, a pioneer, one troubadour, and two other travel trailers rode from their several abodes. With a tiny can and a fine dish, they crossed an eerie bayou. Try to find the tryst of these seven. The word upon which they meet (indicated by arrow) *is very appropriate and less redundant than tournament.*

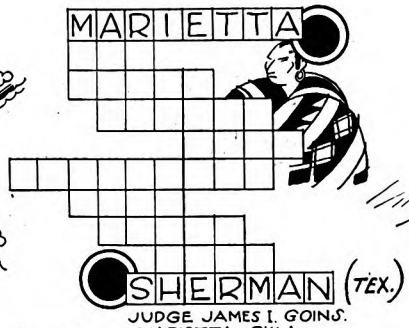


Six More Prize-Winning Home-Town Trails

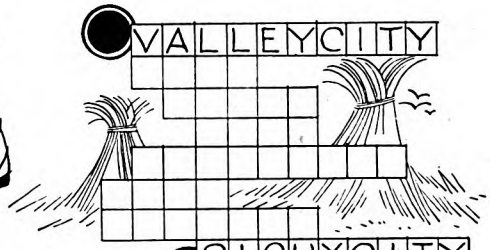
Follow them this time without clue sentences



DOROTHY R. COATES.
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

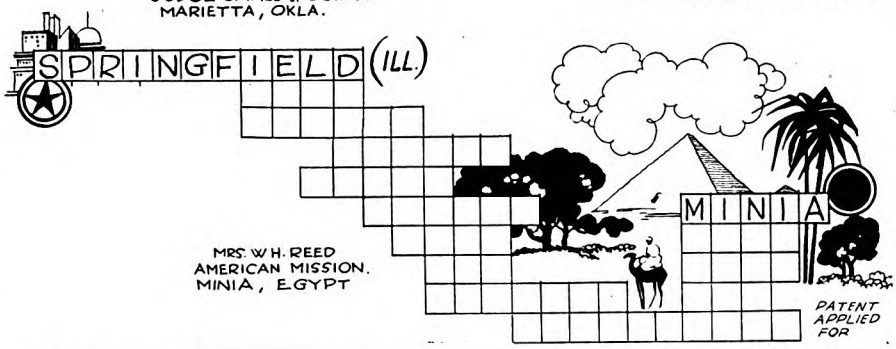


JUDGE JAMES I. GOINS.
MARIETTA, OKLA.



MINNIE J. NELSON. DIRECTOR
NATIONAL COUNCIL ADMINISTRATIVE
WOMEN IN EDUCATION—VALLEY CITY, N.D.

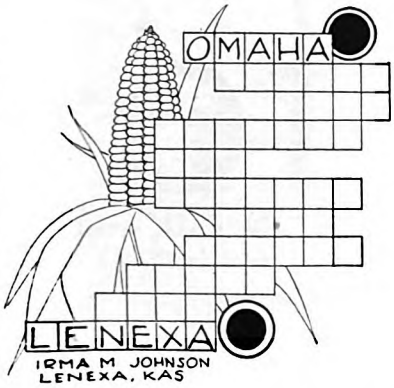
L.G. ANDREWS, SUPT. OF SCHOOLS.
NAVASOTA, TEX.



MRS. W.H. REED
AMERICAN MISSION.
MINIA, EGYPT

PATENT APPLIED FOR

See page 108 for solutions of the July Travel Trails and announcement concerning future trails.



IRMA M. JOHNSON
LENEXA, KAS

HOW TO FOLLOW A TRAVEL TRAIL

Each word must have exactly the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must have three consecutive letters that travel straight down (or up) through the same three letters in the word below (or above); and the word before the destination must also have three consecutive letters that travel into the same three letters of the destination, as illustrated by this sample trail solved for you.

The clue sentence with each trail contains a few of the words which can be used as legs of the journey. Proper names are not allowed in solving a trail, unless included in its clue sentence. A word cannot be used twice in the same trail. The solutions of the trails on this page will be published in next month's issue of The American Magazine.

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...on the floor it's

TIME!

Chester

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobacc

© 1929, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

...in a cigarette it's TASTE!

WHEN it comes to taste, the really fine cigarette begins where the average cigarette leaves off. Something more than ordinary tobaccos and routine care are needed to produce the aroma and character that are Chesterfield's own.

* * *

Not ordinary tobaccos, but tobaccos *chosen*, one by one, in all the leaf markets of the world, for flavor, richness, mildness . . . tobaccos matured and mellowed by *ageing*, in Nature's perfect way.

* * *

Not routine care, but tobaccos blended to scientific *balance*, to bring out the finer qualities that *make* a cigarette—and "cross-blended," the Chesterfield way, to round out and perfect the delicious flavor.

* * *

Chesterfield is much more than "something to smoke," just because each step is governed by taste, *above everything*. And long experience has taught us—and Chesterfield smokers as well—that a really fine cigarette can be made by no other rule.

TASTE *above everything*

field

. . . . not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD . . .
and yet
. . . THEY SATISFY

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Now Your Morning Shave Can Last Longer

You can stay clean-shaven all day because of closer shaving made possible by small-bubble lather.

THERE is a satisfaction when, in the evening, you realize that your morning shave is lasting. This six o'clock satisfaction means you've had a really close shave in the morning. That means a properly moistened beard, and Colgate's guarantees that. Small bubbles—that's the Colgate secret of such efficiency. Small bubbles get down to the base of the beard and moisten it more thoroughly than big, air-filled bubbles.

Two vital facts—easily proved

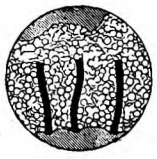
The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist . . . . easier to cut and pliable . . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . . then your razor can do its best work.

Better grooming—the utmost in shaving comfort. A world of critical men, after various experiments with big-bubble lathers, have found that Colgate's is supreme. You, too, will agree. Let us help you in deciding—note our offer below.

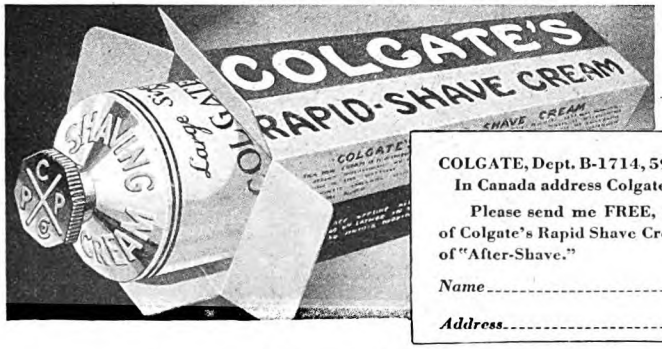
ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1714, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.
In Canada address Colgate, Toronto, 8 Ontario.

Please send me FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Dark Happiness

(*Continued from page 43*)

pot-bellied stove, scroll-backed sofa, spired cottage organ—demanded too much floor-space; an assortment of rockers, whatnots, anemic corner-chairs, demanded not enough. At some time or other, the windows had held curtains—muslin curtains—but only naked rods now showed against white shades. John ran up these shades and pried up the sashes. He opened brittle blinds. . . .

Between the dining-room door by which they had entered and the room's south-west corner, stood two pine sawhorses some five feet apart—carpenters' saw horses apparently—incongruous amid the other furnishings. John's eye fell on them as he stepped toward the table.

"Funny, the many times this room has been swept, those ghastly things haven't been lugged out."

"What are they?" Irene asked.

"Caleb Cravenside's coffin rested on them. They've scarcely been touched since the day of his funeral."

HE SHOT the bolts on the big front door, opened it finally, bore the "horses" outside. Voices sounded from the road. He did not come back.

Blind Jessie Barnes sank down on the sofa. Gathering her loosened hair together, picking out some haystalks, she knotted it skillfully with pins she had covered.

"How long has your eyesight troubled you?" Irene asked curiously. She was strangely vexed at John Forsythe's delay.

"I've been blind ever since I had my scarlet fever, the last year of the war."

"Totally blind?"

"I can tell when the sun's shining; that's about all."

"But how do you get about—up here tonight for instance?"

"I can't tell you how I do it. I know my way 'round; I see it in my mind, if you know what I mean. I don't suppose you do, though. You can't have eyes to do it—eyes with natural eyesight. Just closing good eyes, that's not enough."

Jessie's voice could not be ter masculine, yet it had a lumber throaty precision—each word spoken a certain positiveness—as characteristic that Lincolnesque mouth.

"I guess those men have arrived hear Mr. Forsythe talking to someon

"Yes, that's Enoch Baldwin. deputy sheriff for the county and on the strongest pillars of the church. doesn't like John Forsythe. John r Darwin and Huxley and—Sir O Lodge—"

"How do you know about Sir O Lodge?"

"Please don't make the mistake o of city folks—thinking that just bec we're country folks up here in the m tains o' Vermont, we never read boo

"You can—distinguish those voices

"You depend on your ears awful when you're blind. I often tell folks to lose my sight to find it. Not that always get what I mean. My gra . . . I hear Sammie! . . ."

"Sammie?"

"Sammie LaFlemme. They cal

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Presenting

THE NEW

WILLYS-KNIGHT GREAT SIX

The most distinctive and most luxurious Willys-Knight ever designed

The new Willys-Knight Great Six is the most beautiful and most luxurious automobile that Willys-Overland's designers have ever created. No other car of the time so completely expresses supreme mastery of modern style.

Such graceful sweep of line, such perfection of symmetry, such rich harmony of color, such tasteful elegance of finish—all combine in a distinguished ensemble that testifies to the achievement of new ideals in motor car design.

In engineering as in artistry, the new Willys-Knight Great Six is advanced to a degree which few of the most costly automobiles ever attain. The *patented* Willys-Knight double sleeve-valve engine reaches its highest development—faster, more powerful and more efficient than ever before.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC.
TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

WILLYS-KNIGHT GREAT SIX SEDAN
ROADSTER • COUPE • 5-PASSENGER COUPE
—each model

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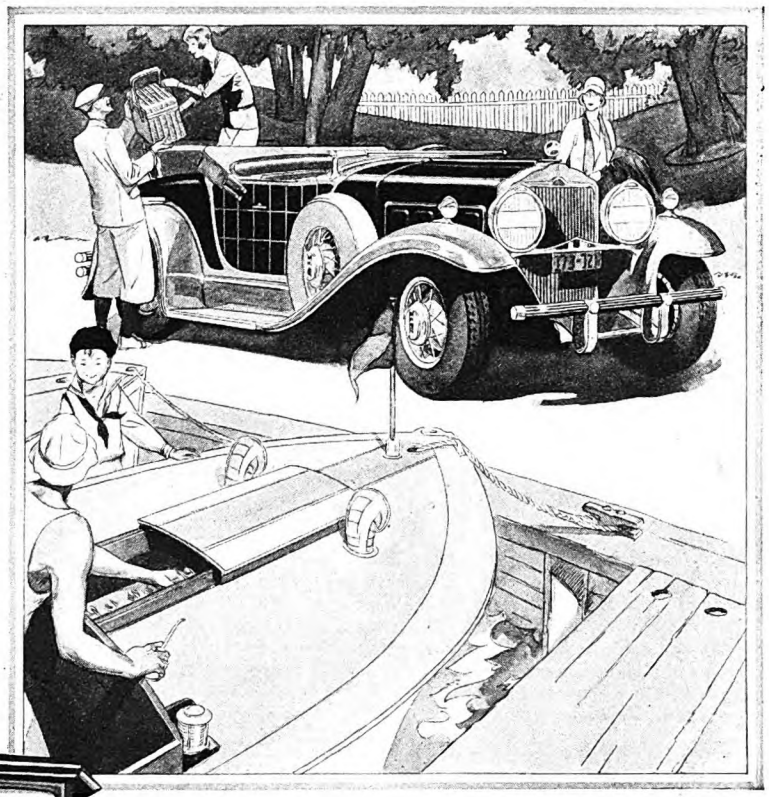

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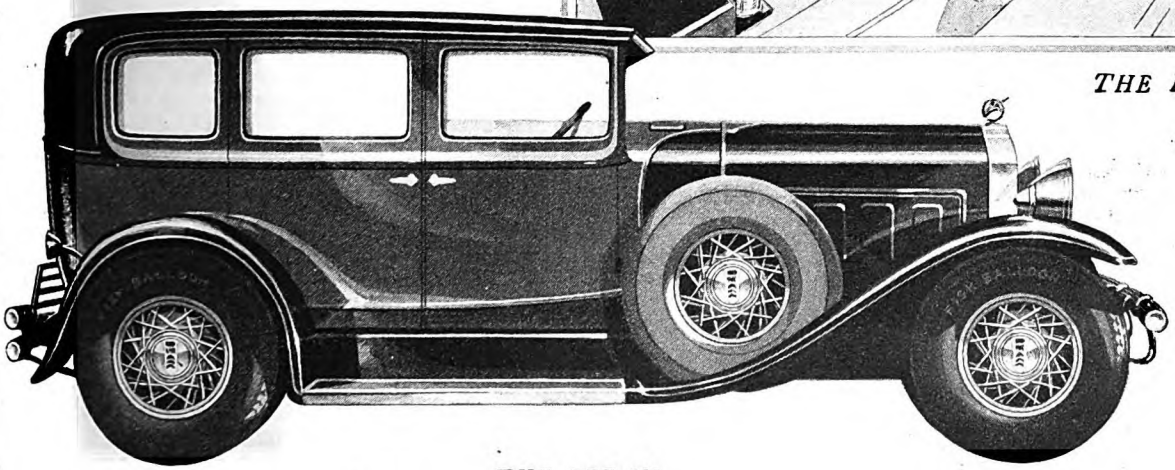

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'Hives' hereabouts 'cos he's foolish and nervous and scratches himself when nothing's biting him. His father shot his mother, and was hung down to Windsor. I took the boy rather than have him abused at the Poor Farm. But he ought to be home ending up his chores."

"You have a farm of some kind?"

"Oh—I've got a house and a barn and land. But after Ma died I had to sell the stock to get my brother from a scrape. Ashley hit a man and killed him over in Sargent's sugar-house, and it cost me right heavy to see him through the courts."

"Where is he now?"

"We managed to get him only two years for manslaughter. Soon's he got out, he headed for the West."

"You mean you don't know *where* he is?"

"He's not much on writing. I heard from him about three years back when he wrote for fifty dollars to make good a bad check. Sally, my sister, claims he's in Oregon."

"You live with a sister?"

"No, Sally lives in Greenfield. I live with Rhoda Cass. Her father's hired man got her in trouble, and when they kicked her out, she came down to me. Sammie does our chores and sleeps in the shed."

"Is your sister married?"

The blind woman nodded. "—the mother o five youngsters and another due in August. If they didn't need so much I could get me a cow."

"You send money to a sister, yet you can't afford a cow?"

"I raise chickens—and braid rugs. We get along up here in Vermont. It's Sally's big family that keeps me scratching."

"But why are you called upon to help your sister's children?"

"'Cos they'd starve if I didn't. That's a pretty good reason."

Irene's ears were attuned to that distant murmuring of voices. And yet she questioned further:

"Is your sister's husband—dead?"

"No—but Matt got his foot crushed, working as a freight hand. The road made him settle for two hundred dollars. They spent most o' that on Mae's appendicitis —she's their oldest girl. Matt draws eighty a month now, gate man at a mill. He don't have to walk much. It's a blessing he gets that."

"But who helps *you* out when you need it?"

IRENE was startled by Jessie's sudden chuckle.

"I'm not one o' those needing help, Mrs. Cravenside. You might think so, o' course. But that's not my rôle. I've taken care o' myself ever since I was twelve—not only that, but I took care o' Ma. Eighteen years in a mattress grave she spent, 'fore mercifully changing it for one in a cemetery. Pa got sick of a wife who couldn't help him farm. He simply cleared out, and I can't say I blame him."

"But—being blind and—everything—it doesn't sound to me as though you had much—fun!"

Jessie seemed to cogitate. Then once more she chuckled.

"Oh, yes, I have fun. But you wouldn't understand it. I get my fun doin' things for folks—and leaving 'em puzzled as to how they were helped."

What could she mean? But John's step, returning, was heard on the doorstone.

"Well," he announced, "I've got rid of *them*—though they're not at all convinced. The situation's ugly and nightly growing uglier. They're after you, Jessie, as much as after Donald."

"It don't surprise me," the blind girl answered cryptically.

Big John Forsythe swung a chair toward the sofa and seated himself.

"JESSIE," he declared, "you've helped folks in this village, and most of 'em admire you. But along with their esteem goes a dangerous bit of fear. You do a lot of things, Jessie, that some of 'em don't savvy. It's long ceased to puzzle 'em. It's lately got 'em scared."

Jessie plucked her shawl. Her strong mouth relaxed.

"I suppose it's Enoch Baldwin?"

"It's more than Enoch, Jessie. The way you get around this country by night is—uncanny. Hank Curley says you left his place Thursday night and cut directly across the old quarry. Few could do it in daylight without broken necks. Yet Hives says you came home—"

"Nobody'd think it was so wonderful if I picked my way through the quarry by daylight. All of 'em forget it's always night to me.

"That's not the point. Grossly ignorant persons like Hank, or fanatics like Enoch, think you must have gifts not intended for ordinary mortals, and their resentment makes them dangerous. It's really their fright—at what they can't explain. They don't admit that fright. But it's the same sort of unreasoning terror that two hundred years back sent witches to the stake. We don't burn people at the stake today, Jessie, for unusual spiritual gifts. But there's other ways of removing them so the illiterate can be comfortable. You know what happened to Ephraim Waite?"

"Who was *he?*" Irene questioned. She had seated herself also on the sofa.

"He held views like Jessie's on soul survival—that the dead didn't die—that even live people could go out of their bodies, on occasion, and sufficient provocation. Certain fanatics worked till he was committed to Brattleboro Asylum."

Jessie laughed without mirth. . . .

"They pay a preacher to tell 'em about eternal life," she said, "and how the Master died and came back a spell, to prove coming back was possible, yet when someone comes along *who actually believes it*, they lock him away where he can't—well, practice it!"

Forsythe was leaning forward in his chair, with elbows on his knees. He shrugged his burly shoulders.

"You've got to be circumspect, Jessie. You've got to treat with life as you find it—"

"As if I'd been doing aught else, all my born days!"

"The fact remains, Jessie, certain folks are getting jumpy. At you, I mean—a lot of things you do that don't seem natural to them. And I don't refer wholly to your getting about at night."

"Well, what else has this town got against me?"

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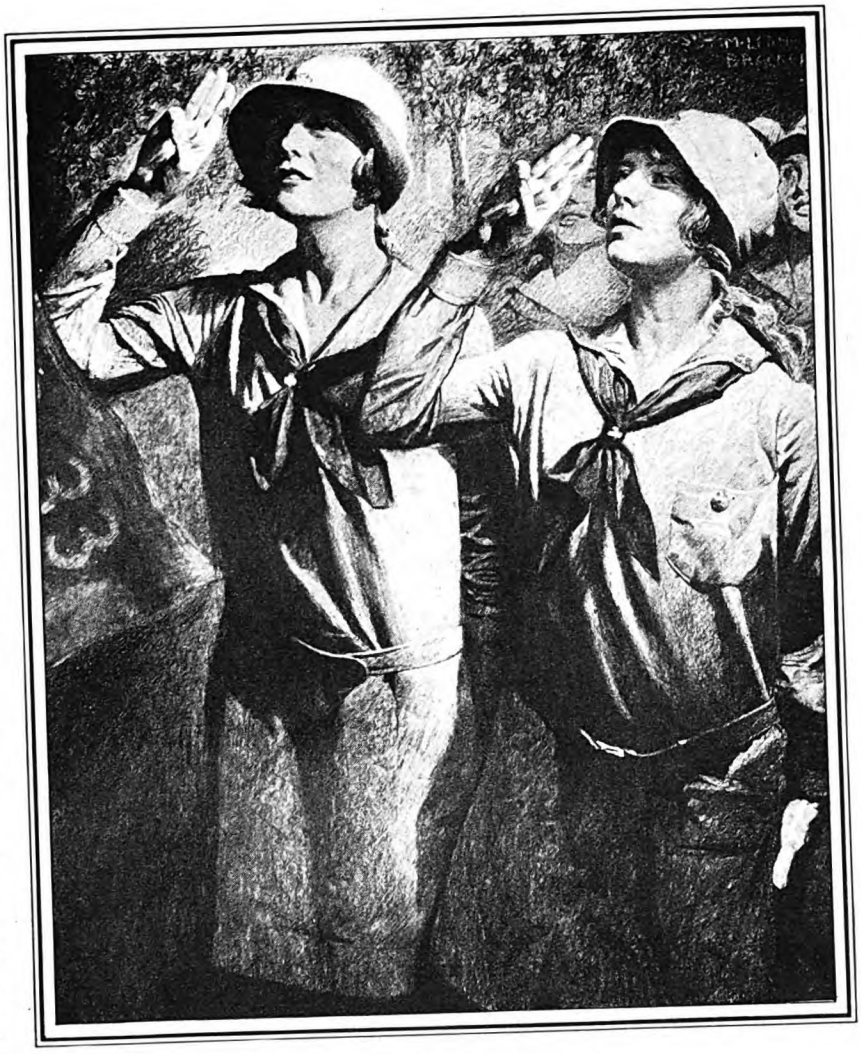

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John studied his hands a long moment, then replied:

"You might as well know—for another thing, they claim it's not human for anyone with no more money than you earn, to open her home to everyone who comes along with a hard-luck story—to take in anything from a sore-eyed kitten to a drunk like Massey Bishop—"

"Massey Bishop had fallen and hurt himself, when his son kicked him out!"

"I know. But ordinary blind women don't do such things. They just don't get your motive. You kept Massey down to your place for four days—"

"I guess Sammie and Rhoda Cass were good enough chaperons. Besides, his back was wrenched."

"That's not the point. Normal people wouldn't do it. They'd let the overseers of the poor do it, or their pastor, or, in the last resort, the sheriff. That's what such authorities are for. I'm sorry to say it, Jessie, but the truth is . . . such behavior is being used against you for proof that you're *cracked!* Now *I* know you're not cracked. But it builds up a sentiment against you—a thing you can't afford."

IT WAS silent in the sitting-room. A light night wind sprang up and stirred some brier fronds beneath a side window. Jessie sat on the sofa in statuesque pose, chin high, characterful fingers plucking at her lap

"What's the point of all this right now?' she asked finally.

"The point," said John, "is this: I want to clean up this Cravenside gossip. For two reasons—yes, *three*. First, Don Cravenside was my friend—who left his family property in my care—who later disappeared under harrowing circumstances—and I want to know what happened as a matter of principle. Second, there's his wife. Mrs. Cravenside here has now lived eight months in the cruel plight of not only being separated from her husband, but not knowing whether he's alive or dead, whether she's married or a widow—"

"*There's things in life worse than death!*"

"What do you mean by that, Jessie Barnes?"

"You wouldn't understand, John Forsythe. But I'm female, I guess, if I haven't got eyes. I know things by—by intuition if you want to call it that. Go on. What's reason number three?"

"Yourself, Jessie. It'd be the most monstrous piece of injustice ever perpetrated in this valley if fanatics like Enoch Baldwin made out a sufficient case against you to have you committed to Brattleboro too. And I don't like their talk. Not to put too fine a point upon it, one of their main indictments against you is—you know the secret of Donald's disappearance—they think they've seen you with him—*or his spirit*—they think he's back up here on this property and that you go about somehow, communing with him nightly. Enoch contends you were seen with him tonight."

"I wasn't, John Forsythe. That I can tell you, straight to your face, and I can't solve this mystery o' Donald's. I know it's a riddle but—I can't explain it."

"You can't—or you won't?"

"You know well enough, John Forsythe, that I've always accepted when the Lord sent me work. Whether it's Don Cravenside, alive or dead, that I'm helping now—or my brother Ashley—or even the man who wronged Rhoda Cass—*or someone you've not heard of*—I admit there's a man's spirit mixed up in all this, tortured about as much as anyone with feelin's could be, and it's not for such as Enoch Baldwin, or Mike Austin, or Hank Curley to say I shan't help. But the 'gifts' that I've got, anyone could have—even Lotusville folks—if they'd be less theological and more religious, less 'natural' and more generous, less ignorant and more filled with human kindness."

"I'm not your inquisitor, Jessie. I'm only trying to make your lot less difficult."

"You're a good sort, John. But you're as puzzled as anyone in town—how I do what I do. Why don't you confess it?"

John Forsythe looked rueful. He said, with some irony, "You seem to forget I'm a civil engineer. It's my job—and temperament—to deal strictly with facts. Displays of phenomena outside of natural law—well, they're a sort of anathema to one of my profession."

"We don't need to go all over that again, John. There was a time when you civil engineers had people jailed for fraud 'cos they tried to sell stock in a contrivance that carried the human voice on a wire—"

"But, Miss Barnes," broke in Irene, "by your own admissions in the yard, you *do* know something. Consider my position."

"I'm doing a chore, Mis' Cravenside, and I simply ask to help. You've heard me say I know something that's not for me to tell, 'bout why Lotusville thinks this hilltop's haunted. Aside from that statement, I've not told you anything—'cept if I was you I'd go back to Philadelphia and let the Lord settle this by circumstance."

JESSIE got to her feet. John stepped before her.

"You can't leave this room, Jessie Barnes, till you've given us a truthful 'yes' or 'no' to one vital question: *Is Mrs. Cravenside's husband, real or phantom, down in the orchard to the east of this house? Did he play that music we heard when we saw you?*"

"John, I'm surprised at you. I thought you were my friend."

"I *am* your friend, Jessie. But developments tonight are more serious than you think."

The blind girl debated. . . .

"Will you let me go out of here peaceably, and on about my business, if I answer your question?"

"I think so. Yes—certainly."

"And you won't try to follow?"

"I'll promise if you wish it."

"All right, you hear me say it: Whoever or whatever made that music in the orchard—whoever or whatever's been the cause o' all this upset—*it's not the person Mrs. Cravenside married!*"

"Then what—or who—?"

"I didn't contract to answer you further. Now you keep your promise and let me get out!"

John stood aside. And Jessie departed. Out through the dining-room she walked with queer directness, through the low-studded kitchen and rose-latticed door. When her feet reached the sod, they heard her no longer; it was eerily quiet all

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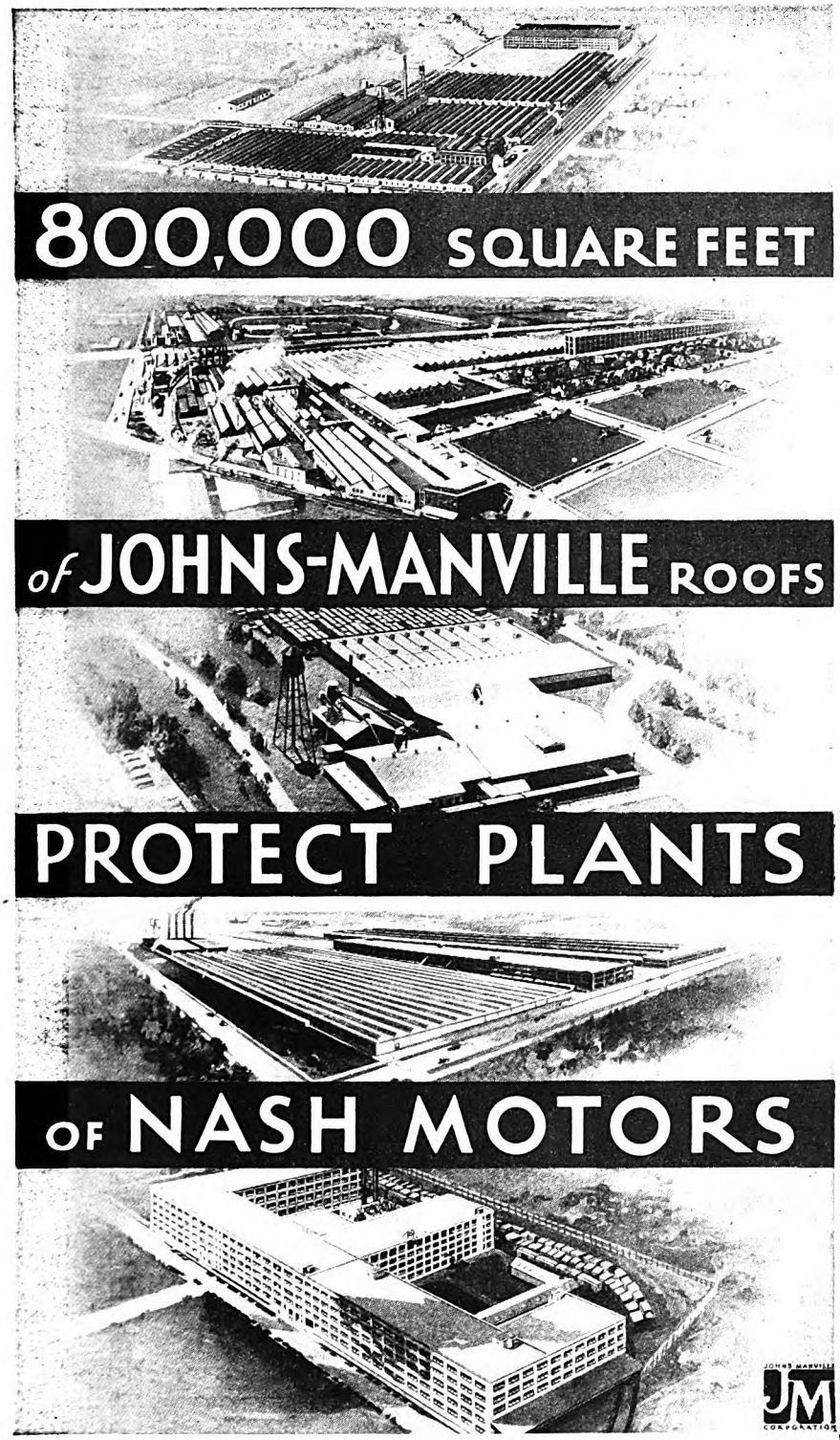

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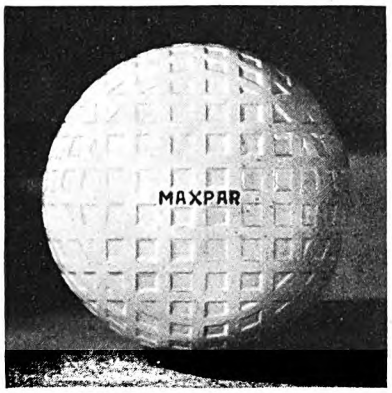

over the hilltop. John's glance met Irene's.

"She lied!" said the latter.

"Then it's the first since I've known her—something like ten or twelve years."

"Mr. Forsythe, the solution to the Cravenside mystery is right here on these premises. My husband is somewhere about this vicinity. I can't tell you how, but I *feel* his presence."

John studied her gravely. Irene went on—

"Jessie spoke of intuition. Well, I may have it too. Within the next twenty-four hours I'm going to learn what became of Donald, how he contrived to vanish in his own locked house, where he's been in the meantime, why he came to Vermont. I might have learned it long before this, if I'd only recalled his family homestead."

"Then you've decided that what you told me down in my study, about cell disintegration, doesn't really hold water?"

"I haven't said that. I haven't said we'll find him . . . alive!"

"But if Jessie's lying, as you seem to think?"

"I'll qualify that, about her lying. Her statement was so ambiguous that it bordered on deception. And that's a form of falsehood. Aside from that, however, my presence up here is forcing the problem into the open. And—I wonder—if I want it—forced into the open?"

John continued thoughtful and uneasy.

"Well," he said at last, "in any case, Jessie's gone home after giving us her word that it wasn't your husband down in the orchard. I'm inclined to believe she wouldn't deal in falsehood. Now, what shall we do next?—go scouting in the night to rout out a ghost?"

"Suppose," said Irene, "we look over the house."

HE PICKED up the lamp. They started inspection of those lugubrious rooms.

Yet Forsythe was thoughtful over what the woman had expressed as he had not been thoughtful in months. His eyes showed it. His preoccupied manner disclosed it. He had fleeting presentiments that he had lived all the years of his life to arrive at this night, this episode, the meeting with this widow who might not be a widow, this bizarre experience that invited a peep behind the Great Curtain of conscious life which might reveal the crux of cosmic vibration.

His own parents had been dead since boyhood. He had brothers and sisters, but they lived elsewhere. They saw no interest in his lonely mode of existence—tramping the Green Mountain trails by day, coming home by night, when he did come home, to a womanless house and the company of his dog. They labeled him eccentric and left him alone.

Women had come and gone in his life, but, considered as a sex, he beheld them as annoyance. Certainly no fine-grained, sophisticated, brainy woman had ever shown interest in his thoughts and pursuits. His vocation tended away from any chance of meeting them—and thus the present contact held romantic significance which Irene could not suspect. The upset grew within him as he led the way into a partially dismantled parlor, back into a bedroom, thence up steep stairs to the chambers above.

Conventional New England bedrooms they were, with low-hung painted bedsteads, gaunt bureaus, old-fashioned commodes, oval portraits of long-dead nobodies hung too high on their walls, mattings underfoot which rats had chewed badly. The bureaus had mirrors that caught the reflection of John's lamp and betokened phantoms they had received in solitude far more unspeakable than the grotesque shadows these two made on the walls. With hearts throttled down, they pulled open the doors of strange closets, half prepared for anything to be disclosed. They looked in eerie storerooms, and in spooky attics over chambers and ell. Nowhere was there evidence that the place had been occupied—except by rodents. Mice-feet showed everywhere.

They went down into a shallow, odorous vegetable cellar—and came up hurriedly when Irene saw the cobwebs. Great labyrinths of them made the place hideous. No need of looking for anything in the basement. Even a phantom would strangle in those networks.

The limousine, with Katrina, the maid, and Jamie, the chauffeur, came purring up the lane as that inspection ended.

"YOU SEE," said John Forsythe, setting down his lamp on the plateau of dining-table, "staying up here tonight, till the ark has been renovated, has its obvious discomforts. You'd better turn back to the Hebron hotel."

Irene laughed grittily.

"No," she decreed. "I came up here expecting discomforts—willing to endure them till this mystery is solved. It's no pleasure excursion for me; not even a visit. I know we haven't seen any signs of poor Donald. Yet my quest ends here—and perhaps before the morning."

"But the place is so dirty—!"

"Katrina can make the chambers habitable, I'm sure. I saw some clean bedding—fold on fold of pure-linen sheets—in a chest upstairs. There's time to air it out between now and midnight."

"You'd stay here alone, with only two servants!"

Irene dropped her eyes. She turned half away—as though examining the sideboard.

"I was hoping," she faltered, "I could persuade you to—to stay up here—with me. You're as interested as I am, aren't you?—to run down this secret?"

The man cast a hot, swift glance at the woman's pretty shoulders. Then, with a boy's attempt at artlessness, he answered:

"Sure. I'd just as soon stay. I didn't know you wanted me."

"Maybe I—maybe I want you—more than—more than you think."

It startled him, that—more than anything that had transpired on that hilltop to the moment. Had she lived so long apart from her husband that she had buried him in memory? Hadn't she loved him properly to start with? Forsythe discovered himself breathing heavily as he opened more windows and let in the night wind.

"Oh, look!" cried Irene. "Over that mountain there! See, the moon is coming up!"

Katrina, the maid, was a stout, phlegmatic Teuton. As though knowing more about such matters than her mistress, glad to get in action after cramped hours of motoring, she promptly sheathed herself

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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion

in aprons—after a blue-eyed, freckle-faced chauffeur had brought in the bags—and dug out pantry brooms as though by clairvoyance.

All the skewed windows were raised throughout the house; the motor was dispatched to the village store for groceries. John Forsythe brought wood and fired the big range. Water soon boiled for tea in a kettle, a globular thing of heavy black iron.

While Katrina was cleaning, a full moon rose higher. A great copper plate, it appeared on the mountain crest; as it climbed up the heavens it changed to cool silver. Jamie, with soot on his nose and a towel around his waist, persuaded Katrina to let him turn chef. Irene and John took a turn about the hilltop.

Her neat tan pumps protected from wet grass by galoshes from her luggage, the woman walked with Forsythe down the frowzy, budding orchard. In and around gnarled tree trunks, past cancerous growths of sickly sweet blackberry banked along walls or twisted rail fences, along the marsh-meadow on the east of the premises, thence around to the south, they explored in white moonshine.

"Look!" cried John suddenly. "See where Jessie went!—the path across the mowing!"

Plain in the night light showed the whitish-silver twisting, winding away toward the wooded southwest.

"What makes it?" Irene whispered nervously.

"The grass has been trodden," Forsythe explained, "and the dew is so heavy that it hasn't straightened back. It probably won't till tomorrow morning's sunshine."

"There seems to be only a single track, doesn't there? She went away alone then."

"On the contrary: two people wouldn't walk in wet grasses abreast."

Whereat they sought the track of any second person joining into the other. They gave it up as hopeless; the grass about the hilltop was too rough and sparse.

By the light of John's flash, they looked into the barn. A cryptlike place it was, moss-hoary with years, its mammoth lofts empty, planks propping its doors. Withal it was sweet with the scent of old hay.

"I HEAR a dog barking somewhere!" Irene exclaimed, as they started through the shed. "It seems to be crazed with excitement over something."

"It's Tripe!" declared Forsythe. "I'd know his bark anywhere—and it's coming from the Hollow—"

"The Hollow?"

"The direction of my house. Come on, let's go out."

They got into the yard. The barkings were plain, far down across the mowing where the lamp-gleam was visible in the window of John's kitchen. On the rear embankment the two paused and listened.

"There's something coming up the mowing!" Irene announced. "It looks like an animal!—yes, it's your dog—he's racing this way."

"Now, who let *him* out? You saw me close the windows and doors."

"Can it be possible somebody's gotten into your house?"

"Anything's possible. I'll go down and find out—and extinguish the light."

"Can't you wait till you've had food? We'll make the trip together."

Few women of such poise, intelligence, and grace had addressed John Forsythe in similar camaraderie. The romantic disturbance was growing within him, compounded of factors he could not define. She did not seem to him like Cravenside's wife. It was a marital paradox, conceiving her as married to the narrow-shouldered, bespectacled fellow who had been old Caleb's son—somewhat finicky of manner, sallow of countenance, concerned about his rubbers, winning prizes in Foxboro Academy for his skill in mathematics. She commanded virility, self-reliance, fearless male leadership. What purblind impulsions had effected their matrimony?

"Come here, Tripe!" the surveyor ordered gruffly. "What have you been up to?"

"See!" cried Irene. "He's got something in his mouth! It looks like a rag—it *is* a rag—"

"Give up, Tripe! Bring it here! Out with it!"

THE Airedale came close, sniffed the turf near its master's boots, pulled back playfully, encircled the pair in canine caprice. Then a little distance off it squatted on all fours and chewed what it carried. Forsythe stalked across.

"You're right," he announced. "It looks like a piece of somebody's shirt. Where have I seen this pattern before? Who's Tripe been—?"

"I know that pattern! The foolish boy at the bridge—he wore such a shirt."

"Hives LaFlemme! Been snoopin' has he?—and Tripe took away a section of his—?"

"Mr. Forsythe!" The woman's fine hand closed down on his wrist. "The foolish boy doesn't mean you any good. you know that, don't you?"

"I've heard so," John laughed. "But how did you know it?"

"He told me, in referring to you the evening, that he meant to kill you some time—if he found a good knife."

"Well, no one will miss me—if he does the job clean."

John couldn't explain just why he said it. Callow it was . . . forcing an issue from sophomoric whimsy.

"No?" Irene asked. "Then you're very unfortunate!"

He hadn't expected her to say it that way—to say it at all—and lift her head quickly. It vexed as it shamed him. It reminded him that, after all, flirtation was crass, that despite their camaraderie a problem intervened.

"Well, I guess Hives didn't loiter with Tripe on his rear. And if you don't mind, I'll have a look down there once."

She suffered him to go a little way before she caught up with him. But no word was exchanged as they went back down the path.

"I deserve it," growled Forsythe. "What did I expect—that she'd burst into tears?"

They gained his rear yard and came between the sheds. The porch door was locked; kitchen windows were in order. The dog raced ahead, out into the road. Up and down it ran, pausing both north and south to bark warningly at distance

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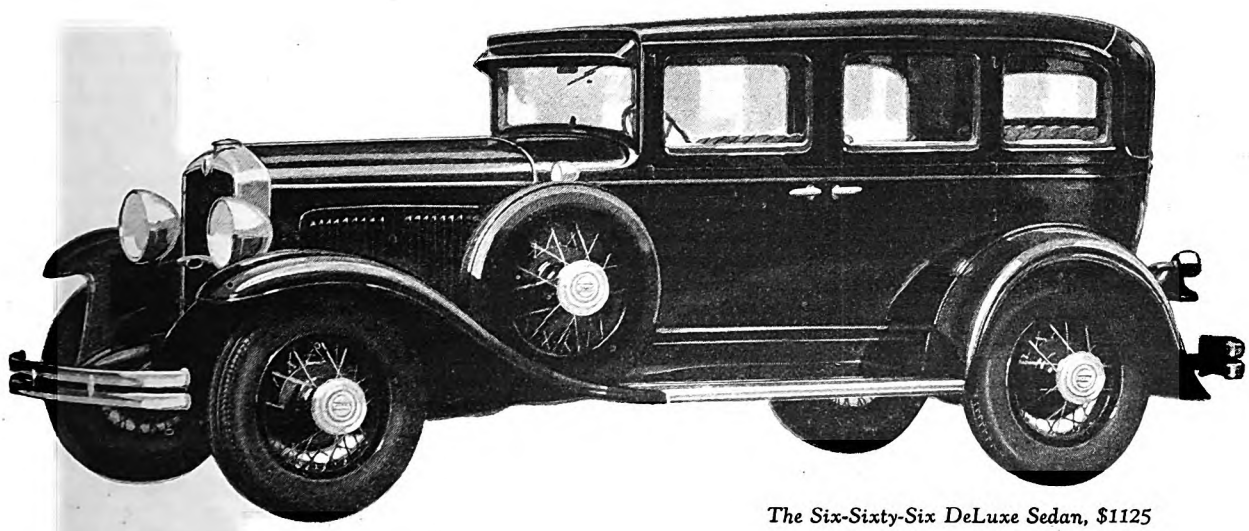

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DURANT

A GOOD CAR

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He *thinks* he is speaking Correct English!

Can you find his FIVE mistakes?

IF YOU were introduced to an attractive, prosperous-looking man or woman who constantly made crude mistakes in grammar and pronunciation, what would you think? You could not *help* thinking that this person was sadly lacking in education; you would feel that he, or she, belonged on a lower social level.

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Perhaps you sometimes use *who* for *whom*, or *would* for *should*. Are you always sure whether to spell words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ei" or "ie"? Do you ever say, "I did it already"—or, "He don't mean what he says."

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Then it slipped beneath the fence and was hidden by the house-front.

"Queer," grunted John. "Tripe got in somehow." The door was unlocked with the key from John's pocket. Both of them entered.

Tripe came trotting through the sitting-room to meet them.

"Something's open in front!" the surveyor exclaimed.

"Yes, the hall door was shut when I sat in that chair. And look!—that picture!—it wasn't on the carpet."

Forsythe's engineering school diploma had come down from its peg. A chair was turned over.

"Someone's been here all right." Forsythe strode across the hall. "So that's how they did it—through this front chamber window."

White curtains billowed in the northeast corner bedroom. A sash was upheld by a piece of broken board.

"Is—anything missing?" Irene asked.

John glanced about. The bedroom seemed normal. He turned toward his study.

"Yes, something's missing—that Turkish scimitar Ned Blaisdell gave me—he brought it from Gallipoli—he was there with the British—"

"That murderous thing!—I remember seeing it. It hung above that shelf—"

"I barred Tripe in the kitchen, didn't I? And he probably leaped till he got the door open."

"Did that foolish boy know you owned such a weapon?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Was he ever in this room—to see it?"

John shook his head. "I don't know. But he's always had a queer dislike of me. Especially since I threw him off the homestead property one night because I didn't want him shot at, for a phantom himself."

"Yes, he told me. And now, apparently, he's got the knife he wanted!"

THEY went back up the mowing.

"*Das Schlafzimmer ist bereit,*" Katrina, in the doorway, announced to her mistress. "*Und alles unten ist geschlossen.*"

"All right, Katrina. We'll be in presently," said Irene. But she made no move toward the door. She dropped down on the top step of the porch and gazed off over the moonlit orchard.

"Let's not go in yet," she said.

John sat down beside her.

"Mrs. Cravenside," he said, "may I ask you a question, a personal question?"

"Certainly you may. I told you that before."

"Have you considered the possibility that—well, that there might have been a third party to your husband's disappearance—a person of the feminine—"

"I know what's bothering you. You think perhaps Donald might have gotten himself entangled with a woman I wasn't aware of—and she was the cause of his vanishing so? No, common sense dictates that if another woman had been at the bottom of it, he'd have drawn money from the bank, taken some luggage, and dropped quietly from sight. I often visited a week at a time in New York or Washington. He'd get to the ends of the earth in a week, before I missed him or wondered at his absence. Men running from a woman scrape don't stage their disappearance so that half the police in America are immediately on the lookout. And besides—you knew Don—he wasn't the type."

"Yet Jessie's made some pretty plain hints at something mighty dark. I know her, Mrs. Cravenside. She's had me baffled, dozens of times. But I'm convinced in my heart she's standing between you and some sort of scandal—she's the kind who'd save you from it and never let you know."

"Is she entirely—human—do you think?"

"*Human!* Good Lord! What on earth do you mean?"

"PLEASE don't decide that I'm crazy too . . . but . . . how do we know that all the human beings around us, who appear to be normal and natural physically are . . . precisely like ourselves?"

"But—what on earth *could* they be, if they weren't like ourselves?"

"Well . . . mayn't persons with abnormal powers, such as this Barnes girl seems to have, be entirely different in creation from anything we dream? Haven't you ever had that thought?"

"No!" cried John, amazed. "I'm an engineer. I deal in facts—"

"But facts alter from generation to generation, don't they, Mr. Forsythe? Aren't we continually discovering new truths? All I know is . . . since my husband's disappearance I've been shaken from my ideas and conceptions about life and the universe—I've seen myself like millions of folk everywhere, thinking that all there was to life was the five hun senses and three meals a day—the str gle for survival mitigated by social pleas ures—"

"But this last idea of yours, that Jessie might be . . . supernatural . . ."

"Not *super*-natural. *Supra*-natural. I mean in spirit. After all, how do we know that there are not identities sprinkled all through the world today, *as aware of their celestial natures*, let's say, as I am that I'm Mrs. Donald Cravenside, or as you may be that you're John Forsythe?"

The surveyor laughed incredulously. "You mean, that they know they're angels, though they look to us to be ordinary human beings?"

"I didn't say angels. Yet, after all, what is an angel? I mean entities that have come into physical bodies for the span of a normal human life for some particular earthly service." Irene paused. "Even you must admit it is a very ancient idea that we sometimes entertain angels unaware!"

It was a strange veer to the conversation, in that eerie house, with prolific night still stretching ahead. And Forsythe was affected far more than he conceded.

"Anything, it seems to me, is *possible*." The woman smiled wearily. "My husband may have stumbled on some secret of energy that wrought his own disintegration when he least expected—or he may have awakened to some great cosmic mystery about his own nature—but one thing is certain: All society, and the scientific world, and religious circles, and really sane people everywhere, are suddenly waking up to the fact that there's a great world of activity behind physical life, the surface of whose manifestations we haven't begun to scratch. Certainly, in

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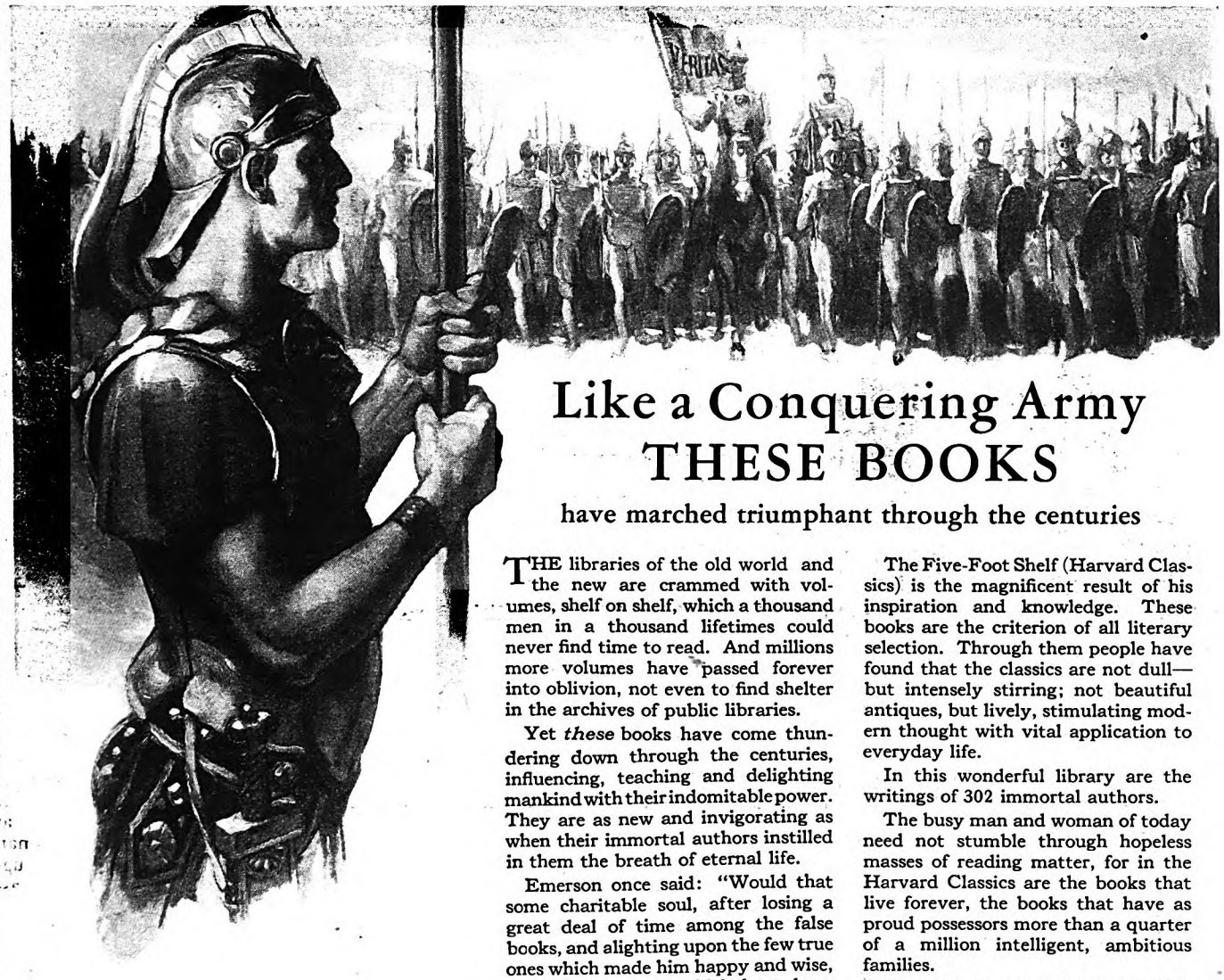

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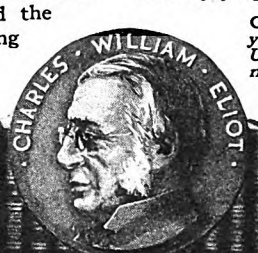

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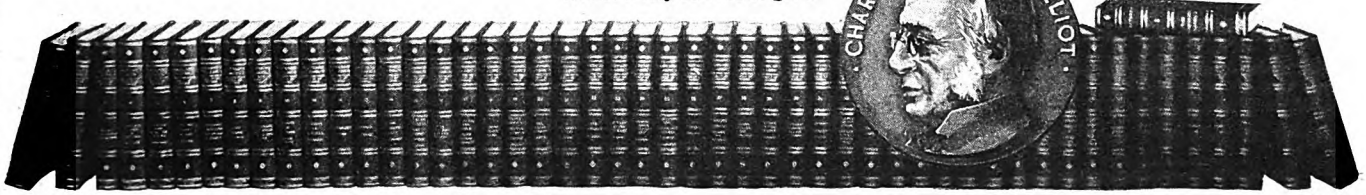

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trying to get light on this mystery, I've learned things, and seen things, that I supposed existed only in the pages of the Arabian Nights!"

There was sudden hunger behind John's frankness.

"I mightn't be such an awful skeptic, Mrs. Cravenside, if I only had a woman like you to . . . sort of talk things over with, now and then."

"Well," she laughed, flushing, "you *have* got me to talk them over with, haven't you? Aren't we working out such a problem in them—together?"

She was suddenly half exotic beside him—something that might have come to him out of the beauty of that pastoral dark. . . .

"On the other hand," Irene concluded, "supernormal phenomena, metaphysics, mysticism—it may all be extraneous. We may be dealing with nothing more or less than natural human nature behaving mysteriously under unusual provocation. Anyway, we can't solve the problem by sitting here all night, waiting for the ghost to show himself. And a little sleep may clear a few cobwebs from our eyes. . . ."

NO FORMALITY lingered in Irene's manner when she finally turned to Forsythe at the head of the stairs. Her face was strangely pale above her lighted hand-lamp.

"I'm not saying good night," she offered, laying her hand on his arm.

"I—I understand."

"We can't stand on conventionality tonight. I'm taking the northwest corner chamber. Katrina will sleep in the small room behind it and Jamie will sleep in the room above the kitchen. You take the east chamber—it looks down on the yard and the hillside toward your house."

"I'll say your maid's a wonder, to fix this floor so quickly!"

"Your door is just across from mine," Mrs. Cravenside went on. "I intend to leave mine open—or a little way ajar. If I call in the night, don't stand on ceremony. *Come in at once—I may need you terribly!*"

"You seem to have things pretty well arranged for dramatic developments between now and morning."

"If nothing happens tonight, Mr. Forsythe, I doubt if it will happen at all. I believe I've disturbed some extraordinary situation by coming up here. Reactions must appear. If I weren't convinced of it, my conduct this evening might have been wholly different."

John entered his room. Confused he was . . . confused. . . .

The roof-slope cut the ceiling at the south of his chamber—a long, narrow place having two eastern windows. Between them stood the bedstead, with head against the wall. John tried to close the door that opened toward the stair pit. Its casing was warped where the old house had settled.

His manner of disrobing followed the custom of lumber camps: He pulled off his shirt and unlaced his brogans, but kept on his trousers after loosing his belt. His automatic bothered him. He took it out grimly and laid it on a chair seat.

The country was quiet as he parted the curtains and ran the shade high. The frogs were stilled now, though a solitary peep sometimes came from the marsh. Once he heard an uneasy canine whimper—where his bellicose Airedale was barred belowstairs. He blew out his lamp and scrutinized the vista.

Strange that on a hilltop so peaceful in New England night such upset could be happening. The moon was riding high, a small silver dollar. It made the country dreamy—an expanse of night-locked charm that was garrisoned by mountains. No earthly lights were visible, but the moonshine was bright on his own roofs in the Hollow. Nothing moved in that expanse—that he could discern. Once a sharp snap came up plainly from the yard. Forsythe glanced down, to behold the great limousine. Against the house wall it was parked and its nearly cold engine had contracted in the chill.

He reclined on his bed, on top of the coverlet. Hands behind his head, he found himself gazing at the door across the hall. Irene moved about in her chamber as though the two rooms were connected in a suite. . . .

In the name of all mysteries, how had Cravenside married her? And crediting that miracle, why had he deserted her? She had brains, she had quality; any man would be proud to possess her as a wife. Yet Don had gone from her. Over eight uncertain months he had furnished no clue explaining that absence. John rehearsed the details. Point by point, item by item, he recounted the converse they had had since twilight.

He thought of her theories advanced in his study. He thought of their talk on the porch. It brought back the old, old wonder about the riddle of existence. The riddle of existence! . . . .

What were human beings? How did they differ, one from the other? Were they units of energy derived from raw ether—made solely of wrappages like Peer Gynt's onion? Yet how did that soul identity making each individual get into those wrappages to begin with?

JOHN'S brain grew fatigued. Finally he slept.

He could not have said exactly when sleep came. For an hour of quiet—stupendous quiet when Irene's lamp went out—he must have lain thinking. Then husbands and phantoms had lessening significance. Came furtive thoughts of romance. It would be very easy to love Irene Cravenside . . . very easy . . . very easy . . .

Suddenly Forsythe came electrically awake! What had he heard—a dull, muffled crash?

"*Ar-r-r-r! Ar-r-r-r! Ar-r-r-r!*"

A woman was screaming right there in his room!

No, not in his room. Outside, in the hall! Footsteps scuffed. Doors caromed. More screams—high-pitched, horrible—and the noise of labored breathing. Down in the kitchen the dog was barking crazily.

John tumbled to his feet. His hand found his gun. But a light, not a weapon, was needed at the moment.

"*Gespenst! Gespenst!*" a German voice was shrieking. "*Es kommt ein Gespenst! Ach! Ach! Ach!*"

"Katrina—behave!" It was Irene commanding.

John found a match. It flared in the hall space. Irene held Katrina from plunging down the stairs. The maid was in her nightdress. Irene was disheveled. Jamie, the chauffeur, came groping from his room.

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"*Ein Mann hängt am Fenster!*" Katrina raved insanely. "*Sehe! Sehe!*" She fought to heave herself down the steep stair pit.

"What the devil's she saying?" Forsythe demanded.

"There's a man at her window—"

"*Nein! Nein! Ein Gespenst hängt am Fenster!—Upside down!*"

"She says—a ghost—at her window—hanging upside down!"

"*HANGING UPSIDE DOWN!*"

"Look!" the chauffeur cackled.

John whirled around. Katrina's door stood open. From the small western window the shade had been wrenched. The window frame was naked, gray moonlight beyond.

Hanging from above, on the outside of the house, a ghastly silhouette stared into the chamber—*the inverted head and shoulders of something vaguely human.*

Before the match flare nipped John's fingers he looked into great, boggle eyes—one of life's most grisly sights, a human countenance seen upside down.

"*Ach! Ach!*" Katrina moaned hysterically.

"The yard's full of—full of—" Jamie began.

But Forsythe didn't hear. He was staring himself—staring in shock. . . .

(*To be continued*)

How Much Do You Know About Wall Street?

(*Continued from page 4.*)

These floor brokers are of different kinds. There are the commission brokers who act on the floor entirely for their own firms, executing orders for the firm's customers. A single firm might hold a half-dozen seats. One great odd-lot house has forty floor traders. That means an investment of $20,000,000, at present prices, in Exchange memberships alone. Then there are the two-dollar brokers. They do not act directly for customers. They represent only other brokers. They are called two-dollar brokers because their charge was at one time two dollars for each 100 shares bought or sold, though it has been increased now. There is the specialist who devotes himself entirely to one stock, or perhaps two. Last year, when Cutten and Raskob and the Fishers planned their sensational pool in Radio shares, they engaged as the pool manager Mike Meehan, a radio specialist and one of the most sensational floor operators on the Exchange.

Then there are the odd-lot brokers. Sales on the floor must be in lots of not less than 100 shares. A transaction involving less than 100 shares is called an odd-lot. Such an order is handled by an odd-lot broker, who accumulates orders for odd-lots and combines them in groups of more than a hundred on the floor.

Besides the brokers, there are about eight hundred men working on the floor. It requires one hundred and fifty-three men just to report sales. One hundred and twenty work for the ticker service. The whole number employed by the Ex-

"*Please* tell me . . ."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

What shall I do for oily hair?

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair is very oily and I have tried most everything to remedy it. I must wash it every week and then it gets oily before the week is up. If you will tell me what to do to get rid of that excess oil, I will be thankful.—Miss E.S., Quakertown, Pa.

Dear E. S. Will you do what I suggest even though it doesn't seem to work miracles the first week or so? You see, people are so used to a speed-mad age that they expect miracles overnight. But our bodies are exactly like those our ancestors had and won't work at 70 miles an hour. It takes time to build up health—general health or hair health.

Relaxed oil glands must be *coaxed* back to normal. The first thing to do is to get the right shampoo. The Packer Company, with whom I am associated (makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap) have made a special shampoo for oily hair—*Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo.* It is very slightly astringent—just enough to say gently to the relaxed oil glands—"Now tighten up a little and behave yourselves."

Use this shampoo every four or five days at first . . . it lathers at once and rinses easily, so it's quick. Then massage a little every day to bring the good rich blood to the surface to tone up your scalp.

Your hair and scalp *will* respond. Your hair will stay fluffier longer and you can lengthen the intervals between shampoos. Hair that tends to be oily, however, will probably always need to be washed once a week to keep it fluffy all the time.

Help for dandruff from outdoors

Dear Jean Carroll: Last week I was home sick. But it is an ill wind that doesn't blow some good and my good consisted in hearing your radio talk about hair.

It was with rather a shock that I realized how sadly I have neglected my hair. To begin with my hair is red, but it is dull and lifeless and all the sparkle seems to have disappeared. I also have dandruff. But it has its redeeming features too. It is naturally curly and up to a year ago, looked amazingly well for the amount of care it got.

I want to get it back to normal as quickly as possible and I shall welcome all the help you can give me.—Miss H. D., Columbus, Ohio.

Dear H. D. That's what I call a nice letter. It sounds business-like. So I'll be business-like, too. *Get rid of that dandruff.* The sparkle and lustre won't come back while little dandruff germs are doing their beauty-destroying work. Get a cake of Packer's Tar Soap and massage the rich piney lather into your scalp. (Dandruff germs and pine tar just don't get along together.)

Shampoo every four or five days with this soap—doctors have recommended it for years as a standard treatment for dandruff. Then brush your hair every night and morning, and may I say, wash your brush every day or two? As the dandruff disappears, you'll see life and lustre coming back. (Lucky you, to have curly red hair!)

A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: I have a dry scalp. My hair is also very "endy," and never appears combed no matter how many times I comb it. Is this caused by dry hair?—Mrs. W. E. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes—and the thing to do is to get the oil glands functioning normally, with massage and brushing and the proper shampoo. The Packer Company has made a special shampoo for dry hair—*Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo.* This shampoo leaves hair softer and easier to manage because, in addition to olive oil and pure vegetable oils, it contains soothing, softening glycerine.

Use this shampoo every ten days. And wake up those lazy oil glands with scalp-massage every day. I'm sure you'll see a real improvement.

JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday at 11:45 a. m. (Eastern Daylight Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School hour.

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the PACKER products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 6 H), 101 W. 31st Street, New York, N. Y. Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked. I enclose ——— cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

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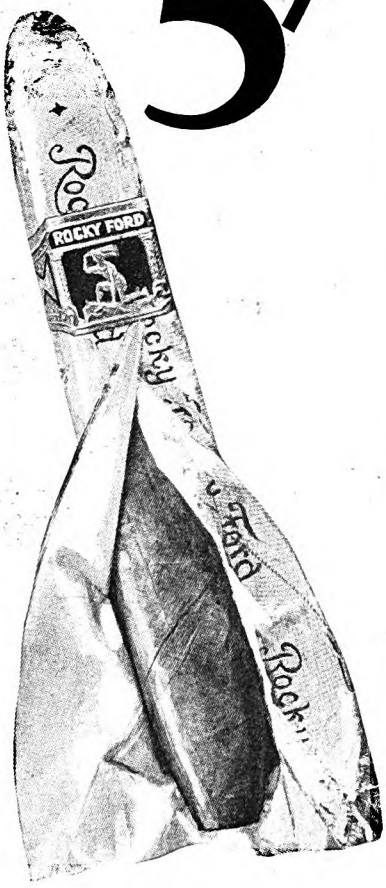
WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
. . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford 5¢



IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."

• • •

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

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change is more than eighteen hundred.

In the public mind, the Stock Exchange is this great trading floor. But there is much more to it. Few realize, for instance, the immense organization required to send quotations over the ticker. In the Stock Exchange basement, consisting of four floors, is more machinery than will be found in most large factories. It is used for driving the tickers and keeping that stream of tape—3,500 miles of it a day—flowing into thousands of wastebaskets.

And remember, after your broker bought those 100 shares of General Motors stock for you, they had to be paid for and the stock had to be delivered. You may borrow money to buy stock, but on the Exchange every transaction is a cash one and stock must be delivered the next day. You will not get the exact 100 shares held by the man who sold to you. At the end of the day every broker has engaged in thousands of transactions. He owes all sorts of stock to innumerable other brokers and they owe stock to him. He owes them money and they owe money to him. The job of balancing all these trades is done after trading ends, and it consumes, sometimes, most of the night. It is done by a branch of the Exchange called the Stock Clearing Corporation. And next day, through the offices of this same department, all balances of money are made by checks and all balances in stock are delivered.

THE magnitude of the business done in this institution is almost beyond the range of our understanding. The stocks of 1,121 corporations are traded in. They comprise more than 700 million shares. Their market value is 67 billion dollars. Last year 920 million shares changed hands, or fifty per cent more than the whole total. There have been years—like 1901—when the sales of shares was three times as great as the whole total listed. That year the 558,000 shares of St. Paul stock were turned over twenty-two times. Last year we had much the same performance with Loose-Wiles stock. There were 500,000 shares of this issue, but the sales rose to 18,600,000 shares.

The volume of all sales last year was about 82 billion dollars. Add to this three billion in bond sales. There you have a total of 85 billion dollars. The sales made by all the farms in the country, the sales of all the great steel companies, of all the automobile manufacturers, of all the department stores, plus all the money spent on building construction in a single year, do not equal this sum. The brokers collected in commissions several hundred million dollars for this service. If the Exchange did not exist, this volume of business could not be transacted; or to do this business without it would cost not less than four billion dollars.

Yet this is only a part of the business of Wall Street. It does not include the Curb Market, where another 230 million shares were sold last year, or the new stock market in the Produce Exchange, where doubtless an additional 30 million shares will change hands this year; nor the vast over-the-counter market, where sales are at least as great as on the Curb.

All this has to do with the work of the Exchange. Millions come to Wall Street to buy corporation stocks. There is another side—the side where corporations come to Wall Street for money. The exchanges could not exist without the bankers to supply funds for trading. But it is also doubtful if the bankers could perform their functions efficiently without the exchanges. The process by which a great corporation gets its needed funds through the Wall Street bankers and how the bankers use the Exchange in this work is perhaps the least-understood function of this intricate financial machine.

IN THE old days a business in need of money went to its banker and borrowed on its notes for short periods. The modern corporation finds its need too great for that. It requires millions. And so it gets its funds by means of bond issues or issues of stock.

Let us say 10 million dollars' worth of new stock is issued by a corporation. A great banking house will underwrite this issue; that is, it will take the whole 10 millions of stock from the corporation, hand over its check, and the corporation goes about its business. It has the money. The underwriting banker must now sell the stock. He, in turn, organizes a syndicate; that is, he forms a group of other bankers to whom he allots portions of the issue, they, in turn, underwriting or purchasing their allotments. Now comes the public offering. The stock is advertised and sold to the public as rapidly as possible. The investor pays perhaps $100 a share to the syndicate. The syndicate pays, let us say, 97 to the underwriting banker. The banker paid 96 to the corporation.

Now, the public does not buy very rapidly. Perhaps twenty-five per cent of the stock will be taken by investors. Fifty per cent will be purchased by speculators. The problem of the syndicate bankers is to get the other twenty-five per cent into the hands of investors and to divert that fifty per cent in the hands of speculators into the possession of real investors. The bankers must now "make a market" for their stock. They give to their brokers what are called "scale orders"; that is, they will instruct a broker to buy the new stock at 99 and to sell it at 101. In that way the price is kept from going down. Every time it goes up, the bankers feed a little more into the market. Thus, they will gradually get the greater portion of the issue into the hands of the investing public. There is usually a period when the greater portion of the issue floats about in the hands of the speculative element. This speculative element is therefore essential as a waterway on which the stock can be ultimately floated to the investor. The Stock Exchange is an essential mechanism in this process. In 1909 sixty-six per cent of the stock of the United States Steel Corporation was still in the hands of speculators. In 1915 this had been reduced to fifty per cent. In 1920 it had been cut to twenty-five per cent. It is perhaps less than twenty per cent today.

This, briefly, is the function performed by the bankers in Wall Street. They are not as a rule members of the Exchange.

There are hundreds of banking houses engaged in this business. This is the kind of work which is done by the great houses of J. P. Morgan and Company, Kuhn, Loeb and Company, Dillon, Read and Company, and numerous others.

When the activities of the bankers and

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exchanges and others in Wall Street are all combined, we have this surprising fact: That, measured in dollars and cents, the total of business transacted in these eighteen squares of ground is larger than that done in all the rest of the country together. The wealth on the district's open streets alone is staggering. Throughout the day, securities, certified checks, money, gold, are being moved from office to office. Messengers carrying strong boxes and portfolios can be seen going about the streets at all hours. I have gone to some trouble to make an estimate of the amount of money and securities carried about the streets of Wall Street in a day. It is not less than $450,000,000.

When the day's work is done and all this vast treasure has been put away for the night, its value surpasses that found anywhere else in the world. Across the street from the Morgan offices, the little Assay Office holds three billion dollars in gold—about one half of all the gold in the world. Down the street, the Federal Reserve Building houses gold, securities, and specie and bills totaling a billion and a half. Every bank and insurance company and trust company has its own treasure and its own treasure caves. The ground underfoot in Wall Street is a vast labyrinth of steel vaults. The Federal Reserve Building goes down nine stories under ground. J. P. Morgan and Company's building goes down four or five. All are encased in the solid rock of Manhattan Island, almost a perfect location for the storing of this hoard.

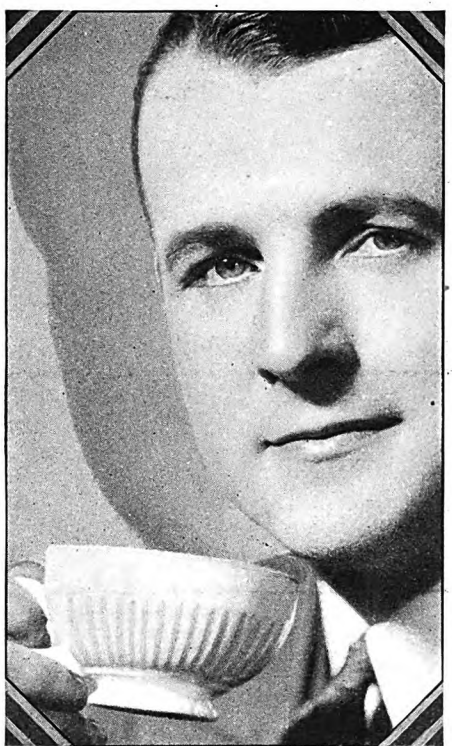
The policing and protection of this wealth is a task of immense importance and difficulty. Thousands of men are employed in this work alone. Eighty-four guards are engaged at the Stock Exchange. All the banks have forces ranging from ten to one hundred. A company of ex-marines protects the various departments of J. P. Morgan and Company, while plain-clothes men can be seen throughout the street. As messengers move about the streets carrying millions, armed guards follow them. Armored wagons can be seen in almost every block. The looting of Wall Street might well excite the imagination of any daring scoundrel. But there are no holdups and no burglaries in Wall Street. The simple truth is that it would be madness to attempt one.

I AM sure you have been saying to yourself—if this is all there is to Wall Street, why is there so much outcry against it? Unfortunately, this is not all there is to it. Wall Street deals in money and profit, and it performs a useful and necessary function. But Wall Street is human, and grave abuses have crept in. Speculation and the manipulation of prices are, of course, at the bottom of these abuses. The Exchange has expended much money and effort to eliminate dishonesty, fraud, undue manipulation, downright gambling. And the fact remains that after you have listed all the evils and are asked what you can set up in place of the Exchange, you will not be able to answer.

Much of the condemnation of speculation revolves around marginal trading and short selling. Suppose you buy $1,000 worth of some stock (ten shares), pay the $1,000 to your broker, get the certificate and put it in your bank box. That is a

In this familiar tea —a health value that is helping thousands

Scientists have discovered in simple Japan green tea a safeguard against several every-day ailments



Are you needlessly troubled with minor ailments? Several of them have now been traced by scientists to a simple cause.

Most foods we eat lack one precious food element. And many people, it is now believed, are suffering from certain common maladies because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important Vitamin C.

It is this health-giving safeguard which scientists have discovered in familiar Japan green tea.

Lacking in most of our foods

"Important to us," writes one eminent scientist, "are the results of a diet *poor* in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken for rheumatism.* It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

If your vitality is low, if you are "run down" and easily tired out; if you are troubled with the discomforts that so often come with loss of energy—nervousness, sleeplessness, poor appetite or lethargy—if your skin is sallow or muddy—if you suffer at times from so-called rheumatic pains—take this simple precaution that is already protecting thousands. There is certainly no "cure-all" in fragrant, pleasant cups of Japan green tea. But today they are known to bring an abundance of Vitamin C, a safeguard against these ailments.

A rich supply of precious Vitamin C has been discovered by scientists in simple Japan green tea

Few foods aside from Japan green tea, spinach and some fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The Japan green tea that grocers sell is rich in it.

Try it for a few weeks

For loss of energy that spoils many a day, for a sallow, muddy skin, for pains that seem like rheumatism, try this simple plan: Drink flavory cups of Japan green tea *regularly* for lunch, for supper or in the afternoon. Take advantage of its rich supply of Vitamin C. After a few weeks you will probably be feeling—and looking—more vigorously alive, more healthy.

For years one of the two most popular teas in the country Japan green tea comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it.

FREE VALUABLE LEAFLET *giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 750 Wrigley Building, Chicago.*

Name.....

Address.....

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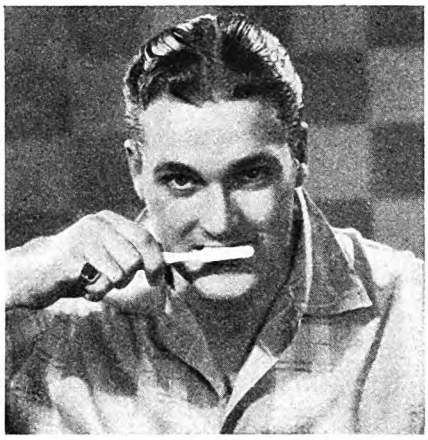
Wake up teeth and gums!



Every Pro-phy-lac-tic *cleans* AND *massages!*

MANY an unhappy hour has been caused by gums that were sluggish! For healthy gums are active gums—and healthy gums mean healthy teeth.

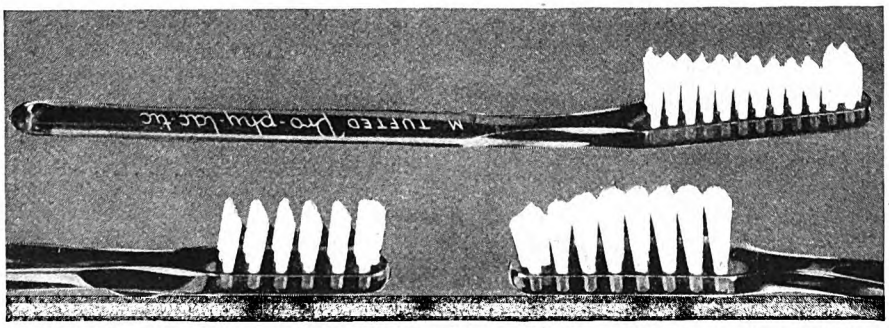
Now—thanks to the live, springy quality of its bristles—every Pro-phy-lac-tic brings a vital double benefit to your teeth and gums. As you brush, it not only cleans, *but massages* as well.

Pro-phy-lac-tic is scientifically shaped to clean every tooth scrupulously—front, back, and sides. The bristles are perfectly spaced to clean even *between* the teeth. *More*—Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles are specially blended from the finest quality of live bristle to do the vital job of *massaging* the gums while they clean your teeth.

Try a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic tonight. Notice how your whole mouth responds with a radiant tingle of good *health!* Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Ltd., Montreal.

ABOVE—*The famous Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic...*
LEFT—*The Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—designed for gums that need special massage.*

RIGHT—*The Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—for the smaller-than-average dental arch. All these brushes come with handles in six colors.*



Pro-phy-lac-tic Radio Program—WEAF Network—Every Tuesday 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time

pure investment. But someone explains that with the same $1,000 you can buy fifty shares of stock instead of ten. If your ten shares go up five points, you make $50. But if fifty shares go up five points, you would make $250. And all for the same $1,000. You would buy the fifty shares on margin; that is, you would put up $1,000 margin and borrow the other $4,000 through your broker, who would hold the stock as security. The fact is that by far the greater portion of trading in stocks is done that way. This is speculation. The enemies of the Exchange call it gambling. The Exchange says it is not. Gambling, they say, is based on pure chance; speculation is based on knowledge or faith. The distinction is a fine one. Certainly, the vast majority of amateur speculators who risk their money on nothing better than market tips are not proceeding on faith or knowledge any more than the man who has studied the sporting pages and bet his money on a horse race or prize fight.

SHORT selling is even more fraught with risk. Suppose you thought certain shares would go down. Then, to speculate, you would sell them. As you don't own any of the stock, you would sell them "short"—sell what you do not own. Nothing puzzles the lay public more than this. The stock is selling, say, at $100 a share. You think it will go down to 90. You order your broker to sell a given number of shares at 100. But how can you sell it when you have none to deliver? Well, you borrow the stock which you sell. Your broker looks after this detail. He "sells fifty shares short" for you. Then he goes out and borrows fifty shares from another broker and delivers these to the purchaser next day. The other broker will lend the shares for many reasons, but he does not lend without a consideration. Your broker must, in return, lend him in cash the market value of the stock—$100 a share. He must pay interest on the money, but in consideration of lending the stock, he pays a low rate. Where stock is very scarce, he pays a still lower rate, and in many cases no interest at all. At times he may even get a bonus. A week later the stock goes down to 90. You now instruct your broker to buy fifty shares at 90. These $90 shares are then returned to the broker who loaned the stock, who returns the $100 a share he received as a loan. Thus, you have, in fact, sold the stock for $100 and effected your delivery with stock for which you paid $90, a profit of $10 on each share.

These two operations—marginal trading and short selling—constitute the backbone of speculation. But they are not common to the Stock Exchange. When you buy your house for a cash payment down and a first and second mortgage for the balance, you are buying on margin. Your piano, your radio, your phonograph, your automobile, are usually bought on margin. And as to short selling—that too is common. Your coal man who sells you in the summer for winter delivery sells you coal he does not own and has not bought yet. That is a short sale. The farmer who sells in advance the crop which he has not planted and may never harvest is selling short. There is certainly nothing in these two practices which violates any rule of commercial morality. If it is improper,

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the objection must rest on other grounds. As carried out in practice in stock speculation, it is, in my judgment, a pure gamble. It has been responsible for more losses, more panics, more bankruptcies, more fatalities in Wall Street than any other cause. Certainly, no one should engage in it who is not thoroughly conversant with Wall Street ways, who is not an expert in market management, and who has not the time to hang over the ticker and watch the movements of the market.

DOES anyone ever get rich speculating in Wall Street? The answer is, yes. But if you ask me does anyone ever remain rich speculating, the answer is, no. I refer, of course, to open-market speculation. In one sense few ever get rich without speculation. Every new enterprise is a speculation. Those who bought General Motors stock when that concern was formed were speculating. Many thought it a foolish speculation. Some called it Durant's folly. But if you had bought 100 shares of that company when it was formed in 1907, paying for them $10,000, you would now have 40,000 shares worth 85, as I write, totaling $3,400,000, not counting $400,000 in cash dividends.

Many people made money last year on the great rise in stocks. Radio went from 32 to 224. Brooklyn Edison jumped from 163 to 268. Case Threshing Machine soared from 63 to 352. Holders of those shares made great sums. Had you bought one of each of the leading fifty shares on the Exchange list in 1923 at a cost of $4,600, they would today be worth $10,050. There is a speculative value attached to every good stock and those who buy stocks outright frequently make fortunes by holding them. The speculator, however, usually buys on margin. He is forever shifting from stock to stock. In the end he almost always loses.

A leading Wall Street broker recently returned from a visit to his great string of branch offices throughout the country. He told me that seventy-five per cent of the people who had been trading with his house lost their money. And he knew the reason. They bought and sold on tips. Those who made money were the men who acted on careful examination of the corporations they invested in, paid for their stocks, and took them out of the market.

Any banker, any Wall Street authority will tell you not to buy stocks on margins, and above all not to attempt short selling. You can buy stocks on the installment plan. Many large brokerage houses and banks will procure stocks for you and let you pay for them over a period of months.

You cannot make a better use of your surplus funds than to put them into the stocks of sound corporations, even though you pay for them on the installment plan. If, however, you are determined to speculate, then let me urge you to give up your job, spend several years in Wall Street studying its methods and accumulating a small fortune some way or other to start, and then spend the rest of your days in a broker's office hanging over the ticker tape. You may make money that way, though I cannot guarantee that you will keep it. You will be rich on some days, but I cannot assure you that you will be rich every day. I can reasonably assure you that you will die poor.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

A SUBJECT SELDOM DISCUSSED..

HENCE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

THE purchase of a casket, although a duty closely associated with sentiment, should involve a careful consideration of value. As endurance and protection are primary requisites of a casket, is it not natural and proper that one should ask "Who makes it?" "How is it made?" "What is it made of?"

Every National casket is constructed with the greatest care and with one aim—to build the best casket that can be built for the price asked. Down to the smallest details, our standards call for the use of only the highest grade materials. In all grades National casket construction and design reflect the ability of skilled and experienced workmen.

National caskets are identified by the visible but inconspicuous trademark reproduced above. This trademark is a pledge of quality. It specifically states the material used. If you choose a casket bearing this mark, you can be sure that you are receiving true value—a casket which conforms to the highest standards of acceptance and good taste.

National caskets are sold only through funeral directors. It is reasonable to assume that those who handle merchandise of high quality have high standards of service.

We have prepared a little booklet, "Funeral Facts." We shall be glad to send this to anyone upon request. Address Dept. C-3, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

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INCORPORATED

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Banish this *Pump and Carry* drudgery!

Enjoy the comforts of Running Water

So little does this F-M Home Water System cost compared with the drudgery it saves, the convenience it affords and the property value it *adds*, that the *real* extravagance is in *going without it!*

It means perfect faucet service throughout the premises. It is solving the water problem for thousands with homes and cottages beyond the city water mains. Costs only $70.

F-M equipment furnishes running water under any and all conditions. It is famous all over the world for dependability. It is fully guaranteed.

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This Fairbanks-Morse Home Water System—210 gal. an hour pumping capacity—complete with motor for 60 cycle alternating or direct current. Entirely self-contained and fully enclosed. Cash, F. O. B. factory *only $70.* Also 420 gal. per hour size at $100.

$20 down—the balance in monthly payments. See this system at your F-M dealer's. Let Fairbanks-Morse help you solve *any* water problem. No cost or obligation. Send the coupon for full details.

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Have you electricity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

THE SPORTFOLIO

The Stirring Comeback *of a* Great Runner

By CHARLEY PADDOCK

World-Famous Sprinter and Sports Authority

PAAVO NURMI, of Finland, is a silent man and rarely speaks English, though he understands our language very well. On one occasion he was a member of a group of athletes when we were discussing the difference between failure and defeat. We had reached the conclusion that the two should never be confused; that every man and every team now and then is bound to be beaten; and that it is the spirit in which you take your beating which makes or breaks you. And it was at this point that Nurmi interrupted with one of those rare but infectious smiles of his, murmuring the single word, "Guillemot." The name recalled a colorful character who might have been a greater champion than Nurmi himself, and the half-forgotten story of his career came back to me.

It was in 1919 that I had first seen him, early on a misty morning in the Bois, just beyond the walls of Paris. The French were holding their distance tryouts to determine what men should represent them at the 1920 Olympic Games, and the favorite of all that field was the veteran Jean Vermuellon. Before the men got off, out from the city came a gay group who had undoubtedly been making a night of it. There was one fellow among them a little bit more under the weather than the rest, and someone dared him to run in the race. Still in a daze, the young chap was alternately willing and timid, cocksure and dubious of his ability to weather the grind against the pink-of-condition athletes. As the gibes of his friends increased, he defiantly threw off his coat, shirt, and shoes, and entered the lists. They got him a pair of sneakers and they stood him on the starting line. As soon as the gun was fired, he got next to Vermuellon, the champion, and so disappeared into the forest.

After the men had run several miles, the first competitor came into view again. As people looked, they were surprised to see that it was not Vermuellon, the favorite; and when he drew nearer, they were astonished to note that it was the fellow who had started out in such a hilarious frame of mind. He came pounding down the road and broke the tape for the championship of France. Overnight, Joseph Guillemot was the new hero of France, and the following year he went up to Antwerp to run in the Olympic 5,000 meters against Nurmi the Unbeaten.

Lap after lap in that great race Guillemot stayed at Nurmi's shoulder. Finally, they came to the last time around the track, and the Frenchman, because of his youth and his fighting heart and his great natural ability (no one had ever possessed so much), was able suddenly to pass Nurmi and to break the tape in front. Of course, Joseph Guillemot returned to Paris still more the hero and the idol of his countrymen.

In 1923 I stood in that same forest and I watched the tryouts for the Olympic Games of 1924. Again Guillemot was on hand, as the favorite of the field, and he led all the runners out of view. Finally, into sight, came the first runner, and when the people looked, they saw that it was not Guillemot. Then came the next and the next and the next, until forty-five had crossed the finish line before Guillemot staggered blindly down the stretch. He had failed to make his own team to represent his own country in the greatest Olympics that had ever been held.

THE next year Guillemot sat at Colombes Stadium, beyond the gates of Paris, and he watched the man whom he had beaten four years previously, Paavo Nurmi, the super-runner of modern times, go on to victory after victory, and as he watched him run, he no doubt remembered that during those years when Nurmi had been training in far off Åbo, he had been loafing. When the Games were over and Nurmi had four times been crowned Olympic champion, Guillemot said to a few of us who had known him a long time: "I am not so much interested in whether or not I ever break any of Nurmi's records, or whether I ever beat Nurmi again. But I am going to prove to myself that I can come back, and that I can train." No one heard of Guillemot after that for a long time.

Loren Murchison and I came to Paris on a trip around the world in 1925, and when our races were done, we stood at the start of the 5,000 meters. Just before this event got under way, an old, familiar figure trotted across the field. The crowd recognized him as Joseph Guillemot. He started out ahead of his field, as he had always done in days gone by, and, lap after lap, he gained on that field until finally he broke the tape far ahead.

Joseph Guillemot had proved to himself and to the world that he could come back. He had shown the difference between failure and defeat.

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"Nothing is Ever All Over With You"

(*Continued from page 27*)

window in his pajamas, finding a mournful and tragic pleasure in the fact that he was shivering.

The next afternoon he made many rows of figures on scratch paper in order to demonstrate what he already knew— that the three timid numbers which represented his bank account would not allow any more dates such as last night. Having demonstrated it thoroughly, he called up a florist and had a dozen of the season's first jonquils sent to Lou.

He ate one meal that day. The next day he tried to economize still further; then, at midnight, went out and indulged himself in a wild orgy of hot dogs.

The rest of the week went the same way. When he had decided that he had conquered his appetite, the pangs of his stomach always in the end got the best of him. . . . He found another furnace to tend at two dollars a week, although his present schedule of work and study allowed him scarcely enough sleep.

On Saturday night he learned with a mighty thrill that Lou had given up a fraternity dance with Roy Fullerton in order to meet him. "Wasn't it wonderful of me?" she asked. "Two dates now that I've chucked for you!"

"It *was* wonderful," he agreed with solemnity.

AFTER the second mid-semester examinations Reed's average went down perceptibly. His funds were even lower. . . . But it was impossible for him to look down into Lou's eyes on the Pi Omega porch and retain any sanity. For always in the back of his mind was the grim reminder that everything would be ended in June. Lou would go to Paris. He would be left behind.

The days seemed to grow swift and lean as they neared this bleak climax. One spring day Lou received her passport; she was tremendously excited as she showed the red-covered document to Reed.

"Have you got yours yet? You'd better be writing right away—you don't have much time."

"But I'm not going." It was the twentieth time he had told her, dully and despairingly. His foolish pride forbade his mentioning the real reason; and because of his disregard of money the last few months she could not guess it.

"Don't be so obstinate!" she said. "It would do you good to quit thinking about study a while and have a good time. Besides, I'm counting on you."

As a final defense he became evasive. . . . "Well, maybe."

When there were only two weeks left, he was seized one night at the study table with a panic of realization. He turned off the lamp, walked to the window, and stared at the forest of shimmering lights on the campus. The year was nearly gone; he had won the wager he had made with his own pride and self-respect . . . but had he lost Lou?

He could hardly wait until the next

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TOLEDO, OHIO **WINDSOR, ONT.**

afternoon to see her. When he hurried up the steps of the Pi Omega house, Roy Fullerton was sitting with Lou in the porch swing. The two youths nodded guardedly and Fullerton went on with his conversation.

" . . . Now, what I think is this—life is only a sort of game and an adventure, if you want to take it that way. Look at history. History is all right for the grinds. I've flunked it twice, so I don't know much about it—but I had a date one night with a Smith girl walking around Chartres Cathedral in the moonlight . . . that's the way I like to take my history, on the wing."

Lou laughed with him. "I think so too," she agreed enthusiastically. "I can't see how anybody would want to cram his mind full of old dusty facts when . . . why, Reed! Where are you going?"

"I'm going home," said Reed through his teeth, without glancing back. "I'm going to study for a history quiz!"

They were together only once or twice more, and those times they were estranged and distant, neither daring to bring up the subject which had become a barrier between them. . . . The last night was not so painful as Reed had always imagined it would be. Feeling almost numb and uncaring, he took Lou's bags from the Pi Omega house to the cab. They rode to the station in silence. There, among the chattering groups of outgoing students, they waited in misery for the train.

"Well," he said; "good-by." Stiffly he extended his hand. "I hope you have a good time in Paris," he added in a frozen voice.

That was all. Her lips trembled a little, but without speaking, she followed the redcap into the long, sleek Pullman. "He might at least have helped me on the train!" she said furiously to herself within the berth, as she tried to blink away the hot tears.

On the way back through the deserted campus Reed kept muttering grimly, "It's all over. It's all over."

THE tourist third-class deck of the small French Line boat chosen by Lou's party might well have been any one of a dozen campus settings. There was a jazz band with enthusiasm and shell-rimmed spectacles. There was the old professor who makes his yearly trip to Brittany and becomes excited about the discovery of ancient Celtic inscriptions. . . . But for the most part there were only fresh-faced youngsters who were secretly awed and thrilled by their first trip to another continent. Every night they danced, placed small wagers on the ship's pool, and then separated into couples scattered about the deck.

The second night at sea Lou was discovered simultaneously by a senior from Cornell, a literary sophomore from Princeton, a football player from Dartmouth, and a young cynic from the University of Missouri. Roy Fullerton, who had sailed with the same party, was lucky to get one dance with her, and before twelve o'clock she had made dates for her entire first week in Paris.

The third night was exciting. There was a bit of rough weather and it was fascinating to start one of your usual dance steps and lurch ten feet across the floor into another couple!

But she had promised the evening to Roy Fullerton. At the first opportunity he led her out on the deck, where the wind howled dismally and it was snug to hover close to the warmth of a ventilator. Lou felt tired, she did not know why. She let Roy put his arm about her and listened half-heartedly while he expounded his philosophy of romance. ". . . you know, I'd like to have lived in the days of the Cavaliers. Imagine a street in Paris in the time of Villon! Swords and doublets and all that tripe." He ran a hand through his overlong hair, narrowed his eager brown eyes, and gazed in silence at the whitecaps which showed through the darkness. "Or a clipper ship." He sighed. "There's no romance now—"

"Oh, rats!" whispered Lou.

"What did you say, dear?"

"I said I was cold. I wonder if you'd go down and get my coat—my fur coat."

WHEN she was alone she suddenly covered her face with her hands, and her shoulders shook. She could not have explained the pain which had caused life to become dreary and intolerable; she only knew that she wanted to hide from it.

At last she looked up, feeling small and lonesome on the wind-swept deck. The only human beings in sight were a few seamen engaged in work about the rail. . . . The ship rose and fell on the vast, cold bosom of the Atlantic.

Almost in fear, she turned and put her head in the crook of her arm. After a time a hand touched her shoulder. She did not move, and the hand began to shake her shoulder gently. In a sudden panic she looked up. . . . Hovering over her was a grimy figure in overalls, at first glance one of the seamen who flitted like black ghosts about the deck every night.

"What?" she whispered in husky terror.

Then her face went white and she trembled. "*Reed*—!"

He was on his knees before her. "Honey! Honey! I wouldn't have scared you for the world. It was supposed to be a surprise. Oh, I should have told you. . . . Of course you couldn't know me—my face all oil stains and everything. Just the same—"

He kissed her. "I don't give a darn," he said fervently, "if there *is* oil and sweat and grease on my face." He kissed her again. "Get this! Get this, and get it straight. You wanted me to go in for adventure. Well, I have." He shook her. "Do you hear me? I've gone in for adventure and having a good time—I'm a stoker down there with a black gang of Greeks and Bulgarians. How do you like *that?* I strip down to my waist and I get my face dirty and I shovel coal. And you are going to kiss me again—because then you can go up to your pretty little chintz-hung stateroom and read books about adventure . . . and wash your face!" He was breathing fast; his eyes blazed with excitement.

She began to cry in a low, hysterical voice. Her hand on his rough, denim-clad sleeve was shaking violently. Reed buried his face against her knees.

"Lord, I didn't mean to hurt you! But, Lou, I couldn't stand it. I went back to my room that night . . . then I took the first train for New York. I said to myself, '*It's all over. It's all over.*' . . .

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But nothing is ever all over with you. I made them give me a job as stoker. Can you beat that? I *had* to be on the boat with you. And nights when I'm off duty I pretend to be working on the deck, just in the hope that I can see you."

He broke off. Beside the rail two or three other deckhands were staring at him, no doubt wondering if he were drunk or insane.

His voice went on, muffled within the cool hands which she held to his face.

"If you have any dates in Paris you might just as well chuck them right now, because you're going out with me every evening. You're—" He closed his eyes and groaned. "But I forgot. I can't! I can't see you in Paris—oh, let's not talk about it! Anyhow, it's all been worth it, just for tonight." He studied her face seriously. "Wait. There's a place over your right eyebrow that hasn't any smudge yet!"

She could not speak. She drew him to her, greasy overalls and all. They were motionless as statues when Roy Fullerton returned with the coat. He stared first at them and then at the interested seamen. "What's all this?" he demanded.

Reed wearily got up. "Which would you rather do?" he asked. "Go away and look at the moon—or get heaved over that rail?"

Fullerton stared a second at the sooty specter before him—surely nobody he had ever seen before—and walked toward the stern of the ship. When he returned he was leading one of the officers. "I don't know who he is," he was saying tremulously. "Somebody annoying the lady—"

The officer was frozen with horror. He tugged wildly at his Gallic mustache and uttered explosive orders in French. A small army of deck hands responded. They laid violent hands on Reed and bore him, kicking and struggling, toward the nether regions of the ship.

LOU was paralyzed until that moment of finality when she saw Reed's wildly agitated heels disappearing. Then she made a dive toward him, but the door was sternly closed and the officer, still growling imprecations, stood guard over it.

Roy Fullerton took her arm. His face was white with suppressed excitement. "Why, that was Sherrard! Can you tie *that?* . . . I didn't know until—"

"Yes—and if you'd only helped him when those beasts were taking him away . . . you're just as much of a beast as they are! You're a—*a grind!*"

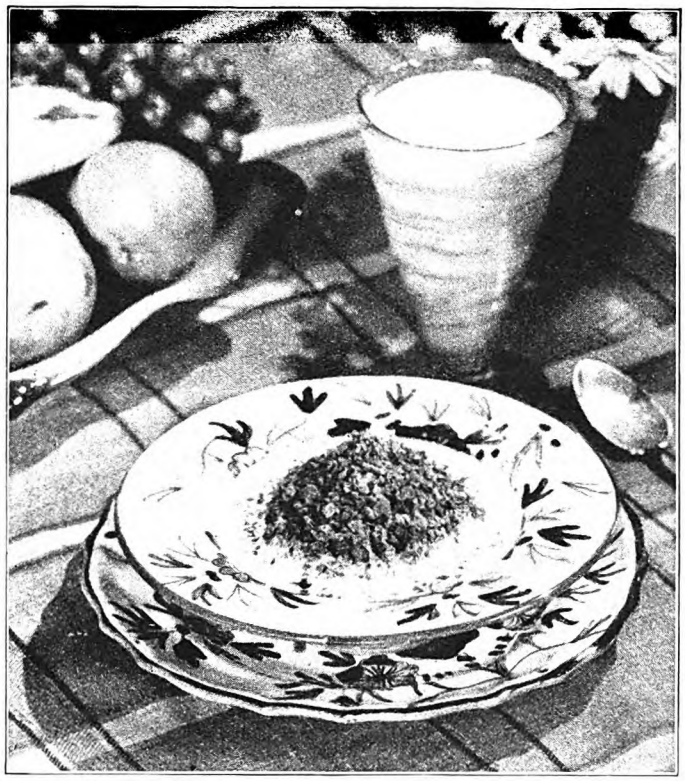
He tried to hold her protectingly. "Lou! If you could only see how you look—"

"I don't want to see."

She ran blindly into the first open door. In her stateroom she flung herself on the berth, to the amazement of the serious-minded co-ed from Minnesota who was studying French in preparation for the moment when she arrived at the Gare St. Lazare.

After a long time Lou got up and peered cautiously into the mirror. . . . There was a smudge on the tip of her nose which appeared to be engine oil. Across her cheek wavered an ecstatic line of soot, and over one eye was a zigzag grease spot.

"I'll lend you my cold cream," volunteered the studious co-ed in a small, suspicious voice.



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"I don't want it," said Lou. "Not right now—I want to look at myself a while longer."

She was awake most of the night, while Reed's words echoed dismally in her heart—"I forgot. I can't see you in Paris." . . . She thought of solitary confinement, irons, bread and water, all the traditional punishments of the sea, and pictured him enduring them. A dozen times she wanted to dress and run to his aid.

The minute she awoke she popped upright in bed, slapped her nose with a huge powder puff, and rang for a steward. She was in her negligee, wildly scribbling, when she admitted him. "Not breakfast," she said. "I want you to take this note down to the stoke-room, or whatever they call it."

He shook his head with respectful misunderstanding. Lou gestured as if with a shovel. "*Le billet.* Note, you know. . . . Down where the coal is."

"Coal? . . . *Charbon?*"

"Oh, no, no!"

He called a steward who spoke English. "Ah, but mademoiselle—" With uplifted hands he tried to convey to her the awful social gulf which separates a steward from the stoke-hole, not to mention a lady passenger.

In mute protest she held out a hundred-franc note. The stewards backed out, overpowered but still doubtful. "Now, be sure you bring back an answer," she called after them.

Twenty minutes later one of them returned, fearfully holding between thumb and forefinger a grimy piece of paper festooned with thumbprints. On one side was her note, on the other Reed's reply hastily scrawled in pencil:

Maybe I don't want to see you again too! But after last night I've got about as much chance as—as a snowball in the stoke-hole. No, they didn't put me in irons or anything like that, because they're short on help, but they'll never let me slip out again. I'll see you in Havre if I can, for a few minutes anyhow. Not in Paris, I'm afraid. That's all I can say. Time's up. Good-by, dear.

She read the note twice and dabbed angrily at her eyes. The rest of the day dragged past on listless feet. When the Cornell senior met her in the corridor with an invitation to play bridge, she smiled gravely and said that she must study her French.

THAT evening she ordered dinner brought to her stateroom. For a few minutes she enjoyed the self-pity of eating alone, then the dull pain within her made her bury her face in the pillow.

"Reed! Reed!" she whispered.

Next morning she sought the reading-room. She was buried in a magazine when she heard one of the women instructors tell about a conducted tour of the ship. . . ."It's so instructive. They show you the engine and the compass and even the laborers shoveling coal—"

Lou jumped as if somebody had called her name. "Can anybody go?" she asked.

"Why, yes, I believe it is quite usual."

She hurried to the steward's office for a permit. A few minutes later she was one of a middle-aged party bent on self-improvement which followed in the wake of a politely bored French officer. The officer glanced once at the rest of the party and four times at Lou. She could not help tilting impatiently on her high heels while he took ages to explain the steering gear, chiefly for her ears. Then came the compass. Her heart had begun to thump in despair, when at last they descended several iron companionways and the officer, with a flourish, threw open an iron door. The glare of the furnaces leaped out through a steel grating like a living tongue of light. The passengers gazed down and exclaimed with ohs and ahs.

It was a miniature inferno which opened up before them. They saw the bare, glistening backs of half-naked men bending up and down before great, fiery mouths of iron. They felt the dreadful pulse of power. They heard the steady clang, clang, clang of shovels, as steady as the beat of a tom-tom.

Lou only knew that one of the gnomes bending before the flame had a slim, youthful body. She did not stop to think. She pushed through the astonished pedants, opened a door, and ran to Reed. He turned at the touch of her hand on his bare shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" he yelled savagely.

THEY stared at each other. The other stokers did not stop their rhythmic toil; the clang of the shovels and the pulsation of the engines went steadily on, taking no heed of love or youth. A large whiskered Corsican, boss of the black gang, walked up to Reed with inquiry in the shrug of his shoulders. The officer in charge of the passengers was at Lou's side, gesticulating in protest. She could not hear a word he said. She did not try. Pointing to Reed, she shouted in the officer's ear, "Just a few minutes. . . . He's my cousin. He's my *brother.* He's—"

"Ah!" Being a Frenchman, he understood. After a few words with the boss of the black gang, he said, "Five minutes only, mademoiselle. It is not an ordinary request, you may be sure. . . . The party will be on the deck above."

She glanced wildly at her wrist watch, then went with Reed past the door to the companionway, where there was comparative seclusion. He leaned against the rail and closed his eyes. "Lord, but it's cool here!"

"Is that all you've got to say?"

He muttered a little sulkily, "Next time I hope you take an oil-burning ship."

One of their precious minutes passed while their eyes met inimically. "Well," he asked, "what can I say? You started this conversation."

"Don't be so nasty! You might tell me I'm pretty, and that you're crazy about me, and that we're going to play together in Paris."

"All right. . . . You are. And I am. And we're not."

"We're *not?* Oh—Reed." Her voice faltered.

He braced himself, gulped, and made the final confession. "I couldn't tell you before—I'm *broke.* I've got to work my way back. How could I take you anywhere in Paris?" He wiped his brow. "And believe me, when I get back I'm going to take *law*—I've had enough of the sea to last me a lifetime—"

She stopped him. Leaning forward

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with her hands carefully behind her, she kissed him with caution. "Even for you," she said, "I couldn't ruin this dress. Now! Do you think after you shoveled coal to see me five minutes on the boat I could have a good time in Paris without you? You're so melodramatic and everything, you make me sick. Let's be practical, Reed, and think about our future. We'll begin in Paris, and everything will be fifty-fifty—"

"Um. How about *my* fifty?"

"Oh, *I* have that. Think what I saved on your passage coming over!"

There was a long pause. Together they glanced at her wrist watch—three minutes had passed.

"No," he said slowly, "I couldn't do that. Not from a girl."

Her eyes blazed. "You work like this for me—and then you won't give me a chance—!" She turned to walk away from him.

Reed desperately grasped her hand. "Wait a minute. If you look at it that way—if you'll let me try to pay you back this summer—" His voice trembled with new hope.

"Of course. And then when we get back to the University next fall you'll be smart enough for both of us, and the average of our grades will be pretty good. Reed, don't you see? . . . I want you to be quite silly for a while, and I want myself to be serious—I'm even going to study when I get back. Maybe I'll be an honor student or something!"

"And then—?"

"And then—?"

They looked into each other's eyes while the watch ticked off the few remaining seconds of their five minutes. The floor vibrated with the drive of the engines; the clang of the shovels went on like the beating of a metallic heart.

"Time's up," said Lou in a low, sorrowful voice.

"No," Reed said sternly. He touched her fingers with his and backed slowly toward the stoke-hole. "Time's never going to be up—not with you and me. . . . Not with you and me!"

There's No Stopping a Woman with Courage Like This!

(*Continued from page 29*)

hire women chauffeurs and locomotive engineers, and no more shall we be persuaded to ride behind women air pilots. But that's no reason why women should not learn to fly."

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"Oh, that goes a long ways back," she laughed. "Nine years, to be exact."

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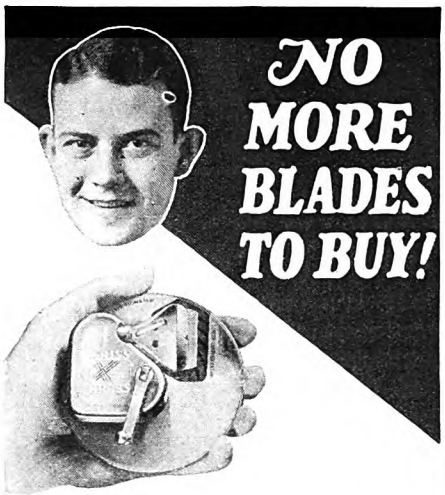

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with her and her brother to St. Paul, and it is the latter city that she speaks of as "home." At the same age, she began to drive the family automobile and to evince great interest in the thing under the hood called the motor.

When the time came, she entered the Mechanics Arts High School of St. Paul, where she quickly astonished her instructors by the variety of her interests. She studied cabinetmaking, mechanics, modeling and sculpture, languages, stenography, bookkeeping, and the usual high school subjects. She was elected to the presidency of her class.

IN 1919 President Wilson came to St. Paul to make one of his addresses in support of the League of Nations. It was a great day in the city, and one of the demonstrations of welcome to the President was made by a group of airplanes from the Curtiss Northwest Aviation Field. The planes zoomed right over the high school building, so close that it seemed they must strike the roof. Phœbe Fairgrave was thrilled as she had never been before.

"I hadn't given a thought to aviation until that day," she told me, "but suddenly, as I watched those planes, I wanted to fly."

The high school term ended and Phœbe was graduated with honors. It was without difficulty that she found work in an insurance office—and during the next two weeks she was the unhappiest girl, without ache or pain or worry, in St. Paul.

"The work wasn't hard," she confessed. "The pay was good. My friends said I was lucky, but I was utterly miserable. The more I pictured myself shut up in an office, year after year, the more miserable I became. I wanted to scream."

But she didn't scream. She did something far more practical than that. She quit her job in the insurance office. In her own name in the bank was a little less than four thousand dollars which had been left her by her grandfather. That money, she reasoned, ought to be enough to buy an airplane.

Planes were cheap at the time, because the War Department was disposing of its surplus stock. An army plane was for sale at the Curtiss Northwest Field, and Phœbe soon discovered it.

"Ever been up?" asked W. A. Kidder, president of the Curtiss Northwest Company.

"No-o," admitted Phœbe, and suppressed the impulse to take to her heels.

Kidder drew Major Ray Miller aside. "Take her up," he instructed. "Stunt with her until she's so airsick that she'll never want to leave the ground again."

Miller went up with his passenger. He looped, slid off the wing, zoomed, banked, did the nose dive and tail spin, and threw in a few tight spirals for good measure. He was an expert pilot and he omitted nothing in his repertoire. Then he landed.

"Well, how'd you like it?" Kidder asked the girl.

"Oh, fine, Mr. Kidder!" she replied. "I'll be back tomorrow for another ride. Also I'll bring the money for the plane."

"You—you liked it?" repeated Miller in amazement. "Didn't you feel just a wee bit sick?"

"No," said Phœbe, innocently. "Should I have, Major?"

The truth was that she had felt sick. There had been an awful tightening in her throat and a lightness in her stomach, but she had gritted her teeth and held the nausea back.

"All right," said Kidder without enthusiasm. "I'll see you here tomorrow."

Next day Phœbe was back, and because he had no choice in the matter, Kidder sold her the army plane. At once she started to look for a pilot who would teach her to fly it. Every pilot professed to be inordinately busy. Major Miller hurriedly made his excuses. Kidder shrugged and said he was helpless.

"How about that man?" demanded Phœbe, indicating a young lieutenant who was working about his plane.

"You'll have to ask him," said Kidder. "If he wants to take you up, it's all right with me."

Phœbe appealed to the lieutenant. She was only eighteen, just a little over five feet tall, and she weighed less than a hundred pounds. The lieutenant himself, Vernon C. Omlie, was only twenty-three and in him was a streak of chivalry as broad as his back. Furthermore, he admired the girl's nerve.

After five minutes' talk with Omlie, Phœbe had won a friend and one of the field's most capable instructors. The young lieutenant was seriously interested in the future of aviation, which he envisioned as the next great development in the country's transportation.

"But, in the meantime," Omlie said one day, rather ruefully, "we flyers have got to eat."

"What do you mean?" the girl asked.

"The country isn't ready for an air commerce yet," the lieutenant explained.

"Yet you do earn a living," the girl insisted. "How?"

"Oh, stunting, mostly," said Omlie. "By following the air circuses. The public likes to be thrilled, so we put on shows that thrill and make folks think that only supermen can fly. It is bad for aviation, because the more difficult we make flying look, the harder it will be to get the public into the air. But we've got to eat, so we thrill 'em, at fifty cents per head. We 'stunt,' wing-walk, and jump from parachutes until their hair stands on end. Later we'll pay the piper. But what can we do about it now?"

THAT night Phœbe thought a long time over what the lieutenant had told her. It seemed plain that if she were going to earn a living in aviation, she too would have to join the "stunters." But she hadn't even made a solo flight.

"I have it!" she thought suddenly. "Any boob can jump with a parachute. I'll become a jumper!"

Next morning she told her brother Paul, who was three years older than she. "Good Lord! What next, Sis?" he groaned.

"I've reasoned it all out," she replied calmly, "if this thing is worth doing, it's worth doing right. I'm going out to beat the world altitude record for women. That will give me a reputation right at the start. I'm not going to be just an ordinary woman jumper."

Paul nodded, with despair in his eyes. To bring peace in the family he, too, had gone into aviation so that he might be with Phœbe and act as her guardian, and he knew that if she had decided to be a

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parachute jumper, a parachute jumper she would be, despite all opposition.

Mrs. Omlie, with amused eyes, told me what followed.

"Mr. Kidder was frantic," she said. "Not a pilot except Vernon would have anything to do with me, because they didn't want it said later, when I broke my neck, that they had aided me in doing it. Finally, when they saw that I wasn't to be stopped, they put a harness on me and tied me fast to the cockpit with a rope. The rope was just long enough to permit me to get over the cockpit onto the wing, that being the first lesson of a 'chute jumper.

"WE WENT up. At about 2,000 feet I took a deep breath, said a prayer, and crawled over the edge of the cockpit onto the wing. I wasn't frightened. The plane was as steady as a floor. I wasn't the least bit dizzy, though I always get dizzy on a high building. The wind pinned me tightly to the wing, almost without my holding on.

"For several days I practiced getting out onto the wing, and as nothing disastrous happened, the men thought less about me. Then one day they forgot to fasten the rope, a fact which I kept to myself. I crawled onto the wing as usual and kept on going all the way to the end. Vernon motioned for me to come back and I saw his face turn white. 'Steady, old boy!' I shouted, and laughed, for it was fun. I knew I was ready to make my first 'chute jump, and within a few days I did make it."

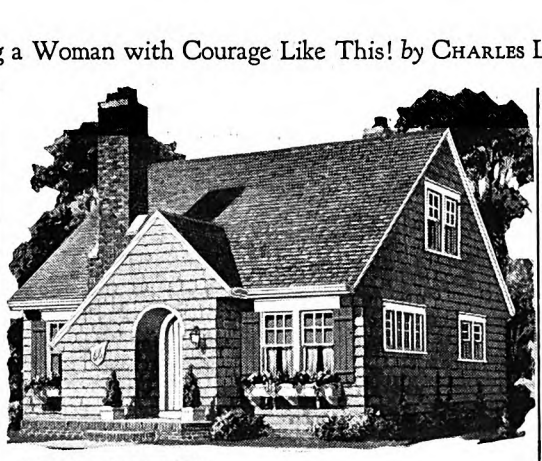
"Were you frightened?" I asked

"Well, a little," she admitted. "But my pride drove me on. I got to the undercarriage and hung down headfirst. It looked like a long way down to the open field we were flying over. I had folded the 'chute myself and I wondered if I had folded it properly. 'Well, I'll soon find out,' I said, and let go. For a second or two I had no breath and almost forgot to pull the cord that releases the parachute. Then I pulled it in a hurry. The 'chute opened and I slowed up with a jerk. Next thing I knew I was dangling from the branch of a tree in the woods, having missed the open field entirely. It had been no worse than going down in a fast elevator."

Her next jump was without event. Then, as no woman had yet made a double parachute drop, she resolved to be the first. The double drop is usually made from a height of about 2,000 feet. The first 'chute is released immediately, but is cut loose after a fall of about 600 feet, when the second 'chute is released to convey the jumper to the ground. The big thrill in such a jump comes in the seconds between the cutting loose of the first 'chute and the opening of the second. It is like two jumps in one.

A big crowd was out to see Phœbe's stunt. There was a gasp as the girl parted company with the first parachute and shot downward like an arrow for a hundred feet. Then the second parachute opened like a big, white umbrella. She was safe but for one climaxing incident: She landed in a small lake, far from rescuers, and she couldn't swim.

"Luckily," she laughed, "the wind which had blown me into the lake kept the 'chute open, and it acted like a sail in



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drawing me to shore. After that, however, I wore an automobile inner tube as a life belt when jumping near the water, though I never landed in a lake again."

When this stunt was over, the reporters interviewed Phœbe. One of them asked, "Miss Fairgrave, do you seriously intend to keep on doing this kind of thing?"

"Yes," she replied. "It's going to be my living."

With Omlie as her pilot, and with her brother, she joined Glenn Messer's Flying Circus, then at Des Moines, Iowa. Messer, a former war pilot, was one of the most daring of aërial performers and also one of the finest. Today, like the Omlies, he is conducting an air field, at Birmingham, but in those days he, too, "had to eat." The list of pilots with him included such flyers as Ted Lecocq, Fred Parker, P. R. Perry, "Bud" Bridgens, and Malcolm Pilkington. War flying had given them the air fever. Lindbergh, too, began with a flying circus, as did hundreds of other famous pilots. The "circus" was a stage in our commercial aviation.

THAT winter, 1920-21, Phœbe and Messer devised new thrillers and practiced them in a barn. When spring came, it was the Messer-Fairgrave Flying Circus which took the road of the air. In the feature thrill of the show, Phœbe stood on top of one plane and Messer swung from a trapeze of another. The two planes swept together, parted again, to leave the girl swinging from Messer's outstretched hands. In another stunt, Phœbe climbed from the wing of one plane to that of a second plane in mid-air. She now did a triple parachute drop, did acrobatics on the bar of the under-carriage, and hung by her teeth from a trapeze. The "movies" were employing her as a "double" for famous stars who had to perform daring air feats to escape the villain.

On July 20, that year, Phœbe almost made her last parachute drop. As fate would have it, the accident occurred at her old home, Des Moines. In landing, she was carried into the wires of a high tension electric line. In a half dozen places her flesh was seared to the bone. Only by a miracle did she escape with her life.

Her first thought was, "This mustn't reach Mother." The physician in attendance was persuaded to minimize her injuries in his statement to reporters. Phœbe telegraphed home, "Don't believe a word you hear. It was only a little accident, that's all."

But relatives in Des Moines became suspicious as she continued in the hospital. So, to keep the alarm from her mother, Phœbe left the hospital and rejoined the circus in Missouri. However, a relative had written to her mother, "She is badly hurt and is trying to keep it from you."

"I just had to relieve Mother's worry," Phœbe Omlie told me. "There was only one way to do so: to go ahead with my work as usual. A camera man from one of the motion picture studios was waiting for me at Fairfield. I told him I'd go up.

"I didn't dare let Vernon know what I intended to do, so I let him think I was merely going up for a ride. He suspected nothing because one arm was strapped to my body by bandages. When we got up, however, the camera plane swung over near us. I got my arm out of the bandages and crawled out on the wing. Once I was there, Vernon was powerless to stop me, and I began doing my stunts. On my one hand I could use only two fingers, the others being burned. But really it didn't hurt—much.

"Everything went splendidly until the camera plane swooped up for a close shot. I got the full blast from its propeller and, taken without warning, I lost my grip entirely. I was falling backward, but the Lord and luck didn't desert me. I doubled a leg and it caught about one of the struts. The camera got it all.

"Next morning the local papers reported that I had worked, which was what I wanted. I sent the clippings to Mother. 'You can see that I'm not badly hurt,' I wrote, 'or I wouldn't be back at work again.'

"The truth is," she confessed, with a grim little smile, "I didn't get back to work until two weeks later."

That was her first serious accident. Mrs. Omlie has had three. At Memphis a pupil she was instructing "froze" to the controls in sudden fright. Vainly she tried to right the ship with her own controls, but the man's strength was greater. The plane went into a tail spin and they crashed. Both suffered broken bones.

"The third accident was my own fault," she explained. "I had failed to inspect the ship before taking off, or otherwise it wouldn't have happened. A control rope had slipped off a pulley and, of course, once I got up, the control jammed, just as I was making a right-angle turn. We came down, smashed the ship and my legs, but they soon mended."

HER marriage to Lieutenant (now Captain) Omlie took place in February, 1922. Instead of rejoining Messer that spring, she launched her own, the Phœbe Fairgrave Flying Circus. It proved a profitable year for the circus, but she and Omlie planned constantly for a more substantial venture.

"Commercial aviation was getting established," she related. "We began to look about for an air field of our own and gradually decided upon Memphis."

It was the Mississippi flood which really established the field and proved its worth to the South. The airplane was the one sure, quick way into the vast flooded area, and from Dorena, Missouri, to Vicksburg, Mississippi, flew the Mid-South planes from daylight until dark. They patrolled the swollen river with inspectors and photographers in search of levee breaks for a distance of 300 miles. They maintained an air-mail service between Little Rock and Memphis. The Red Cross, the great news associations, the news reels, and the news picture agencies used the Mid-South planes. Dangerous work was this, the flying of land planes over water, and Phœbe Omlie stood her "trick" with the rest. The Mid-South pilots came through without an accident.

"I got a bigger 'kick' out of that fact," Mrs. Omlie told me, "than I ever did out of my parachute jump or circus stunt. We are no longer selling thrills; we are now selling safety. The air-circus days are gone for good."

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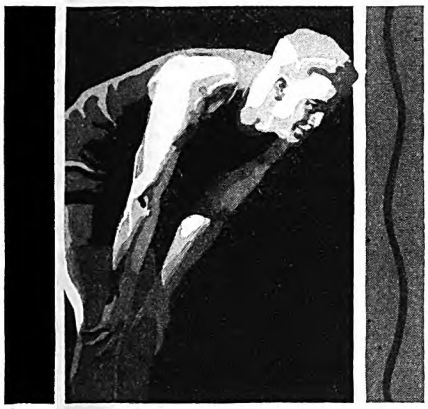

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The President Lives Under a Multitude of Eyes

(*Continued from page 21*)

carried on by hundreds of thousands of people. Some prove incompetent. A very few are tempted to become disloyal to their trust. But the great rank and file of them are of good ability, conscientious and faithful public servants. While some are paid more than they would earn in private life, great throngs are serving at a distinct personal sacrifice. Among the higher officials this is almost always true. The service they perform entitles them to approbation and honor.

THE Congress has sometimes been a sore trial to Presidents. I did not find it so. Among its members were men of wonderful ability and veteran experience. I think they made their decisions with an honest purpose to serve their country The membership of the Senate changed very much by reason of those who sacrificed themselves for public duty. Of the duties of all public officials with whom I have ever been acquainted, the work of a Senator of the United States is by far the most laborious. About twenty of them died during the eight years I was in Washington.

Sometimes it would seem for a day that either the House or the Senate had taken some unwise action, but if it was not corrected on the floor where it occurred, it was usually remedied in the other chamber. I always found the members of both parties willing to confer with me and disposed to treat my recommendations fairly. Most of the differences could be adjusted by personal discussion.

Sometimes I made an appeal direct to the country by stating my position at the newspaper conferences. I adopted that course in relation to the Mississippi flood control bill. As it passed the Senate, it appeared to be much too extravagant in its rule of damages and its proposed remedy. The press began a vigorous discussion of the subject, which caused the House greatly to modify the bill; and in conference a measure that was entirely fair and moderate was adopted. On other occasions I appealed to the country more privately, enlisting the influence of labor and trade organizations upon the Congress in behalf of some measures in which I was interested. That was done in the case of the tax bill of 1928. As it passed the House, the reductions were so large that the revenue necessary to meet the public expenses would not have been furnished. By quietly making this known to the Senate and enlisting support for that position among its constituents, it was possible to secure such a modification of the measure that it could be adopted without greatly endangering the revenue.

But a President cannot, with success, constantly appeal to the country. After a time he will get no response. The people have their own affairs to look after and cannot give much attention to what the Congress is doing. If he takes a position, and stands by it, ultimately it will be

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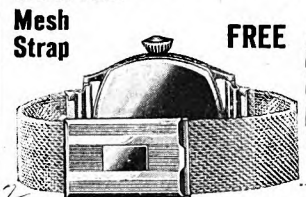

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adopted. Most of the policies set out in my first Annual Message have become law, but it took several years to get action on some of them.

One of the most perplexing and at the same time most important functions of the President is the making of appointments. In some few cases he acts alone, but usually they are made with the advice and consent of the Senate. It is the practice to consult Senators of his own party before making an appointment from their respective states. In choosing persons for service over the whole or any considerable portion of a single state, it is customary to rely almost entirely on the party Senators from that state for recommendations. It is not possible to find men who are perfect. Selection always has to be limited to human beings, whatever choice is made. It is therefore always possible to point out defects. The supposition that no one should be appointed who has had experience in the field which he is to supervise is extremely detrimental to the public service. An Interstate Commerce Commissioner is much better qualified if he knows something about transportation. A Federal Trade Commissioner can render much better service if he has had a legal practice which extended into large business transactions. The assertion of those who contend that persons accepting a Government appointment would betray their trust in favor of former associates, can be understood only on the supposition that those who make it feel that their own tenure of public office is for the purpose of benefiting themselves and their friends.

Everyone knows that where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. When a man has invested his personal interest and reputation in the conduct of a public office, if he goes wrong, it will not be because of former relations, but because he is a bad man. The same interests that reached him would reach any bad man, irrespective of former life history. What we need in appointive positions is men of knowledge and experience who have sufficient character to resist temptations. If that standard is maintained, we need not be concerned about their former activities. If it is not maintained, all the restrictions on their past employment that can be conceived will be of no avail.

THE more experience I had in making appointments, the more I became convinced that attempts to put limitations on the appointing power are a mistake. It should be possible to choose a well-qualified person wherever he can be found. When restrictions are placed on residence, occupation, or profession, it almost always happens that someone is found who is universally admitted to be the best qualified, but who is eliminated by the artificial specifications. So long as the Senate has the power to reject nominations, there is little danger that a President would abuse his authority if he were given the largest possible freedom in his choices. The public service would be improved if all vacancies were filled by simply appointing the best ability and character that can be found. That is what is done in private business. The adoption of any other course handicaps the Government in all its operations.

In determining upon all his actions, however, the President has to remember that he is dealing with two different minds. One is the mind of the country, largely intent upon its own personal affairs and, while not greatly interested in the Government, yet desirous of seeing it conducted in an orderly and dignified manner for the advancement of the public welfare. Those who compose this mind wish to have the country prosperous and are opposed to unjust taxation and public extravagance. At the same time, they have a patriotic pride which moves them with so great a desire to see things well done that they are willing to pay for it. They gladly contribute their money to place the United States in the lead. In general, they represent the public opinion of the land.

But they are unorganized, formless, and inarticulate. Against a compact and well-drilled minority they do not appear to be very effective. They are nevertheless the great power in our government. I have constantly appealed to them and have seldom failed in enlisting their support. They are the court of last resort and their decisions are final.

THEY are, however, the indirect rather than the direct power. The immediate authority with which the President has to deal is vested in the political mind. In order to get things done, he has to work through that agency. Some of our Presidents have appeared to lack comprehension of the political mind. Although I have been associated with it for many years, I always found difficulty in understanding it. It is a strange mixture of vanity and timidity, of an obsequious attitude at one time and a delusion of grandeur at another time, of the most selfish preferment combined with the most sacrificing patriotism. The political mind is the product of men in public life who have been twice spoiled. They have been spoiled with praise and they have been spoiled with abuse. With them nothing is natural, everything is artificial. A few rare souls escape these influences and maintain a vision and a judgment that is unimpaired. They are a great comfort to every President and of great service to their country. But they are not sufficient in number so that the public business can be transacted like a private business.

It is because in their hours of timidity the Congress becomes subservient to the importunities of organized minorities that the President comes more and more to stand as the champion of the rights of the whole country. Organizing such minorities has come to be a well-recognized industry at Washington. They are oftentimes led by persons of great ability, who display much skill in bringing their influences to bear on the Congress. They have ways of securing newspaper publicity, deluging Senators and Representatives with petitions, and overwhelming them with imprecations that are oftentimes decisive in securing the passage of bills. While much of this legislation is not entirely bad, almost all of it is excessively expensive. If it were not for the rules of the House and the veto power of the President, within two years these activities would double the cost of the government.

Under our system the President is not only the head of the Government, but he is the head of his party. The last twenty years have witnessed a decline in party

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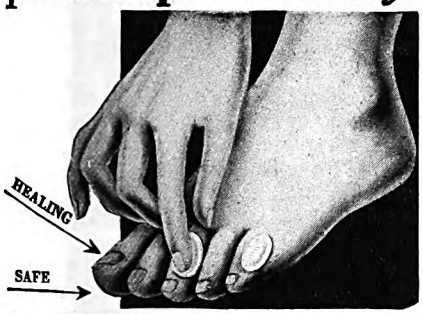

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spirit and a distinct weakening in party loyalty. While an independent attitude on the part of the citizen is not without a certain public advantage, yet it is necessary under our form of government to have political parties. Unless someone is a partisan, no one can be an independent. The Congress is organized entirely in accordance with party policy. The parties appeal to the voters in behalf of their platforms. The people make their choice on those issues. Unless those who are elected on the same party platform associate themselves together to carry out its provisions, the election becomes a mockery. The independent voter who has joined with others in placing a party nominee in office finds his efforts were all in vain if the person he helps elect refuses or neglects to keep the platform pledges of his party.

Many occasions arise in the Congress when party lines are very properly disregarded, but if there is to be a responsible government proceeding in accordance with the express mandate of the people, and not merely at the whim of those who happen to be victorious at the polls, on all the larger and important issues there must be party solidarity. It is the business of the President as party leader to do the best he can to see that the declared party platform purposes are translated into legislative and administrative action. Oftentimes I secured support from those without my party and had opposition from those within my party, in attempting to keep my platform pledges.

Such a condition is entirely anomalous. It leaves the President as the sole repository of party responsibility. But it is one of the reasons that the Presidential office has grown in popular estimation and favor while the Congress has declined. The country feels that the President is willing to assume responsibility, while his party in the Congress is not. I never felt it was my duty to attempt to coerce Senators or Representatives, or to take reprisals. The people sent them to Washington. I felt I had discharged my duty when I had done the best I could with them. In this way I avoided almost entirely a personal opposition, which I think was of more value to the country than to attempt to prevail through arousing personal fear.

Under our system it ought to be remembered that the power to initiate policies has to be centralized somewhere. Unless the party leaders exercising it can depend on loyalty and organization support, the party in which it is reposed will become entirely ineffective. A party which is ineffective will soon be discarded. If a party is to endure as a serviceable instrument of government for the country, it must possess and display a healthy spirit of party loyalty. Such a manifestation in the Congress would do more than anything else to rehabilitate it in the esteem and confidence of the country.

IT IS natural for man to seek power. It was because of this trait of human nature that the founders of our institutions provided a system of checks and balances. They placed all their public officers under constitutional limitations. They had little fear of the courts and were inclined to regard legislative bodies as the natural champions of their liberties. They were

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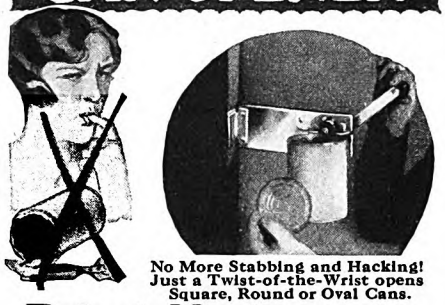

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very apprehensive that the executive might seek to exercise arbitrary powers. Under our Constitution such fears have seldom been well founded. The President has tended to become the champion of the people because he is held solely responsible for his acts, while in the Congress, where responsibility is divided, it has developed that there is much greater danger of arbitrary action.

It has therefore become increasingly imperative that the President should resist any encroachment upon his constitutional powers. One of the most important of these is the power of appointment. The Constitution provides that he shall nominate and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint. A constant pressure is exerted by the Senators to make their own nominations, and the Congress is constantly proposing laws which undertake to deprive the President of the appointive power. Different departments and bureaus are frequently supporting measures that would make of them self-perpetuating bodies to which no appointments could be made that they did not originate. While I have always sought coöperation and advice, I have likewise resisted these efforts, sometimes by refusing to adopt recommendations and sometimes by the exercise of the veto power. One of the farm relief bills, and later a public health measure, had these clearly unconstitutional limitations on the power of appointment. In the defense of the rights and liberties of the people, it is necessary for the President to resist all encroachments upon his lawful authority.

ALL of these trials and encouragements come to each President. It is impossible to explain them. Even after passing through the Presidential office, I find it still remains a mystery. Why one person is selected for it and many others are rejected cannot be told. Why people respond as they do to its influence seems to be beyond inquiry. Any man who has been placed in the White House cannot feel that it is the result of his own exertions or his own merit. Some power outside and beyond him becomes manifest through him. As he contemplates the workings of his office, he comes to realize with an increasing sense of humility that he is but an instrument in the hands of God.

NEXT MONTH, fiction to suit all tastes! If you like a crackajack legal mystery, there's Melville Davisson Post's story, "The Guilty Man;" if young love amuses you, turn to "The Perfidy of Woman," by Edith Barnard Delano. There are delicacy and charm in "Love is Not Love," by Nelia Gardner White, and real distinction in Inez Haynes Irwin's "Freesia." Dixie Willson proves that money doesn't always bring happiness, so it was back to the simple life for the couple in "Mr. Money." "Prima Donna Stuff," by Margaret Culkin Banning, shows how one woman adjusted herself to her rôle and managed to find it pleasant—an adjustment that thousands of women are having to make today. Zane Grey's serial, "Drift Fence," brings the West to your door, and William Dudley Pelley's serial, "Dark Happiness," will intrigue you with its mystery and its romance.

The Something That's in a Man's Heart

(*Continued from page 67*)

to do the work of two. Poverty teaches us how many things we can do without and still be happy.

"Personally, I believe that in the great majority of cases, we get what is coming to us in this life. And I am quite sure that Emerson was right when he insisted that compensation is one of the inescapable laws of nature. Take my own case: I am cut off from the activities that most men enjoy. But since I can't indulge in golf, I have more time for my rose garden. I know my roses as intimately as other men know their golfing companions. Flowers speak to me in their own language.

"WHEN I go motoring, I don't drive like a man possessed. My object is not to get to a certain point as quickly as possible so that I may turn around and come back as quickly as possible. Instead, I drive slowly so that I may drink in the beauty that unfolds itself along the roadside. If there is a particularly fine view, or an exceptionally beautiful sunset, I can stop and enjoy it as long as I like. That's what I go out for—to see, and hear, and *feel*. I often turn off the main highway into side roads where the going is slow, and the peace and quiet heaven itself.

"Thank the Lord, we don't all need the same things to make us happy. You would be lost without the use of your legs; I no longer miss mine. I have learned not to think of legs and the fun that a good, stout pair might bring me. It is far wiser, I find, to concentrate upon the joy that my eyes and ears and heart and mind provide.

"One of my most satisfying compensations is the leisure I have for reading. I daresay I read much more than the average active man does. The companionship of my friends is very dear to me, but I am never lonely when my friends cannot be with me. In my library are other friends, tried and true, who await my mood and pleasure.

"Largely because I am cut off from much physical activity, I have had the time to form a rather intimate acquaintance with myself. And please don't smile at what may sound like colossal vanity: I haven't found the process a bit dull. Try it yourself: Simply set out in good faith to explore your own spiritual, mental, and companionable possibilities, just as you would set out to make a similar investigation of the possibilities of a stranger in whom you happened to be interested. You may surprise yourself by discovering a diverting and worth-while companion.

"To me, life is made up of amazing discoveries. I go down to my rose garden at

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No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

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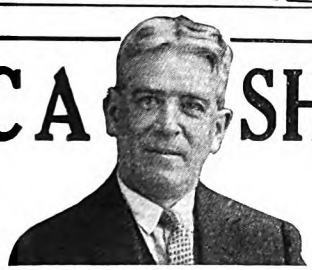

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midnight, and there, revealed by the sorcery of the moon, I come upon beauty that I never dreamed existed. I stumble upon bits of truth between the covers of a book or a magazine. I get inspiring glimpses of nobility during a conversation with a friend, or just as likely in the exchange of a few sentences with a stranger whose life touches mine only for an instant. I discover both truth and beauty—which are, in fact, one and the same thing—in the soul of a woman who works cheerfully and happily at a machine in my factory to earn a living for her crippled husband and their three small children.

"Have you ever noticed that sometimes when men discover a small fragment of truth, they make the mistake of assuming that they have a monopoly upon all the truth there is? Too often they formulate cast-iron creeds and say to the world, 'See, we are right; everybody else is wrong.'

"This seems to me very shortsighted. There is so much beauty in the world that it is only when we put our glimpses together that we are likely to get an approximate view of the whole.

"Decidedly, there's no sense in hugging the notion that Providence has picked on us. If we listen carefully and steadily to the something that's in our hearts, it's possible to find compensation for almost any hardship or handicap.

"Not only must a man keep faith *with* himself, he must also keep faith *in* himself. When I was starting out as a manufacturer, I often had to borrow money to meet the needs of my expanding business. At first, the men I went to for loans refused outright. They made it plain that they couldn't see much of a future for me.

"These rebuffs never worried me long. I always said to myself: 'Don't blame a man because he can't see in you what you see in yourself. Get a hustle on, and show him that he has passed up a good thing.' Invariably, this program worked. In a few years, the very men who had turned me down the flattest were offering to lend me any amount of money I needed."

"THERE'S one thing you haven't told me," I interrupted. "Even if you had started out with no odds against you, you have made a success of your job that any man might be proud of. Have you worked out any short cuts, or special methods, or business principles, which have proved valuable to you and which might be valuable to others?"

"I'll tell you how I work," said Mr. Eldridge, "and you can judge for yourself.

"Many folks," he went on, "get ready for the big work of the day by first clearing away the trivial and unimportant jobs. They want to start on the big stuff with a clean desk and no loose ends. I don't work that way. I dive head foremost into the biggest job or the knottiest problem on my program.

"In other words, I spend my freshest energy on the biggest and the most important thing I have to do. Afterward, if I have the time and strength, I clean up the details. Otherwise, I let somebody else do it. I believe that the reason so many men never seem to get anywhere, in spite of a lot of hard work, is because they wear themselves out getting ready to tackle a job."

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What Do Trees Mean to You?

(*Continued from page 39*)

things living which gave the Indians of the plains a sense of kinship with trees, the cedars are a symbol of home. Whether in the rocky fields of New England, or in New York and Pennsylvania, or farther south, the sharp points of the young cedar sentinels, interspersed with the sumac, and often with juniper creeping about their feet, are a characteristic feature of the landscape. They are the evidence of fields reverting to forests—of that gradual re-covering with which nature seeks to heal the barrenness caused by man's destructiveness.

It is the special glory of the pines that they have lived deeply and have kept the scars of ice and drought, and the marks of their battles with the wind. The sound of the sea is in the singing of their needles—a memory of ages past when the world was younger and the pines lived by the side of great waters. Most familiar in the East is the white pine, blue of leaf and dense of form as a youngster.

Across the plains our eastern white pine gives way to the longer-leafed, heavier yellow pine, appropriately named "*Pinus ponderosa*." This straight-trunked giant, often six to eight feet in diameter and two hundred feet tall, is to be found from the Rockies through to California. In parts of the Sierras it lives in company with the sugar pine, which the late John Muir, who knew them all, described as the noblest of the pine family. Taller than the yellow pine, its columnar trunk rises branchless for a hundred feet or more, solid, straight, true, and almost black in color. The branches of the crown tend to droop, and carry at the ends great cones, sometimes eighteen inches long and weighing more than a pound. When these drop from a height of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet they can do so much injury that they are locally known as "widow makers."

BUT lord of them all, unsurpassed in any corner of the world, is the giant sequoia. Its only possible rival is its cousin, the coast redwood. Much has been written about the fabulous size and age of these "big trees." The largest are between thirty and forty feet in diameter, and nearly three hundred feet tall. Some of them were two thousand years old when Christ was born. But more impressive than statistics about them is their magnificent vitality and strength. The huge shafts of their trunks rise for a hundred or more feet sheer and branchless—vast columns so firm that not even the heaviest winds can shake them. They are covered with a cinnamon-colored, fibrous bark, deeply ribbed and shredded, and very thick. So clean and vivid is this bark that the sequoias look young in the presence of firs that are one tenth their age, but whose bark is soiled and worn, and often covered with moss. The warm and vital color of the "big trees" makes them loom up in the distance in the forest.

The appearance of enormous vitality is not belied by fact. Not only have these sequoias lived longer than all but two or three known species of trees, but they have survived the fires of countless centuries which have destroyed all forms of life. In the Giant Forest in the Sequoia National Park is a burned snag—the charred remnant of a tree that grew to be perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet in diameter. Repeated fires during its fifteen or twenty centuries of existence destroyed all but a fragment perhaps fifty feet high and four or five thick at the base. This charred stump has on the outside a strip of living bark about two feet wide, which runs up to the top of the snag. There it feeds a branch covered with vigorous green leaves, the outward and visible sign of the triumph of life over flame. No other living thing could have survived so much damage from repeated fires. It is the supreme monument of the will to live.

The "big trees" are to be found only in the California Sierras. Forty or fifty groves are known to exist, some of which contain several thousand trees, and others scarcely a dozen. Some of the best have already been destroyed by man—one of the greatest acts of vandalism of all time. Of the remaining groves, a few are in the Yosemite and the Sequoia National Parks. Those outside are not yet safe from ultimate destruction by lumbermen.

WHERE the number of remaining "big trees" is small, the quantity of their cousins, the redwoods, is still large. These are found for the most part in the so-called Redwood Empire of northern California. Formerly the redwoods filled the canyons along the coast from Oregon to a point south of Monterey. California through the unceasing efforts of the "Save the Redwoods League," is at last taking steps to preserve a few of the finest groves in the north. Unlike the "big trees," which grow mixed in with other trees, the redwoods are often found in pure stands. One of the most magnificent of these, at a place called Bull Creek Flat, is composed of redwoods, some of which are estimated to be more than three hundred and fifty feet tall, with trunks five to six to eighteen feet in diameter.

What California is doing to save the trees other states will, let us hope, be tempted to copy. The "Save the Redwoods League" is helping California to acquire some of the best surviving stands of redwoods to be preserved in state parks. Oregon and Washington still have bits of the primeval forest famous for the splendor of the Douglas spruces that have escaped the sawmill. But at the present rate of destruction, these states will soon be like those portions of the South which have been stripped by the lumber and turpentine interests, making the country barren.

In time, even the men who have come most to denude the land of its trees will learn that this policy is as shortsighted commercially as artistically. Fortunately nature needs only a little encouragement and protection to begin to heal the scars where the forests have been ruthlessly destroyed. No longer are the trees man's enemies. In time, we shall learn that they are man's best friends.

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The Mystery at the Mill

(*Continued from page 71*)

slowly, looking about him at the fields and the wooded hills in the distance, faintly colored by the first touch of the autumn; the ricks of wheat straw and the hay stacked in the meadows, and the corn cut and bound in shocks with grapevine. He stopped some time to study the current of the river and to examine its clay banks, but for the most part he sauntered as one vaguely at his leisure in the vacation of an autumn afternoon.

But the soul of the man had no vacation.

The vast, inscrutable justice of Heaven appalled the lawyer. There was no escape from the decisions of this tribunal. The universe was adjusted to a righteousness that transcended any human conception. All things were evened up. By no cunning, by no device of trickery, could one make a permanent gain upon another in this world.

Always the evil that one did turned backward on himself.

The thing came up out of the haze of antiquity in the legends of the Pentateuch. There was David, setting Uriah in the forefront of the battle, and Nathan coming after to pronounce his doom. There was Jezebel, slaying the prophets, and waiting at her window with her tired head and her painted face for the dogs to eat her. It was a world of terrible adjustments.

Detached and awful was God's Court of Equity!

And in this reflection the lawyer made little progress.

It was evening when his path came out on the highway at the ford. He stopped in the dust of the road. Here the river widened, could possibly, at this season, be forded on a horse; but beyond, a shoulder of the hills came down and the river cut through, running deep and swiftly.

HERE, on high stone abutments, sat the new wooden bridge, sixty feet above the water, a white, graceful span, covered with a shingle roof and painted to protect it from the weather. It was some quarter of a mile above the ford, but the river made no turn and it was clearly visible.

Colonel Braxton remained for some time in the highway at the river crossing. Here, evidently, was the point at which the dead man had come into the water. It coincided with his estimate, both in distance and in time. And, to confirm this conclusion, here in the dust was the track of a horse where it had crossed the river and returned. But there was a further evidence that puzzled him. Here, also, in the dust at the water's edge were the footprints of a man. They were not clearly outlined prints of which the dimensions could be accurately determined, for they turned and shifted as though made in the uncertain actions of a struggle.

And in another feature they were strange:

They seemed to begin and end just here in the dust of the road at the water's edge. They extended, as in this struggle, from one sodded border of the road to the

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THE charm of a woman whom we think of as beautiful does not depend merely upon the attractiveness of her face and figure. It arises from more subtle things.

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other, and could be no farther traced. The horse, too, from its tracks, had plunged about before it entered the water.

It was evening, and the lawyer sat down by the roadside and ate the bit of luncheon that he had brought with him from the carriage.

Beyond, at a little distance from the bridge, on the extended shoulder of the hills, sat Rickman's house. This house was the objective of his journey. When he had finished with the meager food, he set out along the highway to Rickman's house.

The night had descended when he reached the door and knocked at the wooden panel. For some moments there was no response; then the door opened and a big, ox-shouldered man appeared with a candle. He did not speak, but he looked closely at the visitor, his head lowered between his shoulders and the candle extended in his hand.

But the lawyer did not intend to remain standing on the doorstep.

"My name is Braxton," he said. "I have a letter from the Governor of Virginia, asking me to come here. . . . I have come."

And he stepped through the door and passed the man into the room.

The big man went in beside the lawyer, looking down at him from the summit of his immense bulk, as though he guarded, convoyed, him into the house. Then he went about in the room lighting other candles.

It seemed a sort of nervous business—the act of one who would get himself in hand. And when he had finished with it, he was changed. His manner was now genial, as though it were a mood that, upon reflection, he had deemed expedient.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Colonel Braxton, I am honored—will you sit down, sir?" And he drew up a chair by a table on which he had set the lighted candles.

The lawyer sat down. He put his hat and stick on the table beside him.

"I am sorry to arrive at so late an hour," he said; "but I was detained on the way. The letter from the Governor reached me last night, and I came down this morning on the steamboat from Fort Pitt. I should have been here by noon. But I was delayed."

Rickman came around the table and sat down beyond Colonel Braxton. "I am sorry for your inconvenience," he said. "What delayed you?"

"A dead man," replied Colonel Braxton.

SOMETHING sprang up in Rickman's face, was throttled and thrust back.

"A dead man!" he echoed.

"Yes. It was at Simon Betts's mill."

"Ah!" said Rickman. "Someone killed there?"

"No," replied Colonel Braxton; "I think he was killed here."

The man turned with the quick, heavy action of an animal prodded at a tender part.

"Here!"

The lawyer gave no attention to the act. He went on in his leisurely voice.

"I mean in this neighborhood," he said, "perhaps at the river crossing. The body floating in the river entered the sluice at Betts's mill this morning. The man had been drowned, and had been for some hours in the river."

"Did they know him?" said Rickman.

"He was a stranger," replied the lawyer. "No one knew him . . . unless you know him. He was a small man, a city clerk of sorts, I concluded, with a close-clipped mustache and sandy hair beginning to grow thin about the temples. . . . Has such a man been here?"

"No," said Rickman; "no one has been here."

"A horse crossed the river at the ford," continued the lawyer, "and returned. There is the track in the road. You did not see the horse . . . nor the rider?"

"I did not," replied Rickman. "But I have been closely engaged about my affairs. I am alone here, and there was the bridge to paint. It was late when I finished it last night."

"IT WAS late when the man was drowned," said Colonel Braxton.

Rickman turned again with that swift, heavy motion.

"Late!"

"It was precisely fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock," replied the lawyer.

"You know that!"

The words were a sort of startled expletive.

Colonel Braxton went on, as though his sentence had not been interrupted.

"His watch had stopped at that hour, when he went into the water. The body arrived at the mill at five—that was six hours after; the current runs about a mile an hour. . . . He must have been drowned, then, at about this point on the river"

"At the ford!" said Rickman, as though he added an obvious conclusion. "It's a dangerous ford. I said that to the Assembly when I petitioned for a bridge at this point. The water is midside to a horse even in the dry season, and the rider might be thrown in it. Some horses are afraid of water."

The lawyer interrupted.

"Ah! Do you think that could be the explanation of the footprints I saw in the road, there at the water's edge? . . . The horse afraid, and the rider getting down to lead him into the water?"

"Footprints!"

Again that fear started in Rickman's face, paused, and gave way to an expression of unconcern.

"Yes," he said, "that would be the explanation. The horse in its fear of the river became unmanageable, and the rider was pitched off or got down to lead him—that ford is a public menace, which the bridge removes."

He plunged into a discussion of the bridge. "It's a good bridge. Have you seen the model?"

He arose and turned about in the room. Behind him, supported on two chairs, was the miniature of the covered bridge that the Assembly of Virginia had approved. It was as the man said, an admirable model, cunningly trussed and braced to bear an incredible weight upon it. It bore now the man's weight, as he rested his huge hands on the thing. The inventor of this structure was a man of genius. He had won the authorities of Virginia to his model, it was said, by placing it thus supported by two chairs and jumping on it. It held, and his model was adopted. But the inventor was dead; and the bridges built by Rickman were in controversy.

Rickman began to talk about the injustice of this controversy. This form of bridge, so designed, was incredibly expensive to construct. One without experience could have no idea of its cost. The best materials only could be used. The loss in lumber that would prove unequal to the strain was immense. And skilled labor was required, the most expensive labor.

He went on. It was injustice for the authorities of Virginia to charge him with this fraud in his accounts; to harass him with an inspector sent out to gather up the details about his work, to estimate the masonry and lumber, and take the affidavits of the workmen . . . and all this mass of proofs against him. His voice rose and his face flushed.

Colonel Braxton did not reply. He took out a cigar, went over to the fireplace, and, stooping down, struck a match to light it. There was some split wood in the fireplace and a mass of char above it.

"You have had a bit of fire," he said; "are the nights cool?"

That strange expression threatened again in Rickman's face.

"Yes," he said, "last night . . . I started to light the fire, but the logs were green and they did not kindle. It is sometimes cool here."

"It is warm enough tonight," replied the lawyer; and he went over to the open window.

The air was soft and scented from the fields, and the world was full of light, as in a fairy day. There was a great moon and every star was out The white bridge at a little distance on the high banks of the river was clearly visible. The clews that he had traced in this mysterious affair were drawing to their source. There remained only a further incident to verify

He spoke, still facing the open window.

"It is a fine night" he said. "Suppose we walk to the bridge."

Rickman was in no sense anxious to have his work examined. But he was glad to divert the attention of the lawyer and he counted on his explanations to cover any change from the model that an unskilled layman might notice in the night. And, in consequence, as they walked across the field to the abutment, he kept up a running fire of talk. In many respects the model was defective. In miniature the details were sound, but extended they required some changes. One had to use a builder's judgment, and the like.

But he wasted his explanations.

The lawyer's mind was in another quarter.

COLONEL BRAXTON stepped out on the stone abutment and looked at the cover of the bridge where it ended within reach of his extended hand. The contractor, walking about on the bridge floor behind him, continued with his vague explanatory talk. But the lawyer gave no attention. He had found the thing he sought. And suddenly he spoke.

"Rickman," he said, "nothing can be hidden. One goes about to take his little precautions, in the dark, for safety, and, behold, the world is full of light!

"I get a letter from the Governor of Virginia asking me to come here and talk with an inspector he has sent, and prepare

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this case of fraud against you. But the inspector arrives a day before me, and I find him dead on the floor of Betts's mill. And I find you here, Rickman, with a lie in your mouth. You *did* see him, for the tracks of the horse led to your door. And you *did* get possession of the dangerous evidence that he had assembled against you, for you burned it in your fireplace; one does not light a fire of split wood by burning paper above it—the char from the burned paper was on the top of the logs. And it was you who rode the dead man's horse to the ford, and, getting down, drove it into the river . . . after you had killed him!"

The big man, walking about on the bridge floor, stopped. He did not move, but the sinister thing that had been skulking behind his face emerged and possessed it.

"Killed him!" And when he finally spoke the words his voice was low and distant like a whisper. "There was no mark on him. He was drowned."

"He was drowned," continued the lawyer; "but there *was* a mark on him. Listen, Rickman. There was a gray smear on the arm and shoulder of the dead man. It was not from the white clay of the river. I examined it closely, and there was oil in it . . . oil . . . and, therefore, that gray smear was paint!"

He extended his hand and pointed to the cover of the bridge beside him. For the distance of some feet at the height of a man's shoulder, the fresh white paint had been wiped off.

His voice, deep and steady, hardened like a thing organic:

"There is no security in murder! You lured the dead man to this bridge after the papers laid out on the table in your house showed the case against you, and when he stood where I am standing, you thrust him over the abutment into the river. Half your size, and taken without warning, he had no chance; but in his terror he caught at the cover of the bridge, and the sweep of his arm carried the wet paint with it . . . carried it to Betts's mill . . . carried it to your damnation!"

THERE was silence. And then, with no sound, with no premonitory motion, like an inert projectile touched with fire, the big creature behind Colonel Braxton rushed on him. But the lawyer was expecting precisely this murderous act, and with a swiftness incredible in a man of his bulk, he dropped on the abutment.

The huge creature could not check his mad rush and, like his victim, he caught at the bridge to save himself. His shoulder and his arm made the same sweep of the painted cover, and with a cry he plunged into the river.

It was sixty feet to the river from that stone abutment and, his extended body striking the water, the blow killed him, as on the night before it had killed his victim.

Colonel Braxton rose, to see the body of the murderer set out on its journey . . . its journey to old Betts's mill . . . to join the other that awaited it.

The lawyer looked up at the stars. . . . "He shall fall himself into his own pit."

Swift and terrible, and without premonition, were the adjustments of God.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

"Unaccustomed as I am—

....Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free booklet entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day, would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought after speaker for civic, banquet, and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words.*

* * *

For fifteen years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a natural gift of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply quickly the natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

Send for This Amazing Book

Have you an open mind? Then send for this free book *How to Work Wonders With Words.* Over 65,000 men in all walks of life—including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men—have found in this book a key that has opened a veritable floodgate of natural speaking ability. See for yourself how you can become a popular and dominating speaker! Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of the coupon.

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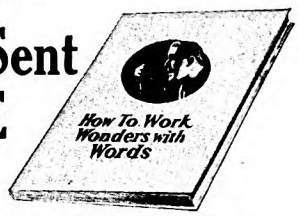

North American Institute

3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 105-C Chicago, Ill.

North American Institute, Dept. 105-C
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

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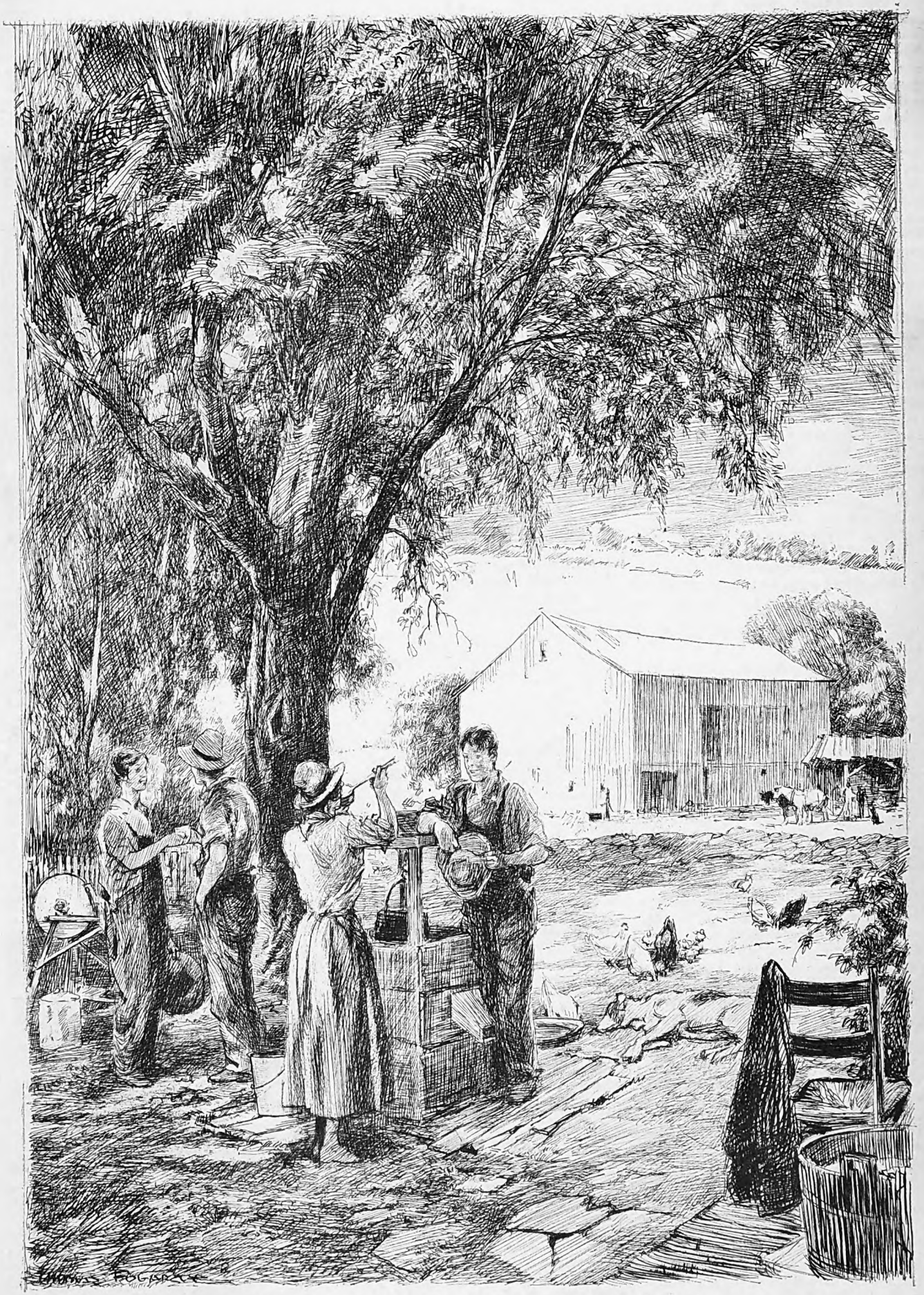

Has winter any joy to equal a drink of cool water on a hot afternoon?

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It is Never Too Hot for Me

Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY

By CHARLES A. DAVID

NOTHING pleases me better than to wake in the morning and find things fairly sizzling. I like all nature bathed in genial warmth, fairly dripping sunshine; sky and violets wearing the same shade of blue; dewdrops glistening like pendent diamonds; and every flower occupied by a bee or butterfly. The mountains have changed from azure to amethyst; the moist fragrance of honeysuckle hangs like smoke in the air; and even the English sparrows have quieted down and forgotten to quarrel. To wake on such a morning is like opening one's eyes in Paradise.

If anything can be more soul-satisfying than a clear, hot July morning, I do not know what it can be, unless it be a clear, hot morning in August—or maybe one in September. Just compare it with a winter morning, when things are cold, dark, and dreary; when all outdoors is stilled into frozen silence; when the wind comes howling down from the north, bringing snow or sleet, or rain that is colder than either; when fires won't burn and smoke comes down the chimney in spiteful puffs; when pipes in the bathroom are frozen hard and fast; when sirup refuses to run, and when butter has to be cut with a saw; when icicles hang from window sills, and the frosted panes shut out what little light is stirring—

The kind of day when birds seek shelter in the ivy, the squirrels in their dens pull the cover higher and turn over for another nap, and even that prince of optimists, the blue jay, gives up in disgust and hugs the leeward side of the biggest tree he can find, where he sits with hunched shoulders and drooping tail, knowing full well that the nearest acorn is locked in a coating of ice and that it would take dynamite and pick to unearth a worm.

Some folks have the gall to say they like this kind of weather—say it is so full of pep and as bracing as wine. But I was not built that way. If I cannot have things at least comfortably warm, I would rather not have them at all. I don't like winter or anything even remotely connected with it.

The raucous rattle and scrape of coal in a scoop scrapes every nerve I own. The sound of shaking down a furnace chills me to the bone and sends shivers down my spine. Taking out ashes is man's lowest occupation. Ice on the steps is a menace to life and limb. Frozen pipes are breeders of profanity, and the glare of snow on the ground hurts my eyes. I don't like keyholes that whistle, or pipes that sound as if they were choking to death, or grass that crackles when stepped on. I don't like winter underwear. Wool socks are sure to give me a cold when I change to cotton; ear muffs keep me from hearing; and getting out of bed calls for more nerve than going over the top.

No, I don't like winter, and there is no use making out I do. I am sorry to admit it, but cold weather puts me in a bad humor that lasts until the first bluebird of the season has a fit under my window, and until the jonquils paint a yellow streak across the garden.

Then, and not until then, is there any gladness in my smile. If I could have my way, I should like to live in a little three-room bungalow exactly on the equator, open on all four sides, without the sign of a chimney, and without a coal scuttle within five hundred miles. One reason why I am, and always will be, "agin" winter is that, to exist at all, I have to wear an overcoat. Of all the overcoats I have known, and I have met quite a few, I am yet to find one that did not have something the matter with the sleeve lining. No matter how much the coat cost, or how perfectly it seemed to fit, before long it would develop some sleeve trouble. The lining of the sleeves might be too full, or it might be too tight, or there might be a spiral twist about it, or a corkscrew turn that will keep you guessing as to where your hand will come out—that being something you can never count on.

THERE is nothing so grateful as warmth. It is just another name for life, while intense cold spells death. I never could understand why so many people seem to be so down on the summertime and the glorious weather it brings. To me, the summer months, July, August, and September, are the high tide of the season—the glory months of the year. I get more kick out of them than all the others put together. I find myself looking for their coming, as I would look for the coming of a friend that I loved and trusted.

To me, sunshine is a tonic—not one that unduly invigorates, but one that lulls and soothes, and that sets me dreaming dreams, the like of which I have never dreamed before. I have always had a fellow feeling for the little blue-throated lizard that loves the hot sunshine and feels hurt if a cloud throws a shadow over him, if only for a minute. Summer days are never too long for him—with nothing on earth to do but catch an occasional fly, and just lie and doze. I have sometimes thought if I were not myself, I should like to be a little gray lizard, with a blue shirt front and a home on an old rail fence.

It may be just a fancy of mine, but it seems to me that men who sweat easily and freely are likely to be good-natured, happy, and jolly; while those who are forever finding fault and grumbling, and who would rather snarl than smile, are usually as dry-skinned as a mummy.

One of the jolliest mortals I have ever known was also one of the fattest. If anyone had a right to complain about the heat, it would have been this three hundred pounds of laughing good nature. But he was never known to fuss about the heat—he just took it as it came. He never went around among his friends, punching them in the ribs and asking if it was hot enough for them, and for this we loved him. There was so much of him that he billowed when he walked and spilled all over the chair when he sat down. His neck was a series of pink rolls that cascaded over his old-fashioned stock. His beautifully polished head was as innocent of hair as the palm of a baby's hand, except for a fringe that connected his ears. On the coldest winter day his bald head and smiling face were always comfortably damp; and in summer the moisture gathered there as naturally as dew on the petals of a rose.

Boy that I was, I used to think that his original way of getting rid of the surplus flow of sweat was one of the most thrilling things I had ever seen; and I never tired of watching the rite, for that was what it was. He began by placing the palm of one chubby hand on the back of his neck, and then would bring it slowly up over the head, pushing the flood before it, until it reached a point where the eyebrows bulged. Then he would give his fingers an inimitable flip that sent something less than a gill of water on the grass far in front. I used to practice the trick by wetting my head and following his motions, but I could never manage that amazing flip.

I HAD another friend who was just the opposite of my stall-fed one. He was as lean as the other was fat; his skin was like parchment and his Adam's apple seemed to creak as it worked up and down. He was forever and eternally wanting to know if you had ever seen such heat—he was quite sure he never had. And, true to form, he had the reputation of being as cross-grained and hard to get along with as a tarantula with the toothache.

If I ever join an exploring party, it will not be one headed for the polar regions, but it will be for some clime that is warmer than this—some place, for instance, where I can occasionally flush a yellow-legged

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grasshopper; where every blossom holds a bee; where dragon flies flash in the sunlight; where terrapins slide off their floating logs without a splash; where tadpoles scuttle for deeper water at the slightest sound. I should not mind a trip to the summer seas, to chum with the parrots, the pythons, and the birds of paradise, but I have no craving to visit a land where ice is free and where all outdoors is one big refrigerator.

I am perfectly content to pass my life where heat waves dance and quiver over sandy roads, where you can't find a rock cool enough to sit on, where you have to look out for snakes at every step, where the catbirds look like wilted dishrags, where the sun perch stop swimming to fan themselves with their fins, where every little pond has its orchestra of frogs, where doodles dig and baby birds cry for breakfast. In short, where things are decently warm.

THE happiest day that I can remember, and about the hottest, was a Saturday in my favorite month of July. For some reason or other, the store where I was employed closed for the day, and the day was mine to do with as I wished. I made no plans, as there is something cut-and-dried about plans that takes half the fun out of an outing. I liked to go it blind and let things shape themselves just as they happened to occur. I did not want to know exactly where I was going, what I was going to do when I got there, or what time I was coming home.

The day dawned as if it had been specially ordered for the occasion. There wasn't a cloud, or a breath of air stirring. The smoke from the kitchen chimney went straight up until lost in the blue, the leaves on the poplars hung motionless, and, as early as it was, the old rooster and his wives were going about the yard with bills open and panting for air—a sure sign that the day was going to come up to what was expected of it.

Then I walked until I was clear out of hearing of civilization and its accustomed sounds, with only the many voices of nature to break the silence. I tramped until I found a lazy, loitering stream that looked as if it had nothing in the world to do—and all day to do it in. If you should get lonely while wandering around, you can find no better companion than running water. It will lead to places you have never been before and whisper secrets that will set you to thinking along new lines.

As the stream wound through meadow and field, it seemed to me that every wild flower native to the region leaned over the bank and smiled at its reflection in the water. Long-stemmed yellow violets lifted their blooms high above the moss; next came patches of the purple ones, the kind that everybody knows and loves; and here and there flamed the splendid cardinal flower, like a lost Christmas tree ablaze with tiny lights. And from under drifted pine needles tiny daisies and the ghostly white leaves and flowers of the Indian pipe pushed themselves up to the light. At one place the little stream widened out where it crossed a country road, and under the bushes on the lower side the current had formed a tiny pool, inhabited by transparent minnows and a lonely crawfish. A little farther on, someone's cow had crossed, and left deep hoofprints in the soft earth. In these water had gathered, and into one a baby terrapin had wandered and could not get out. It got a free ride home in my breeches pocket.

It would take a book, and a big one, too, to tell you what we, the brook and I, saw on that wonderful July day so long ago.

I THINK my love for the good old summer-time and the hot days that followed in its wake began when I used to lie flat on my back on the front walk, right in the sun, and fool butterflies. I would twist a bright red rag around a toe and hold that foot up in the air, while I waited for some absent-minded butterfly to come drifting along and, mistaking the bit of calico for a big, red flower, unroll its watch-spring tongue and start a still hunt for honey.

I did not mind the broiling sun and the hot sand any more than a lizard would, and it made no difference to me how long the butterfly kept me waiting. In those happy days, we had no near neighbors and my only steady playfellow was a small negro boy who answered to the name of Blackberry. The name suited him. His summer costume consisted of an abbreviated shirt, worn like an apron, and a strip of eelskin sewed around one wrist, to make him strong. He did not always wear this shirt, but he never failed to carry it with him in case of an emergency.

I am a little hazy as to who Blackberry was, but I think he belonged to our wash woman. He was the nearest approach to a valet that I ever had, as he tagged my footsteps all day, and at night he was expected to fetch a pan of water to the back steps and wash my feet before I went to bed. I think that comprised his duties. We spent much of our spare time in a cane brake, with a number of small ponds scattered through it, and with dark, mysterious paths through the tall canes connecting them. The fishy smell that hung over the place drew me like a magnet; the bloated, white-bellied bullfrogs that lolled over the lily pads entranced me, and I never tired of watching the leeches or the million tadpoles that made for deep water at the first footfall.

One day Blackberry was squatting right on the edge of a pond, half asleep, when a bumblebee came zooming along and stabbed him. Instantly he dived, and as the water was shallow, he didn't do a thing but stick up in the muddy bottom. His feet and legs were out of the water and kicking for all they were worth.

I jumped in and managed to pull him out, but his head was a solid ball of whitish clay, several sizes too big for his body. I finally located his eyes, mouth, and nostrils, and got them unplugged so that he could breathe and see. I suppose I saved his life.

It was about these ponds and that marsh that I learned to know and love the liquid fluting of the red-winged blackbird, the one that haunts small inland waters where pink-hearted lilies tilt and sway; and where mellow bugs cut dizzy circles under the banks in the still water; where bullfrogs clear their throats—and then decide not to say it; where kingfishers clank upstream as if going to a fire; where little green spiders are kept busy dodging the dirt-daubers; and where the little yellow sweat-flies keep you slapping.

I try not to covet, but I cannot keep from envying the animals that sleep through the winter and the birds that pick up and go South, and leave the cold weather behind them. It must be great to be able to enjoy the summer and not have to dread the winter that is just around the corner. Think of the common black bear and the time he must have, as he spends the warm months licking wild honey from the dripping comb, stripping vines of their luscious fruit, tramping roughshod through the broom sedge, flushing grasshoppers by the thousand, and gulping them down by the handful.

With the first tang of frost in the air, he retires to his den, pulls up the cover, hugs himself to make sure he is all there, and quietly dozes off for the winter. He does not wake up until spring, with its promise of another summer, pushes the sap into every twig and touches the waxen petals of the arbutus with the pink of summer clouds. He knows nothing of the winter storms that piled snow and ice over his retreat.

I never see a humming bird, child of summer and the sunshine, without a secret wish that I might go with it to a land where flowers bloom all the year round and where winter is unknown.

I know of no sound that is as suggestive of the very spirit of summer as the strident cry of the locust, or July fly, as it is called in the South. When it slowly winds up its rattle, getting louder and louder until the peak is reached, and then lets it run down, just as slowly, it is a sure sign that the day is going to be a hot one and that it will get hotter as it gets older.

ON BLUSTERY winter nights, when windows rattle and blinds slam, I like to read James Whitcomb Riley's "Knee-deep in June." As I turn the leaves, a warm glow seems to pervade the room, and before long, in imagination, I can hear the buzzing of bees, the chirping of crickets in the grass, the distant tinkle of a sheep bell, and all the other glorious sounds that go to make up a perfect summer day. No artist with brush and colors ever painted a summer day as true to life as did this friendly poet with a few strokes of his pen. Every line is a picture thrown on the canvas of memory, which will live as long as barefoot boys and straw-hatted men love the outdoors.

Summer, to me, means freedom and rest, blissful rest—the kind that soaks into your very bones and takes possession of every fiber of your being, and makes you want to turn your back on exertion and go into the resting business for good and all.

TO MAKE GOOD in the town by which he was ostracized in his wild youth, to become president of the very bank he helped to hold up—these are but two of the amazing episodes in the life of Dave Tucker, ex-convict, wealthy ranchman, banker; a man respected, admired, and looked up to by a whole community. This truly remarkable and arresting personal story appears next month.

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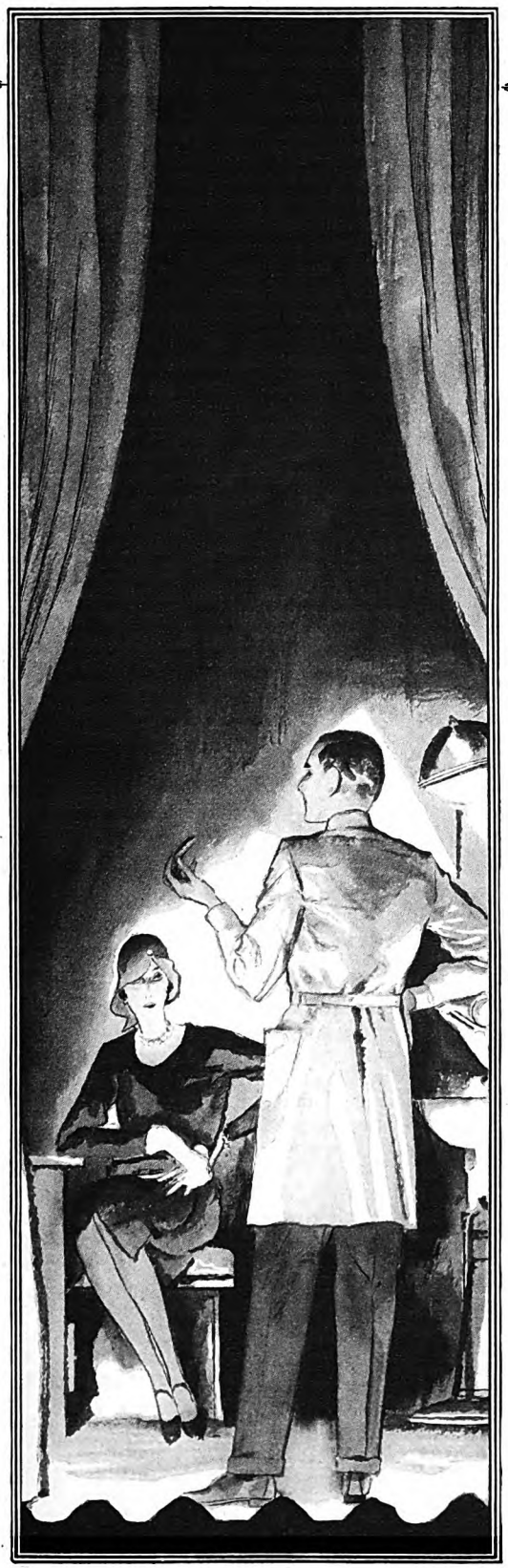
A play you ought to read

The Tragedy of Neglected Gums



Cast of Characters: Your Dentist *and* You

YOU: "*My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them.*"

D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"

YOU: "*Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?*"

D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

YOU: "*That's what worries me. Pyorrhea—gingivitis—trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out.*"

D.D.S.: "Yes, such things *can* happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I x-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth, too."

YOU: (*After a pause*) "*I was reading a dentifrice advertisement . . . about food.*"

D.D.S.: "Soft food? Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."

YOU: "*But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad.*"

D.D.S.: "No need to change your diet. But you *can* give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection."

* * *

An imaginary dialog? An imaginary "you"? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life—from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effects upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon brings you a sample which will quickly prove Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But, to know all of Ipana's good effects, it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as your teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-89
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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Henry Ford Talks to Young Men

(*Continued from page 45*)

ran it into a pig, and later remelted it and then ran it into molds. It struck me that this was a slow process. It wasn't 'clean.' There was at least one step too many. Why not run the iron directly from the blast to the mold? I told some of my associates then that we would some day build a plant where we could run iron direct from the blast to the foundry. Today, we take the iron and shoot it into our blast furnaces at the River Rouge, and from the blast furnaces we pour it in a molten stream direct into the foundry and molds, for cylinder blocks and other parts, instead of putting it into pigs first and then melting it over again.

"Study the way you are doing things! See how many steps in any particular process you can eliminate. An inefficient process is almost invariably a 'dirty' one. All waste is a kind of dirt.

"HERE is another thing we have learned that is of great importance to boys who are starting in. It has to do with the investigations a man ought to make when he starts a job that he intends to see through.

"*You can look ahead into the future just about as far as you can look back into the past. 'Hindsight' is the balance of foresight, just as the root system of the tree is the balance for the branch system. Dig up your tree and you will find that the spread of the root system is equal to the spread of the branches!*

"I have in mind a man who once started out to make some improvements in certain machinery. After spending a lot of time and big sums of money, the net results of his efforts were some devices not so good as those already existing. Because the job was undertaken without his knowing what had previously been accomplished by the designers of that kind of machinery, his work was a total loss.

"When a man sets out to do any kind of job that is new to him—to write a thesis, to design a machine, or to improve some industrial process—the first thing he wants to do is to *find out what has been done*. He ought to discover all he can about what has already been accomplished by others who have worked on the same problem. If he doesn't know what has been done *before*, he is almost certain to go *back*. That is one purpose of our museum; it will enable students to look all the way back along every principal series of mechanical development.

"Investigate! You don't have to go at your work as though nothing had been done on it since the year 2000 B. C. Begin where the other fellow left off! Then there is a chance you will go forward and improve on what has been done before.

"Out here in front of our engineering laboratories, about two hundred feet from where we are talking, there is an artificial lake, and at the center of that lake is a well. When I was a boy there was no lake, but the well was there; and because the well furnished the necessary water supply, a sawmill engine was set up out there where the lake is now.

"One Sunday afternoon, when nobody else was around, I came from the farm where I was working to find out what I could about that engine. I took off the cylinder head and thrust in my arm. The piston moved and caught me. I was in trouble, as many another boy has got himself into trouble when he has been following his legitimate business of trying to find out things. I got myself loose, but I was there for an hour and a half, with the prospect that I might be held fast until someone came the following morning and released me.

"That was not the only adventure I had when trying to find things out. There were altogether too many to tell here. I went from shop to shop, machine shops, boat shops, and others, in quest of knowledge. In some places I got into trouble. There were just about as many places from which I was kicked out as there were places in which I was welcomed.

"These shops were my school. I conducted my investigations and got all the knowledge I could about what had been achieved mechanically *by traveling around*. It took a lot of time. In other words, in my youth, in the nineteenth century, it was much the same as in olden times. The apprentice had to travel through many cities, many countries, to learn the state of his art. But now, in our museum, we are gathering together, all in one place, the things that will make knowledge of this sort easily accessible. The boy who wants to investigate and find out what has been done can do so here. Once he has found out, we hope that he will apply his knowledge to make new combinations and to produce things that will show an advance over the old."

"WHAT was the point you intended to make with reference to a boy's putting his knowledge and experience to use?" I asked.

"Some men spend all their lives inquiring, and never *do*. Always there comes a time when a man ought to stop confining himself to investigation in order to apply that which he has. It would be safe to make a rule of it in this way: Once you have studied a problem and have got together all the information you *can* get, don't wait to see if you can hit on some idea that will make the rest come easy and solve the job for you before you begin it. Get started! Apply what you already know! Make the best use you can of what you've got. In this way you will get further experience. Most of our so-called new things are only new combinations of old things, anyway. By *doing* you will find out what more you need to know; you will get more and more experience, more and more knowledge, and be able to do more and more things.

"That is one of the really great secrets of all achievement, in my opinion. *Education comes to us as the result of trying to do things. Success is in doing them—in finding out what you can do, and in doing it right.*

"And never let yourself think that you cannot accomplish what you set out to! There is no young man, nor grown man, living who cannot do more than he thinks he can. Any boy who has read the biography of Thomas A. Edison will recall how it was that Mr. Edison got his start: A newsboy on trains running between Port Huron and Detroit. He was not satisfied with doing just that. He fitted up a little laboratory in the corner of the baggage car—or rather, George Pullman fitted it up for him—and in his spare time he tried chemical experiments. Once something he was doing blew up and set the car on fire. The baggage man threw him off at Smith's Creek station. And we have that old Smith's Creek station at Dearborn now!

"But even that did not satisfy this boy Edison's desire for action. He printed a newspaper in that baggage car, made up of items picked off the telegraph wires, and sold the papers on the train. He is going to sell them again out here next October when we celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his invention of the incandescent light.

"And laying over in Detroit between trains Edison spent his spare hours in the old public library. When you see Edison as a boy, you always see him using his 'spare hours,' and it is wonderful how many 'spare hours' he had for so busy a boy. You can always spare hours or days or months for what you really want to do.

"If there is one thing I know absolutely it is this: Everyone can do more than he thinks he can. Doubtless we all have limitations, but we don't know what or where they are. Anybody can walk right through the boundaries we ordinarily believe are our limitations.

"Our experience in the Ford Motor Company consists of just telling men to do what they firmly believe they can't do. But they do it—and then they look around surprised at themselves. They think maybe it was something in us that made them do it. Impossible! It is all in themselves. Of course, Edison knew that he *could* do it. That is an advantage certainly. But everyone can do much more than he is now doing, even if he does not know it. He can find out by doing.

"*Never be afraid of tackling a job you've never done before!*"

"WHAT about the young man and his money?" I asked.

"Wise spending is a creative accomplishment," was the answer. "It is one of the qualifications of a good business man. No man ever built a productive institution of any kind by saving money. That is done by knowing how to spend wisely.

"Of itself, money is the least valuable thing on earth. It is valuable only when it is used as a tool for self-improvement or to accomplish some end worth while. Saving, as it has been schooled into boys in the past, gives money altogether too high a place, and with some boys saving takes the place of spending in a way that would increase earnings. That, of course, is a mistake.

"What right has a boy got to save money? His job is not to accumulate dollars, but to use them to prepare him

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Village Smith sings an anvil chorus for his favorite pipe tobacco

(All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine—unpaid and unsolicited.)

WE don't know whether a spreading chestnut-tree still stands in Branford, Connecticut. But we do know that Branford still boasts a village smith—by name, John Donnelly.

A mighty man is John. In sixty years he says he's smoked a half ton of pipe tobacco; and of all the brands he's tried in his pipe he likes Edgeworth the best. As he swings his heavy sledge a chorus of sparks dances from his anvil—and a chorus of content puffs from his pipe!

And why not? Nearly all pipe-smokers are calm, serene fellows. Come to think of it—you don't know many pipe-smokers of the nervous, flighty breed.

Pipe-smoking runs to calm, thinking men. Ask a pipe-smoker a question; he takes a puff on his pipe and gives you a straight, sound answer. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply don't have troublesome, disordered thoughts.

Try this offer—FREE!

There's a lucky horseshoe on this page—especially if it's a long time since you've smoked your pipe! It's this free Edgeworth offer. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Bro. Company, 45 S. 21st St., Richmond, Va., and you will get some welcome pipeloads of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco. If you like these trial helpings you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth, for (as you will discover) its likable quality *never* changes—tin in, tin out!

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome pound humidors, and also in several in-between sizes. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

Two forms—same blend—both for your pipe 15¢

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self with the training, knowledge, and experience which every leader needs. If he saves, it should be with some such expenditure in view.

"In the past, boys have been taught to save so they might not go to the poorhouse in their old age. *But no boy who learns how to spend money ever lands in the poorhouse!* So I say to boys, 'Spend your money! Spend it for things that will put you ahead of where you were yesterday! It is time enough to save when you can earn more than you can spend wisely. You don't get to that point by saving.' Savings should be put aside out of one's surplus only. As a general thing, a man ought to invest in himself until he is forty. Until that time, if he started at scratch, he isn't apt to have any surplus out of which to save.

"If I were bringing up a boy today, I would see to it that he had two things, and I would make his education center around them: He would have a shop in which he could work with fine tools and he would have some money to spend—to invest in himself in order to develop himself and get experience. Putting money in the bank does not develop in a boy the qualities of imagination and leadership that every boy should be given a chance to acquire.

"A dollar put into a book and a book mastered might change the whole course of a boy's life. It might easily be the beginning of the development of leadership that would carry the boy far in service to his fellow men. The same dollar, put in the savings bank, would at the end of a year yield the boy four or five cents. Now, which is the better use of the dollar?

"It should be expected that when a boy begins to spend money on himself he will make a lot of mistakes. But spending will excite his imagination and teach him *how* to spend.

"Many persons think that by hoarding money they are gaining safety for themselves. They want to be independent. Only the other day, I had occasion to tell a man that there is no such thing as independence through money. If money is your only hope of independence, you will never have it.

"A feeling of safety makes a young man lazy, kills his ambition. I have never felt safe, so far as putting my trust in dollars is concerned, and I never want to feel safe. The one real security that a man can have in this world comes through some reserve of ability that he may have. *Spending money helps him acquire that reserve.*"

"What about the future?" I asked. "What are the opportunities you see ahead for the boys of today?"

"IF THE young man of today wants to tie up with something that has a great future, he will go after the airplane. As I have said, the first thing he ought to do is to find out what has been done to bring the airplane to its present phase; and then recognize that the present phase is only a very early stage.

"Boys who are thinking about airplanes now do so without even knowing what kind of engine the airplane ought to have. When I was starting in, I was thinking in terms of steam, because steam was in use in locomotives. It was only after much experimenting that I turned to the gas engine.

"It's perfectly natural that boys should think that airplanes must be run with gas engines. They think so because automobiles are run by gas engines. But some day a boy will come along who will discover that gas engines are not the thing at all.

"Today there is no such thing in existence as an airplane engine. What we call airplane engines are really automobile engines in all their fundamental principles. Some of our experiments here at Dearborn may help discover what an airplane engine should be like. At present, we are giving our attention to the Diesel engine. The outlook is fairly promising.

"The young mind, and every mind, must get together to produce the airplane engine of the future. No one knows now just what it will be like, but you can be pretty sure it will have four characteristics: First, slow speed; second, reliability; third, perfect balance; fourth, it will use a fuel that will be four or five times more powerful than our present fuel. By the time the engine that will meet these requirements is ready, we may have a type of plane that can come down and make a landing at a speed considerably less than sixty miles an hour. That is where one of the big human factors enters in. People won't stand for the hazard of a sixty-mile-an-hour landing. The type of plane capable of landing at a much lower rate of speed has *got* to come if the airplane is to accomplish all we have a right to expect of it.

"ENTIRELY apart from the airplane, opportunities for young men starting in today are endless. We are entering the *comfortable* age, and the opportunity to make life more comfortable offers us the widest field mankind has ever known.

"It is sometimes said in criticism that ours is a machine age. It certainly is. But those who imply that men have been made into machines and that life has been mechanized, are reactionary in their thinking. The machine appears only through man's mastery of it. It has been invented and adopted and used by men, first, to save the dignity of their homes by centralizing work in factories, and, second, to save time and energy.

"Those who assume that we have now reached the true industrial age are doubtless in line for a big surprise, as, likewise, are those who think that our principal concern ought to be to conserve what we now have and as far as possible maintain its present character. What we have to show as yet for the generations of labor that have preceded us, is too little; it is not proportionate to the preparation that has been made. The real industrial age which we are yet to enter will be less noisy, more beautiful, more just, more conducive to higher levels of living for all, than is the present stage.

"Compared with what we may expect of machines in the age to come, we have as yet realized very little. In the way of machinery that is automatic, for instance, we have almost nothing. It is not even semi-automatic. And it is the automatic machine that will lift the burden from the shoulders of mankind. In developing such machines there is a chance for a great future for many ambitious young men.

"Above all, if I were a young man just starting in, I would try to keep my thinking abreast of the times in which we live. I would not let my *thinking* nor my *efforts* be paralyzed by what has already been done. What has already been done is not necessarily the best that *can* be done. Many changes are just around the corner.

"Let a young man turn his attention to inventing a kind of kitchen that can feed a hundred people! Think of the waste in time, money, and effort involved in cooking in thousands of different homes in a single community! The day is coming when cooking will no longer be done for individual families. What kind of kitchen it will be that will take this drudgery out of the home, and how the work should be done, remains for somebody to find out.

"Then, take rubber, for instance. In years to come we shall undoubtedly use it for floors and thousands of other purposes for which we do not even consider it today. In Switzerland, it is now being used for roads. In America, we have progressed from dirt, wood, stone, tar, and macadam to cement roads. Will the roads of the future be built of rubber? The question is worth thinking about.

"We need a much greater rubber supply. In due time, from various sources we are going to get it. Mr. Edison, after a long experiment, has found an *herb* that produces rubber. Not a bush nor a tree; it is an herb that grows everywhere. Mr. Edison says that rubber produced from crops of this herb will furnish an emergency rubber supply in case our imports are ever cut off. Whether it will do more than that he will eventually tell us.

"I see an era coming when our cities will be heated by electricity. When this comes about our homes will have to be built different, with better insulation. They will be more evenly heated in winter, cooler in summer. This, too, is something for young men to think about.

"HERE is another thought for the young men of our rising generation. In Detroit, they have been talking for some time past of building subways. I once said to a man who broached the subject to me, 'You want to hurry up and finish them, or you will not get them finished in time for people to use them for anything but parking spaces!'

"Probably subways are necessary in New York. Elsewhere, certainly, and perhaps even there, thought should strike out an independent course toward other means of solving traffic and transportation problems. We should be thinking about new types of cities, with streets adapted to modern traffic instead of the horse-drawn vehicles.

"The modern city has really done its work. In the future we are going to have cities, to be sure, and plenty of them; but in a few decades the drift will be away from the kind of cities we have built in the past. The big city has taught us much, but the overhead expense of living in such places is becoming unbearable. The cost of maintaining interest on debts, of keeping up water supply, sewerage and sanitary systems, of traffic control, and of policing great masses of people, is so great as to offset the benefits derived."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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WHAT'S THE COMPRESSION OF YOUR CAR?

THE automobile industry is now beginning to present its new models. Notice how many have engines of high compression, designed to take advantage of Ethyl Gasoline.

For Ethyl is the standard high compression fuel. It permits a tighter squeezing of the gasoline in the cylinders before ignition, so that more power results with each stroke of the piston.

Ordinary gasoline can stand only a certain amount of compression; beyond that it "knocks" and loses power.

That is why automotive science developed Ethyl Gasoline. It is good gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid, a compound containing tetraethyl lead, which eliminates knocking and increases power as compression is increased.

Through the service of leading oil companies of the United States, Canada and Great Britain, you will now find Ethyl Gasoline available wherever you drive.

But you don't have to have a new car to enjoy the benefits of Ethyl. Its virtues are especially noticeable in older cars of average compression. For it "knocks out that knock." Ride with Ethyl today. Look for the familiar Ethyl emblem.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION · 25 Broadway, New York City
56 Church St., Toronto, Canada 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, England

ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

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You can be known as A Clever Woman

who earns money of her own

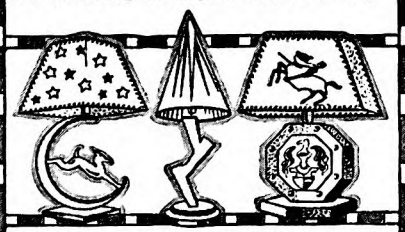
YOU can hold the admiration of men—you can astonish your friends and win new ones—you can have a reputation for smartness. Yes, you—any ambitious woman with a love for pretty things—with the desire to make herself and her home attractive.—And it's easy as A, B, C.

You Don't Need Experience

We show you how to do it. The Fireside way is so simple you start to paint beautiful giftwares, almost immediately; start to make money of your own. You do everything right at home.

Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Gay Toys, Etc., Etc.

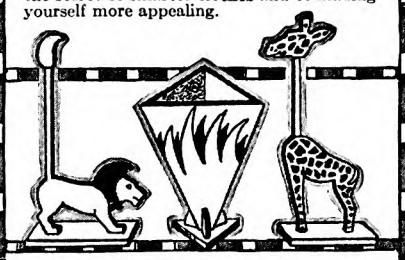
Cabinets, book-shelves, wall plaques, hanging shelves, magazine baskets, lamp bases, lamp shades, table runners, beautiful bits of etched copper, batik drapes, lovable little playthings, picture frames and endless varieties of similar things. Think of the fun of decorating them, and then of having



ready buyers for them—RIGHT AT HOME—at a good profit.

Many Make $10 to $35 a Week

Many of our members have made much more. Think what that means—to YOU! Independence—freedom from money worries! And with it all the opportunity to make hundreds of lovely things for your home, the secret of smarter clothes and of making yourself more appealing.



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Spend as much time as you wish on Fireside work. It will pay you well in pleasure and money. We teach you and furnish everything—including a big wonder box of artists' materials, a complete outfit without extra cost.

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It's full of colored pictures. It explains our "3 step method!" It tells you the Fireside secret. This is the big opportunity you've longed for. Don't miss it. Now, we want women in every community. Stop wishing and hoping. Write for this book TODAY. It is free!

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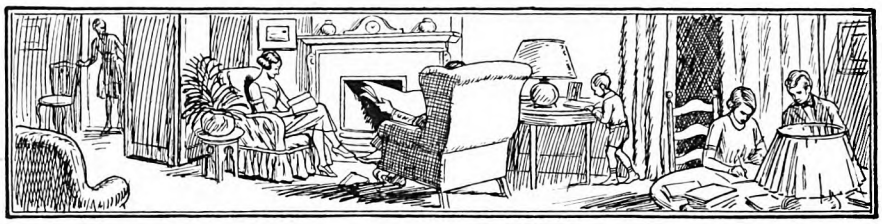
THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS



Have You an "Odd" Person in Your Home?

A STRANGE event in our town suggested the solution for one of my family's most annoying problems. We had living with us a dependent uncle, and the more dependent he became, the harder he was to live with. In years gone by we had all loved him devotedly, for he was then a merry, helpful man. But, somehow, life walked off and left him, and never again did he seem able to catch up with the parade. What to do with him, or about him, was our particular problem. Then there came that strange event. It happened like this:

Down the street from us there lived a man and his wife. Their children were grown up. It was pretty well known that this couple had cooled off toward each other. The wife was especially chilly, for she resented her husband's attitude in money matters. He would not admit that everything now costs more than it used to, and he was constantly blaming his wife for being extravagant.

Finally, this woman left her husband, though there was no ballyhoo about it. She just quietly pulled out and went to live with her oldest daughter, where she made herself tremendously useful. One day, after six months' absence from her husband, the refugee wife picked up a copy of the old home newspaper and, being a woman, she read the advertisements first. She saw this:

WANTED: An experienced housekeeper of settled years. Must be a woman of refinement. Apply Box—

The number given was, as she remembered, her husband's business post-office box! An idea flashed into her mind.

"I'll take that job!" she said, and next day she went to see her husband and explained to him that she would come back to his home as the employed housekeeper at so much a month. She named a stiff figure, too. He jumped at the chance, for the two never actually disliked each other—they really were good friends, but the husband-and-wife business did not thrive under their system of management. Well, she went back to her old home and took up her old duties under a new plan, and everything was lovely from then on. Or so the story goes. And out of that story came our big idea.

We decided to employ our dependent uncle. He was to do the marketing, keep the household books, attend to the furnace, the garden, and the yard, and do other occasional stints. For these very real services we agreed to pay him a reasonable sum each month, and out of this sum he was to pay us for his board and room. The salary was large enough to give him a little spending money for personal wants. But actually it was approximately what it had cost us to keep him before. He liked the plan from the start, and so did we. Before we hit upon the plan he had been morose and hard to get on with; now we have been able to renew our old-time affection for him.

In many, if not most, households, there is this odd person—someone who is just outside the immediate circle. It may be an aunt, an orphaned cousin, a grandparent, or the widow of some relative. This semi-outsider frequently causes a real problem in the home, a problem that, often as not, is never satisfactorily solved. The "odd" members of households are very sensitive, and no wonder, for life has either passed them by or handed them a harsh sentence of one kind or another. They feel their dependence keenly, and that results in what often seems a queer assertion of independence from them. Everyone now knows that the human mind works that way—tries to shut out unbearable reality and substitute for it an imaginary tolerable condition.

THE plan we use, I believe, will work almost anywhere. But those who are working it must be careful not to make it appear that the dependent person is employed in the capacity of a servant. Some task that otherwise would be performed by a member of the family must be turned over to him or to her.

One of our friends made the grave error of offering her dependent aunt the position—well, she called it "superintendent of the kitchen," but actually it was cook. The old auntie revolted at once.

"You are trying to make a servant of me—a slave!" she exclaimed. "You brought me here because you thought I would be cheaper than another maid."

And there was much more to the talk than that. Now auntie is governess to the children, and is happy and doing an excellent job, too, for she is a woman of pride and education.

The scheme will work, all right, if you use judgment and tact.—D. J. D.

TO THE READERS: This Family's Problems department belongs especially to you. It is an intimate corner of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE where names are not revealed, but where problems are discussed and solutions given in terms of personal experience. What was the greatest problem in your family, and how was it solved? Tell us in a letter, or manuscript, of about 1,200 words. All manuscripts accepted will be paid for; others will be returned. THE EDITOR

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General Manager:
"That youngster makes a fine appearance, Nelson."

Employment Manager:
"That's why I hired him . . . clean hands, clean shirt and that lively I've-had-my-bath-this-morning look."

Extra cleanliness . . . It has a real *money* value!

People who get ahead *fastest* in business, keep clean in all particulars every day. Think a minute and see if this isn't true.

We call these persons "clean-cut." They command our respect. We find ourselves *wanting* to like them. They have a "pep" and a confidence that we envy.

But we needn't envy them, because the likableness that comes with daily extra cleanliness . . . the health, clear-headedness, and attractive appearance... are advantages that anyone may have.

Watch the boss's hands

Consider your boss, for instance. He's probably a regular fellow . . . but *he* doesn't come to work, even occasionally, with a two-day shirt or dirty finger-nails.

He has learned he can't *afford* to... that appearances count too much.

Then how about the rest of us, with better jobs and salaries *still to be won*, and competition keen? . . . Can *we* afford not to think a *lot* about the day-in-and-day-out impression our general appearance makes?

It takes a little thought and time, to keep clean in all particulars every day . . . but it's certainly worth it.

Other people know when we take baths

Perhaps it's because of our greater wide-awakeness, our better color, our increased sureness in ourselves . . . but the fact remains that other people do seem to know when we do and do not take daily baths.

Besides, the every-morning-bath is worth while for other good reasons: as a tonic and invigorator, as a protection against easy cold catching, as a cure for many minor skin irritations, as a first-class means to a better all-around happiness. Anyone who doubts this has only to try it a while to be convinced.

Don't forget either that in the eyes of other people, there is no such thing as a "slightly soiled" shirt. To them your shirt, collar, handkerchiefs are either clean or *not* clean.

Underwear is changed with every bath, of course . . . or *oftener.*

How wives and mothers can help

Especially in the matter of daily clean clothes, wives and mothers should be *glad* to cooperate.

Not only are fresh clothes every day an important business asset, but it is when clothes get *badly* soiled . . . *double*-dirty . . . that they are hardest to wash, and wear out fastest.

Isn't there a lot of false economy in that too-frequent family caution, that we must "keep down the size of the wash this week"?

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE. *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

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Index of Products Advertised

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Page

American Business Builders 15
American School 148
American Correspondence School of Law 143
American School of Photography 147
American Telephone and Telegraph Company 91
"Art-Point" Studios 149
Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers 163

Barbasol 110
Battle Creek Health Foods 139
Beeman's Pepsin Gum 126
Bogue Institute 145

Campbell's Soups 75
Capitol Candy School 145
Central States Mfg. Co. 148
Champion Spark Plugs 138
Chesterfield Cigarettes 116, 117
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Ry. 166
Chicago School of Nursing 145
Chicago Technical College 143
Chrysler Motors. 82
Chrysler Sales Corporation 83
Coco Cola . . . . . 4th Cover
Cody School of English, Sherwin 128
Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream 118
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream 89
Colonial Greeting Cards 143
Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia . . . 122
Coyne Electrical School 150

Davey Tree Expert Co. 76
Diana "Stuft" Confections 130
Directory of Schools 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14
Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils . . . 143
Durant Automobiles 127

Eakins Co. 140
Edgeworth Tobacco 159
Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, Dr. . 129
Ethyl Gasoline 161
Evans & Co., Victor J. 137

Page

Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Systems . 136
Farm & Fireside 114
Federal School of Commerical Designing 146
Fireside Industries 162
Fleischmann's Yeast 99
Frigidaire 97

General Motors Corporation 121
Gets-It 149
Glover's Imperial Scalp Remedies . . . 146
Goodrich Silvertown Tires 104, 105
Gordon-Van Tine Co. 143
Greyhound Buses 125
Guttag Bros. 145

Hair and Scalp Institute 143
Health Extension Bureau 147
Hertel Co., John A. 149
Home Correspondence School 147
Hoosier Institute 149

Illinois Watches 2
International Accountants Society . . . 142
International Correspondence Schools . . 149
Ipana Tooth Paste 157
Ivory Soap 18

Japanese Tea Growers 133
Johns-Manville Bonded Asbestos Roofs . 123

Kellogg's Rice Krispies 165

La Salle Extension University 147
Lewis Hotel Training Schools 137
Listerine 93
Listerine Tooth Paste 16
Lysol Disinfectant 151

Matthews Co., The 149
Maxpar Golf Balls 124
McCarrie School of Mechanical Dentistry 146
Menhenitt Co., The 140
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company . 87
Meyer Both Co. 142
Mobiloil 85

Page

National Art School 147
National Caskets 135
New Departure Ball Bearings 95
Nonspi 140
North American Institute 153

Oakland Motor Car Company 101

Packer's Shampoos 131
Page-Davis School of Advertising . . . 147
Pal Supporters 145
Palmer Institute of Authorship 143
Palmolive Shaving Cream 79
Pepsodent Tooth Paste 103
Pioneer Tailoring Co. 144
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes 134

Quaker State Motor Oil 107

Ragsdale, W. Hillyer 148
Raleigh Cigarettes 17
Resinol Soap 147
Rhodes' Kriss-Kross Stropper 142
Rocky Ford Cigars 132

Scholl's Zino-pads, Dr. 147
Seaver-Williams Co. 145
Sheaffer's Pens, Pencils, Desk Sets and Skrip . . . . . 2d Cover
Simoniz Company 120
Speedwriting 141
Spencerians 137
Spur Ties 141
Standard Business Training Institute. . . 144
Stephenson Laboratory. 137
Sterno Canned Heat 144
Straus & Co., S. W. 113
Studebaker Automobiles 109

University Extension Conservatory . . 144

Victor-Radio 1

Whitman's Chocolates 81
Willys-Overland Automobiles 119
Wrigley's Chewing Gum . . . . . 3d Cover

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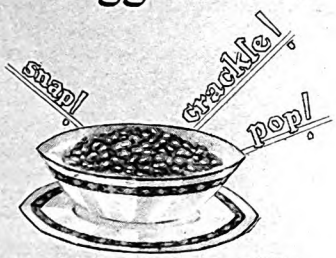
Listen to it! Taste it! The new Kellogg cereal!



Crisp? Why, you can hear it *crackle* in the cream!

If your family haven't had Rice Krispies yet, they're missing the cereal hit of the year.

Golden-crisp rice bubbles. That's what you have in store! Rich with toasted-rice flavor. And so crisp they actually crackle when you pour on milk or cream.

Order a package in time for breakfast tomorrow. And taste them before you fill the bowls. You'll like them.

Have Rice Krispies for lunch. A wholesome dish for the children's supper. Try them with fruits and honey. Nourishing and easy to digest.

Sprinkle Rice Krispies in soups. Put them on ice cream. Make crisp macaroons, candies. Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Then, just watch the family enjoy themselves!

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, ALL-BRAN, *Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit—also Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.*

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES

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CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

America's Longest Electrified Railroad

On its transcontinental line between Chicago and Puget Sound, The Milwaukee Road operates, by electricity, 440 miles between Harlowton, Montana, and Avery, Idaho, and 216 miles between Othello, Washington, and Seattle. These 656 miles constitute 40% of the Nation's total electrified railroad mileage—by far America's Longest Electrified Railroad.

Tumbling mountain streams in the Belt, Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade ranges originate the power for the mighty electric locomotives. Heavy trains are moved over the Continental Divide and the grades of the Cascades swiftly, smoothly and surely. Travelers marvel at this scientific accomplishment, said by Thomas A. Edison to be "the very latest word in transportation."

The Milwaukee Road is the shortest route between Chicago and Seattle, and the only railroad operating over its own rails all the way. Its fast, newly-inaugurated schedule is saving travelers between Chicago and the Puget Sound cities practically a business day.

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

The American Magazine

25 Cents

September

WILL ROGERS

Dave Tucker
Vice President of a Bank He Once Robbed

H.I. PHILLIPS

I am Ashamed of Myself
By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Mrs. COOLIDGE'S

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COUSIN MURIEL WAS SURPRISED

"I didn't think you were so clever," she said

"YOU surely deserve a medal, Alice. Who would have supposed you could make this room over into such a charming place? And all by yourself, too! I'm surprised at your cleverness—I never knew you were a *decorator!*"

"I'm surprised at myself, too, Muriel. You see, I was sick and tired of the way it used to look—so dull and depressing. One day I saw this Congoleum '*Poppy*' pattern down town. I liked it so well I bought it. The cost was really next to nothing.

"It looked so lovely on the floor that I decided to get some gay cretonnes for the windows. And that led to fixing up the furniture with the same material.

"It was lots of fun, too. Of course *you* know and I know that if I had tried to plan the whole thing I never would have become a 'decorator.' But somehow the new rug inspired all the rest. The room planned itself. So don't give *me* any medals, Muriel. Give them to the *rug!*"

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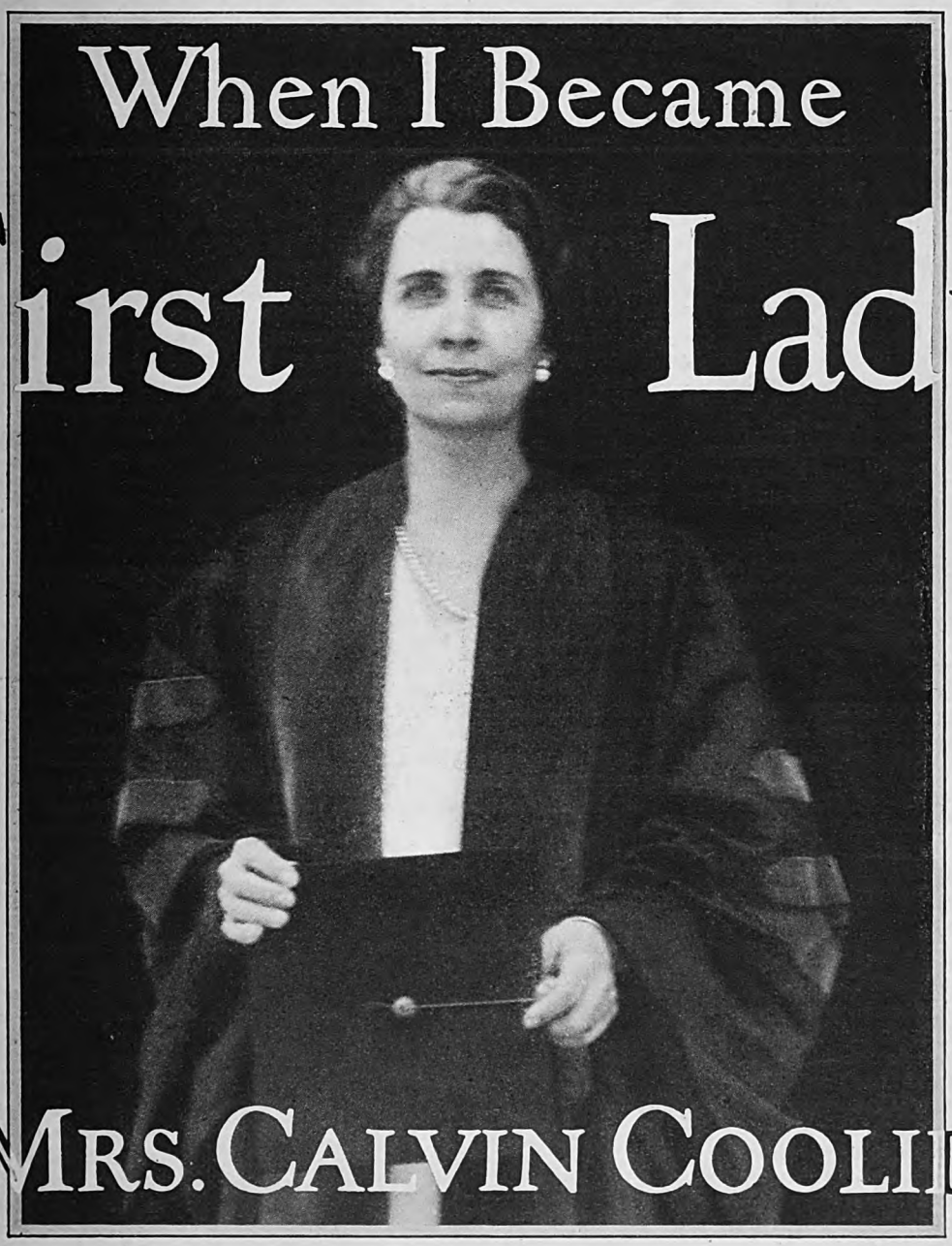
The First Lady When I Became



PHOTOGRAPH BY DORIS ULMANN

By Mrs. Calvin Coolidge

Mrs. Coolidge did not know, until told by a friend, that President Coolidge had issued his famous "I do not choose to run" statement, nor did she know that he was thinking of any such action. "I am rather proud of the fact," she says, "that after nearly a quarter of a century of marriage my husband feels free to make his decisions and act upon them without consulting me or giving me advance information concerning them." . . . This is but one of the remarkable incidents she relates in this beginning to her own story as the wife of a President of the United States

WHEN I was a freshman at college, students in one of the English courses were required to hand in themes twice a week. Sometimes subjects were assigned to us; at other times we were permitted to choose our own. One day, with the assurance of youth, I prepared a theme upon "Life" and passed it in. It was returned to me with a single comment written on the margin: "I suggest that you refrain from writing upon this subject until you have had more experience."

That wise counsel has served me well and I have carefully avoided entering the literary field by way of any of its wide approaches. Now, however, I am meeting with so many requests that I recount some of my experiences while living in Washington that I am skirting the outer edges, carefully avoiding the section given over to the

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Why Mrs. Coolidge Is So Popular

In her article next month Mrs. Coolidge has this to say: "I have often been asked to name some of my favorite books, and my reply has usually been '*People.*' There is a song from one of our not new musical comedies about girls, which says something about 'the short, the fat, the lean, the tall; I don't give a rap, I love them all.' That is the way I feel about people, and I have been fortunate in being placed where I had an opportunity to gratify my taste by meeting great numbers of them."

mature fruits of philosophical deduction.

Approaching Washington a few days before the Inauguration of 1921, I felt much as a young student feels as he is arriving at a university town to begin four years of college work. About to enter the freshman class, he wonders what experiences lie before him and how he is going to fit into the student body. How are the upper classmen going to look upon him? Does he look as inexperienced as he feels? He hopes that some kindly person will take him in charge and give him a bit of advice, help him get adjusted and start him right.

In many of our institutions of learning the older students, often members of the Y. M. C. A., are delegated to meet incoming freshmen at the train, and a new man arrives to find himself greeted by name and given a friendly hand whose grasp puts him at his ease at once.

This was my fortunate experience when I arrived in Washington, and the hand extended to bid me welcome was that of the wife of the outgoing Vice President, Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall. She had come with her husband to meet us at the station. All that I owe to her friendly guidance cannot be estimated. It is one of the choice memories of the years I spent in Washington.

IN ONE way fate is kinder to the freshman than to the novice who enters a course of training as the wife of a Vice President without previous residence in Washington. He is one of a class of beginners like himself, with no particular responsibility to the student body, no conspicuous position to assume, while she must at once become the presiding officer of an advanced class.

I think everyone knows about the organization called "The Ladies of the Senate," whose members are the wives and hostesses of Senators, and that it was organized during the World War as a unit of the Red Cross and continued as a luncheon club because it had proved of so much value in establishing acquaintance and understanding among the members. It meets for lunch on Tuesdays in the Senate office building during sessions of Congress. The by-laws provide that the wife of the Vice President shall be the presiding officer of the Club, and from that there is no appeal. So here was I, a stranger within the gates, about to assume the duties of the office, while more than two thirds of the members were upper classmen, as it were. Here, again, my guiding friend smoothed the way for me. She took me with her to the luncheon which was held on the day following my arrival. There was a full attendance. She presented me to each member, telling me the state from which each came, and two days later she invited them all to come to tea in her apartment so that I might have the opportunity of seeing them again and getting their names and faces fixed in my mind.

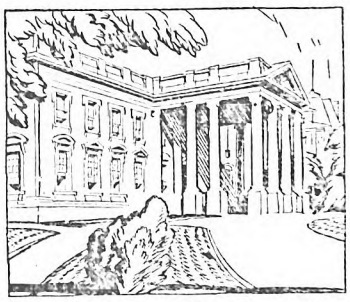
I had had very little preparatory training in the social graces. I had not been a club woman. My activities had been confined to teaching and the upbringing of two lively boys. True, I was the wife of a former Governor of my home state, but that state provided no residence for its Governor. My husband had lived at a comfortable but somewhat old-fashioned hotel where the rates were moderate, and I had spent the larger portion of my time at home with the children. I was more proficient in setting up and operating miniature tracks and trains on the dining-room floor than in receiving and entertaining guests in the drawing-room. I could cook a little, but, I must confess it, I was never a great success at this, although some of my "favorite recipes" are spread abroad in the nation.

I SHALL tell a story in this connection. My one household helper, who had been with me during the nine years of our married life, became ill and the preparation of the food for the family was thereby placed in my inexperienced hands. I flatter myself that I carried on with a reasonable amount of success, until one day I became a little extra ambitious. I undertook to make an apple pie, aided and advised by a reliable standard cookbook. Rather proudly I brought forth the result of my efforts at the evening meal. In outward appearance it was everything that could be desired. The family partook of it and made no comment. I was my own critic and I admitted to myself that the crust was a trifle tough.

That evening two of my friends came to call. As they were about to leave, my husband came into the room and asked if they would like a piece of my pie. They would. He conducted them to the dining-room, where he had set out plates, knives, and forks and—the pie. Devotedly

(Center) Mrs. Coolidge and her dog, a beautiful Chow, which she brought with her from the White House

PHOTOGRAPH BY DORIS ULMANN



(Above) No. 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. (Left) No. 21 Massasoit Street, Northampton, Mass.

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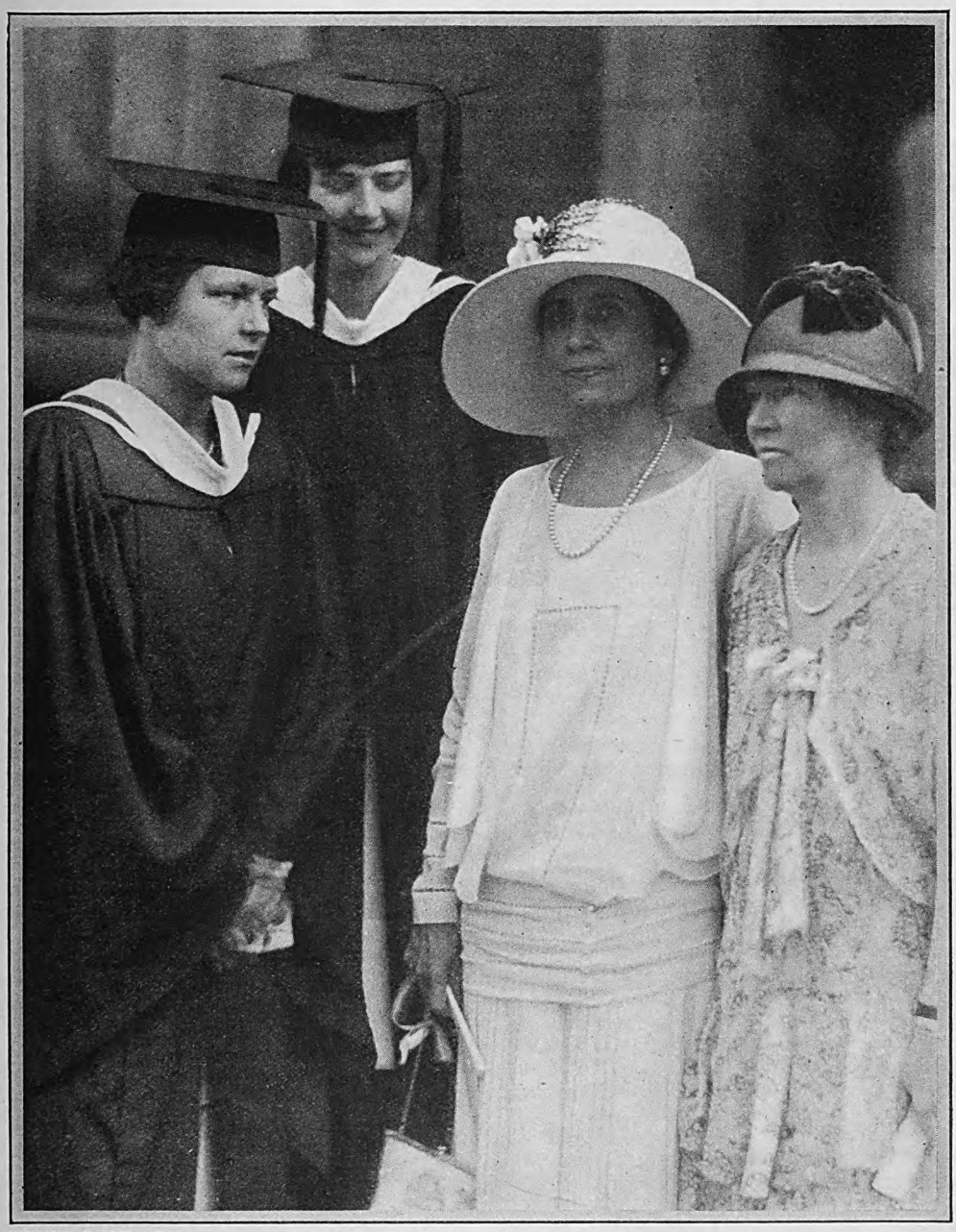

PHOTOGRAPH BY DORIS ULMANN

Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, and two members of the 1929 graduating class at Smith College, Northampton. The younger ladies are Miss Margaret Palfrey, president of her class, and Miss Phyllis Swain, the class treasurer

they ate, and when they had thus lent their aid in the banishment of the pie, their host inquired, with ne'er a smile, "Don't you think the road commissioner would be willing to pay my wife something for her receipt for pie-crust?" Being stanch friends and not over-accustomed to his way of taking his daily toll of fun, they were properly protestant.

But I could sew, and I have always taken great delight in all forms of this domestic art, preferring that pastime to playing bridge; and when my friends had card parties, they invited me to come and bring my sewing. Every girl should be taught to sew, not merely for the sake of making something, but as an accomplishment which may prove a stabilizer in time of perplexity or distress. Many a time, when I have needed to hold myself firmly, I have taken up my needle; it might be a sewing needle, knitting needles, or a crochet hook—whatever its form or purpose, it often proved to be as the needle of the compass, keeping me to the course. I look for a revival of the homey household arts. Such a revival may not bring about the peace of nations, but I firmly believe it will aid in bringing peace within our homes, and this will be more far-reaching than we realize.

THE people of Washington, both those who are permanent residents and those who are there in an official capacity, have the habit of hospitality. It is as natural to them as breathing and they are always looking for an excuse to plan a party. We soon found ourselves at the center of a busy social life. It has been said that the Vice President is the official diner-out of the administration, and it is true. In a surprisingly short time we had formed a wide acquaintance and began to feel very much at home.

We had taken up our residence at the Willard Hotel, living in the same apartment which had been occupied by our immediate predecessors and which the management had changed and adapted to their needs. Here we made our home for two years and a half.

The wife of the Vice President receives on Wednesday afternoons. The drawing-room of our apartment was not large and sometimes my guests were rather crowded, but nobody seemed to mind and most of them came again.

Cards are not sent out for these afternoons at home. They are announced in the society columns of the daily papers and the doors are open to all who wish to come. On one of my afternoons, a friend drew near and whispered in my ear that a bell-boy was standing in the corridor on the main floor shouting, "This way to Mrs. Coolidge's apartment," and people were turning in off the street to follow his directing hand and discover what the excitement was all about. I soon sent word that he was to cease his efforts in my behalf, and I haven't decided yet whether his idea was to make me appear a favorite in Washington society by piling up a large attendance record or whether he sought to stand in with the hotel management by increasing the demand for tea and cakes. (*Continued on page 104*)

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Freesia

A STORY

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

Illustrated by
PERCY E. ANDERSON

LORRIE ALDEN pulled the curtains down, regretfully shutting out the spring vista of Mount Vernon Street. He gave a last glance over the tiny dining-room of his little ménage. All set! At least, to a bachelor eye, all set. Freesia in a low dish on the dining-room table and in tall vases everywhere else. Fires in the living-room and bedroom, winking away the Boston chill. Molly, the orange Angora, appropriately asleep on a hooked rug of a faded sage green. Daisy, best and blackest of cooks, tightly bandannaed and starchily aproned, moving with a ponderous lightness about the kitchen. The cocktail glasses on a tray, and the makings waiting in the ice chest. If only *it* would come!

It did come.

The instant the telephone rang, he guessed, and the instant the voice from the switchboard downstairs said, "A messenger—" he knew. The voice went on, "with a package for you, Mr. Alden, and he won't deliver it to anybody but you."

Lorrie had made his decision. He had given his order. He had drawn his check. But not until this instant could he really envisage the entirety of result. He, Lorrimer Alden, was the owner of a Delamere!

"Send him up!" he called into the telephone. He opened the door and stood on the threshold, outwardly calm but inwardly trepidant.

The messenger asked him to sign a blank, and then relinquished a small package, precisely tied, preciously sealed. Lorrie bore it into his bedroom. That inward quiver had not died down. Indeed, his fingers trembled as he cut the strings. He admitted to himself that it was a flaming instant in his life. It was the only picture that he had ever bought. He knew when he bought it that he would never be able, except by the miracle of unexpected wealth, to buy another. He had put all his financial eggs into one art basket. And he had bought his Delamere sight unseen.

How it came about was an amusing story. All his life Lorrimer Alden had loved pictures. All his life he had preferred Delamere to every other living artist. He had not found it difficult—who would?—to account for his absorbing artistic passion. But he had never yet found the phrases which exactly described the effect of Delamere upon him—and Lorrie was an extremely articulate person.

Sometimes Lorrie put it that it was the combination in Delamere of the mordant, merciless reality of his figures with the exquisite imaginativeness of his atmospheres; at other times that Delamere opened two worlds to him—the one as pellucid, as pliable, as rainbow-tipped as a dewdrop; the other as sinister in its connotation as a bullet.

At twenty-five, Lorrie began putting a certain proportion of his slender income aside, that one day he might buy a Delamere. And then suddenly the Delamere prices began to soar. Up, up, up, they went. And when Delamere—a giant of a man and a bull for strength—had, the year before last, suddenly died, they had taken a skyrocket leap. They stayed at that altitude. They would continue to rise, Lorrie knew. You might almost as well think of buying a Vermeer.

And then, of all things—of *all* things—old Mrs. Pleasant made it possible for him to own a Delamere. Mrs. Pleasant was one of the wealthiest women in Boston. For nearly forty years, her personal peculiarities and her social eccentricities had richly decorated the Boston scene. She loved pictures as much as Lorrie did, and she knew almost as much about them. She had a small but splendid collection which Lorrie had helped her to select. She bequeathed that collection to the Boston Art Museum—all except one picture—a Delamere.

Of this picture, a codicil to her will said that if her dear friend, Lorrimer Alden, wished to buy it, at a modest sum which she mentioned, he was to have it. Otherwise, with the rest of the collection, it was to go to the museum. Mrs. Pleasant had bought her single Delamere just before her death. Lorrie had never seen it. For, the day after Mrs. Pleasant's funeral, he left America on a long museum-exploring trip through Europe. But the fact that he had not seen the picture did not bother Lorrie. A chance to own a Delamere! His check had gone forth instantly, to the Pleasant estate.

There was an interesting story about this particular picture. Delamere had used a new model. He declared her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. But, after the picture was finished, occurred some episode of the Delamere sort, which involved a second model. The girl vanished and Delamere had never found her again.

Inside the heavy brown-paper package, thick layers of cardboard, made into the neatest of protective boxes; inside that, a brown-paper package; inside that, numberless tissue laminations. Lorrie's fingers made a trembling rustle among these coverings. He drew the picture out to the light . . .

Ah! . . .

IT WAS Delamere's masterpiece—undoubtedly, unquestionably, incontrovertibly, Delamere's masterpiece. Lorrie cocked it up on a table near the window; hungrily examined it.

It was the nude figure of a young girl, standing against a silvery background. That was all—positively all! The nude figure of a young girl standing against a silvery background. But, oh, the authenticity, in a tragic, stilled beauty, of the girl's despair! And, oh, the poetry, in a diaphanous, glee-shot quality, of the silver air! Did the despair lie in those eyes like drowned violet? Did the glee lie in—ah, but that question was unanswerable. On the table, opposite the picture, stood a slim vase of freesia. Of course, Delamere had given the picture no name—Delamere hated names. But instantly Lorrie named it —*Freesia.*

Lorrie reached for a cigarette, lighted it. The strangeness of life—ah, he would never get over that! The contrast, for instance, of Delamere and his work! Delamere himself had been the most brutal of sensualists. His life had been a horror! In fact, Delamere—and all the stupendous wonder that lay in his fingers—had died of the life he led. Everybody knew that he preferred for models young, very young, girls. And everybody also knew how any young girl who had been Delamere's model emerged from the contact.

Strange, Lorrie reflected for the thousandth time, passing strange, that Delamere could divide the exquisite young things that—with a very genius of destruction—he seemed to pick up

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The two men, shoulder to shoulder, looked at the woman. "Are you sorry I didn't send you a picture?" Timothy asked

everywhere, into two creatures: one, the broken figment of a poet's tragedy, who appeared on his canvas; the other, the hopeless waif, who, when his fickle fancy changed, vanished into . . . into . . . Lorrie preferred not to think.

He rubbed out his cigarette, threw the stub into the fire. Well, it was over. He had bought the one treasure for which, ever since his art-maturity, he had been saving. That one art-treasure was enough. He was provided with beauty enough to last him the rest of his life.

How delighted Timothy would be!

For Timothy and he, half-brothers, the children of the same father, had inherited from that father all his artistic predilections. That warm yearning which always filled Lorrie's heart when he thought of Timothy, surcharged it now. Fifteen years between them . . . and yet, with what skill old Timothy had always minimized that disparity! And then, when Lorrie was about eighteen, the disparity actually disappeared.

There was nobody in the world, Lorrie reflected, that he loved so much as Timothy. That was not strange. There was nobody in the world he respected so much as Timothy. And after all, *that* wasn't strange! Timothy was the finest example of a gentleman he had ever met—the "parfit gentil knight."

Somehow, though, it had never occurred to him that old Timothy would marry. He believed that it had never occurred to old Timothy himself until he met Beatrice. And then the love had been swift, the marriage immediate. The news had come like a thunderbolt to Lorrie in Rome. For one instant, after he had read Timothy's simple announcement, he had known a burning jealousy. The next instant that jealousy had vanished before his more burning generosity. Timothy in love and happily married! Timothy possibly the father of a family! Lord, life was good!

THE note was brief. "I met Beatrice six weeks ago, in a small western town—a lonely, tired, discouraged child. I have pictures of her," Timothy concluded, "but none are really Beatrice. You shall have one, though, if you want it, after you see her."

How much those few lines had said! Men in love—like women in love—Lorrie knew well enough were subject to strange fay enchantments, inexplicable hot madnesses. But Timothy . . . Could Timothy's sure, perfect sense of the beautiful possibly go astray? Lorrie didn't believe it could. No, Timothy wasn't just an elderly man falling into a sex trap set by the first—Lorrie hastily coined the word—propinquitous young female. Beatrice would be—well, Beatrice would be Timothy's choice. Lorrie couldn't wait to see her.

And then the telephone rang. There they were! As he hurried through the living-room, the odor of freesia enveloped him like a delicate cloud.

"Mr. and Mrs. Alden!" the switchboard operator announced.

"Send them up!" Lorrie ordered.

He opened the door, and then he could not move. He stood in an intolerable excitement, waiting. The elevator cables trembled; they pulled the car noiselessly upward. The gate jarred open. A woman stepped out . . . behind her . . . Timothy. Lorrie started at a race down the long hall to meet them.

"Hello, Tim!" he called joyously. And "Hello, new sister!"

A long black satin coat encased her slimness. White lace foamed in front between the broad bands of an ermine stole. Little hands dropped like white lilies out of the broad sleeves. A white lace scarf triangled her face. She threw it off . . .

Ah! . . .

THEY met in the middle of the hall. In a violent mental tumult, Lorrie reached for his brother's hand and stood, holding tight to it. Timothy smiled. Then the two men, shoulder to shoulder, looked at the woman.

"Are you sorry I didn't send you a picture?" Timothy asked.

"No," Lorrie answered huskily. "Not sending me a picture was right!"

Beatrice's eyes went to her husband's face . . . in such a love . . . in such a pleading . . . "Does he mean it, Timothy?" she asked, in a trembling voice. "Oh, does he really like me?"

Lorrie kissed her. And then, his arm through her arm, he conducted her to the living-room.

"Wait here just a sec!" he managed to say lightly. "My bedroom isn't quite in order yet."

He moved at a moderate pace into his bedroom, but once there, his motions, like his thoughts, were lightning. His thoughts . . . Beatrice . . . Delamere's model . . . Tim . . . did not know . . . could not know . . . He seized the Delamere and crushed it in a single powerful clamp. He laid it on the fire. He placed the big, thick, metal screen before the flames. "Now, come in!" he called.

He took the coat off the white-petal wonder that was Beatrice.

"Oh, what beautiful freesia!" she exclaimed. "I smelled it the moment you opened the door. It's my favorite flower."

"It is my favorite flower too," Lorrie informed her. He turned to his brother. "She is freesia, herself! Isn't she, Tim?"

(*The End*)

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The Guilty Man

THERE is something dreadful about any tribunal that has our fate in its hands.

Fate is a prerogative of divinity, and when it is usurped in our human affairs, it brings with it the awe of the Ultimate Authority behind the world. The human tribunal that assumes it may be formal or lax. It does not matter. From its purpose it becomes a dread tribunal.

The Grand Jury sitting in this western county of Virginia was a mere group of its ordinary freeholders, selected by lot to maintain the peace and dignity of the State; a group that one might have herded out of any county fair or any political assembly. But when it sat with closed doors in the courthouse to present the formal charge of murder against a citizen, it became a dread thing, that impressed the people with a solemnity from which they could not escape.

The tense interest of the tragedy that assembled it lay about the courthouse. It was a special Grand Jury and concerned with a single issue—the murder of Dunmore Pickens.

There was little mystery in the identity of the assassin. By his act he had practically confessed it . . . flight is confession. The nephew, Richard Pickens, had disappeared on the night of the tragedy. He had crossed the border out of Virginia . . . ridden through the gap of the mountains into Maryland.

The sovereignty of the State required a sort of ambassadorial procedure to bring him back to face his crime, and indictment by the Grand Jury and an application to the governor of Maryland for his extradition. And so the first step in the procedure was on its way.

DUNMORE PICKENS was at the end of life when he was murdered. He was one of the wealthy citizens of the county and of a family long established in Virginia. He had no wife nor child. The two nephews who lived with him were his only heirs. He had disposed of his estate in a testament long written and locked up in a lawyer's strong box. And when it was unfolded after the tragedy these two nephews were the sole beneficiaries of that testament. It was read out in the courtroom, and it was a gruesome thing to hear the language of affection, in set legal term, passing on what he had painfully gathered together in life, with tender consideration, to the assassin who had stabbed him in the back.

It gave one a shudder of the soul to hear it.

Dunmore Pickens, in his life, was reserved and distant and, from his manner, with no tender feeling in him. He seemed to suffer the presence of his two nephews in his house, and to

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Melville Davisson Post's *dramatic story of* Love *and* Justice *in Old Virginia*

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

"You did not hear anything . . . you did not hear a sound or a voice —only the horse going away on the road"

treat them with no particular regard. But written into the paper to be opened at his death there was a profound feeling of affection.

And it seemed expressed in greater measure toward the nephew, Richard Pickens, the son of a younger and favorite brother . . . this Richard Pickens who had fled away into Maryland after the detestable murder of his uncle.

The other nephew, Joseph Barnes, was indicated in the testament in more formal terms, as a matter of the customary verbiage of a legal paper rather than a feeling in the decedent.

And yet it was Barnes who had maintained the obsequious manner toward his uncle; humored and praised his foibles; labored to cultivate his favor. He had been careful and pretentious, and was never to be flushed into anger by old Dunmore's irritable temper.

The difference in the men was racial. The younger nephew had the hot, wild temper of the blood. The other had taken the nature of his father. He was not a Pickens. Perhaps a recognition of this fact lay at the base of the favoritism of the elder Pickens for the nephew Richard.

The two nephews lived with Dunmore Pickens in his house. It was a long, old brick house of the early type, with two wings sitting at right angles. Dunmore Pickens lived in one wing of it, as though in a separate domicile, and the two nephews on the

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upper and lower floors of the other wing.

Richard Pickens had borrowed a considerable sum of money from his uncle. He was careless of money, and he found no way to repay it. The uncle had several times remonstrated with him on this careless habit, and there followed, usually, temper and hot words. There had been a violent quarrel on the night of the tragedy.

Barnes said that later in the evening Richard had come to him in his room on the upper floor of the wing where he resided. He was in a violent passion, fired with a deadly resentment against his uncle; not only from the quarrel over the money, but also, Barnes thought, for some additional reason which the man did not make clear.

He was in a wild passion and his expressions violent. He would "settle with the old devil on this night," he continued to declare in his wild talk. He borrowed then a sum of money from Barnes, writing out to him an assignment of his inheritance in pledge for it, and, still in his anger, went down the steps and along the wing of the house to old Dunmore's room . . . later Barnes heard him ride away in the night.

THE following morning Barnes found old Dunmore Pickens lying in his library, fallen forward on the table He had been stabbed to death; a carving knife from the kitchen of the house had been the weapon. It was lying beside the dead man where the assassin had dropped it after the murderous assault.

On the table and about the room were the papers of the dead man where they had been searched and scattered. Bloody fingers had ransacked the man's body, his pocketbook and his papers, as though in search of some particular one.

Barnes said he was appalled when he went into the library on this morning. His uncle had not come out and, in some concern, he had gone into his wing of the house to seek him. He found the door to the library open and this disorder of tragedy before him as he entered. He was, as I have written here, appalled. And he touched nothing. The only thing he did was to let in the light, so that he could see if his uncle were in fact dead on the table. The blinds to the room were all pulled down and he raised one of them. It was the only thing that he touched in the room.

He saw at once that his uncle was dead, and he was careful to leave every evidence precisely as it was, for the authorities to see. These statements of the man were all established as true, and they bore out the hypothesis of the crime.

Richard Pickens had evidently "settled with" old Dunmore in a murderous fashion; searched through his papers for the note he held, secured it, and with it and the money borrowed from Barnes, fled the state.

Colonel Braxton had been employed by the State to conduct this inquisition before the Grand Jury; not perhaps for the reason that there was any doubt about the identity of the author of this deed, or any legal puzzle to be untangled. But the procedure for extradition was formal and should be conducted with a nice precision.

It was a summer afternoon, and hot.

The Grand Jury room in the courthouse was on the second story, behind the courtroom, and looked out onto the distant hills and the far-off river.

No air moved, and the windows were open. There was little form attending this assembly. The Grand Jury sat about in chairs near the windows and around the room. Colonel Braxton sat at a table in the center of the room. There was nothing on this table but some articles that he had brought in: some sheets of foolscap paper, a pen and ink, a worn law book, and a long, round package carefully wrapped in newspaper. Otherwise, the table was empty. The inquisition had proceeded at some length, the preliminary inquiry concluded. There remained only the chief witness, Barnes, to be examined, and his story of the matter was well known. It had been repeated, considered, and found to fit into the evidential facts. The story had not varied, and in all its details Barnes had been clear and definite. He waited outside in the court-room to be called. The Grand Jury were now ready to hear what he had to say and return their indictment against the absent assassin.

But Colonel Braxton appeared, strangely, in some indecision. He seemed in no hurry to conclude the hearing. He idled before the table, as though he awaited the arrival of some event.

And yet, when an event dramatic and unexpected *did* arrive, he seemed no less amazed than the men about him.

There came a knocking on the door.

When the sheriff opened it, a girl entered, a slender, dark-haired girl, with a white face. She stood bravely in the door, but her arms hung as though devitalized and her mouth trembled. The girl was torn by some tragic thing, but the spirit in her could not be whipped into servility.

The sheriff was embarrassed; uncertain what to do.

Colonel Braxton rose. His voice, when he spoke, was gentle and courteous. He indicated a chair beside him at the table.

"Come in," he said.

The girl did not at once reply. She looked vaguely about her, at Colonel Braxton, at the group of men now standing about the room. Then she spoke, her voice tense with emotion.

"I have something to tell," she said.

Colonel Braxton went around the table to the door. But the girl spoke again before he reached her.

"I did it!" she said.

It was a sort of cry instead of three simple words; something ravaged out of a tortured spirit. There was no expression in the girl's face in harmony with these words, and no attitude of manner that accorded with them. They were like words uttered by a person in dementia, or one speaking at the dominance of something outside one's self.

THERE was a strained silence. No one moved or spoke. Colonel Braxton alone seemed to grasp something of the significance of the thing. He went over to the girl, took her hand, and led her to the chair beside his own at the table. He was very quiet and gentle with her, as one with an overwrought child.

Everybody knew the girl—for it was a community of old families established in the soil. And they knew the gossip of the county. Her father's land adjoined the estate of this dead man, and the nephew Richard had grown up with her, a boy and girl together. The neighbors looked to an ultimate marriage, and the joining of the lands when old Dunmore Pickens should have gone to the graveyard and the inheritance be vested in this nephew.

The men about the room regarded her in wonder. And softly, as before the dead, they went back to their places and left the delicate conduct of this affair to the attorney.

He managed with a gentle sympathy.

"Yes, Miss Millie," he said. "Yes. . . . Yes."

But he made no comment and he put no inquiry. The girl was at the very point of breaking. Her emotion must have its way with her and its time. It could not be hurried. He sat there at the table, her hand in his big palm, and waited. . . . And presently she wept.

With a sort of abandoned gesture she flung herself forward on the table, her arms around her face. The burst of emotion flowed out, and her body, tense in its restraint, relaxed.

No one moved. The low sobbing of the girl was the only sound. The silence seemed to extend to the fields and the river in the distance. The afternoon sun entering through the open windows lay on the floor, and the vague noises from the city crept up as from a world apart.

PRESENTLY the paroxysm of emotion passed. The girl sat up, putting back her hair. The flood in her had flowed out. But it did not leave her a relaxed figure. There was courage in her, and she faced what she had come to meet.

She looked about at the men in the jury-room; but when she spoke, she addressed the lawyer. And she repeated the words she used when she had entered.

"I killed him!"

"With the knife, Miss Millie?" said the lawyer.

The girl hesitated.

"It was the same thing, Colonel." She paused, and then presently went on, as though leaving a hiatus in the story.

"I told Richard what his uncle had said to me . . . that he was a wild youth, and I must give him up . . . then it all happened. . . . You see . . . I did it."

The girl looked about the room with a high face.

"But Richard did not rob his uncle . . . he did not." She took a letter out of the bosom of her dress, and a paper from it.

"There is the note Mr. Pickens held," she said.

Colonel Braxton took the note and examined it carefully. It was in the form she said, a note of hand for the money the nephew had borrowed.

The Grand Jury gathered around the table and looked down at the paper. It was beyond question the note truly. . . . But what of that?

Did not the hypothesis of guilt, on which they had assembled to find an indictment against Richard Pickens, contemplate precisely this order of events? He had killed the man with the concealed knife that he had carried in with him, searched through his papers for the note, and with the money that he had borrowed, and the note, he had fled away across the border into Maryland. . . . Here was the note, sent back in his letter to his sweetheart. . . . But was it evidence of innocence? . . . Was it not rather evidence of guilt?

For some time there was utter silence . . . a dreadful silence that extended through the room like a pressure. The

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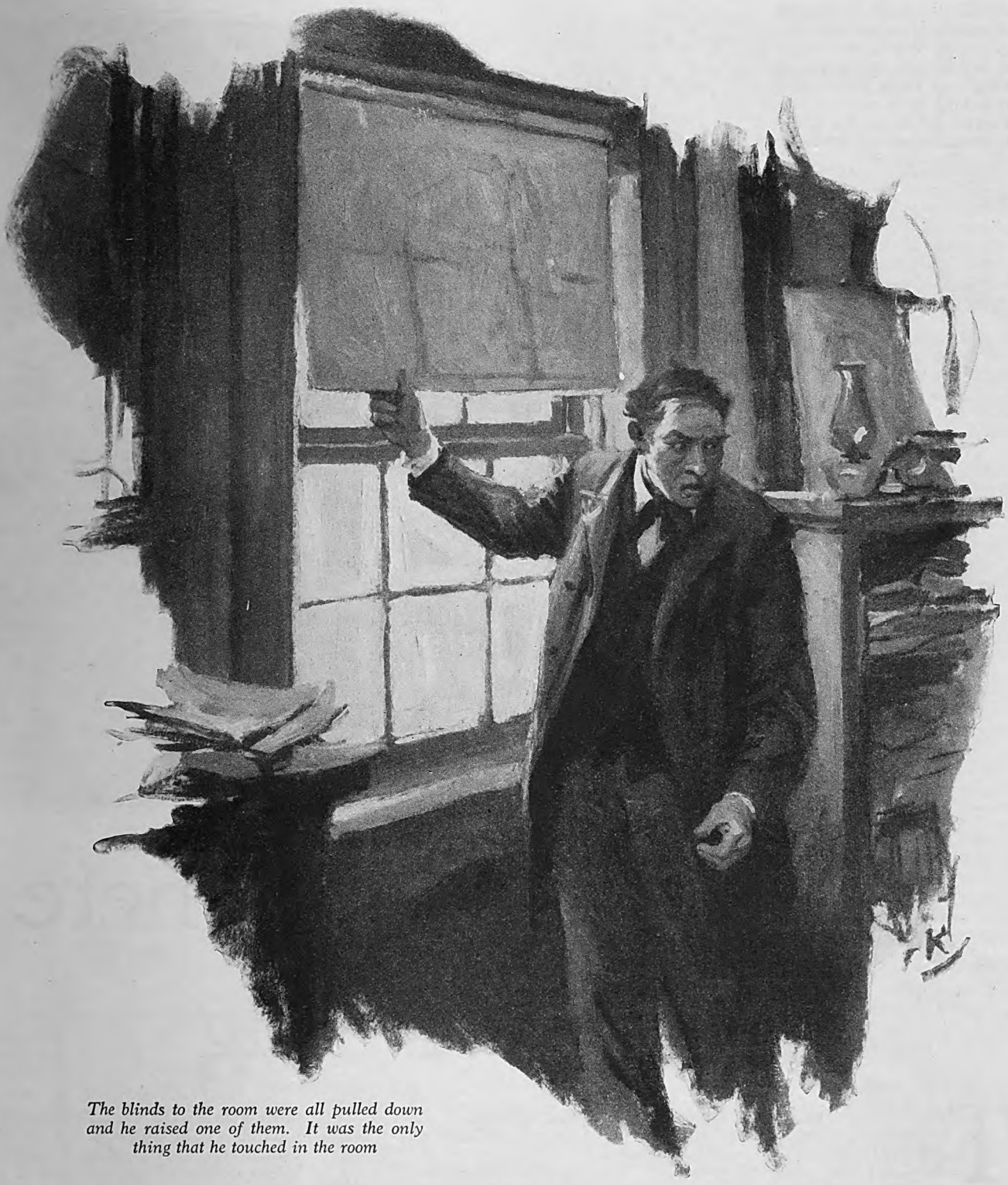

The blinds to the room were all pulled down and he raised one of them. It was the only thing that he touched in the room

whole Grand Jury had gathered about the table, around the girl and the lawyer.

Finally the foreman spoke. He looked at the letter in the girl's hand:

"Miss Millie knows where he is?"

He seemed to avoid, as from a sense of delicacy, a mention of the assassin's name. And he spoke softly, addressing Colonel Braxton.

"Yes," replied the lawyer. "She knows where he is."

"You will ask her where he is?"

The reply of the lawyer amazed the Grand Jury grouped around the table.

"No," he said. "I shall not ask her."

The foreman shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He made a little embarrassed gesture.

"We've got to know where he is."

"Perhaps," replied the lawyer.

The big foreman repeated the word.

"Perhaps!" he said. "Why, Colonel, we've got to get him."

The girl sprang up at that. She stood defiant, with her head thrown back.

"WHY do you have to get him!" she cried. "You have got me. Hang me!"

The foreman stepped back. His face took on an expression of incredulity; of wonder.

"We couldn't hang you, Miss Millie!"

"And why can't you hang me?" cried the girl. "I'm the guilty one. . . . I'm the cause of it all . . . and the one who is the cause of a thing is the guilty one. . . . I did it all. I told him what his uncle said . . . that he was an idle spendthrift and I must not marry him. . . . I told him . . . and so it was I who put the resentment in him . . . the fury in him against his uncle. . . . Don't you see? . . . Can't you see it was my fault? . . . That I did it?"

She went on, her voice clear, vibrant, in a splendid defiance.

"He was in a good humor when he came to me that evening . . . he was gentle like a woman when he came to me . . . he loved me; he wanted me to marry him . . . and I meant to do it . . . . But . . . I don't know why . . . I said all those things to him . . . and it set him wild. . . . Now *hang* me!"

She stood up like Jephthah's daughter—her face (*Continued on page 152*)

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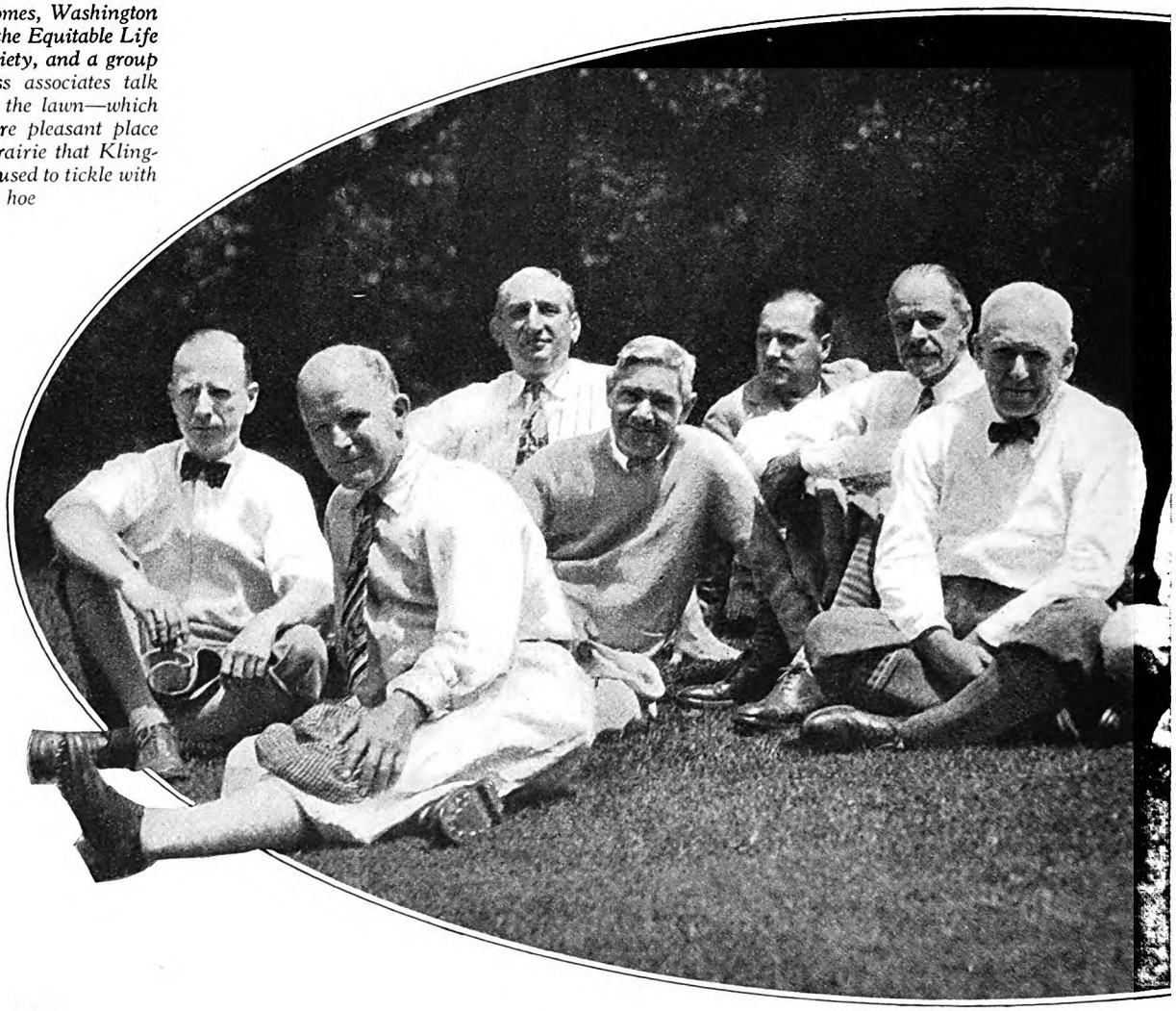
Between foursomes, Washington Klingman, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and a group of his business associates talk things over on the lawn—which is a much more pleasant place than the hot prairie that Klingman, as a boy, used to tickle with a hoe



You *Can't* Tell Where You're Going

THERE was no rain. Every evening the sun went down like a red-hot copper kettle in a veil of dust, and every morning it rose to burn yet more life from the brown prairie. Wheat turned yellow before its stalks were half grown. Potato vines withered before they could blossom.

"That first year," said the bronze-faced man opposite me, "we ground corn by hand in an old coffee mill to get meal on which to live."

There were nine in the family, he added. His father was an invalid, nearing death. He, then a ten-year-old boy, was soon to become the acting head of the house.

And the second year was like the first. The third and the fourth years came and were as brown and barren as their predecessors. The whole countryside was in rags, children were sickly, women half-starved, the hope had been burned from men's eyes even as life had been burned from the land.

I asked about schools.

"There were no schools," said my companion.

"What was your house like?"

"It was built of sod cut from the prairie. The floor was the bare ground."

The few scrawny trees the settlers had planted died as soon as men ceased carrying water to them, so there wasn't even a tree or a leaf to break the brown monotony.

SUCH was Frontier County, Nebraska, in the grim, cropless four years of 1890-94. Such was Washington W. Klingman's campus, the Alma Mater of his young manhood, where he dreamed his first vague dream of "going to places." . . .

I was alone with Klingman in his New York office, a huge hall of a place with enormous maps on its walls, great broad windows, and a view of the magnificent Hudson. From this headquarters, Klingman today directs the organization and production of the 11,000 agents of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States in the selling of nearly one billion dollars of life insurance a year. The fact that he holds this position marks him as one of the master insurance salesmen of his day and as a genius in training men.

"Going to places?" I repeated.

"Going to places where you want to arrive," Klingman explained. "We're all on the road to them. We're seldom satisfied where we are for long, so we keep moving, if only in thought, toward the new places that seem to promise us better things."

So that morning we talked of "going to places." . . .

Klingman had had no choice in the matter of his first journey. Born in Washington, D. C., in 1880, he was only four years old when he tumbled from his father's rickety homesteader's cart onto the prairie of Frontier County.

It was the father who was seeking better

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An Interview

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

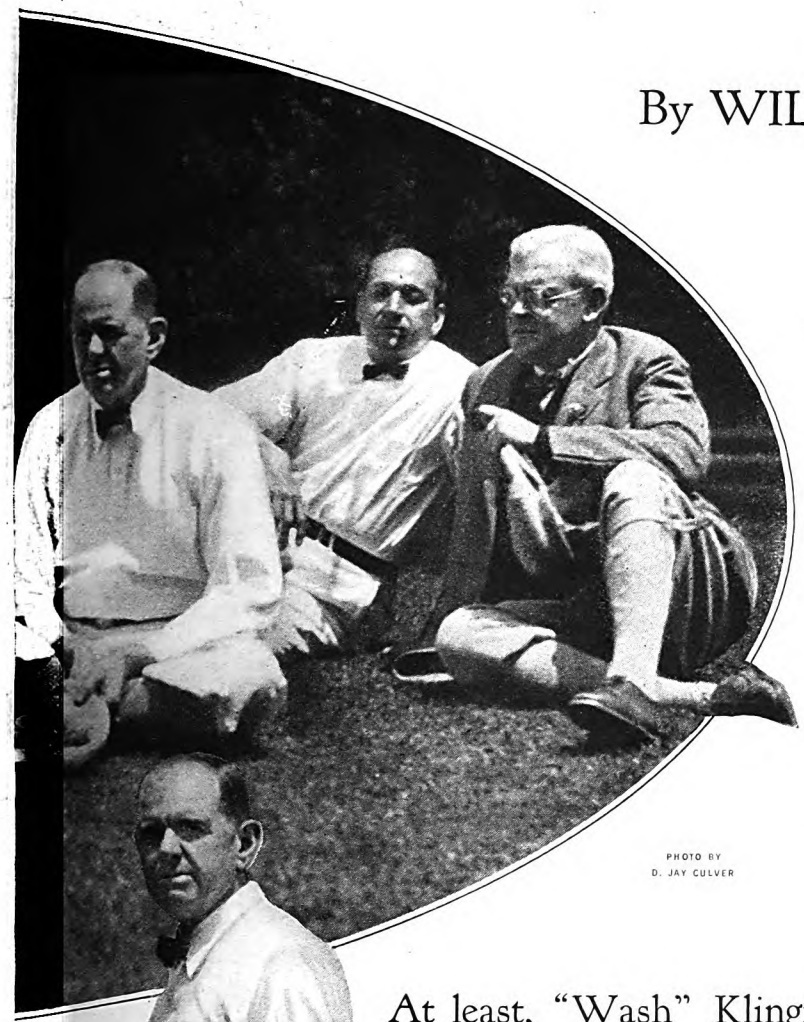

PHOTO BY
D. JAY CULVER

At least, "Wash" Klingman couldn't, but he headed in the general direction of UP, and went from a sod hut and a livery stable to an executive suite in a great New York skyscraper, where he directs 11,000 salesmen

things. He had fought for Lincoln, and war had taken his health. The pittance he had received as a Treasury Department clerk had been insufficient to feed and clothe his growing family, so in middle-age he had staked his claim in the prairie to begin anew.

THE boy, named after the city of his birth, was large for his years. At the age of eight he was big enough to sweat over corn hills with a hoe and to take his place among the producers of this new land. A few years more, with his father an invalid and unable to work, his mother was turning to the son for advice and accepting it.

Then came the drought, four years of it. His father died. I have already told you something of those four years. A meeting was held of the impoverished settlers, who found themselves with burned fields and empty bins, with want and suffering at every door. It was decided that somebody would have to be sent to Iowa for help; and those grizzled men of this new land, casting about for the ablest ambassador among them, chose the fourteen-year-old boy, "Wash" Klingman.

"I don't know why they picked me," ruminated my companion. "It may have been because I'd already been about a little."

The previous winter he had "beaten" his way up to the copper fields of Wyoming, to work there in the mines, so that cash for food might be sent to those at home. Hidden between two cars, he had ridden "blind baggage," the only way he could afford to ride on trains.

So now, by "blind baggage" and devious ways, Klingman came to the flourishing town of Red Oak, Iowa. He was clad in his Sunday suit of clean overalls and he wore a store hat of felt. He felt mighty important. What fourteen-year-old wouldn't?

Here were fields golden and heavy in harvest, here were frame houses, rose trellises, vegetable gardens, busy stores. The bustle and the prosperity confused and frightened him. Every face was strange. Young "Wash" felt woefully self-conscious in his overalls which had seemed so fine to him back home. He almost wished somebody else had been sent. He wished—

"MORNIN', young man. Maybe there's somethin' I could do for you here, sort o' help you get your bearings."

Klingman started, for the voice was directed at him. A big, jovial-faced citizen of Red Oak confronted him and his smile was friendly. The boy blurted out his story, not the carefully prepared recital he had rehearsed in his mind, but a stumbling and limping tale, it seemed.

Gosh, what a mess he'd made of it, he thought. Why had he consented to come?

"The man took me into a store," said Klingman, "and had me tell my story again there. Then he introduced me to people and to each I told the story over. Finally he got a buggy and we went out into the country to see farmers. I guess I told that story a hundred times, and not once did I tell it the way I'd planned."

That night he slept in the house of his new-found friend, a boy filled with awe and wonder. All day, wherever he had gone, he had been showered with kindnesses. A whole community was rising to the aid of the folks in the sod huts—to the aid of people it didn't know and would never see.

"This world," the boy muttered, wide-eyed and sleepless in his strange bed, "must be filled with people who are eager to help!"

Tears of sheer gratitude and love welled up in his eyes. He wanted to hug every man and woman in Red Oak. Remember, he was only fourteen. . . . .

A few days later he went home, and with him went five carloads of clothing and food, of furniture and implements, of seed grain, medicines, shoes, tobacco.

Then, as his (*Continued on page 129*)

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THE Drift Fence

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

PART VI

MOLLY saw Jim move as quickly, just as Slinger reached him, and he appeared to strike at the same instant. The blow cracked. Its force, added to Slinger's momentum, sent him off the porch, where only a remarkable agility kept him on his feet. But he thumped solidly against the hitching rail, which broke. Horses snorted and jumped. The crowd let out a whoop. People inside the store crowded out and, joining the men, cut off Molly's view.

She edged out, back to the wall, fearful, yet tremendously impelled. She had gloried in Jim's brave front, but she felt he would be helpless in a fight with Slinger. Bumping against a bench, Molly stepped up on it.

She saw Jim go down off the steps to meet Slinger. Then began a fierce exchange of blows, with Slinger slowly forced backward in front of Mace's saloon. Something was wrong, or unusual, Molly gathered from the exclamations and whispers of the villagers. Slinger Dunn had the reputation of being able to whip his weight in wildcats. But evidently he was slow in getting started here. Suddenly a blow upset him, and he plumped down ridiculously. The crowd, warming to the fight, greeted that with yells.

Bounding up with the agility he was noted for, Slinger took a couple of nasty digs in order to get hold of Traft. He clinched and plainly sought to trip his antagonist or wrestle him down. But Jim was the heavier and stronger, for, with a whirl and a fling, he sent Slinger sprawling. This occasioned a sudden silence. Was it possible for Slinger Dunn to be worsted?

"Stand up and fight—you Indian!" yelled Traft. And indeed Dunn had the look and the suppleness of an Indian.

Dunn, now bloody and dirty, responded as if he had no control over himself, as if this taunting voice could drive him to anything. He crouched and bored in, fighting low, until Traft swung up under his guard. Dunn's head jerked up. Another blow sent it back, and a third, square on the nose, making the blood fly, landed him on his back.

This time Slinger did not bounce up. Something was being battered into his consciousness—something that had already dawned upon the crowd. He slowly and cautiously rose, a stream of red running from his nose, down across his tight lips and protruding chin. Again he changed his tactics, proving that a fury of confidence had succeeded to grim realization, and that where an ordinary fighter would have been whipped, he still had recourse to spirit and energy.

He tried a square, stand-up give and take. It grew evident that had he adopted this style in the beginning he would at least have done better, for he hit Traft now and then. But the latter could take punishment. If it hurt he gave no sign. His method grew clear to the bystanders and wagers were shouted out, backing him to win.

Slinger went down again. The blow that prostrated him was from Traft's right, and was a swing, coming at the end of a succession of short blows, delivered fast and closely, no doubt to beat his antagonist back and out of balance. Anyway, Molly saw her brother go piling into the dust.

"RECKON now Slinger will rooster him, an' it's shore aboot time," declared a young fellow in front of Molly.

Other remarks were not wanting. Evidently Slinger Dunn was not yet beaten. Though Molly had heard of the "rooster" trick in fighting, she had never seen it. But fear for Jim had fled from her. He could meet any of Slinger's backwoods tricks.

Slinger slowly circled Traft, keeping well away. Undoubtedly Traft was ready for a new attack. When he got rather close to the wall he divined that Dunn was trying to back him into such a position. Thereupon he stood stock-still and waited. Suddenly Slinger dove down with incredible swiftness, on the back of his head and neck, and elevated his feet even higher than his arms had been.

His boots were armed with long spurs. He began to kick at Jim. He actually appeared to stand on the back of his neck and his elbows.

"Rooster him, Slinger!" bawled a lusty-lunged lout. And the crowd of West Forkers roared.

Molly saw Jim back from this amazing onslaught, and that was what he should not have done. For Slinger, hunching himself on his elbows, quick as a cat, forced Jim to the wall. He dodged one vicious kick. Another caught him on his extended arm, tearing his sleeve from wrist to shoulder. Molly saw a glimpse of red. Then a cruel spur cut open Jim's chin. At this Molly screamed at her brother, but her voice was lost in the din. If Slinger did not kill Jim he would surely disfigure him for life.

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As he whipped up his gun, Molly stepped in front of him to shield Jim. "You'll have to kill me first," she declared resolutely

She leaped off the bench and darted here and there to get through the circle of men. Suddenly a louder yell, hoarse and thrilling, made Molly desperate. She squeezed to the front.

Jim, in bent position, had both arms round Slinger's legs. The terrible spurs stuck up, but they scarcely moved. Jim threw Slinger from him with such force that he turned clear over, his head and shoulders acting as a pivot. He fell with a flop. Jim made one jump and landed square on him with both heavy boots. This overbalanced Jim, who went down, but he went down kicking. Rolling over, he was up and at Slinger just as that blood-and dirt-begrimed individual tried to rise.

Jim fastened both hands in his neck and lifted him, and flung him sheer against the wall, where his head rang like bone on wood. Slinger sank down limp and senseless.

THE crowd grew silent. Molly had sense enough left to hide behind someone. Jim gazed down a long moment at his beaten antagonist, and then with scarf he wiped the blood and sweat and dirt from his face. He turned sidewise, so that Molly saw a pale, tense cheek.

"See here—you fellows," panted Jim, "I came down—here—to lick him—and to offer him—a job. . . . Reckon he's not worth it . . . But I'll go through with my part . . . Tell him—when he comes to—that if he can play square—there's a place on the Diamond for him."

Then Jim parted the crowd and disappeared. Molly slipped back up on the porch into the store, and never even thinking of her mother, she hurried through to the other corner and went out the side entrance. Sobbing, and in a terrible condition of mind, she ran home.

It did not help much for Molly to be home, safely hidden in her loft, except that presently she could breathe freely and would not be seen. But her mother's return warned her that she was likely to have a bad half-hour, and she tried to fortify herself.

"Molly, you up there?" came a trenchant call.

"Yes, Ma."

"Come down pronto."

Molly started promptly, but lagged slower and slower, and she thought she would drop off the last steps of the ladder. Her mother stood there, arms akimbo, gazing at her with an entirely new and astounding expression.

"Why'd you run home?" she demanded.

"There was a fight—an'—an' it scared me."

"It needn't have—since it was in your honor. . . . Molly Dunn, did you hear what that young Traft told the crowd?"

"Yes, Ma. I was there."

"And it's the truth? He *did* ask you to marry him?"

"Mother, it's the bitter truth," said Molly steadily.

"Bitter! Are you crazy, girl? . . . It tastes pretty sweet to me. . . . Did you say 'No' to young Traft?"

"Of course I did."

"But you're in love with him. That's what has ailed you ever since you went to Flag. Anybody could see you were lovesick. Aren't you?"

"Ma, I'm shore sick aboot somethin'," replied Molly.

"For heaven's sake, then, why didn't you accept him?"

"Because I'm Molly Dunn of the Cibeque."

THEN indeed the storm broke over Molly, though it was so vastly different from what she had anticipated that instead of casting her down it began to do the opposite. In fact, her mother presented a most interesting and amusing study, after the first tirade about Molly's lack of family pride. Molly learned that she was a granddaughter of Rose Hillyard, of Virginia, and had bluer blood than any Traft who ever lived.

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"Didn't I always try to keep these West Fork louts away from you?" demanded Mrs. Dunn, in protest at the outrageous way she had been foiled. "Didn't I bring you up different? You always were somebody, Molly Dunn. Now it's proved. You're courted by a fine young chap. He's got stuff in him. He's nephew to old Jim Traft, they tell me, who owns ranches all over, and eighty thousand head of stock. . . . You can't refuse to marry him. Why, it'll be our salvation!"

Molly had to listen and she dared not voice her protest. Temporary relief, however, came with an interruption in shape of the arrival of several young men, bringing Slinger home.

For once, her mother's tongue stopped its wagging. Arch Dunn was a spectacle to behold. He could walk, but that was about all, and he rewarded the kindly offices of those who had escorted him by driving them off. Both Mrs. Dunn and Molly stood back, afraid to approach or speak, and almost afraid to look. Slinger dragged himself around to the back porch, where he sagged to his bed.

"Arch—can I do anythin'?" faltered Molly.

"Wal, I reckon, since I cain't do for myself," was the surprising answer.

MOLLY hastened to get a pan of water, soap, and bandages, and salve, and hurried to his side. She divined that by this incident she would either gain or lose a brother. She unbuckled the long spurs, shuddering at the bloodstains on one of them. Arch had got what he deserved. The imprint of hobnails on his face appeared to be a brand. He had been treated to a dose of his own medicine. But the fatal issue might now be that he would kill Jim Traft. Molly prayed and hoped. Could not the same thing, almost, that had happened to her, happen to Arch? She pulled off his boots, and then his wet and torn shirt.

It was not pleasant to look into her brother's visage. Yet pity and tenderness came to her aid.

"Much obliged, Molly," he said, when she had finished what little she could do. "Was you in town when the cyclone hit?"

"Yes, Arch. I—I saw it," she replied, thrilled that he would talk to her in such wise. She prayed for something to make the moment helpful for this wayward brother.

"Did you see him lick me?"

She murmured an affirmative. "But, Arch, you must have—have hurt him very much, too. He was all bloody."

"Shore. I reckon so. I'd have cut him to pieces—I was thet mad. . . . Molly, I got too mad. An' at thet he hurt me wuss with his sharp tongue than with his fists."

"It'd not have been so—so bad if you hadn't tried to 'rooster' him."

"Wal, all's fair in thet kind of a fight. I don't care aboot thet any more'n I care aboot his lickin' me. He's simply a better man. I told them so. . . . But I reckon there's another way."

"Arch, you—you'll meet Jim—force him to draw?"

"Thet'd be natural-like, wouldn't it?"

"From the standpoint of the Cibeque, yes. But there's a bigger way to meet it. If you forced him to draw, you'd kill him!"

Beginning next month

PETER B. KYNE'S

NEW NOVEL

Outlaws of Eden

PETER B. KYNE is one of the most popular writers in America. For years his stories, long and short, have brought delight to millions of readers. Since the first appearance of "Cappy" Ricks he has been a continuous fiction headliner.

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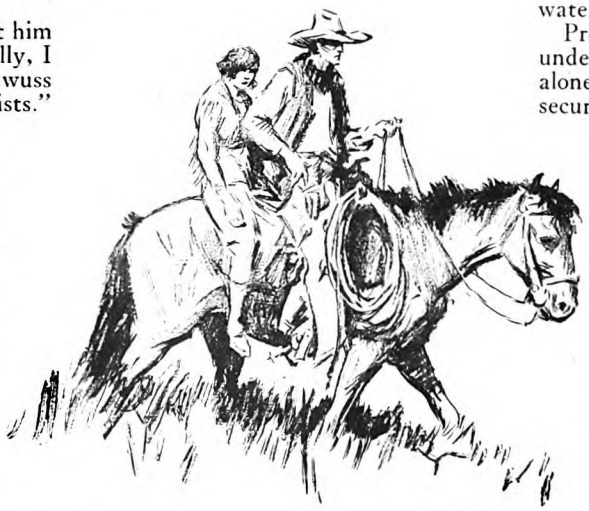
"OUTLAWS OF EDEN" begins in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for October. THE EDITOR



"Huh! I'm not so darn shore of thet. Mr. Jim Traft is a surprisin' hombre."

"Arch, I shan't beg you again," went on Molly eloquently, "but I'll *pray*."

"Pray? What fer?"

"For you to see clear."

"Aw, you talk like thet parson who was shot heah onct. . . . Molly, did Traft want to marry you?"

Solemnly Molly nodded.

"I cain't see very well. Talk. Honest now—did he?"

"Yes, Arch—an' that justified my faith in him."

"Reckon a fellar could do no more. . . . An' you wouldn't take him up 'cause you was Slinger Dunn's sister?"

"That was one reason," admitted Molly.

"What you mean?'

"Well, you've a reputation that to civilized folks would look terrible."

"Molly, I'll gamble there's wuss men than me. It ain't nuthin' to pack a gun an' use it when you're crowded. . . . Now, thet day up the canyon. I shore gave young Traft a long time to shoot. An' he had a rifle in his hands."

"That's what's wrong aboot it, Arch. He wouldn't want to kill you, in the first place—an' second, when you met him he'd forget he had a gun. Or be scared."

"Scared! Thet hombre? He was orfu scared of me today! Nope, it's jest gun slingin' wasn't brought up with him."

"It'd be plain murder."

"Wal—I'll let him off—providin' yo agree to marry him."

"*Arch!*" whispered Molly, at once rap and stricken.

"Only deal you can make with me, an you bet it's a hard one to swaller."

Molly knew Slinger Dunn and that sh must grasp at straws. "I—I'll—take-you—up—Arch," she said, in a strangle voice. "If he—asks me—any more."

"Don't worry none, sister. Thet hom bre will be heah today. An' you can mak him ask you again. Reckon, though, he' wait till dark—not wantin' you to see h mug. I shore bunged him up."

MOLLY trembled on the brink of th precipice to which she had bee driven. She dared not look over. Sh must leap with closed eyes.

"Did you—rooster him bad?" sh asked.

"Nope. Only scratched him. But was shore leggin' it fer him when h ducked an' grabbed me. . . . Fetch me drink. I'm shore parchin' fer som water."

Presently Molly stole away to her nes under the roof, thankful to let well enoug alone, so far as Slinger was concerned. T secure his promise not to kill Jim wa more than she had hoped for, a any cost. And that cost! What terrible thing to take upon hersel If Jim did not ask her again, an soon, he would not live very lon Slinger kept his promises.

Molly felt that she would die fo Jim, and it was not so very muc worse to have to marry him. Th prospect dazzled and terrified he If Jim would live in a log cabin an let her work for him! That woul be heaven. But he would want t take her away from the Cibeque-to live in the mansion of a ranc house at Flagerstown, and meet h

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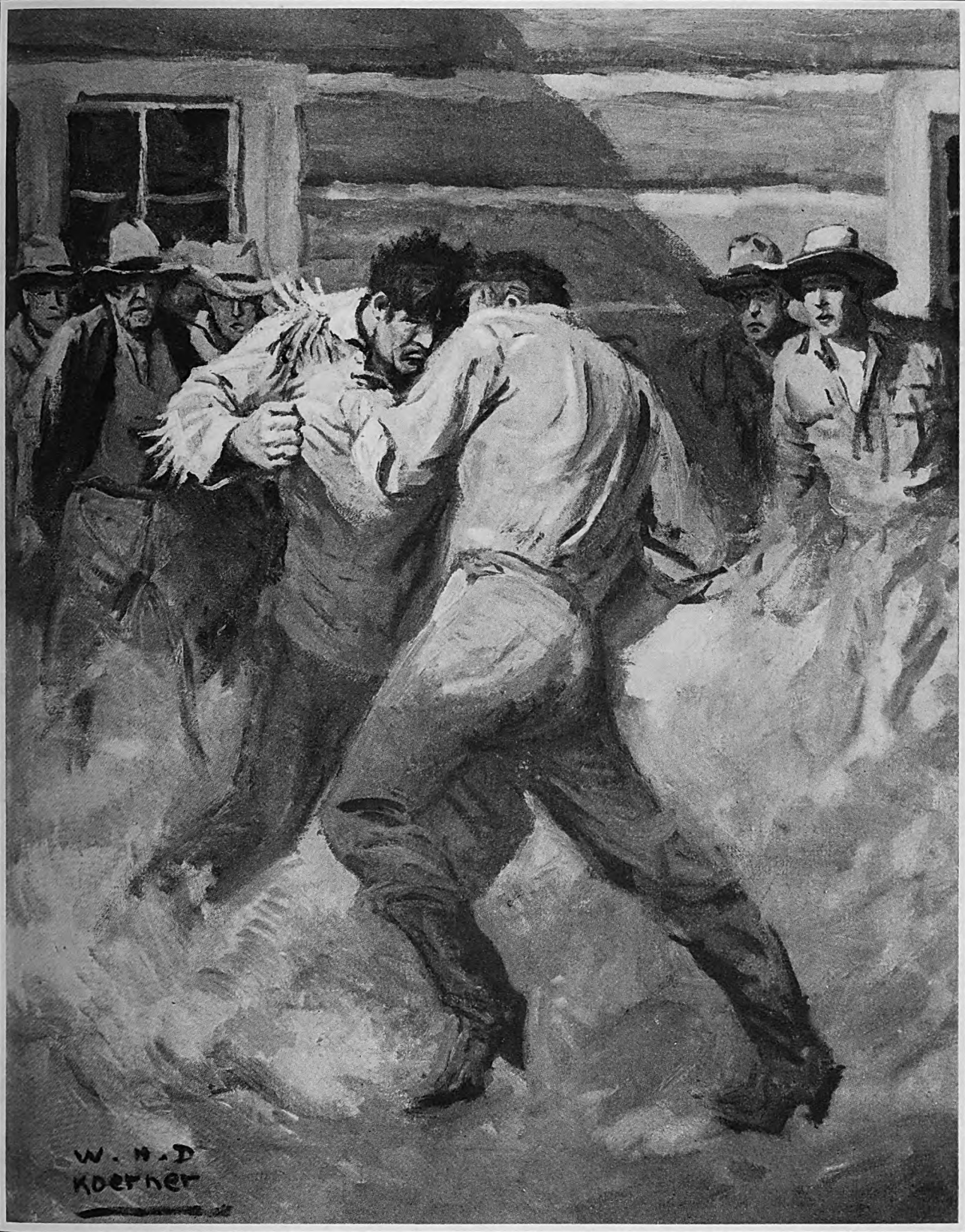

Slinger Dunn had the reputation of being able to whip his weight in wildcats

rich old uncle—his other relatives—and his mother.

Molly was overcome at the thought. She could not do it. But to save his life she would do anything.

She crawled down to help get supper and she took some to Arch, who could not eat; then she sat at table, more to avoid clash with her mother than to satisfy hunger.

In the dusk she wandered along outside the lane, irresistibly drawn. Her mother and brother were fools. Jim would not come. She longed for him, yet prayed he would stay away.

The bats were whirling in the clear, cool air overhead. The Diamond stood up black and bold, somehow strengthening her. All her life she had looked up to that mighty bulk. The smell of burning pine floated from the dark forest. A nighthawk flitted by with sharp note.

Then a whistle electrified Molly. She had been whistled for many times at this gloaming hour. It was one of the courting tricks of the Cibeque. But never before had a whistle sent a blade into her heart or lent her wings. Her moccasined feet pattered on the hard-packed ground.

She saw a dark (*Continued on page 115*)

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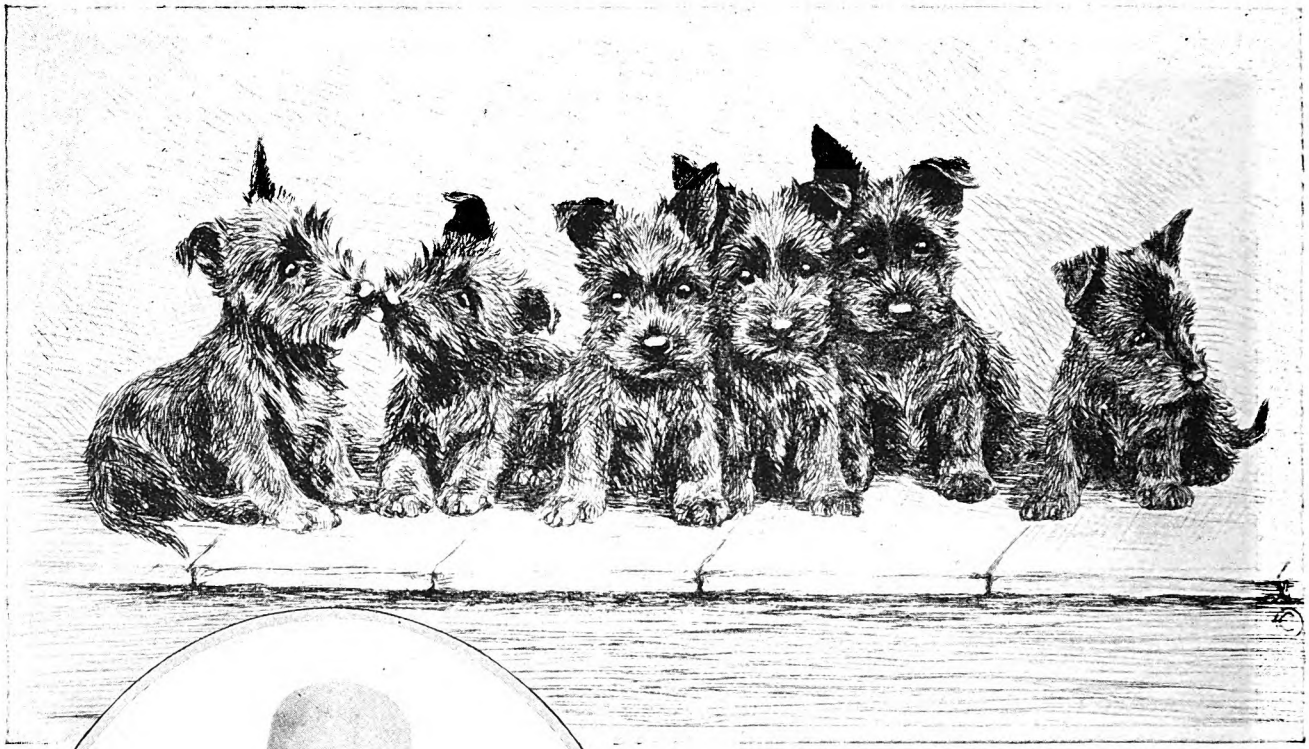

Etchings copyrighted by Marguerite Kirmse

Marguerite Kirmse

A Lady *who went to the* Dogs

And among them found Fame, Fortune, *and* Happiness

By REGINALD T. TOWNSEND

IT WAS a fortunate thing for Lady Babbie, the Scotty, that her mistress had made that drawing for a manufacturer of dog biscuits. For the manufacturer, in addition to tendering Miss Kirmse more negotiable, if somewhat limited, remuneration, had sent her also several boxes of his product. It was on the contents of the latter that Lady Babbie subsisted quite comfortably, thank you, during that dismal week some seven or eight years ago. The check for the drawing had long since been spent and the Scotty's mistress had a palate which, though humble and adaptable, drew the line at puppy fare. She managed, however, to negotiate a week's line of credit with the genial gentleman who supplied her with milk and eggs, and on these she fed herself through seven dreary days, until the sun broke through, grudgingly and slowly.

But that, as I say, was seven or eight years ago. Today, Marguerite Kirmse's drawings and portraits of dogs are known the world over. This past year she sold more etchings than any other living artist. (For this, she has the word of her agents; herself, she has lost count of the number sold.) And, needless to add, her income precludes the probability of her ever being hungry again.

Miss Kirmse specializes in portraits and etchings of dogs—principally Scotties. And, so far as I know, she has the distinction of being the only artist in the world who raises her own models!

SHORTLY after her marriage—she is Mrs. George W. Cole in private life—she and her husband bought a tract of more than one hundred and fifty acres at Bridgewater, Connecticut, overlooking the lovely Housatonic Valley. At Arcady Farm, as she named the place, she established her Tobermoy Kennels.

And the story of Arcady Farm is the story of her dogs, for they are the heart and soul of the place. Most of them are Scottish terriers, and many a blue-ribbon winner has come from

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The Judgment

They are looking their prettiest in the presence of such an august judge. Miss Kirmse calls this picture "The Judgment of Paris," the reference being to the story in mythology about the shepherd named Paris who had to

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of Paris

decide which goddess was the most beautiful—Juno. Minerva, or Venus. He decided upon Venus. This decision did not help his popularity any with Juno or Minerva.

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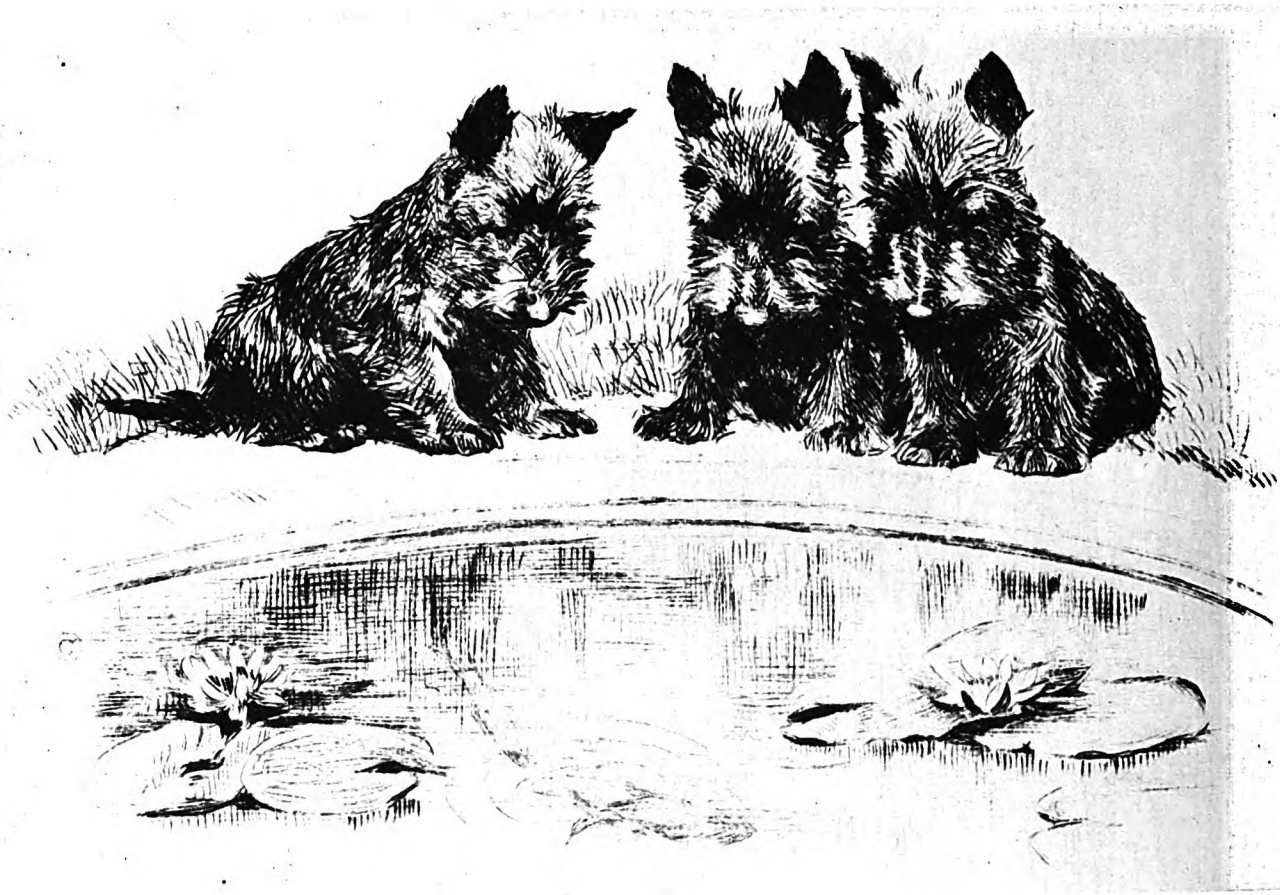
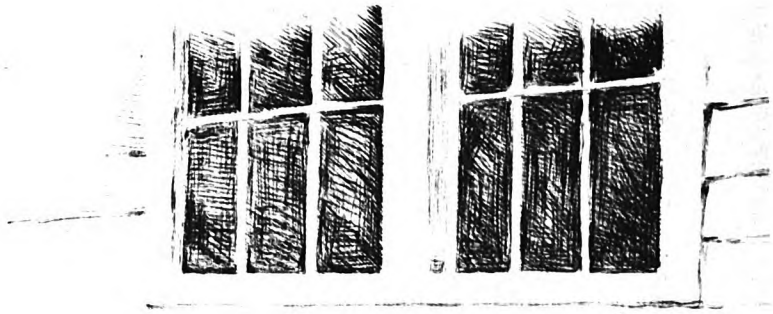


The Pool



Up for inspection

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the kennels. There are Airedales, too, and Irish terriers, and an occasional wire-haired terrier and Pete, a beloved English field spaniel. The dogs are of all sizes and ages, and there is often a litter of utterly adorable Scotty pups which all too soon grow up and depart for new homes. For, while Miss Kirmse founded her kennels that she might not want for models, she raises more puppies than she can take care of, and these she sells.

Quite recently she caused no end of amusement, and even consternation, by sending to her husband, who was away on a business trip, a telegram announcing the arrival of a new litter of puppies. The message read: "Six more mouths to feed. Three boys and three girls. Mother and children doing well."

BUT that's getting ahead of the story. We really ought to go back to Bournemouth, England, where Miss Kirmse was born, although she is now an American citizen and married to an American. Her parents conducted a successful private school at Bournemouth. It was early apparent that little Marguerite had a talent for music, and under the tutelage of her mother she had proved an apt pupil on the harp. Consequently, when she was sufficiently advanced, it was arranged that she should go to London and study at the Royal Academy of Music. But already she had begun to make little sketches of animals—gay, engaging drawings that brought a sympathetic smile when you looked at them Mr. Kirmse accordingly decided that his daughter might study painting as well as music.

So, what with hours of drawing and hours of practicing, those were busy days in London. They were too strenuous, indeed, for the young girl's health. Soon she had to lay aside her brushes and pencils and devote herself exclusively to music.

Then one summer night—the music had progressed very successfully by now, but drawing had been neglected—Miss Kirmse was dining with some friends who were leaving shortly for a summer in the United States.

"Why don't you come along with us?" they suggested. "The rest will be good for you, and you'll be back at your work in the autumn."

She went along—but she never did return to her native land save for an occasional visit. Not that America claimed her frantically and enthusiastically at the start. There were lean years—years when she earned a slender income playing the harp at a church in New Jersey. Once she had a chance to join an orchestra in Seattle as harpist. But, alas, this post required that she join the union, and even had she been in this country long enough to meet the organization's requirements so far as residence was concerned, she still lacked the one-hundred-dollar membership fee. So the job went by the board—and just as well, too, if you ask any lover of etchings, or of animals!

By now, Miss Kirmse was spending all her spare time (and there was all too much of it) at the Bronx Zoo in New York City, studying and sketching the animals. Soon she became a fast friend of the keepers and was given many rare privileges. She was even allowed, occasionally, to take her drawing board into the cages of the animals. Pleasant for a hobby but not very sound as a source of income. Nor was the harp. So Miss Kirmse began making sketches and studies of dogs owned by her friends. At first, she did this for fun; then she found a market for such work—limited, to be sure, but better than sketching for pleasure alone.

One day, in an idle mood, Miss Kirmse picked up a phonograph needle and began scratching a portrait of a dog on a sheet of metal. The next time she went down to her printer's she showed him the crude etching, and he instantly saw possibilities in it and suggested that she take up etching seriously. Rather hesitantly, she accepted his advice. When she had completed two or three plates, she took them to Arthur H. Harlow, one of New York's leading print dealers. He liked them—even agreed to place them on sale—and, much to Miss Kirmse's surprise, they sold almost instantly.

TODAY, Miss Kirmse brings out a new series of about half a dozen etchings twice each year. Each etching appears in a limited edition, and the plate is destroyed after a certain number of impressions have been taken. Some etchings run above a hundred to the edition, but others are destroyed when very few copies have been made. Sometimes, when the plate begins to wear thin and to make poor impressions, it is destroyed after only a dozen copies or so have been struck off. The result is that the rarer of Miss Kirmse's etchings have achieved high values. She was recently offered $750 by a dealer for an etching which sold originally for $15.

I understand that there are but two complete collections of Miss Kirmse's etchings in existence. One is owned by the artist, herself, and the other is owned by the Governor of Massachusetts. Queen Mary of Great Britain is a distinguished possessor of a Kirmse etching.

You have only to glance at one of her charming etchings to know that Miss Kirmse is a real dog lover. Her own Lady Babbie (named by her, as you might well imagine, after seeing Maude Adams in The Little Minister) has gone to dog heaven, but she has many successors. I regret to report that, before her demise, Lady Babbie's romantic name was dropped for a more descriptive one. In her later years she was known as "Black Blimpo." It seems that one summer Miss Kirmse entrusted Lady Babbie to the care of devoted friends who fed her so much that by the time Miss Kirmse returned, after a prolonged absence, the Scotty resembled nothing so much as a fat little baby blimp.

"Blimpo," Miss Kirmse told me, "was the only dog I ever knew that could tiptoe. I mean actually walk on tiptoes. She would tiptoe up to a mole in the fields and then leap into the air and land on all fours right over her victim. It was rough on lawns, but quite exciting."

By having her dogs with her at all times when she is in the country, Miss Kirmse has an opportunity to study them in all moods. On tramps through the woods, when they are all keyed up by the hope of finding an unfortunate woodchuck—the Scotties are great hunters—or resting quietly under a tree, sheltered from the hot noon sun of a summer's day, every pose is an etching.

MISS KIRMSE has a delightful studio in New York City where she does much of her work. Here she occasionally brings some of her pets when she cannot forego the joy of their companionship.

When I dropped in on her, she was busily at work on a dog portrait. In addition to her etchings, Miss Kirmse executes commissions for portraits of horses and dogs. Recently she found time to model some little bronze figures of Scotties which have been put on sale with immediate success.

The studio—a warm, inviting place, gay with etchings and paintings of dogs—is a real workroom. Half-finished proofs of etchings, rough color sketches for magazine covers, finished portraits of horses and dogs, lay all around. The Scotty note, which has, as you can well imagine, become a veritable trade-mark, was everywhere. A Scotty is on the wastebasket; Scotties are on the cigarette and match boxes. And outside the door stood Miss Kirmse's automobile, with a little silver Scotty mounted on the radiator cap.

Miss Kirmse's love for her work leaps out at you from everything she creates.

"All the hard work in the world won't give you satisfactory results unless you enjoy what you are doing," she said to me. "I love my work and I have never had too much of it—but I do have to guard against overwork. In any creative job there is danger of going stale."

Miss Kirmse produced two etchings of the same subject. One was blurred, (*Continued on page 138*)

Good morning

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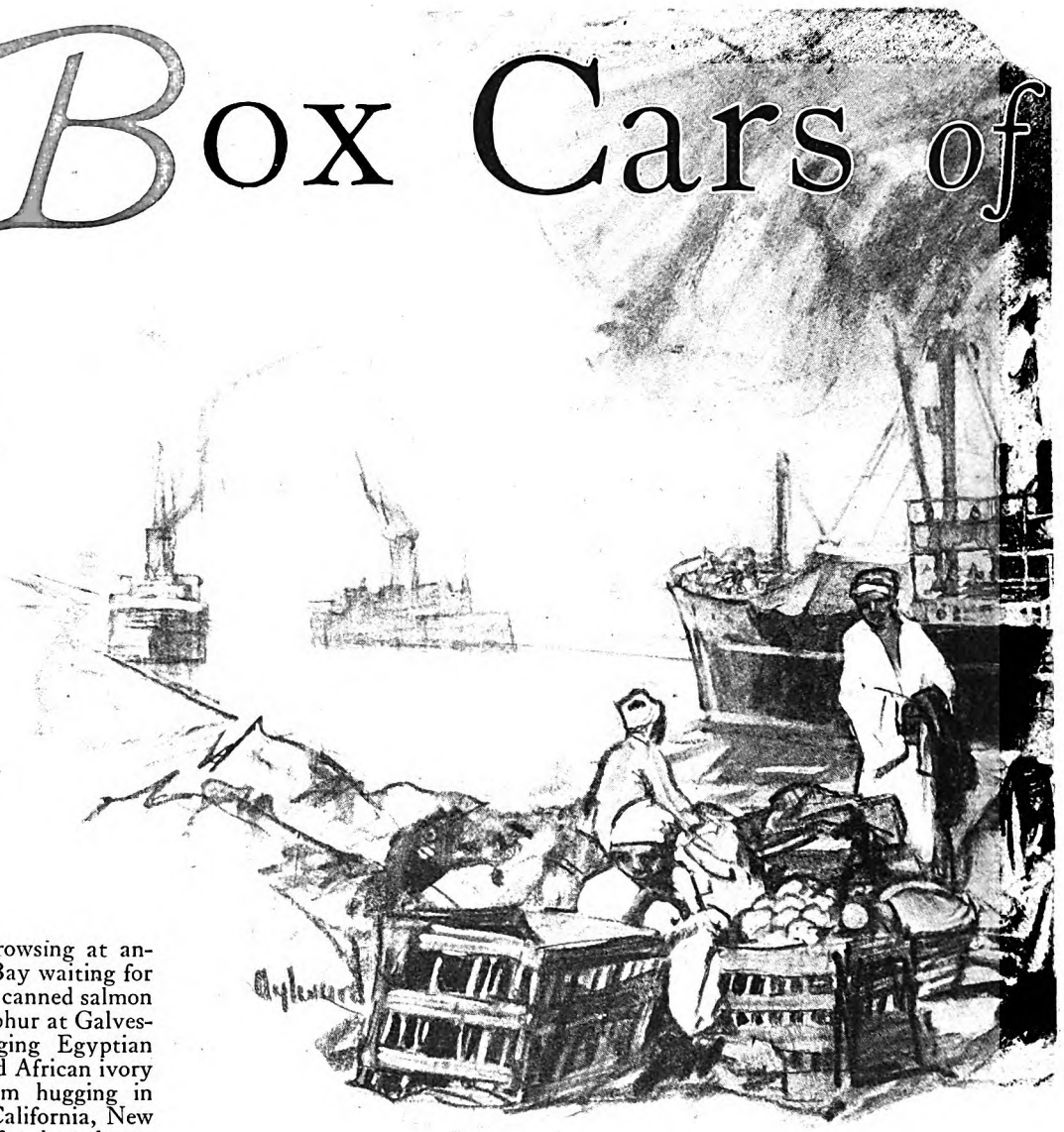
Box Cars of

What you eat, what you wear, the price of everything you sell or buy, is affected, maybe controlled, by these battered, plodding roamers of the sea



YOU see them drowsing at anchor in Mobile Bay waiting for cargo, or loading canned salmon at Seattle or sulphur at Galveston, or discharging Egyptian cotton, Spanish onions, and African ivory at Boston. You see them hugging in close along the coasts of California, New Jersey, and the Carolinas, for they always cut their routes as short as they safely can. Or you may, from the high, safe promenade of your big passenger liner, spy one of them breasting the fierce Atlantic rollers, taking water over her low deck from stem to stern, and you thank your lucky stars that you are where you are, and then with a shiver dismiss the shabby craft from your mind.

So the freighters go their obscure ways, linking up the commerce of the world. They touch the lives of all of us, sometimes very profoundly. Sometimes the very security of our daily existence depends upon them. Yet what do we know of them?

THEY are the true inheritors of the life of the sea. The passenger ship is a modern invention. Ever since men first ventured upon the sea, they have been building freighters to *go and get* things they wanted. The Greeks built freighters to go and get the wool and wheat of the Black Sea. The Phœnicians built freighters to go and get the tin of Britain. The Romans built freighters to go and get the corn of Egypt. And it was the craving for the spices of the East that lured the Portuguese freighters around the Cape of Good Hope and the Spaniards across the Atlantic to the discovery of a continent of which they had not dreamed.

The freighter began sea life, and it dominates it. If the sea means to you only the Berengaria and the Leviathan and the Ile de France, you will be amazed to realize how overwhelming that domination is. Of the 32,000 ships of the world, nine tenths are freighters. Of ships of one thousand tons or more under the American flag, roughly 200 are passenger vessels and 1,800 are freighters. Any great harbor will give you a sense of that dominance if you look closely at the ships—not so much in the harbor of New York or San Francisco, where ships lie widely scattered at docks or anchorages, but at crossroads such as Genoa, where you see two or three big liners moored at the inner docks, and the freighters encircling the whole narrow harbor, ranked densely two and three deep, ships of every nation, busy with the lading and discharge of the products of the world.

As for size and looks, these freighters are everything and anything—anything from a dirty coaster of a thousand tons or less, with ancient, clanking reciprocating engines, up to a brand-new motor ship as big as the average transatlantic passenger liner. There's nothing handsome about them. They are built square and solid, like boxes—the box cars of the sea.

A high, narrow deck house a little for'ard of 'midships topped by the pilot house and the bridge; a midship house long and low, up through which thrusts the funnel and on which sits the radio shack; three deck spaces crowded with hatches, winches, steam lines, booms, cargo ventilators—that is the average freighter to the outward eye. In the for'ard house live the skipper and the three mates; in the midship house, directly above the roar of the engines, the chief engineer and his three assistants, the oilers, the cooks, and the steward; and in the radio shack above, Sparks, the wireless man, reigns in lordly ease. Away aft, in the poop space, deck hands and firemen bunk and flourish above the grumble of the propeller. Only, it isn't called the poop space; for the crew, in their migration aft from that famous and infamous triangle at the bow of the ship, have carried the word "fo'c's'le" with them!

AMIDSHIPS, a climb down long flights of greasy iron ladders brings you to the peacefully thundering engine-room, and, if the ship is a coal-burner, to the stokehole 'longside it, crowded with grimy, toiling firemen, with gleams from open fire doors flashing on their sweaty, half-naked bodies. What dramas have been set in that dark heart of the ship—what lurid tales chief engineers will tell you of insurrections quelled with a slice bar or a Stillson wrench! And in hours of stress, what scenes of courage or panic!

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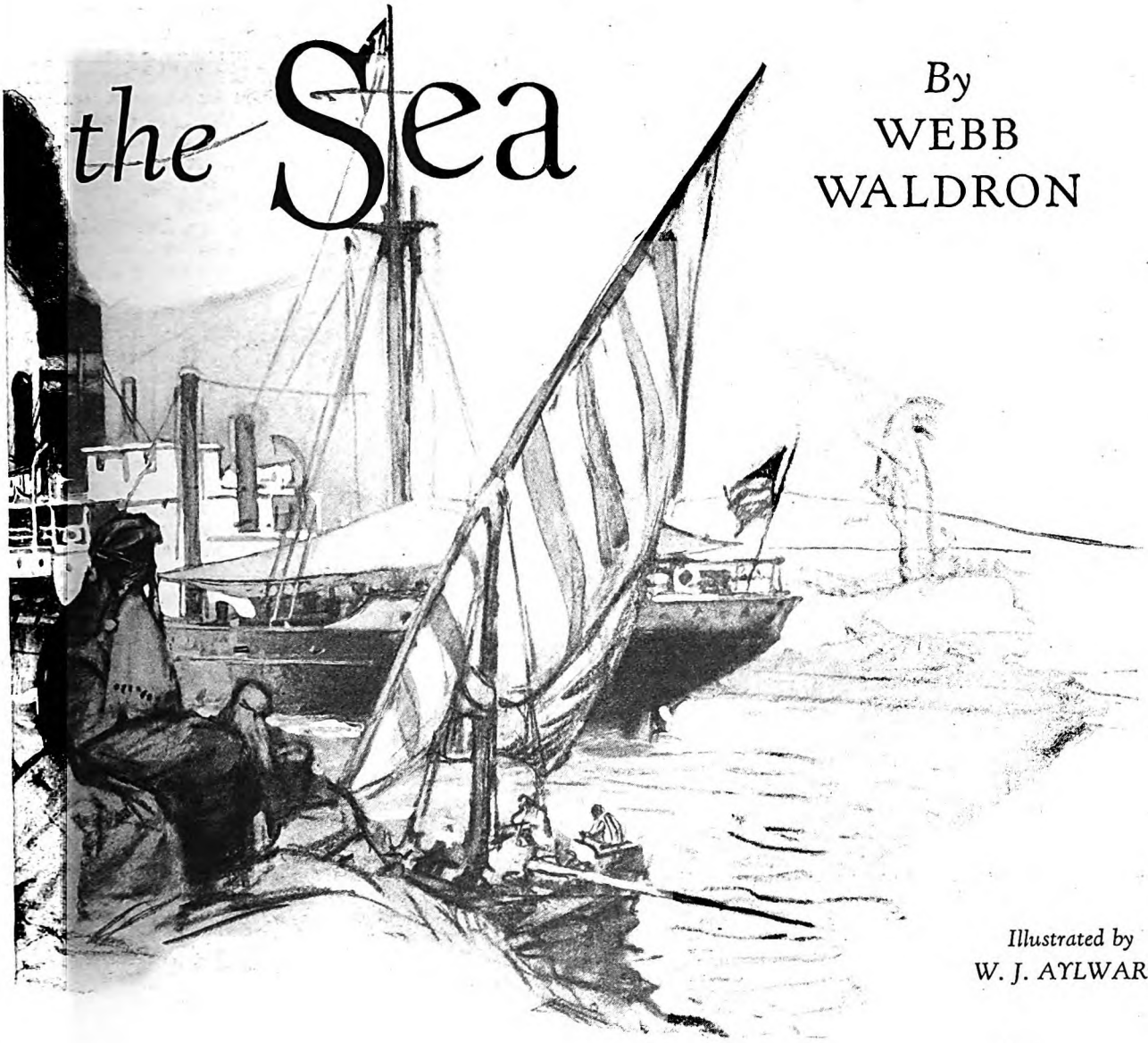
the Sea

By
WEBB
WALDRON



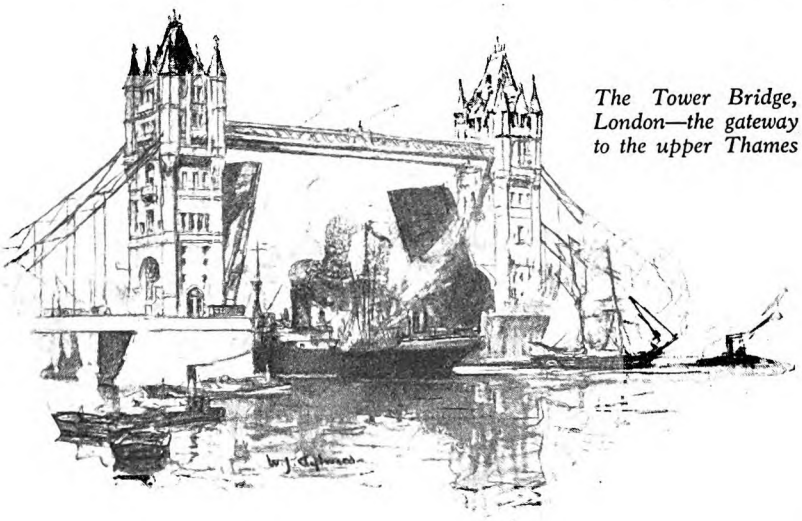
Illustrated by
W. J. AYLWARD

"I stood there in that boiler-room passage four straight hours covering them spiggoties with a gun," an engineer said to me, describing how he kept his firemen at the shovel on a freighter battling desperately against a westbound gale outside of Boston.

Or, if the ship is an oil-burner, all that sweat and clamor have vanished and you find a stealthily quiet fire-room, with one or two men watching the burners. Or, if she is a motor ship, boilers and boiler-room have vanished, and there are only the tall, humming Diesels and the engineer on watch becomes a sort of King Chauffeur. All engineers on the high seas, they tell me, will some day be King Chauffeurs, so fast are motor ships increasing. In 1914, only eleven per cent of the world's tonnage burned oil, either under boilers or in internal combustion engines. Today more than one third of the world's tonnage burns it.

And that proportion will steadily increase, for over half the ships of the world now being built are motor-driven.

As I think of these deck houses and deck spaces and engine-rooms, what flashes of freighter life come back to me! The third mate and the third assistant engineer munching buns and gulping coffee in the pantry on a rainy midnight off Gibraltar and chaffing each other as mates and engineers always do. "God must be an engineer," grumbles the third mate. "There's always something leaking up there." . . . A riotous poker game back in the oi'ers' room. . . . The bridge on an icy night of glittering stars, phosphorescent seas flashing beyond the fo'c's'le head, the officer on watch pacing back and forth in the blackness, the lookout's singsong cry: "All's well; lights burning clear!". . . The drowsy engine-room, the sudden clang of the telegraph, the engineer leaping to the throttle, jerking it down to *Half Speed*, then to *Stop*, and muttering: "What to hell is the old



The Tower Bridge, London—the gateway to the upper Thames

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man doin'? Has he struck a derelict?" The after well deck on a warm Sunday afternoon along the Syrian coast, lines of fresh-washed clothes dangling from the booms, canaries and goldfinches singing in their cages, deck hands sprawled on the hatch covers, and the messman, an ex-prize fighter, giving the second cook a lecture on Socrates. . . . .

"I'D LOVE to take a trip on a tramp steamer," people often say to me when they hear I am just home from a freighter voyage.

"It wasn't a tramp steamer."

"Oh," in a tone of disappointment. "I thought all freighters were tramps."

There is reason for thinking so. Until a few years ago most freighters were tramps—ships that ramble on from port to port as cargoes call them. But the tramp has been doing away with itself. Its interweaving of the oceans has brought the world closer together, built up trade, and so made possible the establishment of regular freighter routes. It is all part of the organization and standardization of the world that we see in every sphere of human life. Fifteen years ago there were still twice as many tramps under the British flag as cargo liners; today the ratio will probably stand the other way. Here, under our flag, we have the immense fleet of the Shipping Board, all running on regular routes to South America, Europe, the Orient. Another thing is the rise of special freighter types—fruit freighters to bring bananas up from Central America and oranges around from California, tankers to carry oil from the Gulf and California to the Atlantic Coast and Europe. And, of course, the most famous special types of all are the Great Lakes carriers which pour a steady stream of red ore and yellow wheat from Lake Superior into the blast furnaces and grain elevators of the East.

The tramps are passing, but they have not yet passed.

Here is the Sea Hobo, for instance, which sailed out of Baltimore a few weeks ago with a cargo of coal for Cuba. On sailing day, Sam McCormick, the chief engineer, told his wife that he would be back home in about three weeks—in time to welcome the new McCormick expected then. The skipper had told Sam that the ship was fixed for a quick return with a cargo of phosphate rock from Tampa to Baltimore.

But when the Sea Hobo made Tampa, ten days later, the captain went ashore and came back with a long face.

"Look here, Chief," he said, "what do you think of this?"

He had an order to take that load of rock, not to Baltimore, but to Shanghai! Another ship under charter to China had had a collision and had gone to dry dock. Which meant that Sam will get home, not in three weeks, but maybe in six months—or maybe in a year. For the Sea Hobo may, in China, get a cargo of tungsten ore and buffalo hides for London, then load coal at Swansea for Buenos Aires, and come back to New York with wool, rosewood, and quebracho extract.

Sea Hobo, indeed!

OF COURSE, a cargo ship may be on a regular run part of the year and a tramp the rest. In the Argentine harvest season, the Sea Hobo may be put on a regular run between New York and the River Plate, taking down automobiles, brass beds, phonographs, fly swatters, adding machines, rubber heels, and movie films, and bringing back wheat. When the wheat-shipping season is over, she'll load coal at Norfolk for Gibraltar, get a cargo of ore in Spain for Antwerp, steam on to Hamburg, there load pulpwood for Boston, then go in ballast to Norfolk, load coal again, be off with it to the West Coast of South America, and come back to Philadelphia with nitrate!

So you see that a few months' history of one tramp steamer gives an amazing picture of the interlacing of the world's life.

I THINK one of the greatest thrills of my life has been to stand at the rail of a freighter and see that life interlace directly under my eyes. As when I saw the Exchester at Palermo discharge over one rail fifty boxes of Pittsburgh tin plate and take on board over the other rail two hundred crates of Sicilian olive oil tinned in Pittsburgh tin. Or when I saw the Extavia at Leghorn put ashore forty-four cases of hat leathers made in Connecticut and take on seventy cases of Leghorn hats sewed with Connecticut hat leathers. Or when I saw the Explorer at Naples exchange twenty-nine boxes of toy balloons made in Brooklyn to delight Italian *bambini* for seventeen boxes of Italian mouth organs destined to tickle the kids of Brooklyn. Or the Exmoor at Marseilles trade forty-five crates of American automobile tires, addressed to Samarang, Java, for two hundred and four cases of Javanese rubber consigned to Akron, Ohio.

Perhaps the apple grower of the Yakima Valley would get the kick I did if he had seen the band of Oriental pirates swarm up the side of our ship, as we came to anchor in Alexandria Harbor, rip off the

The animated harbor of Hong Kong, where all the shipping of the world meets

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Turkish stevedores in their baggy trousers, unloading a freighter, lying in the beautiful Golden Horn, Constantinople

hatch covers and lift out into the dazzling Egyptian sunshine two hundred boxes of ruddy Puget Sound apples. Perhaps the man who screws nut No. 26 into one of the standardized sedans would get the kick I did if he had seen, as I did, one of those sedans swinging out on the end of the boom in stormy Jaffa roadstead, near the spot where the whale swallowed Jonah, while we watched breathless, wondering whether the machine was going to drop into the lighter or plunge into the Mediterranean, and the Levantine stevedores yelled their heads off. Perhaps the Dakota wheat farmer might get a kick too had he seen the Turkish stevedores, with their ridiculously baggy pants, down in our hold shoveling Dakota wheat into buckets, as we lay in the mouth of the Golden Horn,

and had he realized that our box car of the sea, by helping carry away the wheat surplus from America, was doing its vital bit to stabilize the price of his product.

Indeed, do not these shabby box cars of the sea and their voyagings touch the lives of all of us?

BUT the most intriguing thing to me about these sea box cars is the men who sail them.

"Every man who goes to sea has a reason," said Sparks, on the Exoran, a debonair Harvard man whose handsome brow, Cambridge voice, and, above all, whose off-duty spats would have fitted perfectly into a Broad Street bond house or a Madison Avenue advertising agency. He certainly had a reason. I never knew what it was. I have met many others like him, fellows obviously at sea to get away from something—a wife or a woman or a memory or a policeman.

Other men follow the freighters because it is a job like any job ashore. For most deck hands it seems to be just that: an eight-hour day chipping rust with a pneumatic hammer, polishing brass, greasing winches, scrubbing decks, painting deck houses and booms, at twenty dollars a month, board, and bunk for a deck boy, up to fifty-five dollars for an A. B. If these fellows are American-born, probably one of their chief off-duty pastimes will be grousing about the grub, but if they are foreign-born, as they are likely to be, and have served on Norwegian, Greek, or Italian ships, they will dig into the baked beans and bread puddings as luxuriously as if they were boarding at one of the best hotels.

Of course, to such men the voyage means the expectation of the next port and the chance to spend whatever wages they can draw. And how they spend! The longest voyage I have made on a sea box car was one last winter, twenty-two unbroken days from New York to Alexandria, but it was quite long enough for me to understand fully the psychology of that spending. Put a live young fellow through the monotony of those days, the same work, the same food, the same narrow scope of deck or boiler-room, the same empty sea or stretch of barren coast, then suddenly release him into the amazing streets of an Oriental city, alive with strange color, sound, smell, where he is led on in a happy gang of his pals—do you wonder he comes back to the ship in the morning with an empty pocket and a buzzing head?

"Say," said one of these happy-go-luckies, "what do you think of them guys that work on them tankers running around between San Pedro and New York? Twenty-eight days at sea, one day in port, and then twenty-eight days at sea again. That's some life!"

BUT you will also find in the freighter fo'c's'les a sprinkling of young fellows from Eastern seaboard towns and the Middle West merely out to see the world, with no idea except to sail for a voyage or two. Since they have gone to sea for fun, the monotony of it is no monotony at all, and being boys of adventurous, inquiring minds, they are more interested in quaint market places, ancient castles, cathedrals, and catacombs than in waterfront cabarets. I remember a husky, likable boy of eighteen, brought up on a Minnesota farm, who had quit the Minneapolis high school, beat his way to New York, and got a job as deck boy on a box car of the sea. The girls in the dives in Marseilles and Genoa did not attract him, and he constituted himself a guardian for older and weaker souls. Late at night he could be seen coming down the dock supporting a limp fellow sailor under each arm.

You will find, too, in the freighter fo'c's'les a few earnest fellows ambitious to make the sea as (*Continued on page 150*)

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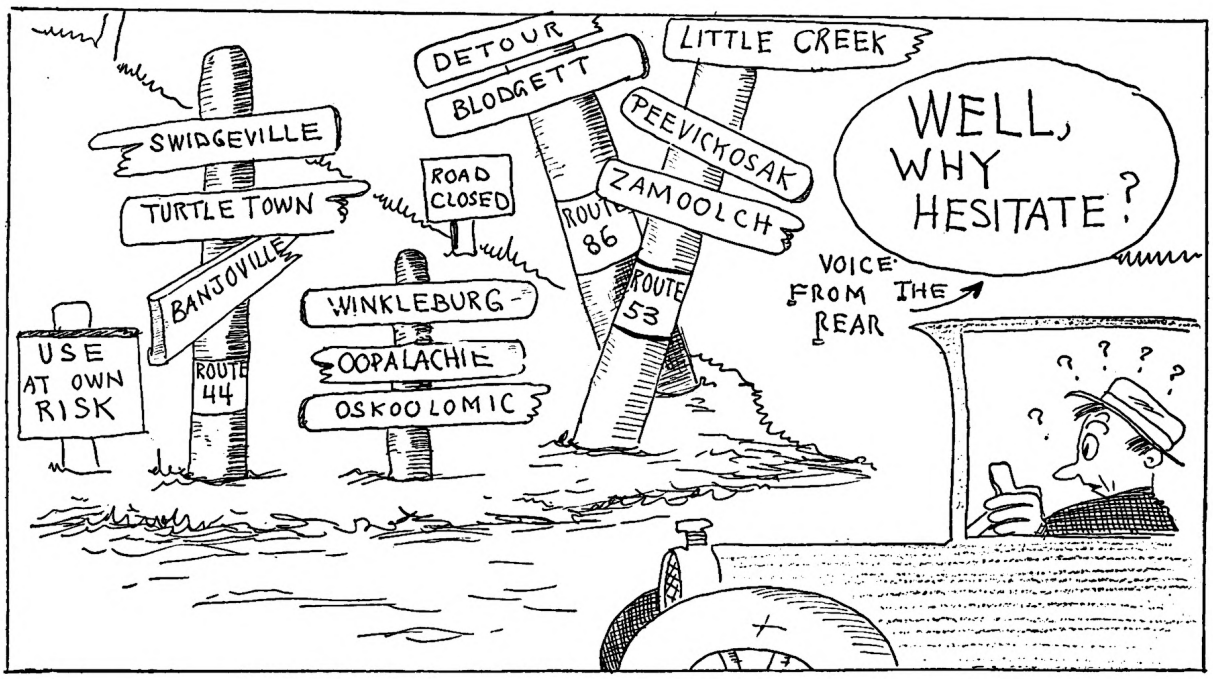

"The Crossroads"

One *Bad Turn* Deserves Another

Wherein a *Wrong Fork Picker* discovers *Back-Seat Driving* over a long distance has its advantages because it feels so good when it stops

By H. I. PHILLIPS

"LET'S go for a little auto ride—" The next time I hear that suggestion I'll put new tires on the car, stow a cookstove, mattress, table, alarm clock, and dungarees aboard, don an explorer's costume, strap a raft and Boy Scout outfit on the roof, and put a sign on the office door: "Out of Town Indefinitely."

A "little ride" in these days of good roads and good-will flights may mean anything from a run to the ice cream parlor to a transcontinental journey. I started on a trip of a few hundred miles recently and before I got back I had covered 3,000 knots, and for no good reason.

I can't quite figure out whether I've developed eagle wings or cuckoo feathers.

Until the past few months a long-distance motor trip was my favorite aversion. A fifty-mile ride was to me what that New York-to-Paris hop was to Lindy. Although I had had an automobile for ten years, my maximum mileage for any one day had been seventy-five miles. I was good only for short hauls. People who got behind radiator ornaments and tried to see how much scenery they could bounce through in a day impressed me as a little warped.

Came the dawn!

Now I'm in a bad way. Road maps have become a vice. Route numbers on telegraph poles fill me with the urge to set a new record for sustained flights through wrong detours. Arrows on signposts fascinate me. Clusters of direction signs at crossroads give me that wild-duck feeling.

I am as uneasy in one spot as an ambassador of good will with a government plane.

Six months ago, if Mrs. Phillips had suggested a drive of one hundred miles, I would have given her a frappéd stare and demanded, "Who's threatened us?"

Today, should she suggest a thousand-mile spin, I would probably reply, "What fun do you see in a trip hardly out of sight of the garage? Why not take a real ride?"

Which, when I consider all the back-seat driving I have to stand for, is quite remarkable. I don't have a grand and glorious time on a long automobile trip, inasmuch as I suffer from overdirection.

My main trouble is that too often I use the wrong fork.

Whenever there is a choice of two roads, I have a talent for taking the wrong one. This provides a lot of additional and unexpected scenery, but Mrs. Phillips prefers to take her landscapes according to the directions in the guidebook, and it leads to considerable caustic comment back and forth.

A car divided against itself cannot make headway.

If the alarming divorce rate in this country is to be cut down, it will be accomplished largely by building automobiles so that the rear seats will face backwards.

I never knew what my capacity for abuse was until I made this 3,000-mile tour, the greater part of which, I admit, was spent backing out of wrong alleys, wriggling out of roads opened by mistake, and parking at unmarked intersections waiting for an opportunity to speak in rebuttal of my wife's contention that anybody but a fool would have sensed he was off the right route long ago.

STILL, there is such a thing as becoming so accustomed to back-seat driving that one has to have it in regular doses. I have become an addict. Without it I am lost. (Even with it I am lost, as a matter of fact, most of the time.)

Whenever I come to a confusing crossroad I stop instinctively and await orders from the rear. They are always forthcoming except when the wife has swooned or I am riding alone.

It is a long jump from fifty or seventy-five miles of back-seat driving to a 3,000-mile word barrage, but I am not naturally quick on the verbal comeback, and on a long journey I get more time to think up

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cutting answers to the red-hot denunciations of me as a person unfit to have the care and custody of a steering wheel.

Consequently, looking back on my first long automobile trip, it wasn't so bad, and I am in the market for more punishment.

"There is no fun taking a long motor trip," I had said only a week before the trip began. "An automobile is all right for getting here and there quickly over short distances, but there is nothing in these all-day drives."

AND then, out of a clear sky, I drove from New York to Florida and back, taking Mrs. Phillips and the dog. The dog was the real reason for the trip. We could have made the journey in better time and more comfortably, all things considered, by train. When riding on a train, Mrs. Phillips always leaves the driving exclusively to the engineer. She seems to trust him implicitly. Even when the train gives alarmingly sudden lurches or devotes a half-hour or more to switching operations, she takes it all calmly and never attempts to convey to the engineer the idea that he is on the wrong road and should go back and turn a sharp left by the fire house.

Last winter we were aboard a train which was shunted first one way and then another so many times in the terminals at Washington and Richmond that I took it for granted the crew were using an old A. A. A. blue book. Yet Mrs. Phillips voiced no desire to go forward to the cab and run the train herself.

For this reason I much prefer riding with her in a train, even if the engineer is a new hand and is just learning the route.

Our original destination was Pinehurst, North Carolina, where the golf fanatics go and where all the boys are lopsided from carrying overloaded golf bags shipped south by paunchy Northerners who would play much better golf if they had but one club. We had made the trip once by train, but couldn't sleep much because of the rattle of niblicks in the baggage car.

Still, it is the kind of trip that would be taken by automobile only by persons who wanted to do a thing the more difficult and bothersome way. The train takes you there overnight. You climb aboard a Pullman at five o'clock in the afternoon in the Pennsylvania Station, have dinner, retire when you like, and find yourself at Pinehurst at breakfast-time the next morning. If you are a sound sleeper, it is almost like taking a trip between two points while under ether. To go by automobile takes two days, with your foot on the gas all the way, and brings you to your destination too tired to play golf and too irritable to like anybody who does.

It is a good deal like being asked by Lindbergh to fly with him from St. Louis to Mexico City, but declining in order to make the trip on a high-wheeled bicycle by way of Russia and the Orient.

Mrs. Phillips realized this. She is as good a judge of distance as I am. But there was the dog, a Boston bull called "Penny." I don't know where he got the name. He had it when we bought him. Somebody said it was given him because, as a puppy, he didn't look as if he would ever be worth a nickel.

He has a tourist complex, and is particularly partial to motoring. Say "Automobile ride" and he will sit up and beg for it. Say "Railroad train" and he will show no interest. That's how the Florida trip got its start. Mrs. Phillips detected what she took to be a pitiful expression in Penny's eyes as we looked over railroad time-tables.

"WHY not take him in the baggage car?" I asked.

"He hates baggage cars." she replied. "He would be miserable all the way down and back. I don't see why we can't make the trip by automobile. What's the bus for, anyhow?"

"I think he will be quite comfortable in the baggage car," I argued.

"With some strange old baggageman?" demanded the wife.

"Well, maybe there'll be a young and friendly baggageman on that run, a nice, likable baggageman who loves to play with dogs and will sit up all night and feed him liver," I suggested.

Mrs. Phillips was obdurate. I somehow felt that she was on the point of suggesting that as a compromise she and Penny would ride in the compartment and I could sit in the baggage car and be fed liver by some nice, friendly, likable young baggageman.

The Author tries to reason it out with the hound

Well, I don't like being checked through in a baggage car, either, and I hate liver. So I decided to make the trip by automobile, never suspecting that before I got back I would have covered almost as much territory as Ringling Brothers' Circus or that I was in for the back-seat-driving ordeal of my life. Had I known what lay ahead, I would not only have made the trip by rail in the baggage car and eaten liver, I would have made it on the locomotive cowcatcher and eaten, raw, the cows that it caught.

Before I got as far as the Holland Tunnel I had taken my first wrong road, and by the time I emerged from Jersey City I had left myself wide open to charges of incompetency, indecision, the blind staggers, and what have you.

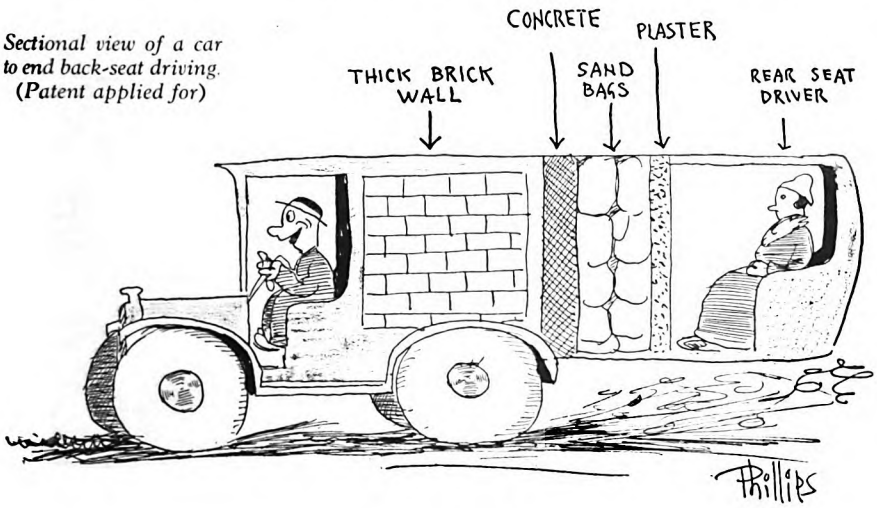
I'm that kind of driver and I admit it.

I achieve a given point in time, but I am prone to turn left at the soldiers' monument instead of the gas works and turn right at the library instead of the soap factory. This gives Mrs. Phillips the big advantage of the second guess, but almost always leaves her in the position of having known better in the first place. It is all very embarrassing.

ANYWAY, I managed to go on through Elizabeth and New Brunswick without getting into de Russey's lane, and on through Princeton without looping the stadium more than twice or getting stalled under the goal posts. Philadelphia gave me my first hard battle. Getting in and out of the City of Brotherly Love and Unbrotherly Signposts is always a good trick, if you do it. It always bothered Houdini more than any other feat. I finally made it despite a hot debate on the subject, "Resolved: That all men are created stupid," with Mrs. Phillips taking the affirmative.

Then I took a wrong fork again, and instead of sticking to the road through Wilmington, found myself on a back route via the Conowingo Dam. I pretended that I had chosen this road deliberately to see the dam, but Mrs. Phillips, whose interest in all dams is practically nil, was quite disturbed, and the dog didn't seem to like being carried out of his way much, either. We rolled on into Baltimore without speaking, which is a (*Continued on page 124*)

Sectional view of a car to end back-seat driving. (Patent applied for)



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Illustrated by
HERBERT PAUS

The Perfidy of Woman

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO

THE morning was one of those which gave June its reputation. Maples and elms were weighted with green, birds were caroling their love songs, bees and the scent of roses were upon the air.

An elderly gentleman sat reading the newspaper on a cool corner of the piazza; now and then, with a quirk of the lips, he looked over his glasses at a small boy decked in parts of a scout's uniform who was trying to fit a rope harness on a bored and aged collie, or at another boy crouched on the piazza steps, his chin in his hands, his eyes fixed upon the road along which the rural-delivery flivver might appear at any moment.

It was no less a person than Skidmore who sat crouched on the steps; Skidmore, the captain of the third football team of the Academy; Skidmore, the beau, the dandy, the suave and poised example; Skidmore, the mightiest over of all the erstwhile sophomores; but now, after only ten days at home, shorn of his grandeur, by his mother's command and the exigencies of family life become a chore-boy, a butt, an insignificant unit of the family cosmos—in fact, only Skidmore.

His soul would have been sunk in bitterness had it not been for his convictions concerning the inevitable and utter blindness of families in general, and for the daily visits of the mail carrier.

In front of him, on the grass, was a lawn mower. It was definitely detached from Skidmore, but its handle pointed to the gangling male creature humped there in contemplation. Its silence brought Mrs. Harrington to a window.

"Skidmore," she asked superfluously, "have you finished the lawn?" When her son neither moved nor answered, she asked more emphatically, "Skidmore, did you hear me?"

The figure on the steps did not move, but a muffled voice emerged from it. "Oh, gee, Ma, what's the hurry?"

"The lawn has got to be mowed by lunch-time," his mother informed him, "and you are not likely to get it done by sitting there star-gazing."

"Star-gazing—! Can't a feller ever think, around this dump? I should think you'd be glad to have somebody in this family do a little thinking once in a while. I should—"

"All right—think about mowing the lawn. Please get to work, Skidmore."

"I don't see why I'm expected to do all the work on this place, Mother. Why can't Dick mow the old lawn? I don't see what use that kid is, anyway."

His mother's voice took on that most exasperating of all parental tones the one of bored and weary patience. "You've got to be in town at the dentist's at two," she reminded him. "Don't let me speak to you again!"

"Why?" asked Skidmore, his spine straightening. "Now, why? I just wish somebody'd tell me why I've got to go to the dentist's. I haven't got the toothache. There isn't any sense in it. I wish somebody would—"

"Lunch will be ready at half past twelve." His mother's voice faded somewhat as she retreated from the window. "You can't go to town with *those* trousers on."

SKIDMORE sank upon himself again and resumed his watching of the road; when the flivver appeared at last, he unfolded himself and loped towards the gateway; his grandfather, eying him, bit his lip. The postman handed out a catalog of chicken-feed, two bills, a letter for Mr. Harrington and another for Skidmore's mother from his aunt. Then, at Skidmore's expression of dawning dismay, he hunted elaborately through his bundle of letters and produced an envelope that was gay with two-cent stamps.

"Well, well, here it is, after all!" he exclaimed. But before putting it into Skidmore's outstretched hand he poised his eyeglasses before his nose and inspected the address. "Yes, that's correct. It's for you," said he, and handed it over.

"You think you're funny," said Skidmore, and started to walk away. But when the carrier, leaning over the side of the car, called to him, he went back; once she had sent two letters the same day.

"If I was you," said the carrier with confidential seriousness, "I'd tell that girl of yours she's just wasting her good money, spending twelve cents a day on a letter that don't get to you any quicker on account of it."

"Yeah—and let her know I live in a hick place like this, where there's only rural delivery," said Skidmore bitterly.

The postman chuckled and passed on. Skidmore dropped all of the mail except the special-delivery letter into the gal-

"Five nothin'," said Mike, a glint appearing in his eye. "Fifteen I'm askin' for it, and I'll lose money on it at that"

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vanized mail box beside the gate. As he skirted the house towards the seclusion of the barn he repeated to himself:

"Let a girl like Eileen Pendergast know what kind of a place I live in! Let a girl like Eileen Pendergast know my family's nothing but rubes! Let her know they're the kind of people that expect a man like me to cut their old grass! Sure, I'll tell her—a girl like Eileen Pendergast!"

Back of the barn, out of sight of the family, he opened his letter; when he had read it he stood for a while in a trance of meditation, his eyes round, his mouth slightly open.

HE WAS a trifle late for lunch, but he was immaculately groomed for town.

"Did you finish the lawn?" his mother asked, eying him appraisingly.

"Well, I haven't exactly finished all of it yet, but I thought you'd rather have me get ready for town," said he. "You wanted me to get ready for the dentist's, didn't you? I wouldn't want to be late for the dentist's. . . . Say, Ma, you couldn't just gi' me about a dollar and a half, or a dollar seventy-five, could you?"

"You've already had your allowance this week."

"Well—but—I got to have carfare, haven't I?"

"He's got to buy some stamps to write to his girl," the small boy across the table said pensively.

"You shut up!" Skidmore threw at him; and Mrs. Harrington remonstrated:

"Now, Skidmore, there's no necessity for your talking to your brother in that way."

"Well, that's all right, Ma, but I got to have some money. No kiddin'. I got—there's something I got to do. Please, Mother."

"You won't need any carfare today, son," said his grandfather with a twinkle. "I'm going to the dentist's too. You can drive in and out with me."

"Oh, gosh," said Skidmore, gloomily.

But when his grandfather suggested his doing the driving, Skidmore brightened; on the way home, although his grandfather would not let him pass many cars, he brightened still more.

"I suppose a fellow does need a little extra funds now and again," the old gentleman said, apropos of nothing in particular.

"Yeah," Skidmore agreed.

"Er—flowers?" his grandfather asked vaguely. "Or candy?"

"Well—no," said Skidmore. "It's for—for me."

"Oh," said Mr. Harrington. "How much do they give you regularly, Skiddy?"

"One buck a week," his grandson informed him, bitterness speeding the words. "And I call that a pretty measly allowance for a feller of my age. Lots of the fellers at school get two or three times that, and more. Fellers not as old as I am, some of 'em."

"H'm . . . We might double it, I should think, if—ah—if it remained between ourselves, man to man."

"Thanks a lot," Skiddy said gruffly.

"I hope that will help," said his grandfather.

"Sure," Skiddy agreed; but there was something in his voice that caused the old gentleman to glance at his grandson out of the tail of his eye.

"Or perhaps even that isn't enough," he suggested.

"Oh, sure! Thanks a lot, Grandpa. But—well, the fact is, I just got to have some money. Right now, I mean. I—I just got to do something. Honest. No kiddin'."

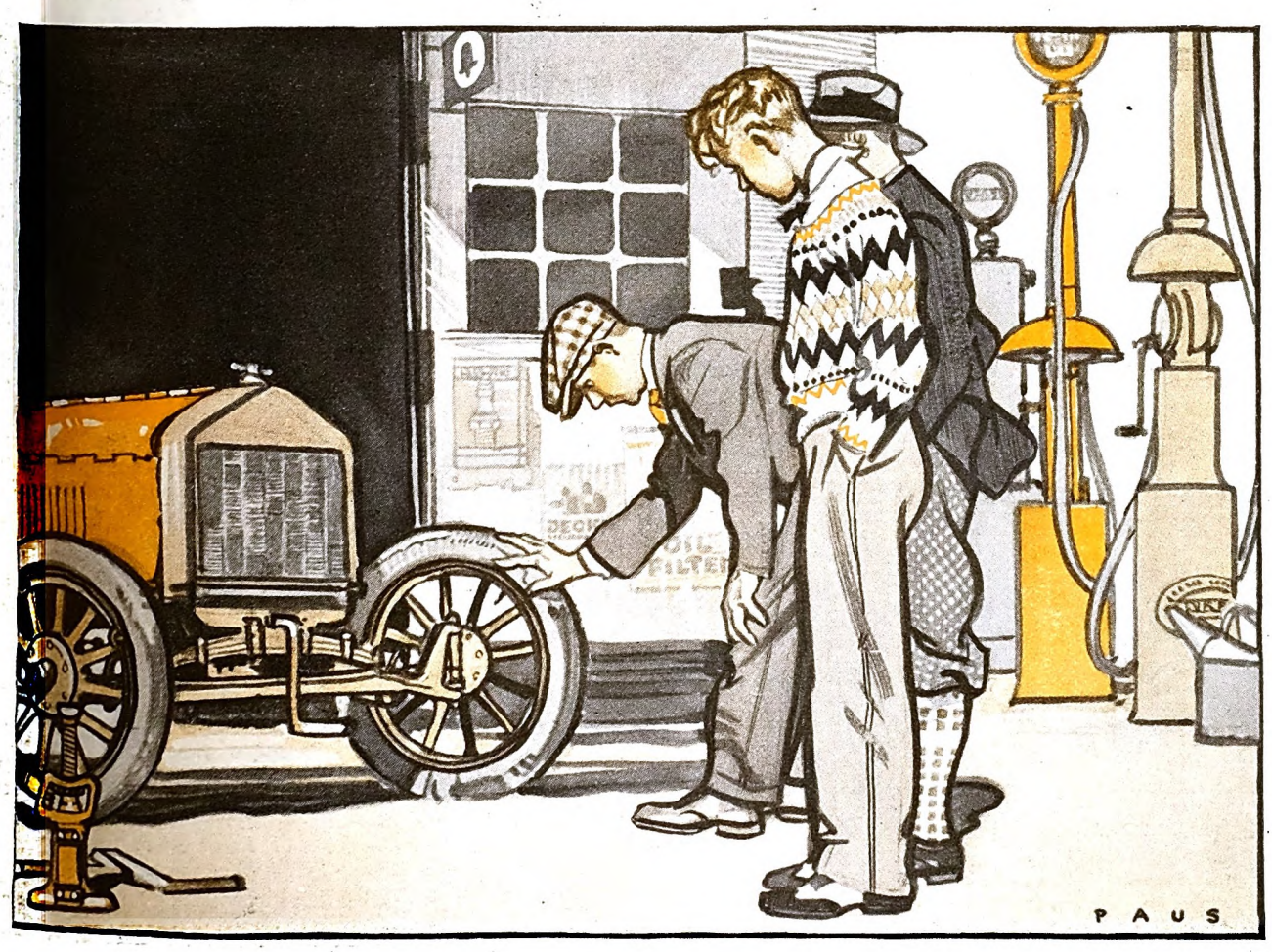
"That does happen to all of us. H'm. You've got a birthday coming, I believe. There might be some—er—discussion if I advanced the whole of your present. But would five dollars help?"

"Oh, gosh, yes!" Skiddy's eyes brightened. The car swerved to the side of the road, was righted. . . .

THERE was no one on the piazza; when something passed from his grandfather's hand to his own, Skidmore went directly up to his room, closed the door, and set a chair under the door-knob. Then from under the paper of his top bureau drawer he extracted eleven special-delivery letters and some coins. These he counted—eighty-three cents in all; then he re-read the last of the letters. For a time he stood dreaming; but when he put the letters away again, with the coins and the five-dollar bill, he said aloud:

"That's out by Belair. Gosh, I just got to get more money somehow!"

He slumped down on the edge of the bed; gradually a look of intelligence replaced the one of yearning. He got up and opened his closet door, scrambled about among the soiled garments and the impedimenta he had brought home from school, until he found a pair of battered shin-guards and a saxophone that he had recently bought from a senior in the hope of being able to join the school band next year. He took the chair away from the door, seated himself again, and put the instrument to his unaccustomed lips. As



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he had foreseen, it was not so long before his brother appeared in the doorway.

"Gee," said Dick, "I didn't know you could play on that thing, Skiddy. Mother says please to stop it."

"You get out o' here," said Skidmore, but mildly, and resumed his practicing.

Dick's look was fixed upon the shin-guards. Slowly he crossed the room, picked them up.

"Say, you don't want to touch those, kid," Skiddy warned him in a kind, elder-brotherly voice that fell pleasurably on young Richard's ears. "Those shin-guards are kind o'—well, kind o' sacred. Those shin-guards played in the game between Deerfield and Loomis."

"Gee," said Dick again. "Could I—could I just maybe try 'em on, Skiddy?"

"Well. But you better handle 'em carefully."

Dick put on the shin-guards; they came well above his knees, but undoubtedly they glorified him.

"Anybody'd think you played football yourself," Skidmore remarked.

"Say, Skid, I wish—I wish I had some shin-guards like these," Dick said wistfully.

"I wouldn't want to sell those," Skiddy told him. "Anyway, they'd be worth a lot o' money."

"How much?"

"Oh, more'n you've got, kid. More'n you'd have if you borrowed your next week's allowance, even. Better take 'em off. I got to be puttin' 'em away again."

"Gee," said Dick, "I didn't know you could play on that thing, Skiddy"

"I got nineteen cents, and if Mamma'd give me my quarter in advance, I'd have twenty-five cents more."

"Take 'em off, kid, take 'em off. You don't want any shin-guards like those. They're man's stuff, they are. Go on, now, do as I tell you. I haven't got any time to fool with little boys. I got that lawn to finish."

"I'll mow the lawn for you, Skiddy."

"You don't even know whether Ma'll give you that quarter."

"I can find out," said Dick.

A few minutes thereafter Skidmore extracted a pencil and paper. "Five eighty-three and nineteen and twenty-five," he said, as he wrote down the figures. "That's six twenty-seven. Oh, gosh—I just *got* to get that money!"

AFTER dinner he wandered down the road, his hands in his pockets, thought upon his brow. His classmate, Rodney White, known in the school as Fatty, lived half a mile beyond; from his parental domain Rodney recognized Skiddy and hailed him. But Skidmore's thoughts were not to be distracted; with no response whatever to Fatty's greeting, he passed on. Beyond a far turn he came to a garage; various more or less derelict cars were in the open space back of it, but with no more than a glance in their direction, Skidmore entered the building. Once again he was the poised, genial, nonchalant youth that Deerfield knew.

"H'are you, Mike? How's business with you?" he asked debonairly. From some very private recess he extracted a package of cigarettes and proffered them. "Have one—?"

"Hello, there, Skiddy," Mike returned, and, standing under the No Smoking sign, struck a match. "Haven't seen you for a long time—not since day before yesterday. Come to buy that limousine?"

Skidmore laughed, waved the hand that held his smoke. "Quit kiddin'!" said he. "What'd I want with any ol' cut-down flivver? We got two cars on the place now."

Mike cocked his head. "Two?"

"Sure. M' grandfather's visiting us. He lets me have the use of his car all I want, so what'd I want to buy one for? Costs something to run most any kind of a car, these days."

"You'd have a lot o' fun with your own car, though," Mike submitted. "And that car don't eat any gas. Why, you can get twenty-five to a gallon with that car, stripped the way it is, easy. Maybe more."

"Yeah—stripped," Skiddy laughed. "You said it!"

Mike looked indignant. "Now, you come out here," said he, and led the way to the space where the turned-ins stood. Skiddy was aware that a portly form had drawn near; but beyond a mere nod, he paid no attention to Fatty. Mike stopped before a small and battered chassis that leaned wearily forward upon its tireless front wheels.

"Look at that, now," said he, waving enticingly. "What's the matter with that car? I'm askin' you!"

Skiddy smiled; his eyebrows went up as he exhaled a plume of smoke. "That what, did you say?"

"Well, it was a cut-down you was askin' about the other day, wasn't it? Ain't that a cut-down?"

"Looks more like a washout," said Skidmore, and laughed aloud. "Look at it—!"

"Well, what do you think you get with a cut-down, anyway?" Mike asked, with mounting injury. "A Fletcher body?"

Fatty had raised one side of the battered hood. "Looks like a pretty good engine," said he.

"Sure, it's a good engine," Mike agreed. "Of course, she needs a couple o' tires. And there ain't any windshield. And you'd have to fix on some sort of a seat, maybe. But—"

"Me? Me fix on a seat? Come, come, my friend," said the lordly Skidmore, "take a good look at me—!"

"Oh, well—I'd throw in a seat for a dollar. Even so, that car's a real bargain at fifteen."

"Mike, you amuse me. You ought to go in the Follies as a funny man."

"Oh, well, fourteen, then. Twelve. Why, you could hit up to thirty-five miles an hour in that car, easy."

Again Skidmore laughed. "Why, son, I hit it up to seventy in my grandfather's car this afternoon, coming out from town. Passed everything on the road. That's a real car."

"Eleven-fifty," said Mike. "Or, seein' it's an old friend like you, eleven. But that's a flat price. I ain't makin' any profit on it, either."

Skidmore walked wearily but slowly away, in the direction of home. But Mike did not call after him, and presently he realized that Fatty was puffing along a step behind him. As they neared the White place, Fatty drew up beside him and asked, awed and respectful:

"Say, Skiddy, did you really hit it up to seventy—no kiddin'? Gee, that must be some engine!"

Skidmore tossed his cigarette away with a languid gesture. "Oh, run along, Glucose, run along," was all his reply.

HE AWOKE in the morning to the sound of the lawn mower and to other sounds from the kitchen, below his room, that proclaimed breakfast over and the dishes under way. It was not worth while, he thought, to encounter his mother until Dick had finished the lawn; he went down the back stairs, consumed some light nourishment in the kitchen, skirted the house, and took his place against the gate-post nearest the letter box. When the carrier drew up, he looked mournfully at Skiddy and held out his hand.

"Shake," said he.

Skiddy had stepped forward hopefully, but he stopped, frowned. "What for?" he asked suspiciously.

"I want you should forgive me. It ain't my fault."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Skidmore. "Kindly give me my mail. I'm busy this morning."

"That's what I was talking about," said the postman. "You'd better remain

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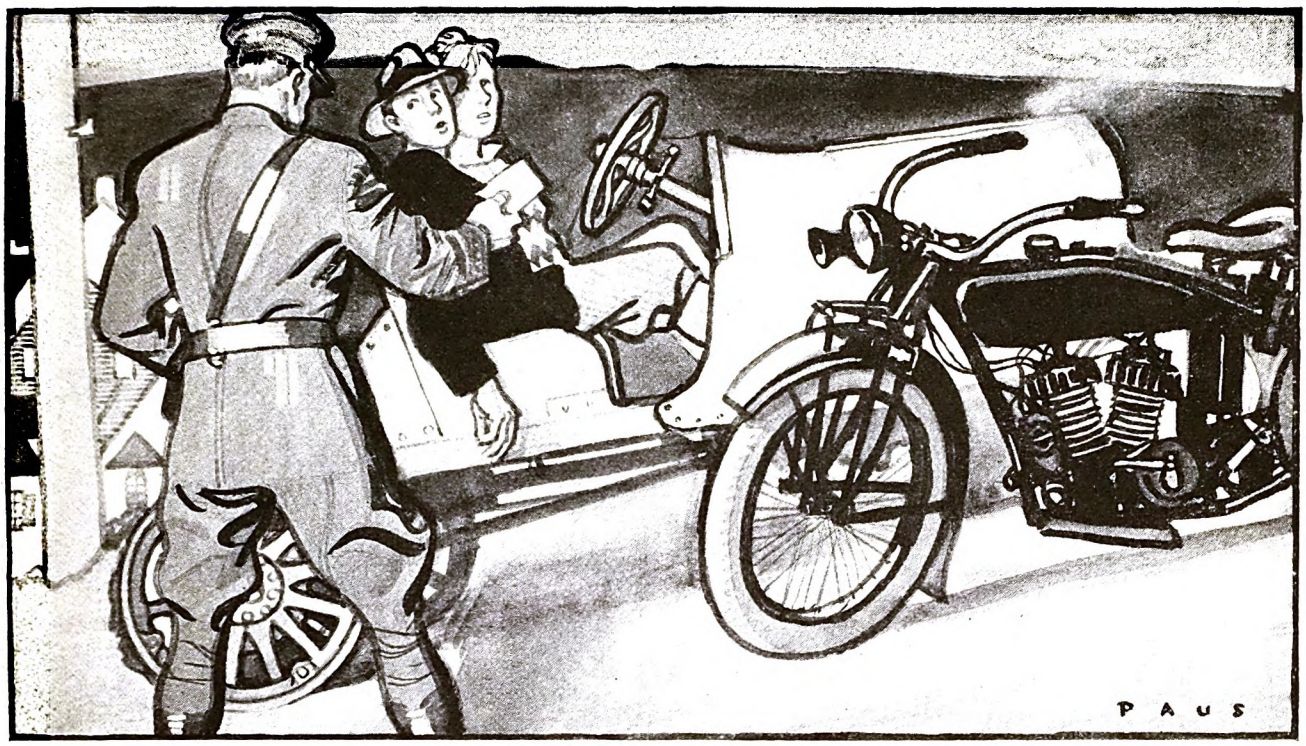

"I've got you on six counts ***at least,"*** *said the officer.* ***"Heaven help whoever'll have to pay your fines!"***

a bachelor like me. Women ain't to be trusted—none of 'em. She—" he pretended to swallow, to wipe his eyes, to swallow again— "she ain't written you a letter since day before yesterday."

"Oh, you go fry yourself!" Skiddy blazed forth. "I wasn't expecting any!"

Yet, as the postman disappeared, he repeated aloud, "I just got to get hold o' some money. Good gosh, I just got to!"

HE HEARD his mother calling him, so he walked off up the road; there was nothing to take him in the direction of the garage. He scarcely knew where he was wandering; when the sound of a lawn mower penetrated to his consciousness, he actually started. But it was not his lawn mower. He had come to a part of the community where the places were smaller, and a young woman was pushing a mower over a bit of front yard. Almost at once a speculative look came into his eyes; again he was ennobled by his best school manner.

"Good morning, Mrs. McLane," said he. "Isn't that rather heavy work for you? I'd be very pleased to do it for you."

The lady looked at him over the handlebar. "Oh! It's Skidmore Harrington, isn't it? Why, it's awfully kind of you, Skidmore. My bridge club is coming this afternoon, and the boy that mows the lawn didn't show up."

"It would be a pleasure to help you," said Skidmore; and before he had finished, the lady next door came out and asked him to mow her lawn too. . . .

"Six twenty-seven and fifty and thirty-five," he repeated on his way home. "Seven and five is twelve and one to carry, three, and—gosh, I wish I had a pencil. But that ain't enough. I just got to get some more, somehow."

His mother, it seemed, had nothing to say about Dick and the lawn; Skiddy was most assiduous at the lunch table, forestalling every need of Mrs. Harrington and his grandfather, even conversing pleasantly with his brother. As they were finishing the meal he asked:

"Oh—er—by the way, Ma, would you mind if I asked George Carey out for dinner? Or maybe to spend the night?"

His mother eyed him with speculation. "I suggested your asking George out last week, Skidmore, and you called him a—something, and refused."

"A wet smack," Dick supplied, and added "Ouch!" as Skidmore kicked him under the table.

"Oh, well, I guess maybe I was upset about something," said Skidmore. "Old George is all right. Can I ask him out, Ma?"

"Skidmore," said his mother, "you're up to something. You haven't been like yourself for days. What's the matter?"

"Good gosh, can't a feller even try to do a good deed in this family without getting accused of something? I only wanted to ask him out because his mother's a friend of yours and I thought maybe he was lonesome in town. But if you don't want me to, all right! All—*right!*"

"Your opinion of George has changed very suddenly," his mother dryly observed.

But Skidmore sensed a weakening; he assumed a mature, judicial manner. "Oh, no; oh, no," said he. "I never had anything against George, personally. Maybe he's not so very popular in my crowd at school, and all that. The fellers think he's snooty because he's so lousy."

Grandpa Harrington had pushed back his chair and started towards the door, but at that remark he turned.

"What! What's that? What's that word you used before your mother, young man?" he demanded.

"Oh, that's all right, Father," Mrs. Harrington assured him. "Skidmore was not being biological. I believe he means nothing worse than that George is suspected of being purse-proud."

"Well, what do you think?" Skiddy's indignation was intense, but his grandfather left the room hurriedly. "I only meant that George is so dirty rich and behaves like a stuffed shirt about it. Gee, can't a feller even talk English in this family without somebody raising a stink?"

"You may ask George out, Skidmore," said his mother as she, too, left the table.

GEORGE was, indeed, a person of rather lordly manner, and dapper; but it was plain to everyone that Skidmore's unlooked-for attention gave him considerable pleasure and satisfaction. At the dinner table he hung upon Skidmore's words; his manners were a trifle awed, but excellent. After dinner the two strolled together in the direction of the garage; apparently Skidmore did most of the talking, but the interested look in George's eyes was answer enough. Rodney hailed them as they passed the Whites' house, and received the briefest of greetings; to the garage man both were more genial. Skiddy's manner, in fact, was quite jocular.

"You'd never believe it, George," said he, "but my little (*Continued on page 144*)

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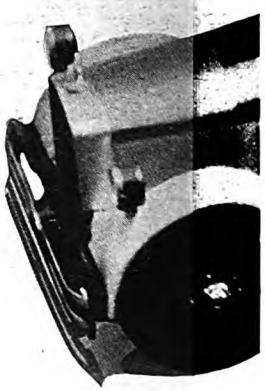
The BUS —a New Giant in Transportation



By LEWIS R. FREEMAN

SIX days ago I was in New York; today I am steaming down the west coast of Mexico *en voyage* to Panama. In the interim I have crossed the continent on air and rubber—journeyed from the Atlantic to the Pacific by continuous motorbus travel.

Four years ago—away back in the Covered Wagon days of the motorbus, when the parlor coach de luxe of the present was a jitney pup—I attempted a similar ocean-to-ocean traverse. At the end of three weeks' time—by the use of thirty or forty bus lines, four electrics, and three steam railways—I had reached the Pacific, but only at a cost twice that of rail travel and more tired physically than I have been at the end of a year in the wilds of Africa or the Arctic.

The motorbus has rolled on and on since the winter of 1925, and by early in 1929, there were several through routes by which one could cross the continent by bus in five and a half days—thirty-six hours more than by limited train. With the chaotic conditions of a short four years previous in my mind, a bus traverse in such time seemed fantastic.

The union bus terminal at the rear of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was one of three or four then serving central Manhattan. It was used by a score of lines plying not only to the Pacific but to New England, Florida, Canada, and the Mexican border. At those busy ticket windows I could have purchased transportation to almost any city or hamlet in the United States.

The station manager mentioned apologetically that the terminal was crude and cramped compared with what I should see in Chicago and on the Pacific Coast, but that when New York *did* get under way, it would modernize with a rush—probably with some such place as the ground floor and basement of a thirty- or forty-story terminal-hotel. They already had twelve-story hotel-terminals in California. He regretted that I was not starting a little later so as to take advantage of the new sleeper-buses, with showers, lavatories, buffets, and berths for twenty-six passengers. But he was sure I should find the reclining chairs far from uncomfortable for a night's rest.

Pacific, Atlantic, Canada, Mexico—or where would you? These buses are threading the highways from anywhere to anywhere

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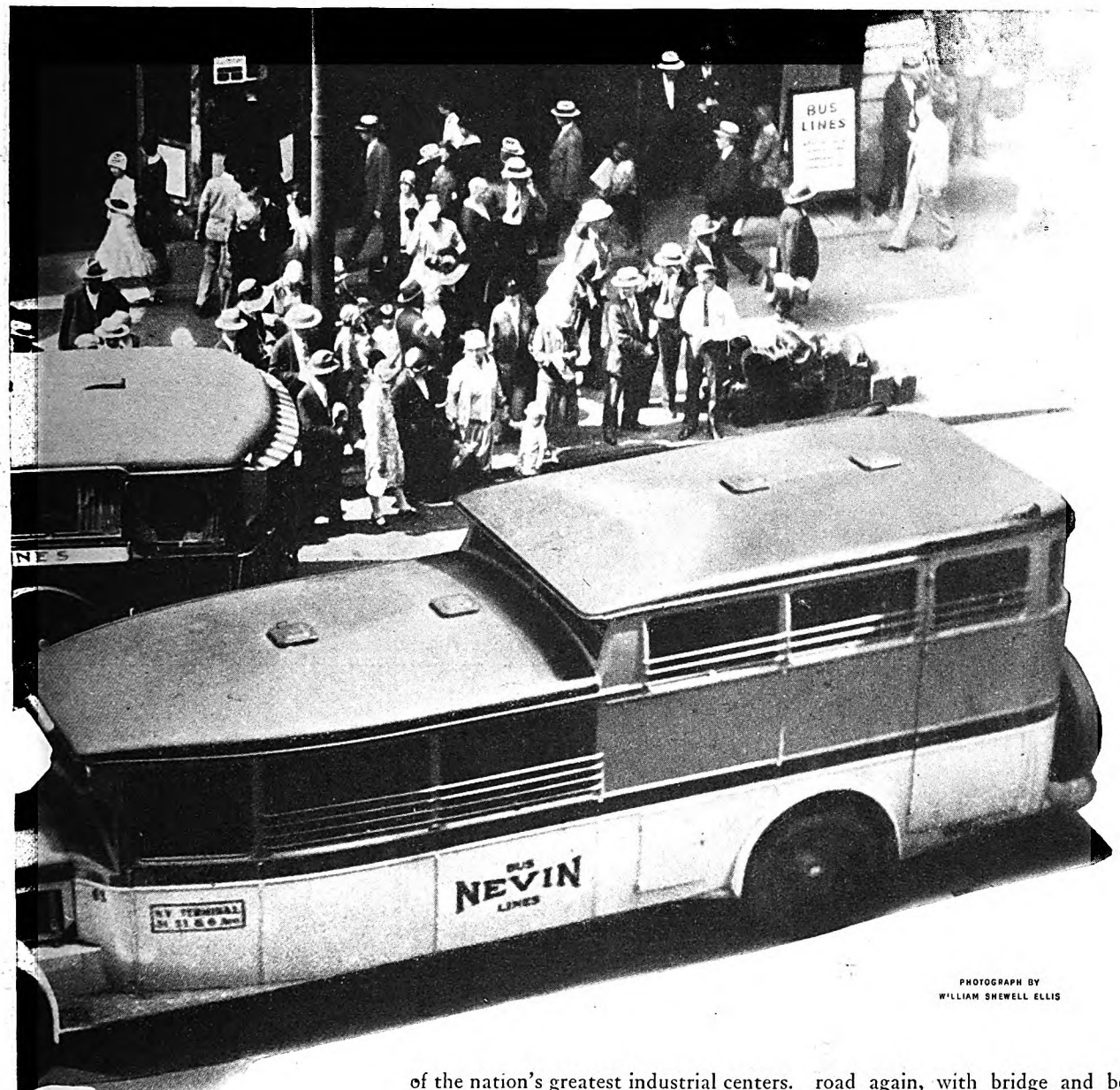

PHOTOGRAPH BY
WILLIAM SHEWELL ELLIS

The announcer's calls of waiting buses were almost continuous. "Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis, and Los Angeles" he said, and a long, trim, streamlined road-cruiser pulled up to the platform. It well befitted the symbol of a galloping greyhound painted upon its sides. There was a passenger for every one of the thirty-two seats. Bags up to about forty pounds in weight were stowed in large, overhead racks; anything heavier went to a steel box on the roof. Inside of two minutes we were off.

NEWARK, although I had passed through it a hundred times before by train, now for the first time became more than a brick-vaulted tunnel to me and assumed its real character as the rich and populous metropolis of New Jersey. Traversing it from north to south by its main thoroughfares, with a loop around a half dozen central blocks to drop and pick up passengers at a monumental bus terminal, I was left with a clear and vivid picture of one of the nation's greatest industrial centers.

Now country estates and farms began to break the factory line, with country villages where people lived because they would and not because they must. Bound Brook I remember especially. Hitherto it had been to me merely a suburban station with a pretty name on the New York-Philadelphia railroad line. Now I saw the brook itself, with a mile or so of the attractive country homes of refugees from Manhattan and Newark.

A bridge across a dividing river led from Phillipsburg, New Jersey, to Easton, Pennsylvania, both busy industrial towns, with their narrow, winding streets thronged with Saturday afternoon shoppers. Allentown, a few miles along, had grown rich from its silk mills and the savings of the canny Dutch tillers of the surrounding hills. A swift run through Bethlehem revealed the difference between the Cradle of the Steel Industry and the Cradle of Christianity, from which it had taken its name. Hot gushes of glow from blown Bessemers suffused the gathering clouds with fluttering waves of rose and terra cotta as we rolled on westward.

The dome of the state capitol silhouetted against the paling western sky heralded our approach to Harrisburg. A drizzling rain was falling as we took the road again, with bridge and boulevard lights reflected in eerie double rows through the mists above the shallow Susquehanna River. At Lewistown, where we changed drivers, a proud young booster lounging at the door of the bus station told me of the growth of the town as a rayon manufacturing center, of the hundreds of cars of raw material that came in, of the five thousand employees of the mills, of the way they spun out the chemically-treated cellulose fibers until they were as fine as silk and even tougher.

TO PROVE that all the world and his wife and daughters were wearing rayon, he pointed through the station window to where a couple of bench-lengths of cross-legged flappers were waiting for a local bus. "All rayon but the shoes and furs," he exposited. "Fine as silk and even tougher," echoed an irreverent traveling-man climbing back into the bus.

After an hour or two we left the Susquehanna and began the long climb to the summit of the Alleghenies by the narrow valley of the Juniata River. Now we were on the route of the creaking Conestogas and the earlier horse-trail that had been ridden by Washington and Braddock, by Jefferson, Hamilton, and Aaron Burr.

We were over the summit by midnight, and my broken recollections of the swift

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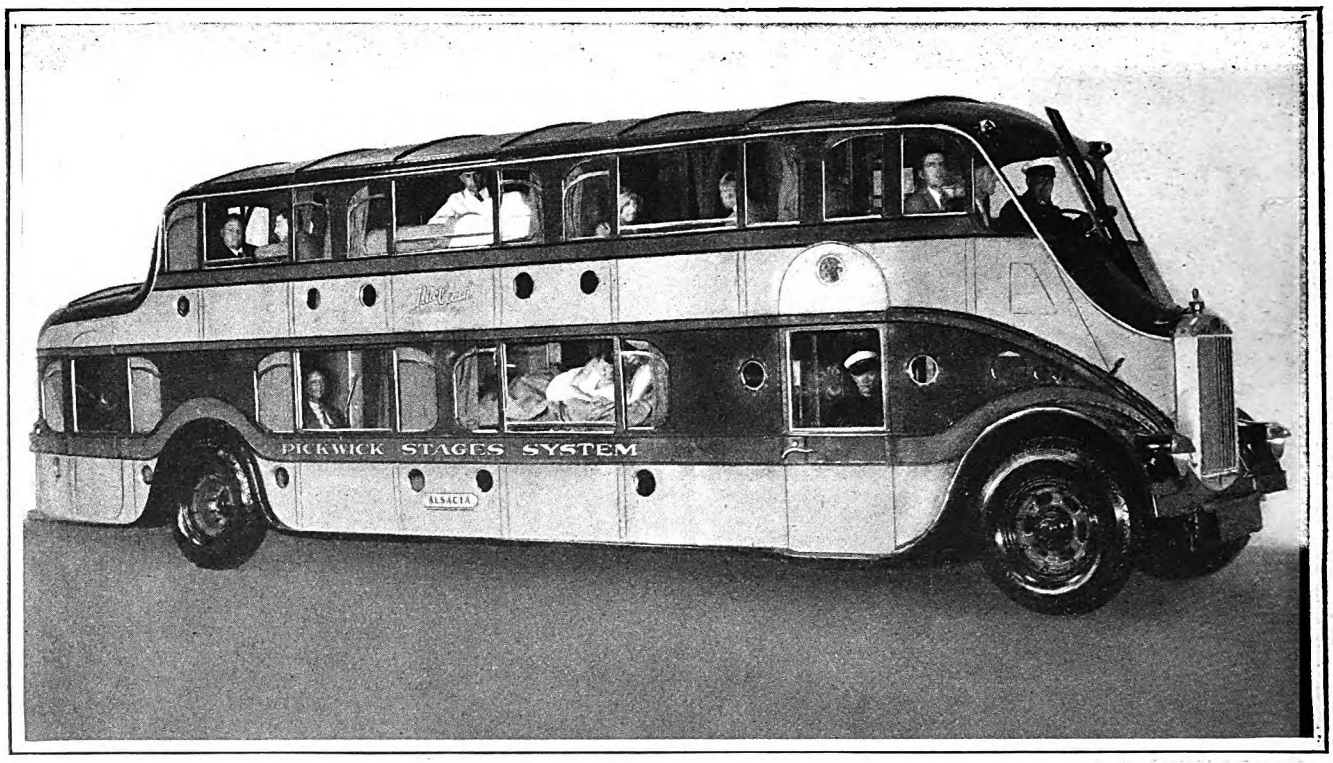

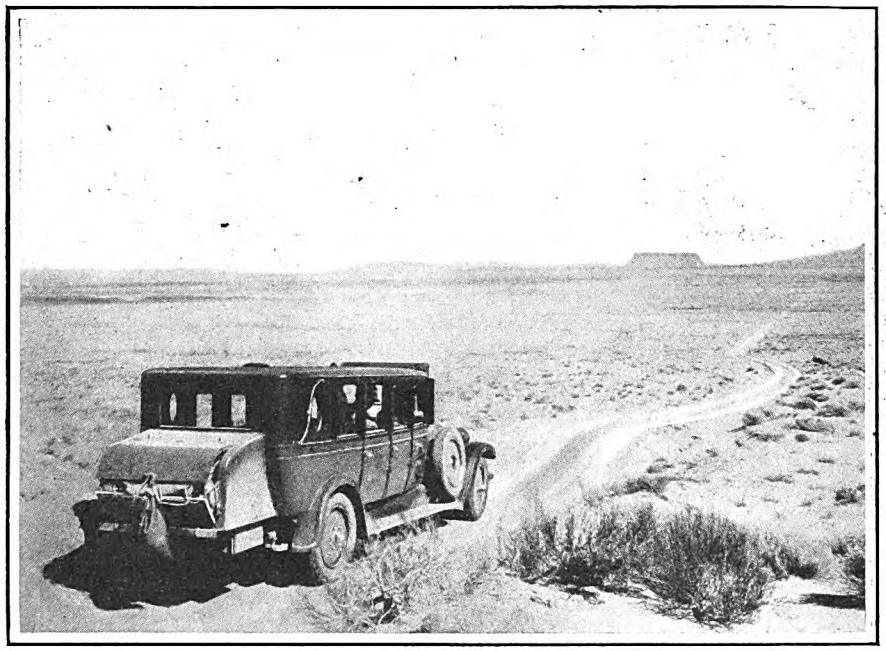

(Above) A huge bus designed to meet the well-known human desire for a little sleep. (Left) What's a stretch of desert to the up-to-date "covered wagon"?

descent had to do with swingings and swayings round looping spirals, with the head and shoulders of the driver showing above his spinning wheel. The dumps and runways of coal-tipples towered to left and right as we wound down the narrow valley, with the sky ahead glowing like an inferno where steel mills and coke ovens threw up a light-barrage against the coming of the dawn.

THE cold, gray, smoke-smothered daylight found us plowing through slush and history. To the left was the Monongahela and the creek where Washington had received his baptism of fire and Braddock had paid for his arrogance with defeat and death; to the right was the Allegheny River, which had borne the canoes of La Salle and the early French explorers of the Mississippi Valley. Where the two rivers joined to form the Ohio was the site of Fort Pitt, itself on the site of the earlier Duquesne, the unattained objective of Braddock. Below the junction was a plot of ground which the young George Washington had surveyed and bought for two hundred dollars and which would now be cheap at as many millions.

Steel mills gave place to the mansions of steel kings, and these to the soaring skyscrapers of modern Pittsburgh. Below and round about us everything was black, dingy, dismal, under its coat of bituminous soot; overhead, where the level rays of the rising sun struck through the smoke-clouds and gilded the coppered domes and pinnacles of the steel towers, was the seeming of a city celestial. Industrial Pennsylvania—colossal—stood symbolized.

Forty minutes' halt at Pittsburgh's crowded bus terminal—outgrown and inadequate in a single year—gave time for a shower, a change of clothes, breakfast, and a shave. With five or six hours of solid sleep to my credit during the night run, I resumed my journey.

THE highway turned away from the Ohio River at Rochester. Not far below was the point at which the family of the Indian Chief Logan had been murdered by a white renegade, giving rise to that classic lament so dear to the little red schoolhouse days, "Who is left to mourn for Logan? Not one!" Running out of the somber iron and steel villages, with their black-faced men and white-faced women and children, we crossed the line into Ohio and for a while were in a land of blue skies, fair farms, and quiet country villages. Youngstown's great factories threw a smoke screen across the sun for a space, and then it was up-hill-and-down-dale through farms and suburban homes all the way to Cleveland.

Returning Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech students had given place to those for Western Reserve, and some of the remaining seats had been taken by members of a musical comedy company opening in Cleveland that Sunday night. College boys and chorines were blending their voices in close harmony as we pulled up to the Cleveland bus station.

Six miles through Cleveland north-and-south, and ten miles east-and-west, revealed it as one of the most beautiful of American cities; a monumental art gallery, auditorium, library, and city hall proved it also one of the most civic-minded. The fifty-story tower of the newly completed Union Station pricked the eastern skyline long after we had rolled on.

Again we were in a zone where industry was superimposed on history. Back a bit to the right was the place from which

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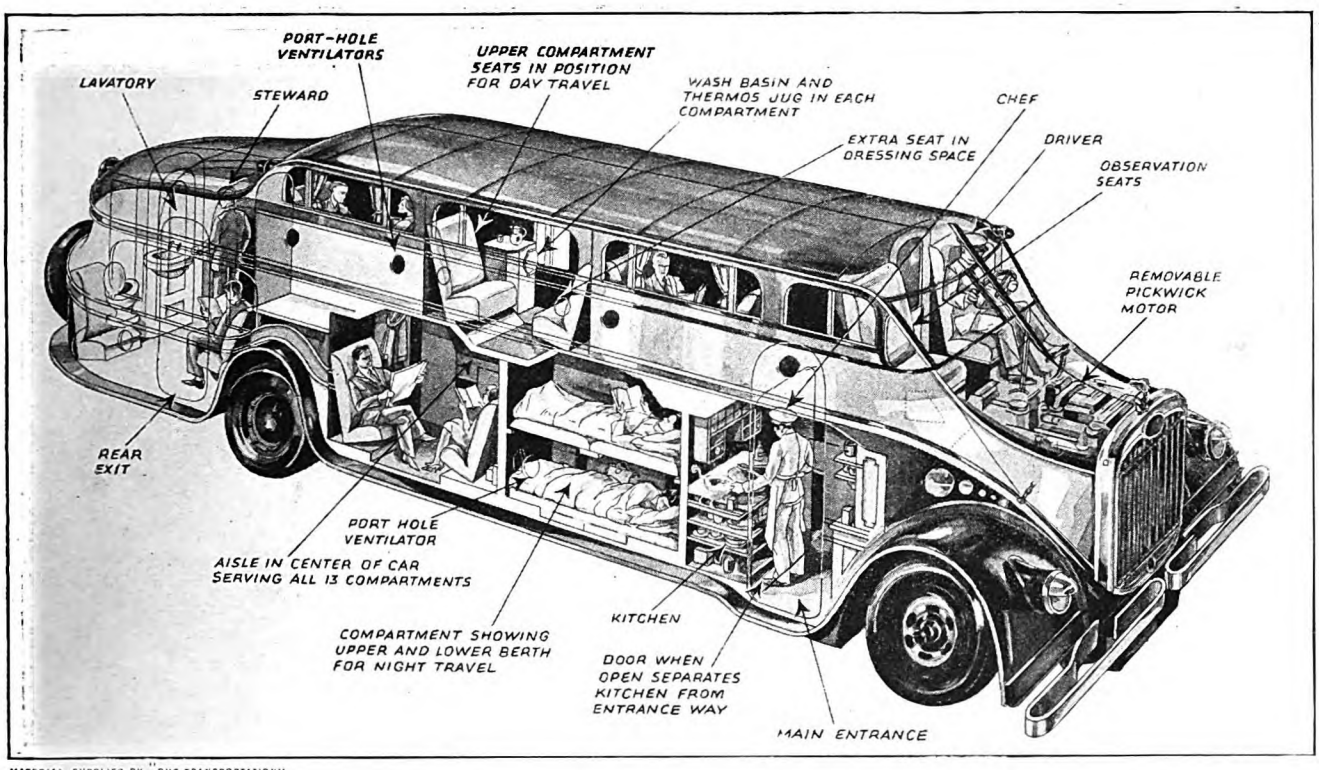
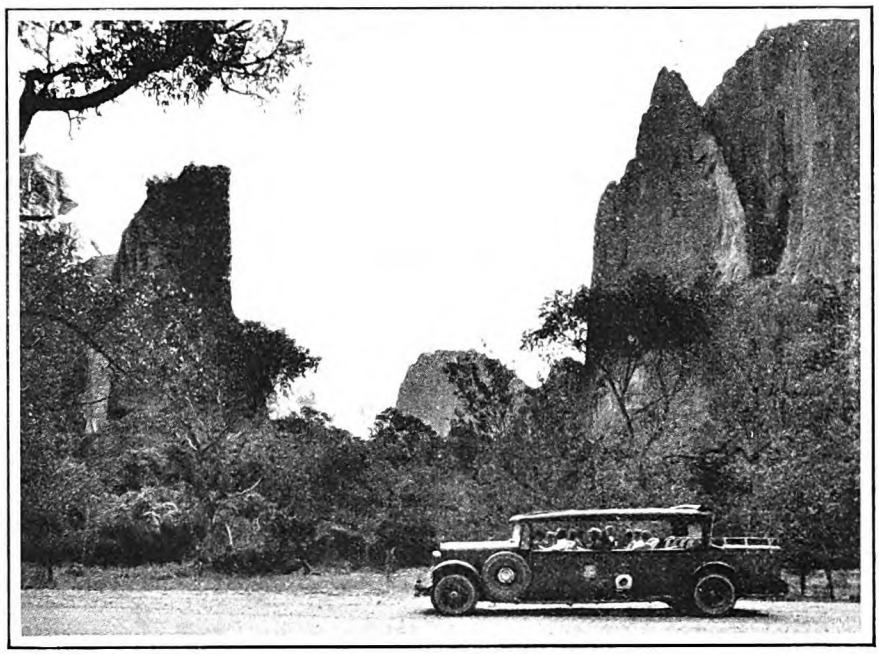


MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY "BUS TRANSPORTATION"

(Above) An intimate inside view of a Pickwick sleeper. All it lacks is a beauty parlor and a barber shop. (Right) Seeing the glories of Zion National Park



Perry signaled: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." To the left, on the Maumee River, "Mad" Anthony Wayne had forever crushed the power of the Ohio Valley Indians in the Battle of Fallen Timbers. And for mile on mile, where the iron of Superior met the coal of Ohio and Pennsylvania, mills and factories without end flashed up and disappeared in the darkness. Toledo was almost another Pittsburgh for stacks, and, had our route lain to the north, we could have continued on another sixty miles to Detroit, in the flare of factory chimneys all the way.

BUT our route runs westward—ever westward. Returning college boys still scramble for vacant seats, but now they chatter in strange tongues—French, Spanish, and Irish. We drop them all at South Bend for Notre Dame and its Catholic preparatory schools. A lad from Bogotá, Colombia, shared my seat long enough to confide that he had just become engaged to an Irish girl in Toronto. It was his third engagement, but, as the girl's father was a policeman, he thought it might last a bit longer than the others.

Sand blowing over a wilderness of lake-end dunes was the new day's first offering, then the belching smoke and flames of the Gary steel mills, and finally the thirty miles of tangled grade-crossings that form the approach to Chicago from the south. Factories by the hundreds again, followed by broad parkways and boulevards, and at last the sky-piercing tips of the towers that have sprung from the mud of the river-mouth where Joliet and Marquette began threading the marshes on their way to the height-of-land that would lead them on to the Illinois and the Mississippi.

The two-hour halt at the new Union Bus Station on Wabash Avenue gave ample time for a bath and breakfast and a glimpse of modern Chicago—Chicago, that has destroyed one lake front and created another; Chicago, that has built the world's largest hotel and stadium and has projected the largest and tallest office building; Chicago, that has made the most determined attack on traffic congestion by constructing a double-deck street and prohibiting parking in its central area; Chicago, that is America's most typically American city—the most generous in its generosity and the most practical in its practicality of any of the big burgs of the continent.

Buses starting to the four points of the compass preceded or followed us out of the busy Union Station. Chicago is the hub of busdom as well as railroaddom, and there is hardly an hour of the day in which one cannot start on his way for the Atlantic or Pacific, Canada or Mexico. The present union stations are already outgrown, and the talk is now of a great hotel-terminal like that planned for New York.

THE next three hundred miles to St. Louis unfolded a revealing cross-section of the wealth of the state of Illinois. Here and there coal-tipples and the dumps of lead mines jazzed along the skyline, but for most of the way it was just one farm after another—the richest farms in all the land. The golden corn, alone, produced by the farms of Illinois is valued at more than the total mineral productions of all but a few of the great oil states of the union.

Culture was in the ascendant again for a spell as we halted for lunch in the shadow of the State University at Urbana; then we navigated cornfields once more to the solid (*Continued on page 81*)

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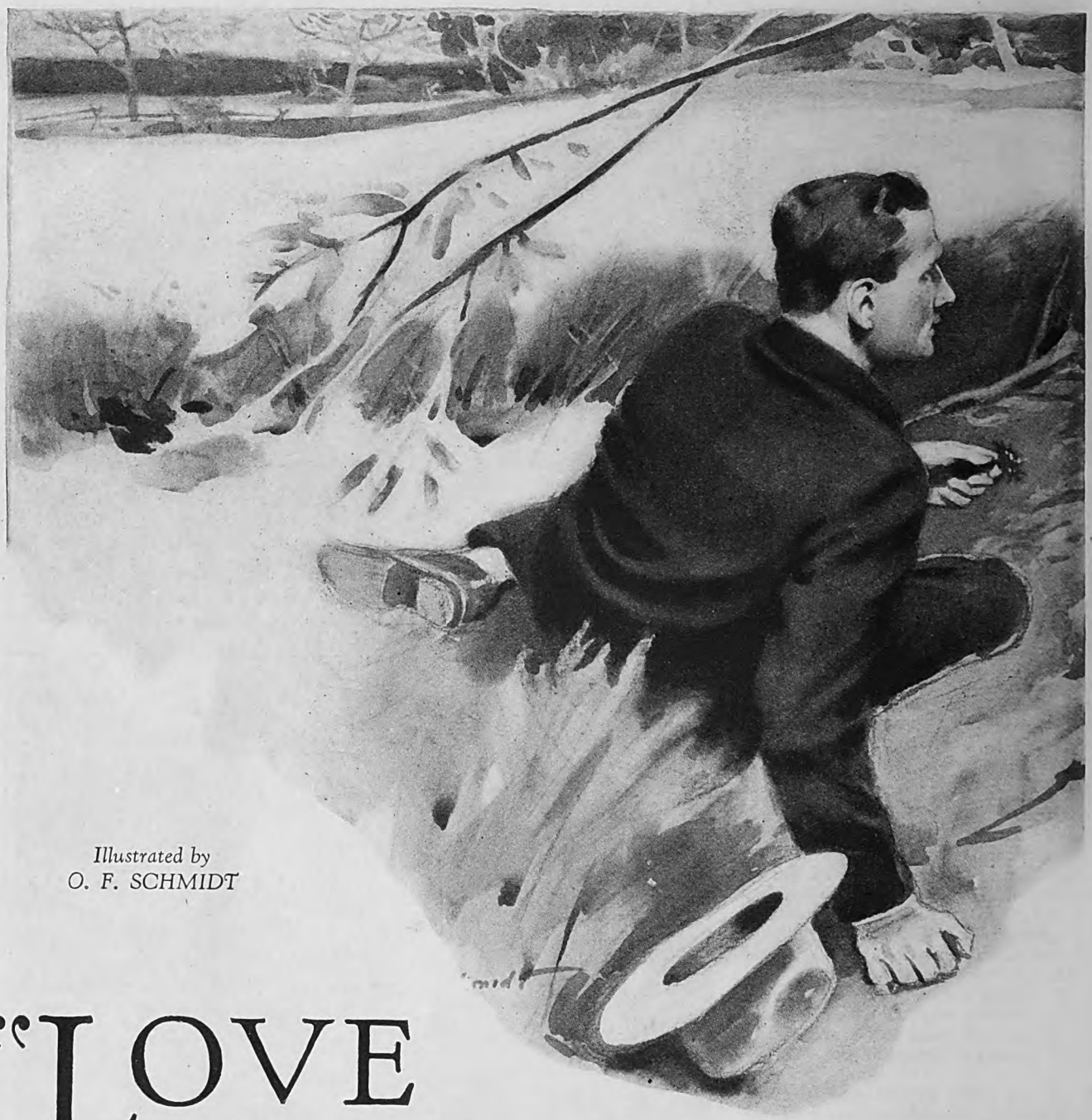

Illustrated by
O. F. SCHMIDT

"LOVE *is not* LOVE . . . *which*

By NELIA

IT WAS May. May! On the high hills azaleas flaunted their pinkness, and in the fields the earth was black. Tulips were bright in every yard, lilacs were a rain-drenched purple, and the elms along Church Street put out a green that was too delicate, too tender in its traceries against the light blue of the May sky. Oh, but it was good to be alive—in May!

Chloe stood before her mirror in her cool little back bedroom, which she shared with Edith, and let herself be happy. She ran a comb through her short brown hair. She took off the blue tie that went with her linen frock, put on one that was many-hued. She smiled at herself in the glass and combed through her hair again. All through her surged such a pleasure in the day and in herself that she felt she had to sing.

Through her window she could see bare fields, an old tree alone in a meadow. The fields with their softly waving new grass and their dandelions called to her, and the old tree seemed to beckon in wise friendliness. Oh, her mother was coming to ask her again to go with Edith! All her happiness turned to steel.

"Edith's counted on your going, Chloe!"

"Can't help it, Mother! Edie shouldn't!"

"But you said—"

"Oh, I said—*I said*—why do you and Edie pin me down with promises? You know I hate it so!"

"I know!"

"Oh, *don't!* Don't try to work my feelings up! Don't try to make me ashamed! I won't be! I just won't go. Why does she do it? Pilgrimages to the home of a dead love! Rot! Why doesn't she get a live love?"

"She can't."

"Can't? With her saint's eyes? Don't make me laugh, Mother!"

"Chloe! You're cruel!"

"Am I? I'm happy—you all hate to have me happy!"

There, that silenced her! She was gone, out of the room.

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"Well, silly one," said Hugh, "we'll have a battle of violets, and see! First one to pull off ten heads beats"

alters when it alteration finds"

GARDNER WHITE

The door was closed. The outer door. They were both gone. She was alone in the house. The steel melted too swiftly into happiness again. She was alone in the house, and Hugh was coming! The house was suddenly dear and beautiful. She knew quite well that, of her making, the house would never have attained its clean comfort, and yet, even the makers of that comfort were ofttimes too many here.

She could love the comfort when she had it to herself—love the flowering almond at the porch corner; love the cool shadows in the shabby, clean rooms, the books that filled every corner, the smooth green of the lawn, her room with its prim, old-fashioned bed and bureau, its little walnut-framed mirror, its cretonne-covered box beneath the window.

It was when her sisters were here—her mother—that she grew so wistful for other places. They pinned her down to conscious pain or duty or pleasure. She wanted to live—not have life cut out for her according to their notions. Her mother thought it fine that Edie kept on being true to Carl. Three years of faithfulness—of calling on Carl's folks! Tommyrot!

But, oh, today she was alone! Hugh was coming and it was May! She ran down the stairs, singing.

She saw her books piled on the table. There were ten pages of Karl Heinrich to translate. But she made no movement toward the table. It was queer, but college didn't mean much to her. She knew the folks were giving up a lot to put her through; but, even so, it never seemed real or important. She never felt a part of the college and campus life—never. Edith had, and so would Marjory; but she didn't.

Sometimes, translating, or writing a theme, she would be happy; but it was because there was of a sudden some inner thing that welled up in her at a too-familiar thought or expression. Not anything that connected her with the life that went on daily in the classrooms on The Hill. She was forever filled with a vast impatience because they expected her to get so much from college.

She sat down at the piano and wanted to play; but she was

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too gay for that, too happy. It was not often she was gay, but sometimes, all unbidden, she would be filled with a kind of elfin merriment. Then she could mimic till the family would shout with laughter, or she could just be so funny that she would carry them forward on a gale of jollity. But never when she was asked to or it was expected of her. She would be moody, even sullen, then.

Often she would say to herself, "What *makes* me so contrary?"

And she would loathe herself for her own hardness. Edith was always wanting her to go over to see Carl's family with her, or to read with her, or walk with her. The minute she'd suggest it, Chloe would turn inside to a hard stone of antagonism. She usually went; but Edith always knew she didn't want to. If only they would leave her alone! Why were folks always and forever trying to bend other folks to their wishes? Why couldn't Edie do her calling by herself and not feel hurt about it if she, Chloe, didn't tag along? Why couldn't Marjory have her affairs without insisting on Chloe's having one, too? Why couldn't they just let her be herself? She'd only too gladly let them alone.

Well, today, they were all away, and Hugh was coming! Would they sit here in the cool, dim living-room with its bowls of wild flowers, or would they walk out into the country? She banged a wild, glad chord on the piano, jumped up, and went to the door. He was coming.

WHAT was it about the sight of him that sent through her such a sweet, betraying weakness? What was it that made her so expectant of his coming, so reluctant to have him go? Perhaps it was because you could never be quite sure of him. Some nights, just as she looked for him, he would call up and say he couldn't come. Some summers he would let weeks go by without a letter. But when he came, or when he wrote, he would be then so boyish, so tender, so gay, so teasing—there was no withholding of forgiveness.

All day she had waited for this moment, and now it was here she was not, as always happened when she anticipated other events, let down. The expectancy went leaping up in her heart, and she opened the screen door and went out to him gladly.

"'Lo, Chloe!"

"Hello!"

"Let's walk, shall we?"

"All right. Did you ever *see* such a day?"

"Never did! I cut International Law because of it!"

They laughed.

"Gaudy tie, child!"

"Oh! And I wore it to please you!"

He threw back his head and laughed whole-hearted derision. A man, passing, grinned at them.

Oh, it was fun to be alive! And it was only three—they wouldn't need to be back until six!

"Come on—up Roke's Hill, Sukey!"

He caught her hand and they went up the hill so, hand in hand, like children. That was it, she thought happily, you could be like a child with him and it was all right. You didn't have to pretend, the way you did with grown-ups. She stopped at the top of the hill, took a deep breath.

"Oh, I *wanted* so to get out in the country today!" she said.

"And here you are, your heart's desires fulfilled! It's not bad, is it? I get an itch for the woods myself, about May fifteenth! Where's our bank 'whereon the wild thyme blows'?"

THAT was it—he remembered so, when you didn't look for it. It was so sweet to have him remember that bank and the quarrel they'd made up there! And he'd first called her that foolish name, "Sukey," that night too, and it had ever since been his name for her.

"On a little farther. Oh, look, Hugh—violets, thicker than thick!"

"And I suppose you want me to get my knees all grass stain, picking them for you! And then the violets'll all be wilted before you get home."

"Oh, but, Hugh, I love 'em so!"

"I'd rather 'twould be me! Well, silly one, we'll have a battle of violets, and see! First one to pull off ten heads beats. If you beat, I'll pick 'em; if I beat, we'll sit on the bank and—and—*talk*."

"Who's the silly one? Well, here's my champion!"

"No fair! I can't find one so big!"

"Ready! . . . One for me! *Two* for me!"

"But you've got the biggest violet ever grew in grass!"

"Three for me! . . . Oh, you yanked so hard!"

"I'm getting desperate. Get you another champion!"

"I can't find one that's any good!"

"Ha! I knew Fate was with me! Right is bound to win! . . . Seven! Eight! *Nine!* Come on, here's the last one! . . . Shame on you, Sukey, to take it so to heart that I have a little hour of rest from labor!"

They went on, hand in hand again, and came to the bank where grew grass instead of wild thyme and where a giant elm stood, to shade lovers. She sat on the grass and he stretched out lazily.

"The more I think of it, the worse I think you were, wanting me to waste time picking violets. Why, we won't have many more days together! Mental cruelty—I've just been studying a divorce case—mental cruelty! That's you, Sukey! When I'm a lawyer and have cases brought me, mental cruelty cases, I won't laugh—I'll think of you and know they may be speaking truth!"

"*When* you're a lawyer!"

"Well, it won't be long. If I get by on the bar exams. . . . I will. I'm kind of smart, Chloe."

"Yes, we all know that. You know it too, don't you?"

"Mental cruelty!"

"You need someone to laugh some of the conceit out of you."

"Well—as long as I have you—"

They were still then. It was too pleasant for so much chatter. The woods behind them were so cool, so newly green. The field, across the way, waited for seed, its black furrows open to the sunny sky. The birds made mating one ecstatic song. No one went by. It was their world, and it was May. "*As long as I have you*—" Just a joke, but how sweetly real it sounded, how sweetly real it *was!* She let her hand smooth back his hair. Once he looked up at her.

"Green eyes!"

He always teased her about her eyes. She only smiled and was content.

Presently he said, "Want me to quote poetry? It's a good day for it—I feel right sentimental!"

"Can you quote any?"

"*Can* I? . . . 'Fair daffodils, we weep to see thee haste away so soon.'"

"But they've already hasted!"

"What appreciation! Well, how's this?—

'Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on—that looks on—that looks on . . .'"

She laughed mercilessly.

"Well, I did know it—once. I learned it to quote to you, and this is all the thanks I get!"

"To quote to me! Do I look so gullible? More likely for that skinny little Esmay girl I saw you with the other night!"

"Oh, she's not so skinny! How catty girls are!"

"How faithful men are!"

"Well, I never swore to faithfulness!"

He always teased her so. It hurt her, and yet it was sweet too.

"No," she said. "No, you never did."

He grinned at her, but into his eyes too crept something almost serious.

"I never will," he said. "Judd Granger's got himself engaged. And Red Clark. Tied up for life—and not begun to make a living or to look around. They're fools! Not that it isn't all right when the time comes but—why, they've not had any chance to be free yet, to have any real fun!"

"Oh! . . . Well, maybe they think that will be fun!"

"They only *think* so! Listen, Sukey, I—I've been wondering—you haven't taken them seriously, the things *I've* said to *you*, have you? Girls do, sometimes. I wouldn't want to think I'd hurt you. Because I do like you—I like you better than any girl I know. But that's not tying myself up for life! You never thought I—I meant *that*, did you, Chloe?"

OVER the way, the birds still dropped to the black, smelly earth for worms. Over their heads, the air was still soft and clear and full of the fragrance of wild plum. All about them it was still May. Still May.

"Silly!" she said. "Don't take *yourself* so seriously!"

She said it lightly, neither protesting too much, nor denying too vehemently. She said it all right.

He laughed, though not quite easily.

"Well, you never know girls!" he said. "And I do like you *terribly well*, Chloe!"

After that they joked about a lot of things—about her mother's dislike of him, about his selfishness in not wanting to stay home this summer, about a bird that seemed to sing to them from a fence post near by. But, at last, she could stretch her arms above her head and say:

"I must get home! Karl Heinrich's waiting for me. *He's* faithful!" But there wasn't even any sting in that. Just banter, as always.

"Well, I'm faithful, in a way, Sukey!"

She laughed aloud at that.

"Yes, in a way," she said. "Let's go!"

But she couldn't let him kiss her nor even hold her hand as they swung down the hill.

"You anything planned for Sunday?"

"Yes, I have. Sorry."

"What? Some (*Continued on page 88*)

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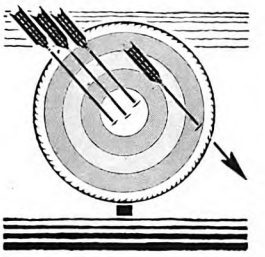
IF YOU ASK ME:



A mistake is a fine chance to learn something

LAST winter the head of a big industry was sketching for me his early career. The story was fascinating, but it was hard to follow the shifting scenes.

"So far as I can figure out," I broke in, "you held five jobs in seven years. Wasn't that a lot of jobs?"

He grinned. "About the right number for the blunderer that was *me*. I was fired from two; I fired myself from two—and the other I just naturally oozed out of. Not being sure of what I wanted to do, I was using the cut-and-try method.

"None of these jobs happened to fit me, but their very variety gave me the chance to make an unusual number of mistakes in a comparatively short time. That's why these seven years were so valuable!"

"Valuable?" I repeated.

"Sure!—Mistakes have been my schoolbooks. They have taught me nearly all I know. But if my early blunders had been scattered over a longer period of time, it might have been too late for me to 'get going' when I knew what I really wanted to do and had learned how to cash in on my own special aptitudes."

"Your moral is easy to miss," I said. "I've known people who blundered hopelessly all the way from the cradle to the grave. I've even chipped in to help pay for burying them."

"But there's a difference!" he replied. "I had one compensating grace—one priceless ingredient. *I really learned from my errors.* Looking back over my business career, I find that almost never have I made the same mistake twice.

"Guess you've heard that before! Sounds simple, doesn't it? But, do you know, the world is still full of people who make the same kind of mistake—not just twice—but over and over and over!"

MY FRIEND was right. I *had* heard other men of affairs give similar testimony. In the years when they were trying to find themselves, they made plenty of blunders. But these blunders did not sap their self-confidence. They kept on trying new things, and old things in new ways, despite the caustic comments of the I-told-you-so boys. After being thrown for many a loss, they still preferred to play hard rather than to play safe. Eventually, they had a ripened judgment and a weathered courage which made them bigger than anything that could happen to them.

Samuel W. Reyburn, head of a great chain of department stores, once said to me:

"The man who is afraid to make mistakes, who is overcautious about doing things because he fears failure in some of them, will never get far! If, out of a hundred chances to exercise his judgment, a man decides right seventy-five per cent of the time, he is running at a profit. Then, if he doesn't fritter away his time and energy in trying to cover up the occasions on which he was wrong, probably he will be able to decide right eighty-five per cent of the time. That will make him a tremendous success!"

EVERY little while a story is printed about the executors of some self-made millionaire finding his strong box sprinkled with worthless securities. Maybe! But if his career as a whole hadn't been studded with more right guesses than wrong guesses, he would have died in a poorhouse instead of a palace.

"Life is a chance to make mistakes," said the author of "The Cardinal's Snuffbox." . . . But not too many of them. And, certainly, few encores! Some men live and learn—others just live. Where do *you* fit in?

Merle Crowell

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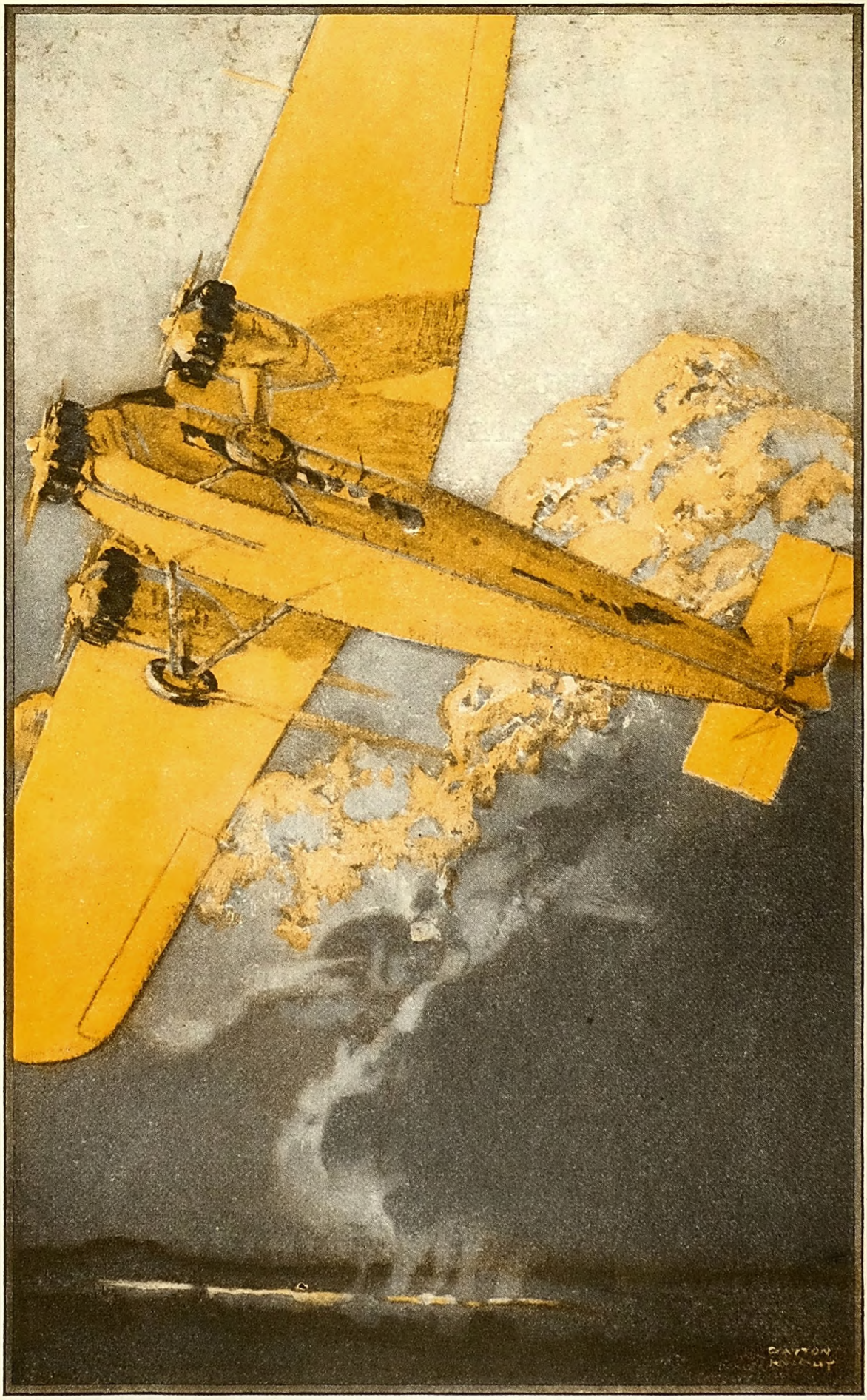

The unbelievable of yesterday; the marvel of today; the commonplace of tomorrow

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AVIATION
Is About to Become of
Age

By SHERMAN GWINN

"Its swaddling clothes are far behind and maturity is just ahead," says CLEMENT M. KEYS, *president of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation—Extraordinary stories of new developments in the highways of the air*

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

AN AMERICAN aviator who was in Europe on business sought to charter an aëroplane to take him from Amsterdam to Berlin.

"I'm sorry, but there isn't a plane available at this season," explained the polite air-field official. "You see, the tulip fields are in bloom. Every plane is carrying tulips."

"Tulips?" repeated the astonished American. "You are using passenger planes to carry tulips?"

"Exactly," smiled the official. "Our tulips, as you surely know, are the most prized in Europe, and air transport has enabled our big growers to triple the size of their market. Tulips cut here today may be bought tomorrow in Berlin, Paris, and London almost as fresh as if they just came from a local garden. The aëroplane has made this a fact."

The American took a train to Berlin, found a freshly cut Dutch-grown tulip on his breakfast table, and returned to New York to introduce a new commodity into the rapidly mounting list of things being transported by air in America.

Out in the Middle West this returned aviator, who is at the head of a noted flying service, found a grower of fine roses. The latter was shipping thousands of cut roses a day into Chicago, where they sold as high as seventy-five cents apiece.

"You can get even higher prices in New York and a bigger demand as well," reminded the aviator, and he told the story of the tulips. He described how planes, heated to exact temperatures best suited to flowers, could deliver roses overnight to New York just as quickly and efficiently as trains delivered them to Chicago.

Today, in New York City, you can buy cut roses which at noon yesterday were still nodding on their bushes in the mid-West. In Chicago you will soon be able to buy a fish which as late as the day before was still flipping its tail in the brine of the Atlantic. A scientifically chilled refrigerator plane will transport the fish, whereas a heated plane carries the roses.

It is a big jump from roses to fish, yet even as broad is the avenue of aviation development already indicated for this country, in the opinion of Clement M. Keys, president of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation.

Much of the future of American aviation, Mr. Keys believes, is already outlined in its present, barring some revolutionary change in the aëroplane itself. The present aëroplane is now twenty-five years old, a fairly finished product, so that we are reasonably familiar with its possibilities. It has been put to a variety of tests and uses in all parts of the world, which indicate the scope of its usefulness to man. In short, it has passed the guessing stage and has reached the development stage. We are no longer proceeding blindly.

"THERE is always the possibility that somebody will come along with a radical invention or discovery that will upset all that has gone before," said Mr. Keys, "but at present no such upset is in sight. Our present aëroplanes are direct descendants of the original Wright and Curtiss planes. We've built better motors, improved wing curvatures, developed superior materials and methods. Radio, better air instruments, and knowledge born of experience have given us a new security in the air. These changes, however, have been evolutionary, and not revolutionary. There has been no change in fundamental principles. It is fairly safe to assume that aviation has reached its adolescence and that maturity is just ahead."

I went to Mr. Keys to get the facts on aviation primarily as they are of concern to the average citizen and to business. What I wanted to know is to what extent this industry of the air is going to affect our daily lives and affairs. Where is it going? To what uses will its thousands of ships be put?

No man in the country is better qualified to speak on these questions than is Mr. Keys. Interested in aviation almost from its inception, since 1919 he has been a dominant figure in the industry, and during the past two years he has been personally responsible for some of its most notable commercial advances.

Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., which is the first coast-to-coast air-rail transport system to be inaugurated in the United States—this in coöperation with the Pennsylvania and Sante Fe railroads—was Mr. Keys' idea and was organized largely through his personal efforts. He is the president and director-in-chief of this system. Lindbergh is its technical adviser.

Taking hold of Curtiss Flying Service, Inc., at a time when its base of operations was limited to a single airport on Long Island, Mr. Keys built this company into a $6,750,000 corporation which today covers the nation with airports in almost every principal center. He is the chairman of this company's board of directors.

He brought about the formation of North American Aviation, Inc., a $25,000,000 aviation investment and holding corporation, and with Gianni Caproni he was responsible for the establishing of the Curtiss-Caproni Company, to perfect and manufacture large seaplanes and aëroplanes under the Caproni rights in this country.

He is chairman of the executive committee of National Air Transport, Inc., leading contract air mail carrier, and is identified directly or through associates with a number of the country's other best known and largest aviation units.

MR. KEYS' viewpoint on aviation is primarily that of the investment banker who has directed the flow of millions of dollars into it. He looks on aviation very much as Harriman and Hill looked on railroading—through the shrewd eyes of

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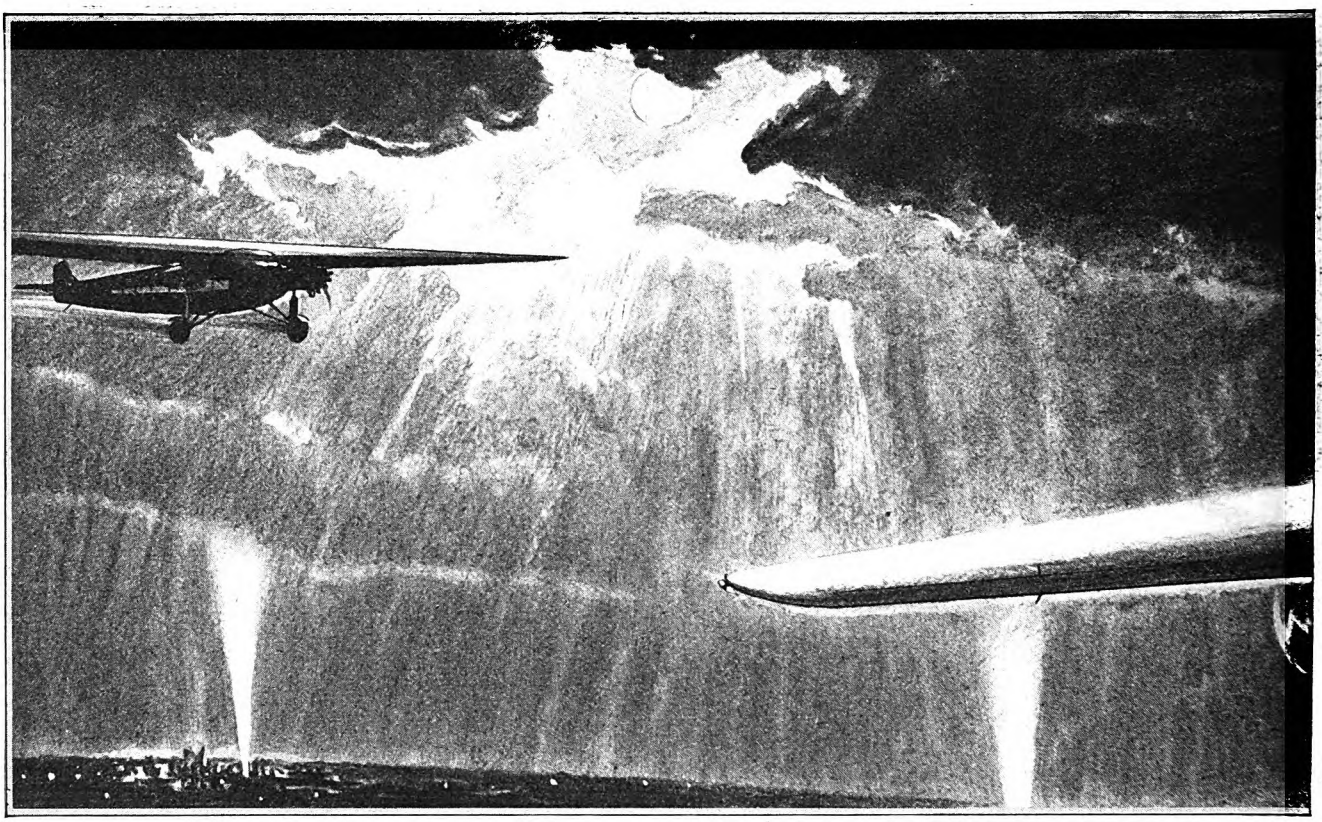

Winging their way through the night, great express planes

business and finance. It is this fact which makes his opinions of utmost importance.

"What, in summary, are the already indicated lines of air development?" I asked him.

"Three," he replied promptly. "First is that division of the industry engaged in selling transportation both to business and to the public; second is that engaged in training pilots; third is that represented by the private plane owner."

He continued:

"The most important of these divisions, on the score of the *number* of planes operated, undoubtedly will be the third. The most important on the score of passengers and goods carried, however, will be the first. This will bring flying closest to the average man and also closest to business."

It is logical, therefore, that we should consider at once this first, or transportation, division of the industry, a phase of development in the air which Mr. Keys stated might be compared to the development of motorbus lines on the ground.

"IN THIS division," he went on, "we have already in operation a fairly comprehensive network of mail, express, and passenger lines. These lines are being rapidly extended and will continue to be. Most of us already use the air mail to some extent, but it is believed that in the near future the bulk of our first-class mail destined for distant points will be carried by this agency.

"The express-carrying branch is due for a very marked expansion, possibly within a year. It will operate large, comparatively slow-moving planes that will provide an overnight express service between our principal cities and will be distinct and separate from the fast daylight passenger services.

"Passenger development will be slower. The passenger lines will have to prove themselves to the public by actual performance before the general public accepts them as a regular, common means of travel, supplementing the existing systems provided by motorbus and railroads. The safety factor will have to be established beyond a question, and it will probably take us five years, at least, to do this.

"Right now, in the operation of the coast-to-coast air-rail service of T. A. T., we are expending more on radio and meteorological data than on planes and pilots. Safety has been made our prime objective, and we feel that we have attained it beyond any previous conception of safety in air travel.

"However, the public isn't going to take our word for this. It isn't going to take the word of other constituted passenger lines. People will insist upon being *shown* a record of safety over a period of operation, and until this record has been made the public will hold back from air travel.

"Of course, the air lines are already carrying passengers. The number increases with each week. Some of these go by air for a thrill; others out of curiosity; still others because of some personal emergency or the demands of urgent business; but there are only a few to date who accept air travel without reservations, as something ordinary. Five years hence it will be a different story.

"Then there is the deterrent of rates. Our air lines in America operate without subsidies, as is the case in Europe, and this makes present rates high. These will become substantially lower when the volume of traffic increases; planes with a greater carrying capacity will be built to reduce the cost per passenger. It is doubtful, however, if air rates will ever become as low as rail rates per mile; the airway saving to the passenger will be primarily one of time.

"It is in the air express services," Mr. Keys explained, "that business and public will find the greatest immediate convenience and practical use. It is altogether likely that new-type planes will soon be built exclusively for express flying—ships with large cargo capacities equipped to fly mostly at night. Their routes will be such as they may cover between dark and daylight. The cities of the country will be completely linked by them. The time required for urgent express shipments will be reduced from one-third to one-fifth."

MANY such express lines are even now in operation, said Mr. Keys, and he referred me to their present uses as indicative of what their larger-scale future uses will be. Anything that is light and valuable, such as Paris gowns and hats, or that is small and valuable, such as jewelry, makes ideal air express matter. I have already cited the inception of the flower planes. Refrigerator planes are actually carrying fish and other sea food nightly between the ocean and Mexico City. There is a world of things in between the fish and the flowers.

Some months ago a mail plane was forced down and wrecked in the mountains of central Pennsylvania. Its cargo was scattered. One of the first arrivals on the scene in daylight found a valuable diamond ring, and within a few hours the entire population of the surrounding countryside was down on its knees searching the ground for jewelry. Thousands of dollars' worth of it was found and detectives had to be sent out to recover it. That was perhaps the first news to the public that aëroplanes are carrying jewelry. Fortunes in jewels are being transported every day.

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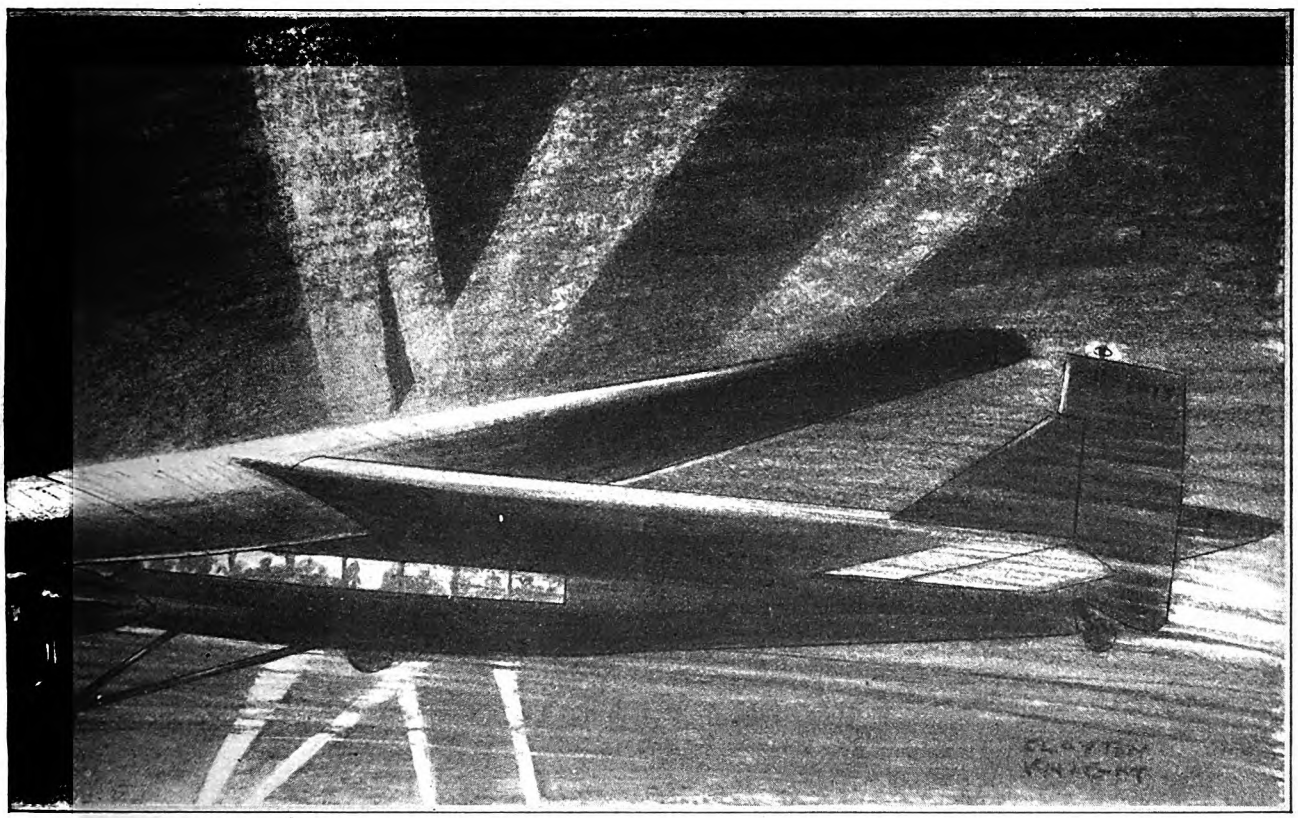

carry fresh fish to Kankakee, fresh flowers to New York

Money by the millions of dollars is being carried for big banks. Money is idle when in transportation—that is, it is not earning interest. The quicker it can be conveyed from one point to another, in consequence, that much quicker may it be put to work again. Transport by air is three times faster than by rail, sometimes five times faster, and banks aren't slow in taking advantage of this. The air is a safer way to ship money. Every reputable air carrier discounts possible losses through accidents by insurance.

IN THESE days of keen retail competition it is worth money to a store in Detroit or Chicago, or in any city, for that matter, to be able to advertise an exhibit of Paris models a day or two in advance of its rivals. Several enterprising mid-West shops employed an air line and did this. Now planes are rushing hats and dresses across the country regularly, to say nothing of silk lingerie and expensive fur coats.

Drugs and all kinds of medicines are sent by air. The speed of delivery makes it unnecessary for hospitals, druggists, and doctors to keep a supply of costly drugs beyond immediate needs. A telegram to the laboratory and a parcel goes out on the next plane at a rate of a hundred miles an hour or better.

Extra parts for disabled machinery, typewriters, cash registers, calculating machines, fountain pens, advertising layouts, chemicals, dyes, rare metals, and even high explosives all contribute to the growing air express volume.

"There is no reason," said Mr. Keys, "why this country can't develop the greatest air express system in the world. I think it will."

This brings us to the question of private plane ownership—by individuals and by business. Will business houses operate fleets of planes as they now do motor trucks?

"Some already do," Mr. Keys replied to this question, "but it isn't likely that this will become a general practice. Business will make use of existing air lines as a rule. Still, present uses of planes by great companies indicate a substantial development in this direction too."

The oil industry is probably using more planes of its own than any other, and it was this industry which introduced high explosives to air transportation.

Nitroglycerin is in almost daily use in the oil fields and it isn't the safest thing to cart about in a truck. Also, when trucks are used to transport it, stores must be maintained at a dozen or more spots in a producing area. Planes simplify the matter. A single central storage is provided, from which the planes can deliver nitroglycerin for a hundred miles around on short notice. Executives and experts also use these planes and thus cover six times the territory previously possible.

Thousands of gallons of gasoline and oil are sold by aviator salesmen. The big oil sales companies all have planes because aviation fields are now listed among their most important customers. I was at a loss to understand the oil companies' eager interest in flying until I was reminded by Mr. Keys of the advertising value of selling oil of a certain brand to a famous flyer, or of furnishing the gasoline for a famous flight.

Lumber and paper companies are using planes on a large scale, and a most spectacular and yet intensely practical use of aëroplanes is being made by a great Canadian mining company. Twenty-seven men and seven planes have established a base camp on Hudson Bay at a point 1,200 miles due north of Winnipeg. Expert geologists and prospectors are in the party, the object of which is the greatest copper and gold exploration work ever undertaken on this continent. It is the plan to send up geologists in planes, from which they may "spot" localities that from the air view seem to promise gold or copper, then to convey prospectors there for local work. This survey, already under way, is to cover 60,000 square miles, right up to the Alaska line.

YOU may recall that when the new power line came through your neighborhood in the old days, or when a railroad or trolley line was contemplated, surveyors first went out with their instruments and thus "tipped off" the whole countryside to the possible right-of-way. Overnight, prices on land likely to be in the right-of-way trebled.

Those days are gone forever. Nowadays, the power company has its aëroplane photograph the proposed route of its project, and then it *surveys the photographs*. A local land dealer makes the necessary land purchases. Last of all, the surveyor steps in to check up.

Planes likewise are surveying rivers for power sites, location of dams, flood control work. Certain companies pay off every week by plane.

I was told of one such company engaged in the getting out of willow for rafts used in Mississippi flood control work about Memphis. It had taken the company all day to pay off by motorboat and just as long for an executive to make a round of the company's stations. So an aëroplane was bought, equipped with pontoons for landing on water, and it made the trip in a little more than an hour.

Then trouble started. A local newspaper announced that prohibition agents were going to look for moonshiners by aëroplane. When (*Continued on page 98*)

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Why I Envy Wild Things

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THE buck and the doe were coming daintily through the bronzed huckleberry bushes under the giant pines. I saw them from a crotch in a bay tree, into which I had climbed to watch for wild life. About me for miles stretched a green country, beautiful with spiritual springtime.

The deer came tripping forward, pausing now and then to browse upon the tips of green shoots. Coming to an obstruction of myrtles in their pathway, the buck, just like any man showing off his strength before his best girl, bowed his antlers and tore through the bush—bucked the line, I suppose! But just then the two got the scare of their lives. They ran almost into my hitched horse; and he snorted and tried to break away. A horse hates to be tied when anything unusual approaches him.

The deer, that but a moment before had imagined themselves remote and secure in their deepest forest haunt, sequestered by the falling twilight, now suddenly discovered that they had unaware encountered Man. A deer probably would not mind a horse but for the fact that it associates the danger from man with a horse. The two must have got my scent as well. It all meant murder to them. No wonder these deer jumped desperately, bolted, tore through the greenery, crashed through the young cypresses and bays, and vanished running.

Had I been in their place, miles would swiftly have separated me from such danger as they had met. But wild things are different. It happened that from my perch I could see into an adjoining glade, not more than two hundred yards off—a lovely open place, now suffused with the warm colors of sunset. I distinctly saw the two deer quietly enter the calm vale; they were walking. Moreover, they had started to browse again, apparently entirely forgetful of their late peril.

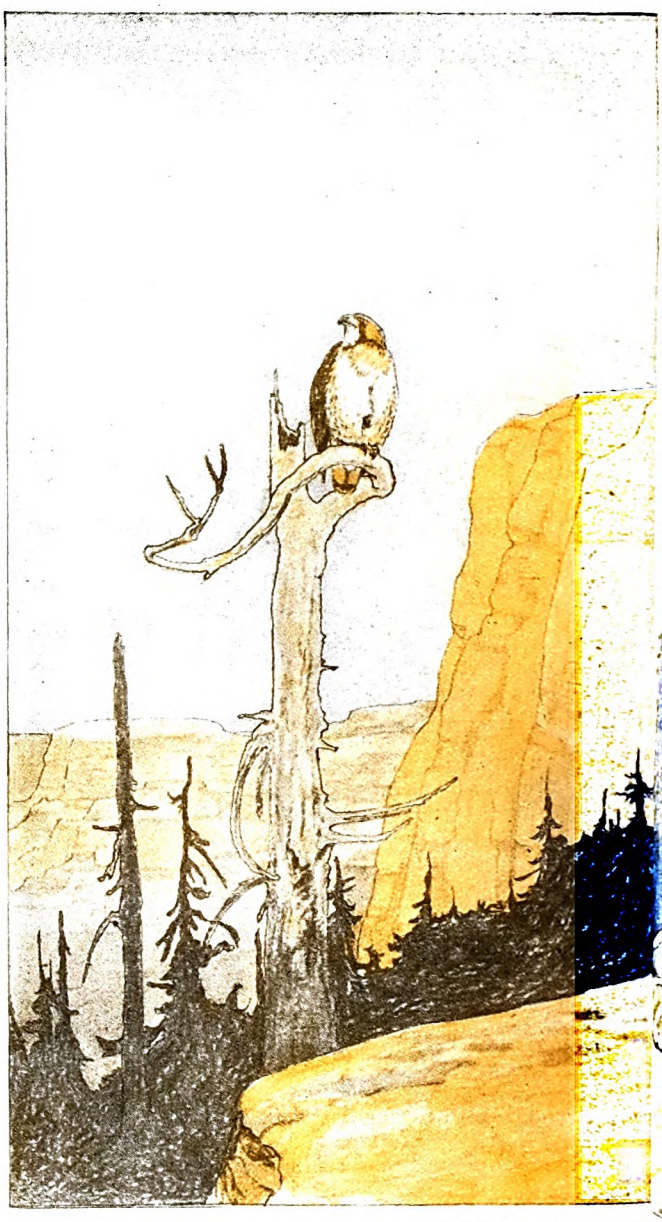
If the Thing which had menaced them had menaced a man, he would have run for a week, would have called in the police, would have been haunted day and night by the experience. Perhaps all his life he would have been shadowed by its memory. But wild creatures appear to have the fortunate power suddenly to recover their poise, swiftly to regain their equanimity, without delay to shake off the fears that beset them. And I profoundly envy them this virtue. What's past with them is past—immediately, definitely. I wish I were like them in this—and that all of us were.

Many a time I have watched wild things display this quality. Roosevelt remarked the same speedy return to normal among the frightened herds of African game animals. They run the gantlet, escape (sometimes), and then forget all about it—unchanged by the experience save, perhaps, by a heightening of general alertness, a development of keener shrewdness. If poise is one of the finest traits of character, then surely the swift recovery of it is another.

There are many other qualities in natural life that appeal to me as well worth trading for some that we possess; and I shall try to explain what I mean by telling stories that illustrate the traits rather than by trying merely to describe the traits themselves.

In our South Carolina plantation house we had a rustic basket hanging in the hall; in it we used to keep gloves. One year we were delighted to find a wren building in the basket, and the next year she reared another brood in the same place. From her home to the front door the distance was only a few feet. The third year the house was closed—every door and every window. Yet when I went there one April day and unlocked the front door, the wren darted down the long hallway ahead of me. She passed through two rooms, and I saw her apparently fly through a window pane, at least eighty feet from her nest.

Investigating, I found in the glass of the window a small hole made by the passage of a bullet. I remembered then that



Wild things have a gra

some careless boy on a picnic had let a revolver go off, and h drilled the glass with a bullet. The hole was not bigger th my thumb, and its edges were jagged in places.

The tiny brown bird, finding her home shut and barr against her, had searched (with infinite patience and intel gence, I believe) until she at last found this singular mode access. Through this minute, sharp-edged hole she had carri fresh sticks and lining for her nest. She had showed an a fectionate persistence that any human being might well env I often think of that busy, caroling songster, of her quai confiding home in the dark hallway, of her devotion to it. "Lo will find a way," says the old song. Even so. It will, when else fails.

ALL observers of nature have marked the patient persisten of wild creatures. There is a species of wasp commonly call the "mud-dauber," from its habit of making its house wet earth, plastered neatly against a wall, always out of rea of the weather. I know that our plantation porch used be disfigured every year by these curious habitations. T insect knows that the nest must be put where the rain ca not reach it; for it is not a house built upon the sand, but sand.

I tried one day, more, I hope, out of a spirit of scienti investigation than out of one of mere torment of an inferi thing, to discover how often one of these wasps would begin nest if what had been started was destroyed. I just sat on t front steps with a long cane, with my eye on the beginning o particular house.

The river is about a hundred yards from the house, an

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beauty and rejoicing looks, as if their spirits were at peace. This earth is truly their home

knew that the wasp went there for his hodful of mud. It took him about four minutes to make the round trip—most of his time probably being spent in gathering his load. As soon as he had laid the foundation of his house and had flown away, I pushed the flimsy thing down with the end of the cane. In a few minutes, back he would come with another burden; and, though clearly anxious, would begin again to construct his dwelling.

To me it appeared that he must have thought that he was bringing the wrong material—stuff that would not hold up; for I noticed, as I pushed down each succeeding foundation, that the *color* of the earth the wasp was using had changed. There was more and more clay in it. Doubtless he was saying to himself: "This is a funny thing. I thought I knew exactly how to build a house. But everything collapses. It must be that I am using too much sand. From now on I am going to make a mixture that is mighty strong in clay."

IN ALL, I demolished the poor thing's house twenty-one times. Then I had to have a heart. He never once weakened, or showed any sign of giving up. Two days later, when I happened to look toward the place under the eaves where a half-dozen of these wasps had built, I noticed one nest made almost wholly of red clay.

That was long ago; but the scene is vivid to me now, and I never think of it but I say: "That wasp had the kind of virtues which make some men stand before kings; that wasp had wholesome self-examination, the ability to criticize his own work, endless patience against the most frightful discouragements, a cheerful courage sufficient to see to completion the most baffling task. I envy those virtues, and I wish that through life they might be mine."

SUPPORTING that same front porch were certain giant cypress pillars, hewn out of the swamp two centuries ago. In these a few bumblebees had drilled holes; and, as these were both weakening to the posts and unsightly, I decided to stop up the holes with putty, thinking, of course, that the bees would go elsewhere. But the day after the putty was applied, I found all of it neatly piled in powdered form beneath the holes! Then I tried successively plaster of Paris, vooden pegs, and tough clay, painted over. It was all the same. I hardly had the heart to kill the bees; and, as a result, their descendants are there, to this day.

I think I would call this virtue the Virtue of Stubborn Attack. Here an insect meets an obstruction to its home. It does not ask who put it there; it does not question whether it is worth while trying to remove it; it does not say hesitatingly, like Hamlet, "This should be scanned." It immediately makes a furious frontal attack—laying aside every consideration save this big thing of vital moment. With a pertinacity not to be denied, with a certain wild hardihood not to be gainsaid, and with intelligence sufficient for the occasion, this creature that we disdainfully call an insect goes right manfully to work.

Of the amazing, innocent, all-sufficing beauty and beneficence of nature, I feel that wild creatures must be fully aware. At least, I envy them their apparent utter contentment—and this in the face of imminent and deadly perils.

I do not believe that they are contented because they are

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not aware of these dangers, but rather because they have come calmly to accept them as a part of the general system of their lives. They take the matter of existence as it comes. Moreover, they do not languish for some other land, some other life, some far-off and different mode of being. What they find here and now satisfies them very well. They achieve present happiness.

NOR can this feat be attributed to mere insensibility—"brute nature," as some would call it. Wild things have a grave beauty and rejoicing looks, as if their spirits were at peace. I do not think they feel like wanderers here. This earth is truly their home. They love it, and they love the life it offers. May we not justly envy them their serenity: a calm of heart that condemns our feverish activity, our restless longings, our vain, wild yearnings? They are happy with what is given, and question not what is withheld.

One day I happened to find the nest and eggs of a marsh hen (clapper rail) hidden in the green sedges that bordered a tidal creek on the coast. The nest was anchored to the marsh-stems, and in it when I discovered it were three eggs. That was a time when I was a fisherman, so that every day, going and coming from the fishing grounds, I passed the nest. The second time I saw the nest, the eggs were gone, tipped from the structure by the tide that flooded the marsh regularly. I found the eggs in the mud under the nest where the waters had left them when they subsided.

The next day the mother had straightened the nest and had laid another egg. But on the morrow the same accident happened: The tide tipped the nest until the egg rolled out. I wondered what the wild mother would do. Within a week, a full complement of five eggs had been laid, and apparently they were safe.

It happened that the tide, at that time, was up to the bottom of the nest, and as I waited I saw the waters lift it gently and float it upward. The bird had evidently released a tie on the nest, so that now, while it was still anchored to two stout marsh-stems, the loops that held it were sliding ones, permitting the nest to move gently upward with the tide and then to move downward to its normal resting place on a bundle of broken marsh-tops.

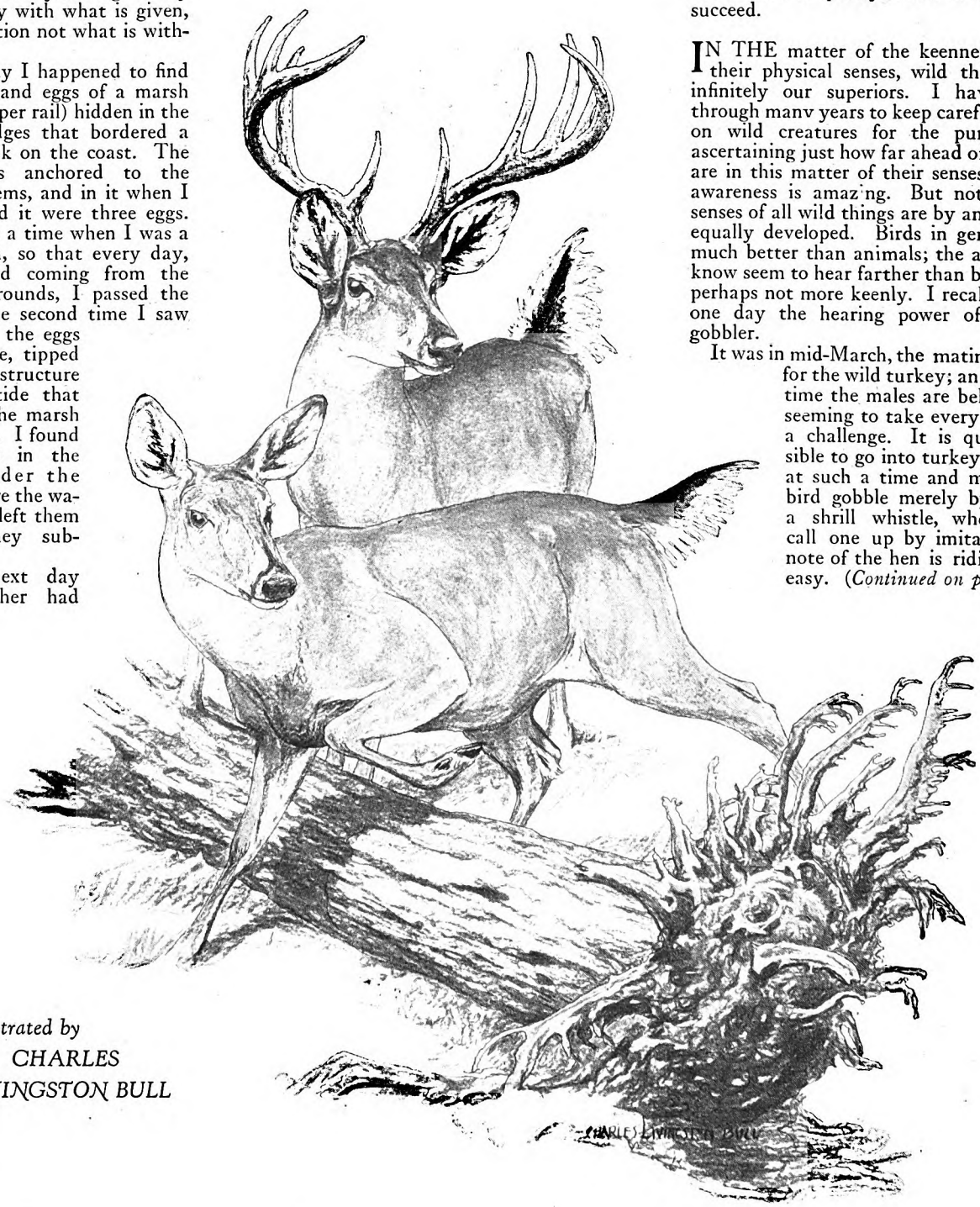
I am not saying that marsh hens build sliding nests, but here certainly was one that did. Think of it! a frail, tiny home in the heart of the vast, waste sea marsh, visited daily by the monstrous sea tides; and the bright-eyed mother, dismayed but resolute, finding a way out of her distress. She made one of the mightiest forces in all nature work for her; what would ruin her, she, by a little deft precision of judgment, by a delicate adjustment of circumstances, made safe for her what was most precious to her.

I watched with no little fascination that sliding nest until the young were fledged. I frankly envied the lone bird with wit enough to handle a sea tide. I had never thought to find a marsh hen harnessing the main. But there it was.

A German scientist, after years of scholarly experiment in laboratories, came to the conclusion that wild things cannot reason. Well, they get along remarkably in a world in which reasoning men have a pretty hard struggle to succeed.

IN THE matter of the keenness of all their physical senses, wild things are infinitely our superiors. I have tried through many years to keep careful watch on wild creatures for the purpose of ascertaining just how far ahead of us they are in this matter of their senses. Their awareness is amazing. But not all the senses of all wild things are by any means equally developed. Birds in general see much better than animals; the animals I know seem to hear farther than birds, but perhaps not more keenly. I recall testing one day the hearing power of a wild gobbler.

It was in mid-March, the mating season for the wild turkey; and at that time the males are belligerent, seeming to take every noise as a challenge. It is quite possible to go into turkey country at such a time and make one bird gobble merely by giving a shrill whistle, whereas to call one up by imitating the note of the hen is ridiculously easy. (*Continued on page 111*)



Illustrated by
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

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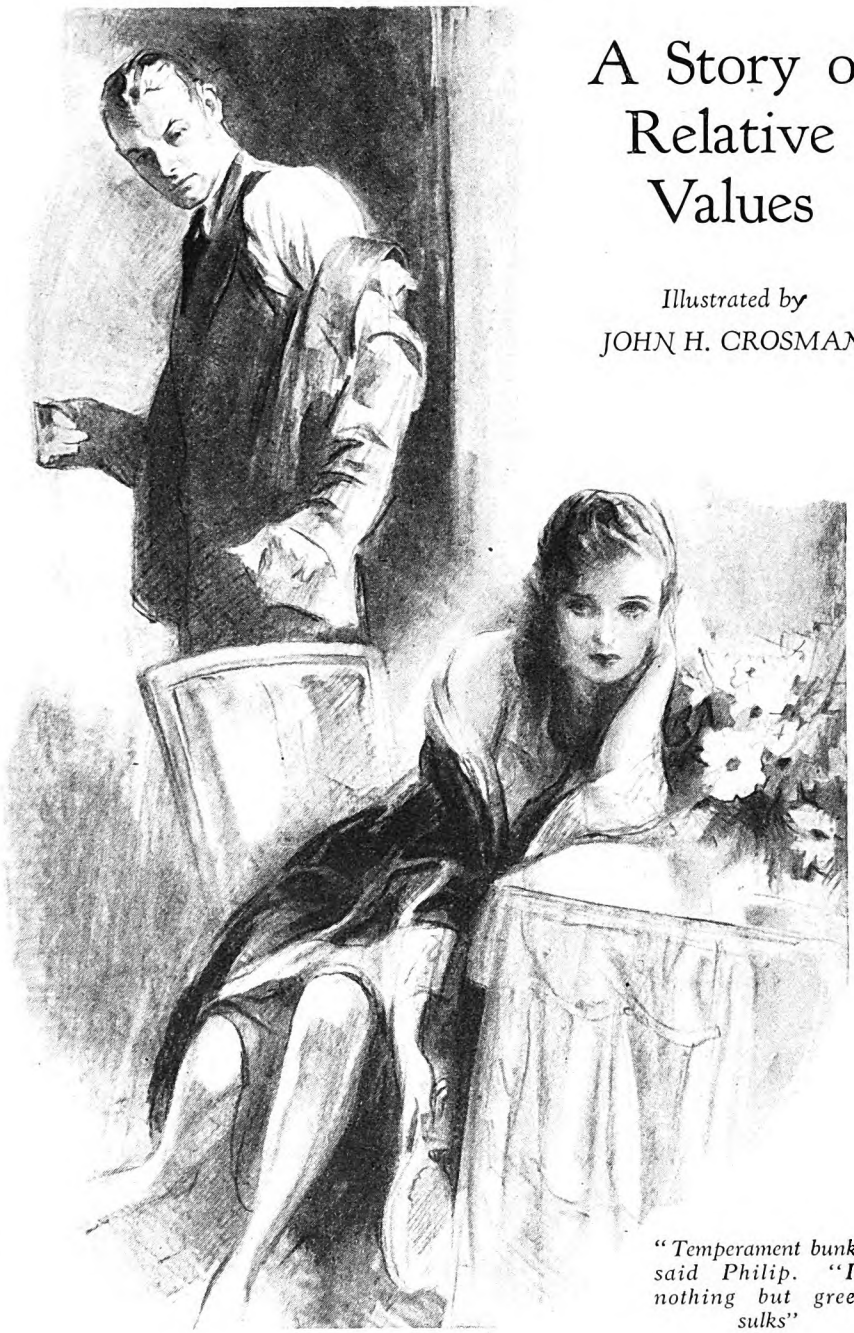
Prima Donna Stuff

A Story of Relative Values

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN



"Temperament bunk!" said Philip. "It's nothing but greedy sulks"

SHE had told him that Philip was manager of the Mercury Shoe Company and given him the children's names—Mark, Anthony, and Deborah. The young man in the doorway, who looked so absurdly as one would expect a person connected with a census to look—pale and thin and round-spectacled—had jotted it down on the neat, semi-printed form in his notebook. He jotted her down too—Marie Fay.

"Housewife?" he asked, but more rhetorically than questioningly, for Marie had come from the kitchen, and her air of authority and short-sleeved apron gave him the fact in picture.

Marie did not answer. It was ridiculous, but she found herself irritated at being checked off so glibly by the pale young man, entered so casually in his little black book, which would list her with uncounted others. She had a sudden, irrational desire to explain to this little fellow, who saw no farther than his trim statistics and who labeled every apron "housewife," that he should not imagine she was in the same class with fat Mrs. Blitz next door, or with eager, hard-eyed young Mrs. Cook, on the other side, who thought getting into this neighborhood was a step upward socially.

She and Philip didn't really belong here at all. If the children had not come so fast, making fresh air and extra bedrooms essential, they would be living very differently. She would not be answering the door herself, either, if that operation for double mastoid had not put them behind last fall.

As for listing her briefly as housewife, the word was limp and ineffective for Marie, who had studied dramatic art at the Illington School in New York and actually been signed up for an engagement, when she had tossed it all over to take part in that swiftest of dramas, breathless love and marriage.

That was her moment's thought, blotted against the census-taker's civil farewell.

"Thank you, madam. That's everything, I guess."

Everything, she thought, looking after his imperturbable back and speeding it on its way with contempt. It was nothing! And she kept on resenting his classification of her while she went back to the kitchen and took her cookies out of the oven just in time, sliding in another long tray of them filled with thinly sliced almonds. She felt an attack of temperament coming on, but she meant to get the cookies baked first.

THAT was one thing Marie had discovered about temperament: If you had to, you could postpone it. During the first year she had been married there had been a good many attacks, and she had not timed them to suit anything but her mood. Philip had been an angel, as she always told him generously, an angel to put up with those surges of restlessness which were not so much discontent or regret as the baffling feeling of having cut off retreat.

They had plenty of time during that first emotional year for the attacks, and the patience and the sweetness of readjustment. But then Mark had come along, and, practically on his heels, Anthony, and, last of all, the unexpected and delightful Deborah, who seemed to have been chuckling ever since she was born at being such a surprise.

There hadn't been so much time for temperament then; at least, not with the shoe industry going the way it did during several years of business depression. But when the attacks came, they were blacker. At night, shut in the little houses which they occupied successively, with the sleeping babies, with Philip tired and seemingly forgetful of all the might-have-beens, the

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dark mood would sweep over Marie, relentless and bitter.

Or it would come at a play, when she watched an actress whose part she fancied would have suited her, whose gowns were gorgeous, and who didn't have her "looks." She would sit at her dressing table when she got home after such a play, gazing into it, wondering. Philip knew the look. He usually left her alone for a while, and then came back to tell her how beautiful she was. For he had learned a good deal in six years of marriage, and among his stray bits of wisdom was the fact that a one-man audience is better than no audience at all.

And she did have beauty, the magic kind that was always there in the pattern of her face, but at times of exhilaration, or even in the dark moods, seemed to be reasserted by emotion. Philip knew all about it. If he sometimes dreaded her moments of greatest beauty, because they seemed to need and demand so much from him, he never told her so.

THE way Marie knew she was having an attack of temperament was by the way things shrank and shriveled around her. This morning, for example, there had been a certain gorgeousness about the world. The sun, of course, the new buttercup-colored breakfast cloth that the children loved to see spread, Philip's new suit, the plan to get Deborah a dress in some mad, gay color, because she was a mad, gay child with hair that curled riotously all over her head, the play to look forward to tonight, the perfection of the ice-box cookies—all those things had set her up tremendously and made life extremely interesting.

And now it was as if everything had been touched by one of those wands of which she read to the children, which were so prolific in changing gold and diamonds to frogs and toads on occasion. The sun was still there; but shining now on a dull little suburban street, exposing its commonness to the young man who went around with pencil and notebook and checked off houses and children and housewives.

The yellow breakfast cloth—who cared? How ridiculous to find a breakfast cloth or a husband's new suit important. Those should come along casually as a part of decent living. The play—a seat in the darkened house to look forward to, instead of a place on the stage!

The sound of riot in the back yard claimed her, and she went out to find the usual chaos of sand-box quarrel between the Cook children from next door and her own. Sometimes it amused her to sit on the back step and hold an informal court of justice, and see Mark gravely defend his end of the fight, and Anthony grin and try to start another. But it was not amusing now. It was grubby.

Marie told them categorically to stop fighting, or the Cook children would have to go home and stay there. They stopped abruptly in the middle of hostilities, conscious of unsympathetic authority, and she left them, only to find that between interruption and meditation the last batch of cookies was a total loss. She was scraping them off the tray and mentally fighting fate when Lynn came in. Lynn was her brother, younger, but imperceptibly so.

"Hello," she said. "How do you happen to be out here?"

"Had a prospect out in Lakeview. Rich old girl. Took a car out myself to show her how it looked with a handsome man in it."

"Did she fall?" asked Marie, in the intimate language of buying and selling.

"She's toppling," said Lynn. "It's only a question of time and a little more gasoline. She's about sixty, and so she naturally wants a sports model. Can you beat it?"

He sat down beside the pile of cookies which had not burned and attacked them methodically.

"Good," he complimented her.

"I'll show Viola how to make them," offered Marie, cheering up under praise.

"Don't bother. Don't tell her how to make cookies, whatever you do! That's what I came in about. Viola's off me."

"Not really, Lynn!"

He nodded, his thin face sinking from its habitual flippancy into a deeper cast of gravity.

"She sounded very real last night."

"What have you been doing?"

"I don't know. I guess she doesn't want to get married, that's all."

"That's just a common fit of panic."

"No. Not a bit like that. This has been rumbling along all the time. She likes her work, and it came to a choice, take it or leave it. They offered to send her to Europe twice a year to buy for them and to give her a raise; but it means, of course, that she's supposed to stay by them for a while. And she's got some idea of designing clothes and getting a big name. Gosh—as if clothes weren't crazy enough already!"

"You mean you're just fighting it out?"

"All fought. I'm ditched, that's all. Viola's sailing for Europe next week to talk over clothes with a lot of cake-eaters." The thought of it got under his skin again, and he got up and went savagely toward the door.

"I THINK it's kind of yellow," said Marie, stopping him; "pretty yellow of her."

"No," answered Lynn sharply, "I guess not. She's not feeling very gay over it. But she is dead sure that she'd regret giving up the job. Says she'd take it out on me later. I told her I'd take a chance on that, and she couldn't see it. I even told her that she could keep her darned job, and get married too. But Viola's not like that." His voice dropped into a caressing tone. "She says the thing hasn't been worked out yet, how to keep her kind of full-time job and marry, and she'd want to be thoroughly married if she went into it at all. She's so clear, you know. But she isn't happy. And I don't believe she's going to be happy, either, if you ask me." He took another turn around the room, and came back to Marie.

"Could you talk to her, do you suppose?" he asked hesitantly.

"Talk to her?"

"You know—from your point of view—tell her that marriage isn't just sticking your head in a bag. I rubbed you in—told her that you'd given up an idea of going on the stage, and that you had three swell kids and a nice home and were perfectly happy. Maybe if you talked to her yourself—"

Marie was looking at him, her dramatic eyes dark with thought.

"If you just told her," said Lynn, "that you forget all that career stuff—pretty quickly—"

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Philip and Marie took them to the Grandmaison Restaurant, where they ate twenty dollars' worth of something or other which did not taste very good to Philip

"But you don't."

"You did."

"I did not. I never have. I'm no person to talk to Viola. Not me." She gave an artificial little laugh, and repeated. "Not me, Lynn."

He looked at her, his lean, trained-to-be-casual face very surprised and sober.

"So you don't think much of marriage either. This is Learning Week all right."

"I do. I'm crazy about Philip and I wouldn't *not* have married. I adore having the children. But I know a lot about marriage and what it means and what it does. There's the first part, when you're treading on air, and you're so important to your husband and yourself that nothing else in the world counts. Then, if children come along, you're still very important for a while and sort of petted. Of course, it means years of mixed-up illness and happiness, washing baby clothes, and getting up nights, and feeding carrots and sloppy spinach—you can't imagine how you get to hate spinach! But still you're important, and you have a heavenly lot of fun while they're babies."

"I should say so," exclaimed Lynn. "Even a fool would know it wasn't easy; but it's worth it certainly."

Marie did not take his interruption into account. Perhaps she didn't hear it. She was talking as she thought.

"Yes—the first year, when you're a bride, is heavenly, and the baby years are so exciting you forget other things. But after that—for most women, the show in the big tent's over, Lynn. After that so much of the fun is crowded out by managing—and money. You haven't any idea how the biggest thing in married people's lives gets to be just money!"

"I'm going to make a lot, old girl," said Lynn.

"I know all about that. So was Philip. Maybe you will and maybe you won't. You boys who start with a salary or commissions, or something like that, and no capital, just have to do the best you can. Maybe you'll make a lot or maybe you'll get behind, the way we did last year. Then you've got to pare bills and get along with old clothes and do your housework yourself, and try to forget that some of the people you know are getting rich and famous and wearing good-looking clothes, and eating their breakfasts in bed while you're frying bacon.

"I don't suppose that is what really hurts, either. The worst thing is that feeling that you've let the moths get in what talent you had and riddle it. You don't want to care, and yet you feel that if you don't care, you're just another dowdy, dull, work-ridden housewife."

The last word came out somberly, dramatically.

"Curtain," said Lynn, and they both tried to laugh.

He picked up his hat.

"I guess the sober truth is that most of us haven't much

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to offer a smart girl. Where are the kids?"

"The boys are in the sand box, fighting, and Deborah's upstairs. Wait a minute, I'll bring her down."

She carried Deborah down, all gay and curly, with one cheek flushed scarlet from sleeping on it, and Deborah contradicted or annulled everything that had been said, by the mere fact of her presence. She, too, had temperament, which led her to like all men, from the garbage man to her own father, and be wary of women.

"The attractive thing about Debby," said Lynn, walking about with her on his head, "is that she has no interest in careers. She's the only sensible woman I know."

And he lifted her down and went away, rather pathetically.

Marie met Viola that afternoon. She had left the children with the by-the-half-day nurse girl and was downtown shopping, finding it a rather maddening process. A ten-dollar bill that she had figured would take care of small cash purchases had been strangely eaten into, and she could not understand it until she remembered two charitable tickets, the newspaper boy, the half soles for Mark's shoes, her own haircut and Anthony's, and some tooth paste.

Those things had pretty well demolished the ten dollars without giving her much in return, and she had to cash another check, although she knew worriedly that at this rate she would be short again before the end of the month. She hadn't wanted to charge much, either; but she had to get some bath soap, and a new mop, and the material for Debby's summer dresses, and rubbers for all three of them, and curtains for the hall. She remembered there was a balance on most of their department store charge accounts. Not big ones, for Philip was not the kind of man who let things run, but it meant no new clothes for Marie for a couple of months.

And the shops taunted her. Their windows were full of new displays, all kinds of things, from shoes to coats, which were prettier than such things had ever been before, it seemed to Marie. Everything she saw made her feel more dowdy, conscious that she carried an envelope purse which was overlarge in a season of bright-colored pouch bags, conscious that her coat was too full and her hat crown not high enough. Thus she met Viola, who was unconsciously standing beside her outside a shop window, contemplating it.

"Hello," they said, with extra casualness.

VIOLA wore what you might have called black, if something green had not flashed as her tiny cape swung from her shoulders and shown at the edge of her pretty throat. She also wore one of the perfectly inconspicuous hats that women turn around to look at, and the simplest of cobra oxfords, outlined in lizard.

"You ought to be in a window yourself," said Marie. "Where'd you get all that?"

"Trousseau," Viola told her shortly. "May as well wear it while it's in style. I suppose you think I'm a poor kind of thing, Marie."

"Well, it's your business," evaded Marie.

Viola's arguments were near the surface. She pulled them out as if to show their quality off, perhaps to convince herself.

"I've thought until I'm stiff. It seemed to me the only thing to do. If you have a chance to get married to the man you want and don't take it, it may hurt you; but they say that heals in time. But you knock a good career on the head, and it doesn't come to again. They told me, Marie, that if I'd stay by, in ten years I could be signing articles in any fashion magazine in the country. If I didn't take that chance, I'd always regret it. I don't want to go into marriage looking back over my shoulder. It wouldn't be fair to Lynn."

Marie shook her head over the situation. She was not really thinking very much of Viola, whose competent, brittle philosophy seemed to be translated into terms of herself.

"You lose so much," she said slowly. "I know."

"Made up my mind," Viola answered, and swung away.

PHILIP knew from the very moment when he entered the house that night that Marie was having an attack of temperament. And he avoided her. All day he had been beating against obstacle after obstacle and disappointment after disappointment, and his nerves were loose and jangling. He had faith in his business, for he knew it was sound and genuine and well established. But every time some fly-by-night shoe seller came to town, it seemed to upset some of the members of the board of directors, who couldn't see farther than the ends of their noses.

"If we're going to the theater, we'll have to hurry," Marie reminded him, in that still voice which spoke of distance between them. "The children have had supper."

He had forgotten the theater, but, remembering it, thought quickly that a play would make Marie still more miserable.

"Sure you want to go?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course. We get a good play rarely enough, heaven knows. And when it's my greatest interest—"

"Oh, well, I want to go, of course," he told her hurriedly. "I just wondered if you weren't tired."

She neglected her vegetables and hacked at her meat.

"Viola's not going to marry Lynn," she said suddenly.

He looked up. He wasn't enjoying his dinner much, either. When Marie had this mood, he never knew what she would say next.

"What's up?"

"She just happens to prefer a very profitable job and possible career."

"She's a little fool," said Philip. "Lynn's an awfully good fellow. Men like Lynn don't grow on every bush."

"Nor careers like hers." She rehashed the chance that Viola would have to get her name before the public; but it left Philip strangely cold.

"You mean to say that for a chance to write poppycock about a lot of crazy dresses she's leaving Lynn flat?"

"You wouldn't understand it, of course. Women are getting more and more like that. Why should they give up good, real, places in the world for the sake of being some man's wife, and getting in the census as another of the fifty million housewives? They aren't all like me, you know."

Philip said nothing more. He finished his dinner hastily and refused to be drawn into discussion. They had to hurry to get to the theater, and the curtain had gone up on the first act before they had parked their car and fumbled their way into their seats. Marie took off her wrap, concentrated on the stage, and then turned hurriedly to Philip.

"Philip!" she whispered. "I know that girl on the left. The one with the red dress. That's Margot Blood!"

"Dressed to match her name, isn't she?"

"Why, I never dreamed she was in this play. This is the New York company. She was in the Illington School when I was."

Philip sighed under his breath. He wasn't sure where all this was leading, but he was reasonably sure that it would mean trouble. He listened and watched for a while, but the thread of plot, maintained for the sake of the smart dialogue whose existence hung upon it, failed to hold him. His mind wandered back to shoe manufacturing and stayed there, worrying.

He was wishing at the minute the curtain fell that he could tell his board of directors to run their own company, and get out into the field for himself, start somewhere else and show what he could do on his own. But of course such a thing was out of the question. A man with a wife and three children had to put up with things, he thought.

"Just think of it," he heard Marie saying, "and Margot Blood wasn't considered one of the best in school at all. This just goes to show what can be done. She hasn't any particular ability, either, nothing but her figure and her poise and those lackadaisical eyes."

Philip did not look at her. He did not have to. He knew exactly how she looked, that something like resentment lay deep in her eyes, and that her whole face was still and brooding.

"We'll have to look her up afterward," Marie remarked.

"Why do you bother? You're tired tonight, and if she wasn't a special friend, it isn't necessary, is it?"

"Well, it's rather nice to hear about the world, Phil, even if you are out of it. We can take her to supper somewhere. The company is probably staying at the new hotel, but we can take her to the Grandmaison café and get something there."

Grandmaison, thought Philip—and by a simple and direct sequence, that his checking account was getting low at this point in the month, and this would mean cashing a good-sized check he hadn't counted on. However, he never disagreed with Marie in this mood. The curtain rose again. The girl in red, whose name was Blood, now wore an evening dress with dingle-dangles on it.

"Look at that dress," breathed Marie.

He didn't want to look at it.

MARGOT BLOOD had supper with them. So did a gentleman called Owen Falk, whom Margot brought along. The actress wore an extremely light black satin coat with a red lining, which she held together in the front with manner. Her hat was also satin and tight, and her face beneath it, with its languorous gray eyes, was very sophisticated.

The gentleman wore ordinary enough clothes, but he also had manner, an excess of it. They (*Continued on page 161*)

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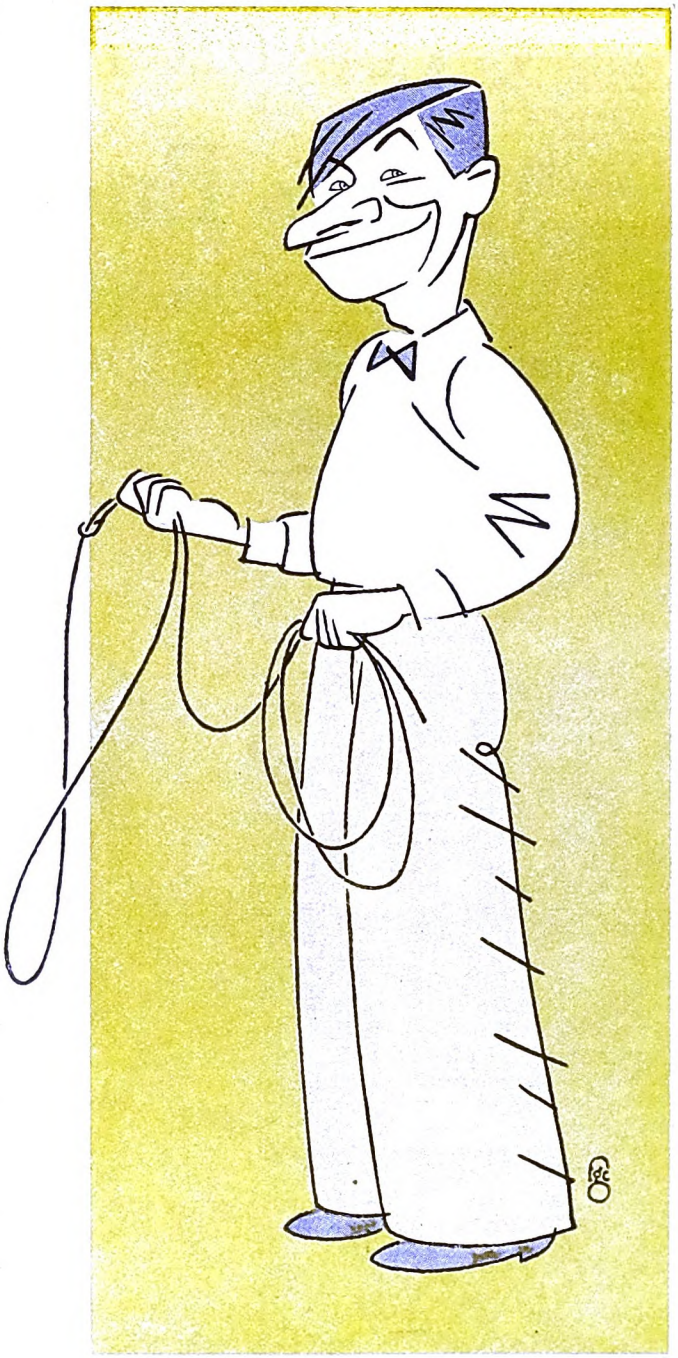
How To Be Funny

By WILL ROGERS



CARICATURE BY F. G. COOPER

I HAVE been interviewed in every Town in the United States, by serious-looking young College Boys, with horn-rimmed glasses and no hat, on the subject, "How would you advise a beginner to be funny?"

The interest they all show in it, you would think that all young America is practicing to be funny. I have tried to advise the Boys that I have known men in other walks of life that made more than Comedians. But its just one of the things that you cant discourage anyone from, once they have made up their minds. Its like these business men that go through life telling everybody they meet stories. The only novelty to it is that each man that tells it tells it worse than the fellow that just told you the same one down the street.

Now, you cant stop one of these fellows. Somebody laughed at him as a Boy, and it just practically ruined him. He is just doomed to go through life—"Did you hear this one? If you did, stop me." But these College Boys are aiming a little higher. They dont want to just repeat "The little Jewish fellow said to the Irishman." They have got their sights set on some humor. They are figureing on it for a profession. They figure that its like tending an Oil Station, that it is a profession that you can study and learn.

SOME of these Boys when they come to interview me had their questions written out. About the best and most complete one was handed to me at Lincoln, Nebraska, where their State University is. I was playing there that night, and back stage come just about as dejected a looking Senior as I had ever seen. He was just about to finish school and was about to have to meet the world head on, and he wanted to be fortified with a profession. So he picked out humor, and he had from then to June to "Major" in it. He was matriculating in laughter at Bryans old stronghold. But he lost all confidence in me as a funny man when I couldent answer right off the reel the few little simple questions that he had written down and handed me. So I got him to let me take the paper and send him back the answers later.

Now, here is his exact questions in the exact order he had them, and my answers:

"Is the field of Humor crowded?"

Only when Congress is in session.

"What talent is necessary? Must one be born with a funnybone in his head?"

Its not a talent, its an affliction. If a funnybone is nessasary I would say that in the head is the place to have it. Thats the least used of a humorists equipment.

"Which offers the best field, the Essayist or the Humorist Feature Writer?"

Now, I dont know what an "Essayist" is. But if its one of those fellows that write what we used to call "Essays" at school, one of those recitations that you get up and speak, I am agin em. And as to the Humorous Feature Writer, just change that H to N and you have it.

"What field of Humor offers the best field now and which is most liable to develop?"

Well, I think the "Nut" or "Cuckoo" field is the best bet now, and from what I see of modern America, I think "Nuttier Still" or "Super Cuckoo" will be more apt to develop.

"In training what should one aim for?"

Aim for Mark Twain, even if you land with Mutt and Jeff.

"Whats the best way to start being a Humorist?"

Recovery from a Mule kick is one way thats used a lot. Being dropped head downward on a pavement in youth, has been responsible for a lot. And discharge from an Asylum for mental cases is almost sure fire.

"HOW should one practice for it after starting it?"

By reading Editorials in Tabloid Magazines and three pages of the Congressional Record before retiring every night.

"Should one jot down ideas?"

No! there will be so few that you can remember them.

"Should one read other Humorists?"

If you are a Humorist, there is no other Humorist.

"Is it profitable to read other Humorists?"

Profitable but terribly discouraging.

"Do you think it does any good to play the Fool and wit at social gatherings?"

Not if they will feed you without it. But if you feel that you need the practice and just cant remain normal any longer, why go ahead. Everybody will perhaps (*Continued on page 136*)

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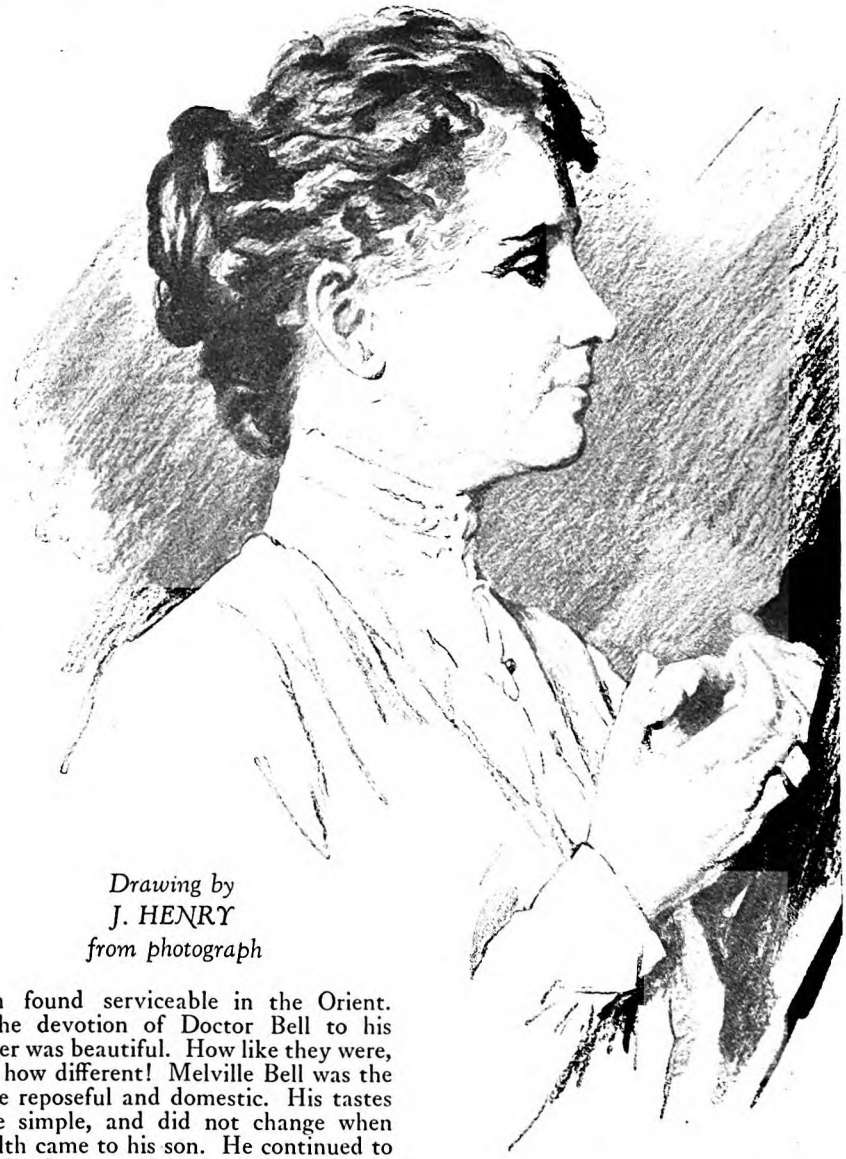
IF *you* Have Friends *You can* Endure Anything

By HELEN KELLER

The story of my great debt to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, friend to the deaf and inventor of the telephone



Drawing by J. HENRY from photograph

SOMEONE has said that a beautiful memory is the most precious wealth one can possess. If this is true, I am indeed rich in happy memories of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. When I was a little girl just learning to talk, my teacher, Mrs. John A. Macy (Miss Sullivan), and I used to go with him to conventions to further the teaching of speech to the deaf. Most people know Doctor Bell as the inventor of the telephone; those who are familiar with his work for the deaf believe that what he did in this direction was at least as important a boon to mankind. I admired him in both these capacities, but I remember him not so much as a great inventor, or as a great benefactor, but simply as a wise, affectionate, and understanding friend.

I could almost call him my oldest friend. Even before my teacher, Mrs. Macy, came into my life, he held out a warm hand to me in the dark. Indeed, it was through him that Mrs. Macy came to me. From the beginning, he enthusiastically approved her methods in teaching me. Shortly after "The Story of My Life" was published, he wrote to a friend commenting on some of her letters which I included in the book. In these letters, she tells how she taught me. Doctor Bell said of them:

"They reveal a fact that has long been suspected: That Helen's remarkable achievements are as much due to the genius of her teacher as to her own brilliant mind. . . ."

Doctor Bell's work for the deaf did not originate with himself. The science of speech had long been studied in the Bell family. Doctor Bell's grandfather was the inventor of a device to overcome stammering, and his father, Mr. Melville Bell, whom I used often to meet when I visited the Bells in Washington, perfected a system of visible speech as a means of teaching the deaf which Doctor Bell considered more important than his invention of the telephone.

However, as Mr. Melville Bell is reported to have said, "There was not so much money in it." To learn speech by means of it demands more patience than our western countries have, but it has been found serviceable in the Orient.

The devotion of Doctor Bell to his father was beautiful. How like they were, and how different! Melville Bell was the more reposeful and domestic. His tastes were simple, and did not change when wealth came to his son. He continued to live in the same little house in the same contented and frugal manner. If anything kept Doctor Bell from visiting his father for a day or two, he would say, "Come, I must see my father. A chat with him is just the tonic I need."

IN Professor Bell's charming little cottage at Colonial Beach, where the Potomac broadens to meet the bay, I used often to see these two noble men sitting on the porch for hours without speaking a word, smoking peacefully and watching the steamers and boats pass along the river on their errands of service. Sometimes an unusual bird note would attract their attention, and the son would ask, "How would you record that, Father?" Then the resources of the visible speech system would be tested out, and the two men would become absorbed in phonetics, unmindful of everything about them. Every note was analyzed and visibly recorded.

Both men had an intense desire to remedy every defect of enunciation, and I have been told that it was a joy to listen to their speech. Both had at various periods been teachers of elocution, and both loved to recite.

I have known them to give many scenes from Shakespeare delightfully, but the best part of the performance was the comments and fiery retorts which flew from one actor to another, until one of them thought of proceeding with the drama.

Doctor Bell was exceedingly tender to his mother, who had become quite deaf when I knew her. I recall a spring after-

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Doctor Bell and Helen Keller holding a conversation

noon when he took Mrs. Macy and me for a drive out in the country. We gathered quantities of honeysuckle, pink and white dogwood, and wild azaleas. On our way back, we stopped to give them to Mrs. Melville Bell. Doctor Bell said, "Let us go in by the porch door and surprise them." On the steps he paused and spelled into my hand, "Hush! They are both asleep!" We tiptoed about, making a bower of the flowers. It was a picture never to be forgotten—those two dear people seated in armchairs—Mrs. Bell's white head bowed on her breast, Mr. Bell's head thrown back on the chair, his beard and curly hair framing his ruddy face like that of a statue of Zeus. We left them undisturbed with the flowers and their dreams.

I was always glad to visit Doctor Bell's family in Washington, or at their summer home on Cape Breton Island. I admired Mrs. Bell for the courage and perseverance with which she conquered her handicap of deafness from infancy. She was a wonderful lip reader, and certainly she needed patience, skill, and humor to read the lips of the countless visitors who came to the house. She never spelled on her fingers, because she believed that this system of communication isolated the deaf from normal people. She loved beautiful lace and used to hold a filmy web in her hands and show me how to trace the woven flowers and leaves, the saucy cupids, the silken winding streams, and the lacy crisscross of fairy paths bordered with aërial boughs. The two small daughters, Elsie and Daisy, were always ready to play with me, and Daisy tried to spell into my hand all the bright things she heard so that I could laugh with her.

THERE were often distinguished gatherings, when I was introduced to learned scientists. Doctor Bell used to spell what they said to me. He always assumed that anyone could understand anything. He would explain to me the laws of physics or some principle of magnetism; but no matter how abstruse his discourse might be, I loved to listen to him. He could never be in a room two minutes before the whole talk converged in his direction. People chose to listen to him instead of talking themselves. He had an extraordinary gift of presenting difficult problems in a simple and vivid manner—a gift which, in my experience, is one of the rarest possessed by human beings.

Doctor Bell was never dogmatic in his conversation. He was, I think, the only person I ever knew who could look at a subject from a point of view entirely different from his own with genuine interest and enthusiasm. When it was presented to him he would say, "Perhaps you are right. Let us see."

His gifts as an orator are not known to the public in general because he chose to exercise them in behalf of an obscure group living in silence. But I know what eloquent speech is. I have stood beside Doctor Bell on the platform and felt speech coming from his lips, and eloquence in his voice, his attitude, his gestures, all at once. Never have I longed more intensely for graceful, natural speech than on these occasions.

After he had talked a while, he would touch my arm, I would rise and place my hand on his lips to show the audience how I could read what he was saying. I wish words could portray him as I saw him in those exalted moods—the majesty of his presence, the noble and spirited poise and action of his head, the strong features partly masked by a beautiful beard that rippled and curled beneath my fingers, the inspired expression which came into his face when he was deeply moved. His splendid head lifted, his nostrils dilated, his eyes flashed valor, and his gestures were large, harmonious movements of the body, like his thoughts. No one could resist so much energy, such grace.

EVERY teacher of the deaf, no matter what system he advocates, has been influenced by Doctor Bell. He broadcast his ideas in the truest scientific spirit, with no personal ambition to advance. For a number of years he maintained at his own expense an experimental school in Washington where practical work could be carried on in finding better ways of teaching very young deaf children. He strove unceasingly to make it possible for every child without hearing to acquire speech.

You who see and hear may not realize that the teaching of speech to the deaf is one of the divinest miracles of the nineteenth century. Perhaps it is impossible for one who sees and hears to realize what it means to be both deaf and dumb. Ours is not the stillness which soothes the weary senses; it is an inhuman silence which severs and estranges. It is a silence not to be broken by a word of greeting, or the song of birds, or the sigh of a breeze. It is a silence which isolates cruelly, completely. Two hundred years ago there was not a ray of hope for us. In an indifferent world not one voice was lifted in our behalf. Yet hearing is the deepest, most humanizing, philosophical sense man possesses. Lonely ones all over the world, because of Doctor Bell's efforts, have been brought into the pleasant, social ways of mankind.

Doctor Bell was a young son of an old country, a self-reliant Scot, but so nobly did he live among us, he seems our own. His life was singularly free from harassments both of temperament and circumstances. No allowance was ever needed for the eccentricity or waywardness of genius. His nature was too fine to breed rivalries or to tolerate animosities. I have never met anyone who knew Doctor Bell personally who (*Continued on page 168*)

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Dark HAPPINESS

PART III

THE silhouette moved.

Slowly, as with difficulty, it started to rise—to vanish from sight toward the top of the casing. The shoulders were drawn up, the neck, then the head. The window frame was empty.

"*Ach! Ach!*" Katrina moaned again.

"See to these women," John ordered the chauffeur. "I've got to get my boots."

Irene's voice came coolly. "I'm all right. But Katrina here has fainted. I'm afraid she'll break her neck."

John lifted the maid from the danger of the stair pit. He lost precious time as he bore her to a bed. Into his own room he strode, yanked on his brogans and knotted the laces. Downstairs in the yard a tumult was growing; excited poundings, hysterical shoutings. Tripe slobbered with rage as he leaped at the windows. But the small sashes held; he failed to break through.

Irene looked in as John sought his flash-light.

"Never mind it," she cried, "the moon hasn't set."

She had slipped a loosely fitting cloak over her negligée. Downstairs they hurried and passed through the sitting-room.

The yard was filled with men. They were running, calling, waving their arms. With the kitchen door opened, Tripe added to the turmoil. From man to man he charged, barking savagely, getting kicked at and cursed. The rumpus was grotesque.

"Tripe, you devil! . . . *COME HERE!*" ordered Forsythe.

But the dog was obsessed. He clamped on a coat sleeve and clung with locked jaws. It was Enoch Baldwin's coat sleeve. A scuffle ensued, till the beast was pried loose.

"Now, then," panted Forsythe, "what's all this about?" He held the big Airedale wedged between his knees.

"Th' spook," cried Mike Austin, "went into th' barn!"

FORSYTHE glanced up. Directly over the shed ridgepole, a black oblong aperture yawned in the barn-front. A dirt-befogged window had been opened or removed.

"Where'd you come from now?" Enoch Baldwin blazed. He was a skinny little man with queer, knoblike head. His hat had been crushed and his coat sleeve was ruined.

"I came from the house," John answered, puzzled.

"So? What was you doin' in it, this hour o' night?"

"Who wants to know?"

"B'gad, *I* want t' know! Up here with th' Cravenside woman, warn't you?—an' we sort o' come an' ketched you!"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I'm deputy sheriff 'round these parts, don't forget that. An' they's laws ag'in' such matters."

"Come on!" begged Austin. "Let's bag that dam' spook!"

"*Stop!*" Irene ordered. She was suddenly before them. She turned on old Enoch. "I'm mistress here. All of you are trespassing."

"Yeah? An' mebbe you're a city woman an' go in f'r such things—"

"What things?"

"—but up in these mountains we're respectable persons."

"Enoch," warned Forsythe, "if you don't want your head punched, be careful what you say."

"You punch my head, young feller, an' you'll find yourself jailed. I commence t' see light through this myst'ry at last. What's hauntin' this hilltop is a real live husband, aimin' t' catch his wife misbehavin'."

"Enoch, *that's enough!*" Releasing his dog, John straightened angrily.

"Enough, is it?—with you an' this female coverin' your fumadiddles—"

"I told you, that's *enough!*"

John Forsythe struck. His fist was like a mallet. It met Enoch's mouth and whipped his head backward. The deputy wheeled and went down on his back.

"Great heavens!" cried Irene. "Supposing you've killed him?"

"I haven't killed him. I've only knocked him out. I'm sorry I had to hit him in front of you. But I couldn't stand by and hear him insult you."

"Is he hurt?" asked Irene. She bent above the body.

"Mouth's bleedin' a bit," Gleason answered, kneeling. "He'll get you for this, John Forsythe."

"All right, let him. Where have you come from, to show up here so?"

Mike Austin shrugged his shoulders. He was lean and ungainly, with an absence of chin. "We follered Blind Jessie. We knowed from th' first you was tryin' t' stall us—"

"Never mind that now," a hoarse voice protested. "Jake's opened the door; let's see to the barn!"

"STOP, *I command you!*" Irene's tone was deadly. "You hear me, all of you! If anyone goes into that barn, I'll have him arrested for malicious vandalism."

"But, ma'am—"

"You're up here on mischief that implicates my husband. That's *my* affair, and the matter is private."

"Th' hell it's private!" a bass voice retorted. "Private, is it, to have spooks—"

"*IT'S GETTIN' AWAY!*" wailed a voice across the yard.

Down near the silo, where a view of the far south mowing was obtainable,

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WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY'S

remarkable story of the strange happenings in the House of Cravenside

Illustrated by
O. F. SCHMIDT

another of the villagers was excitedly gesturing. Control the rest of them, John could not. Despite Irene's anger, they bolted for the meadow—even old Gleason. Across Enoch's form he leaped with a stumble.

"We'd better go along," John cried in dismay.

"You go! Try to get ahead of them. I'll stay with Mr. Baldwin."

"But—"

"Go, go! If it's Donald, protect him!"

TRIPE had gone already; propelled by steel muscles, he sprang down the grade. And John got in motion. Fanned in an arc, the others ran ahead, forgetting the dog as the dog forgot them. Instinctively the Airedale saw what was wanted; it raced ahead swiftly with short, angry barks—jumping like a rabbit when grasses screened its quarry. That quarry was plain, fleeing crazily southward. It made for the wall and the pasture beyond. A floppy, sprawly, long-legged "specter," it gained the stone wall and crashed over out of sight. Tripe went over also. . . .

Had the figure been La Flemme?—Cravenside?—a stranger? Forsythe couldn't tell. The distance was too great. But when they reached the wall, John was in the lead. He mounted the stones but did not go over. The pasture before him was a labyrinth of bushes, shoulder-high blueberry interspersed with birch In the paths amid these bushes the Airedale hunted, barking.

The cursing was voluble.

"'Tain't sense, follerin' in there," Austin cried sharply. "Besides, why should we? Ghosts don't leave tracks. We been chasin' a *man!*"

"Yeah, but what man?"

"Seems t' me they's only one man who'd be snoopin' around, tryin' t' find who was lovin' his wife!"

"No more o' that!" the big surveyor snapped. "I never set eyes on Mrs. Cravenside before tonight."

"Then you're a fast worker—or she is!—I'll say that for one o' you."

"Have you boys gone crazy?"

"You go off on trips, don't you? How do we know they been f'r th' gov'ment? You might o' went t' see Donald 'bout his property an' somehow met his woman. Then he disappears, no one knows where, but they's stories gets out his Shape's snoopin' 'round here. Well, an' why not? What proof we got that Don Cravenside ain't been watchin' you f'r weeks, waitin' f'r this t' happen? An' we took him for his ghost!"

John suddenly laughed. It was all so ridiculous.

"Where have you boys been tonight, that I didn't see you when I looked from my window?"

His mirth discomfited those below him. Austin said sourly:

"We hid in th' orchard till Jessie come out. Then we follered her home."

"'Way home?"

"Naw—we lost her over in Cravenside's Woods."

"Over here beyond the pasture, you mean? She went that way, *alone?*"

"Far's we could see. We dassent get too close, or she'd know we was behind. After she crossed th' log-road bridge, it was too blamed dark f'r us t' go further."

"You haven't been till this time of night following Jessie to the brook!"

"Naw—we went back t' th' store an' stood around an' talked. Then Enoch says he aimed t' have more speech with you, 'bout th' things you said t'night in th' lane. We 'llowed we'd tag along. But we got t' your house an' found nobody home. That was so funny that Enoch got riled. Said if you was sleepin' up t' th' Homestead, th' whole explanation was right under our noses. So we went up through th' orchard an' hid in th' grass."

"DID everything appear all right, over to my house?"

"Near's we could see."

"Were any lamps burning?"

"Naw—your house was dark."

"Was Hives La Flemme with you?"

"I reckon so—yaas."

"He warn't with us to the store," old Gleason contradicted.

"Come to think of it, John," a cooler voice declared, "he ain't been with us since we turned back at the brook. I remember he was with us to the pasture, but after that we lost him."

"Go on, Mike. You found my house closed and came up through the orchard. Were the lights out in the Homestead?"

"All but one in the east room upstairs. Baldwin was all f'r goin' in an' ketchin' you then, but some o' th' boys 'llowed we'd better give you th' chance t' get t' sleep. Then we'd *break* in. 'Bout a half-hour after the east room light went out, we heard noises in th' barn—like things fallin' over—or bein' bumped into. We heard a funny squeakin' noise, too, like a rusty pulley workin'."

"Go on—hurry up!"

"Well, it made us forget 'bout you an' Mis' Cravenside. If Don was in th' barn, we thought we'd let him settle his own mess. If a ghost was in th' barn, we'd stay an' see what happened. But a long time we had t' wait—most an hour, seemed-like—'fore that window opened an' a Shape showed on th' shed. It worked along th' ridgepole on t'other side fr'm us. Then it hitched itself up on th' roof o' th' ell. Them roofs don't slope much—"

"Go on—for heaven's sake, hurry!"

"Well, we crept 'round th' barn after a time, an' there was that Somethin' *hangin' head down'ards*. Over th' edge. It give us th' creeps."

"How could anything human manage it, and not pitch off on its head?"

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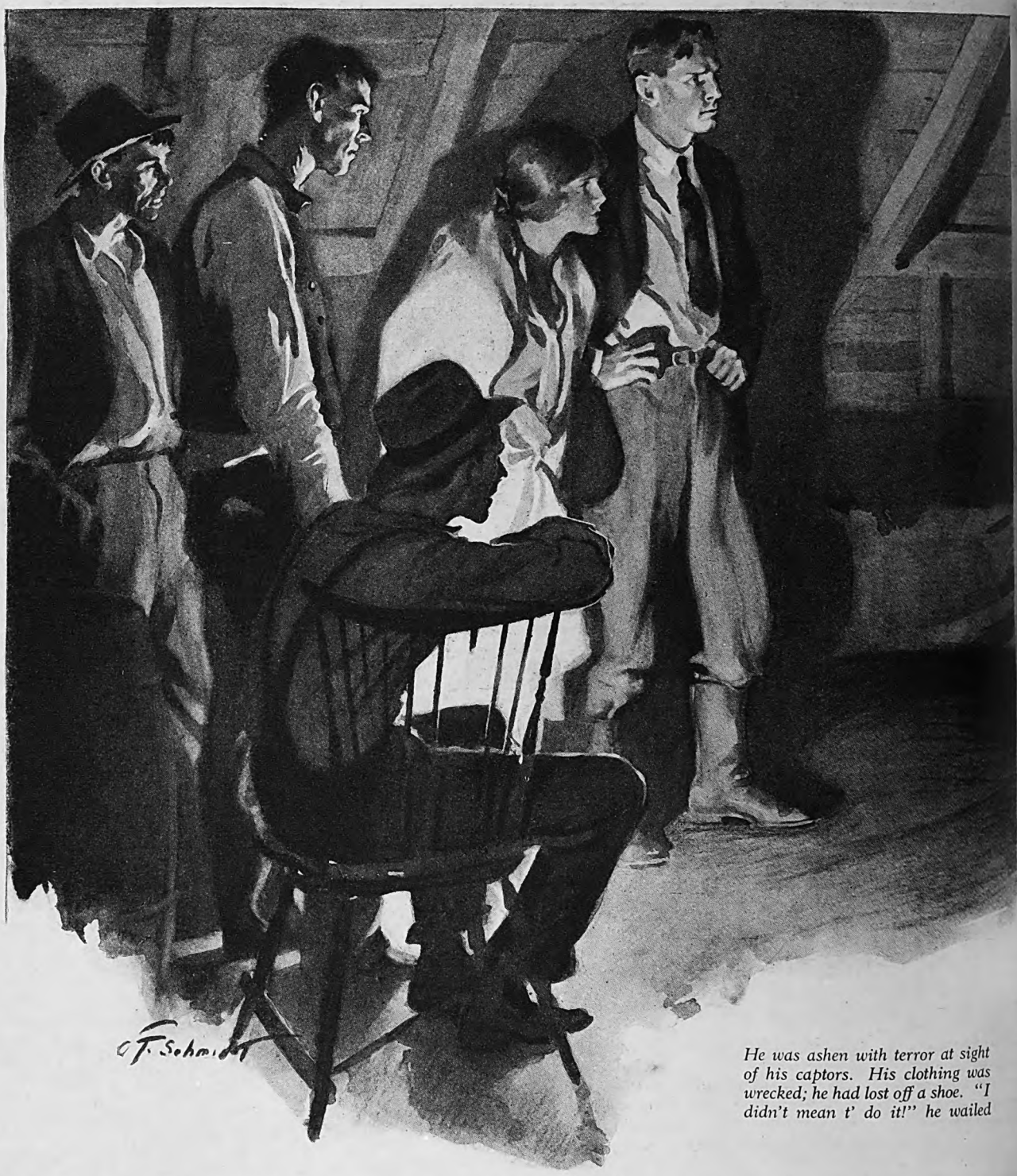

He was ashen with terror at sight of his captors. His clothing was wrecked; he had lost off a shoe. "I didn't mean t' do it!" he wailed

"Looked as if rotted shingles had been pulled off, t' give a leg-hold on th' timbers underneath. Th' small west window is th' only one close enough t' th' eaves anywheres upstairs t' make such a stunt possible."

"Yes, I know that."

"Anyhow, whilst we was waitin' t' see whether th' Thing hoisted itself back up, or went headforemost into th' window, some female inside started screechin' her head off—"

"Enoch's comin' down th' mowin'," Gleason interrupted.

The group turned around.

"Mis' Cravenside's with him. Let's get over th' wall, then we won't be on her property."

"Boys, you're all wet," Forsythe said persuasively. "I've never laid eyes on that lady till tonight. If Don's on this property, in this pasture, anywhere in this district, I'm as anxious to know it as anyone present—"

"You gotta show us!"

"All right, I will. We're going to beat this pasture. We'll fan out the whole width of it, within calling distance of one another, and advance abreast—"

"Hark! . . . *f'r cat's sake . . . WHAT'S THAT?*"

Yes, what was it? . . .

A CRY had reached them. From over at the back of the pasture it reached them—high-pitched, long-drawn, heart-throttling. It cut through the night above the barking of the dog, above their caustic conversation, echoing against the hillside and dissolving in the silence. The group shrank together. Came a younger man's hoarse whisper—

"I heard hosses shriek like that—in France—"

"That warn't no hoss," Austin protested.

"No," said Joe Gleason, "a human give that yowl. A human that's been hurt. Over there towards th' woods!"

"Tripe's found somethin' that's got him troubled."

They listened in the moonlight for the cry to be repeated. Over toward the west the Airedale had worked, an altered note now in its vocal excitement.

"S'pose he's bagged th' feller, whoever we was chasin'?"

"More likely he's injured himself," John said nervously, "poking his way through this poorly lit pasture. Come on . . . we'll find out!"

He dropped from the wall. On the opposite side he started through the scrub.

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noch, with Irene, had almost reached the oup. John wanted no more bickering ith old Baldwin for the present.

He headed toward Tripe's barkings. ushes scratched his wrists; fronds clawed s trousers. Occasionally he stumbled here moss-covered boulders made humocks in the sod. But bush after bush skirted, ever deeper in the labyrinth umined by weak moonshine. Once he rned and glanced back. No persons ere following. There was no vocal evince that they had even crossed the wall.

"All right," he said grimly, "I'll go alone!"

N AND out through circular lanes he worked, around clumps of low birch, ld azalea, and sheep laurel; over spaces rpeted with sweetbrier and checkerry; flanking rocky ledges; falling over mps that were hidden in barberry. earer and nearer he drew to the dog.

Occasionally, for long intervals after he rived at the center of the pasture, the g would be silent. At such time the rcher lost his direction. Ten minutes ssed. Fifteen. Twenty. Some stretches traversed by circuitous route, to avoid cked brier clumps where passage was impracticable. At times he paused to listen. . . .

Water trickled somewhere . . . no other noises. In all that moonlit area no other persons seemed moving or following. Far away, on his right, a half-mile nearly, the Homestead on the hill was vague against the stars. Nearer, at his left, the mill brook was flowing. Beyond the brook were woods—spruce, hemlock, white birch, shag hickory—a dark and sinister barrier. Within the half-hour the moon would sink behind it. John ventured a shout.

"Helloo-oo!" he called. And waited.

He fancied someone answered, a woman's voice apparently, but over northeastward, the way he had come. Then Tripe aroused to barking. On the southern side of the brook he responded, though a distance still ahead.

John waded the stream. Thence he came on an aisle that ran crookedly but smoothly—some sort of log road bordering the timber. He turned along this cleared space. Rounding a curve, he kicked something rakish, something metallic that clicked against a rock. He stooped and picked it up . . .

"*Lord!*" he exclaimed. A shudder ran through him. He had picked up the scimitar stolen from his study.

Someone had thrown it, fleeing along the brook. It had struck the sod obliquely, resting on a hummock till John's boot dislodged it. John touched its blade with hesitant finger tips.

A SECOND shudder, a shudder more grisly, played havoc with his nerve. In reflex action, he wiped his fingers on his trousers . . .

Then he saw Tripe. Out of the brush at his right, the dog bounded. But he did not leap toward his master in greeting. In the pathway he halted, ears and tail erect, to whimper worriedly, sniff the ground about his paws, and wait till John reached him. John followed fearfully—the brook now on his right.

Almost at once he saw human legs—man's legs!—thrust from the bushes, with feet pointing downward. He straightened in shock. He dropped the lethal weapon.

The man he had turned over was the long-missing Cravenside!

Donald Cravenside!

Dead!

Donald Cravenside dead! . . .

Twenty years (*Continued on page 139*)

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Stop CODDLING Yourself!

By WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

THE other day, preliminary to examining a man's heart, I had him engage in some simple exercises. In a few minutes this big six-footer was all tuckered out. "Doctor," he gasped, "I guess I am getting soft. I've been coddling myself too much during the past few years."

He was dead right about being soft. Upon examination, I found his muscles soft and flabby, including his heart muscle; his circulation was sluggish, and before I was through I discovered that his brain and liver were also sluggish.

I am afraid that as a nation we are on the road to "getting soft." Modern civilization, with its labor-saving devices and inventions and luxuries, is taking toll of our stamina and lessening our vitality

There's a sort of thrill in getting back to nature

Several years ago, when making strength tests of different parts of the body, I was greatly impressed by the fact that the tests of the muscles of the legs showed a marked decrease in comparison with standards that had been made twenty-five years before, and I presume, with still more automobiles in commission at the present time, I should find an even greater weakening in the leg muscles if I were to repeat these tests today. Now, when our leg muscles get weak, it is more than likely that the abdominal musculature is also weakened. I could fill this article with stories of indigestion, constipation, supposed auto-intoxication, and other abdominal miseries, that have been cured by a restoration of the walking habit.

I BELIEVE that the average healthy man or woman would be greatly benefited by walking five or six miles every day in the open air. Of course, this presupposes that this five- or six-mile walk represents the sum total of the exercise for the day. If one is doing housework, climbing stairs, or engaged in other occupations which necessitate walking, the distance referred to should be cut down. I merely mention a five-mile walk as representing an agreeable form in which the required daily physical exercise may be profitably taken by an ordinary individual in good health.

Not long ago a neighbor of mine kept complaining about headaches, indigestion, and constipation. I could not find anything wrong with him, and so I finally advised him to use his car only for week-end outings. I made him promise to walk the three miles from his home to his office six days a week. In less than six months his headaches and indigestion had disappeared. I suppose he would have got well in two or three months if I had made him walk both ways.

While I am speaking about muscles, I want to make it clear that a muscle does not have to be big in order to be healthy. I would rather see good, solid, small muscles than a great big, overgrown musculature.

Some people are born with big muscles, just as others are born with big feet or big noses, and they don't have to exercise to keep these muscles big. As a matter of fact, there is a great deal to be said against overdevelopment of the muscles. If you are too athletic when you are young, you may overdevelop your heart, and then later in life there is danger of fatty degeneration if you don't keep your exercise right up to snuff. I advocate moderate, *regular* exercise to keep in ordinary good health.

It is the law of Nature to allow any organ or structure rapidly to deteriorate when we fail to make proper use of it. I believe that the great trouble with our teeth in modern times is not just the fact that the diet of children is deficient in lime, phosphorus, and other salts, but can be attributed in a greater measure to failure to use the teeth vigorously. We are subsisting more and more upon soft foods that do not require mastication.

If we were to go back to some of the dietetic practices of our forefathers and eat more rye bread, graham bread, hard-tack, sauerkraut, and hominy, we should be less bothered with pyorrhea, indigestion, constipation, and auto-intoxication.

While on the subject of teeth, I should like to say something about digestion. I think many persons are falling into the habit of coddling their stomachs. Now, I am fully aware that s stomachs must have proper di but I am talking just now ab well stomachs. There is a deci tendency nowadays to pamper stomach and feed it only w viands that are easy of digesti This is very weakening. stomach is a hollow, muscular gan—it needs work, it thrives work. A good mess of sauerkr or corned beef and cabbage w do some stomachs good; they hard to digest, but a hea stomach thrives on hard work. course, if you have pampered y stomach for fifteen years, you going to have trouble if you s right in on a big dose of co beef and cabbage. Give stomach four to six weeks to up and get ready for a real d work like this. The stomach cles are getting soft, just like the muscles, because we don't use them.

Let me say again that I am tal about well stomachs. I don't want reader who ha gastric ulcer or some of chronic indigestion to take this a too literally. If your doctor put you diet, stick to it, regardless of what saying here; but if you have a he stomach, don't be afraid to give it a hard job now and then.

ANOTHER way in wh ch we are be ing soft is shown by our inabili withstand cold. We are developing i hothouse race. Furnace and steam have led to overheating of both our l and working quarters. Most indivi begin to shiver if they come into a

What is better th a nice, brisk wa of five miles or s

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Cartoons by PAUL CARRUTH

r ancestors did not ve to drive themselves exercise—they were driven to it!

the winter that is 68° F. When you get uch above 70°, insensible perspiration mes out on the skin, and evaporation ills you unless you get the temperature to 75° or 80° F. If you stay around F. it is better, but we are so used to is overheated atmosphere that most of feel chilly at the proper temperature. Several years ago, I was attending a mily of eight persons—father, mother, andmother, and five children. Three or ur of them were sick most of the time ith colds, influenza, or bronchitis. Finally, managed to dig down to the root of the ouble. The family had developed cold-hobia—the members were all afraid of ld air, cold drafts, cold baths, and every-ing else cold. They kept the tempera-tre right up around 80° F. The air was ry and super-heated. It required six eeks to get them acclimated to a room mperature of 68° F., but even Grandma ally got used to it. The humidity was proved by means of evaporating pans. nce this family has adjusted itself to this wer room temperature, colds and re-iratory troubles have practically disap-ared.

F YOU have poor circulation, start early in the fall to train your skin to react rmally to moderate temperatures, cold r, and even drafts. This is best ac-mplished by means of hot baths followed a cold shower, or by cold baths taken a warm room so as to insure a vigorous action afterwards. By improving the in circulation in this way, we are less bject to the chilling effects of drafts and dden exposure to cold air.

A good, healthy skin reaction is Nature's vercoat for winter. While we often iticize women for under-dressing during e cold season, there is probably less to e feared from this practice than from e habit of over-dressing. However, e thing to do is to avoid both extremes.

Too many of us are trying to earn our ving only by the "sweat of our brains." fact, I don't know when some folks ould indulge in the luxury of a good veat if Nature didn't turn on the heat uring the summer season.

But nowadays when we prescribe sweat-g as a health measure, many people pre-r to sit in a cabinet and have a trained urse turn on the electric lights or steam, rather than go out and work up a natural sweat either at manual labor or sport. Of course, I am talking about healthy people. I would be the last one to decry the use of various forms of sweat baths as a remedial measure; they are invaluable. But why should well folks resort to the technique of the sick in order to enjoy a good sweat?

And this question of sweating is closely linked up with water drinking. We get hungry two or three times a day by the clock—whether we need the food or not; but we don't seem to get thirsty unless we sweat, and we don't drink, as a rule, unless we are thirsty. And when we don't drink enough water, sooner or later our kidneys are bound to suffer. Kidney irritation, overaccumulation of acid toxins in the blood, and numerous other ill effects are more or less due to the failure of people to sweat freely and drink a sufficient amount of water.

I think the majority of individuals would do a great deal to assist their skin vigor if they trained themselves in the practice of wearing the same weight of underclothes in the winter as they do in the summer, adjusting the outer garments only to the temperature.

There is no doubt that this decline in a healthy circulation of the blood through the skin is one of the most positive indications that we have begun to suffer as a result of our various "coddling" practices. We are becoming more and more the victims of "chilly drafts," and naturally this is making us afraid of cold weather and the winter season, with its tonic, invigorating, and health-promoting influences.

Even fatigue has become a bugaboo to thousands of people. They don't know how to reconcile themselves to the ordinary, common, everyday sensations of being tired. They want something to "pep them up." I had a case of the kind not long ago. The woman's only complaint was that she just couldn't bear her feelings of fatigue. She was turning the world upside down and dosing herself with three or four different sorts of medicine, trying to escape fatigue. If we have muscular fatigue, a night's sleep or a little extra rest will soon fix us up; and if we have nervous fatigue, we are not going to get away from it by chasing thrills. Sane, healthful living is the only cure for that.

We suffer from many unnecessary backaches, headaches, and a lot of other aches and pains through our tendency to pamper, coddle, and otherwise debilitate our physical resistance.

And we may be sure that Nature will exact a good, stiff penalty from us if we continue to pamper and coddle ourselves.

I am not asking you to overload your stomach, or put an undue strain on your vital organs, or overtire your muscles, in order to harden yourself. I am merely asking you to give your organs and muscles good, healthy, natural work to do, so that they will not deteriorate and become flabby for want of proper use.

Nor do I advocate that you give up the luxuries of civilization. That would be foolish. Nobody wants to go back to the crude, primitive days. Nevertheless, we must remember that our ancestors were put through some mighty valuable "health paces" in the days when legs were used as a means of locomotion and the professional baker, the steam laundry, the delicatessen, modern inventions, and the canning factory had not invaded the home.

IF WE want to regain the sturdiness, vitality, and stamina of our forefathers, we must put ourselves through some daily "health paces" that will counteract the softening influences of too much civilization.

Let us begin the "hardening" process by recovering the use of our legs.

A brisk walk of several miles daily will do a great deal toward preventing and curing indigestion, constipation, and other abdominal troubles.

Make a practice of drinking more water—at least eight glasses a day.

Force yourself to eat a certain amount of coarse food daily. Remember that the stomach thrives on hard work, and the best way to massage the gums is by real chewing.

Perform some vigorous daily exercise that will work up a sweat and increase your lung capacity by making you breathe deeply.

Train your skin readily to react to changes of temperature as a preventive against colds.

Do not live in overheated rooms. 68° F. is the proper temperature to maintain during the winter months.

Finally, give yourself a chance to "rough it" occasionally. If possible, utilize your summer vacation to get back to Nature and learn for a short time to do without bathtubs, soft beds, easy-chairs, superfine cookery, and the rest of the superficial trimmings that belong to this *de luxe*, overcomfortable age. (*The End*)

If you are scared to death that you'll have indigestion, you'll probably have it

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Mr. Money

DIXIE WILLSON'S *delightful story of what love—and a legacy—did for Anson Abbott*

Illustrated by
JOHN M. CLEMENT

ANSON ABBOTT worked in the general store in Hotchkiss. He had brown, meek hair, and his shoes squeaked. He boarded one block from Main Street, at Mrs. Trolby's, where also boarded the telegraph operator and the milliner and the school-teacher.

One Saturday night, Mrs. Trolby called supper without remembering that she hadn't any bread. And before she *did* remember it, she heard the milliner asking the telegraph operator to ask Mrs. Trolby for the bread.

Mrs. Trolby was so en*tire*ly conscientious that no bread for the boarders was like heaven coming down! All of a quaver, she hurried from the kitchen to explain that she'd been doing such a mess of cooking for Sunday, she'd forgot, God forgive her, to get any bread! But if Miss Horn would watch the coffee on the stove with half an eye, it wouldn't take a minute to run to the bakery!

"*I'll* go to the bakery," Anson Abbott said.

"Oh, Mr. Abbott!" Mrs. Trolby fluttered. "*Would* you?"

He shoved back his chair and took the dime Mrs. Trolby had in her hand. The milliner giggled at his shoes squeaking to the front door.

It was June . . . stars just coming out . . . damp buds in the trees.

Myra Kemp worked in the bakery. She was like a little gold canary—soft yellow hair with little tendrils curling around her face—wide blue eyes—quick little feet—fresh aprons. She was pink and white as a new wild rose. Quick little hands wrapping the pies, folding cake boxes.

When she gave Anson the change, he asked abruptly if she'd go to the band concert with him that evening. She lifted her shoulders and laughed—breaking off the string around the bread.

"*No*, thank you," she said.

He went back to Mrs. Trolby's, and gave Mrs. Trolby the bread, and the change, and sat down at the table again. He felt like a machine that goes on because it is set and wound and *has* to go on. Myra Kemp! Myra Kemp! Damp little curls—wide blue eyes—flushing pink and white skin. Why did he go on and on thinking nothing but Myra Kemp—Myra Kemp? Why did he walk by and by and by the bakery, just to look in at her? Why did he keep imagining—imagining—what it would be like if Myra loved him? Why couldn't he be satisfied with Dellie Harris, who had all but asked him to marry her? Why couldn't he take Dellie and stop filling himself full of nothing but how beautiful—how wonderful—*Myra* was?

HE COULD make up something to do at the store . . . and walk by the bakery . . . and look in again. . . .

The boarders all talking . . . yes . . . no . . . surely *must* rain tomorrow. . . .

And then the gong on the front door was ringing—Mrs. Trolby answering—and when she came back from the front hall, she said somebody wanted to see Anson Harper Abbott.

Anson was surprised.

"*Me?*" he said. "*I* don't know anybody!"

"It's a tall gentleman with gold glasses and terrible good clothes!" Mrs. Trolby told him—whispering.

The boarders smiled at his shoes, squeaking now to the pa

Mrs. Trolby found something to c the front hall—by the parlor door— suddenly came back, half running, the kitchen, so profoundly excited the boarders could see the red gath around her ears!

"I think I'll get me some hot cof the milliner said, and went crisply int kitchen after Mrs. Trolby.

"Mis' Trolby! What *was* it?" asked sharply, under her breath.

Mrs. Trolby, reaching for a frayed jacket on the hook on the door, caug her heart and looked toward heaven.

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"Oh," she gasped. "Oh, my! Somebody's dead, that hadn't no relative but Anson! The man in there named off more money than I knew there was figgers for! I'm going after ice cream!"

The ice cream was sold at the bakery. Mrs. Trolby—too excited not to *talk*—breathlessly told what had happened, while Myra was getting the paper pail out of the stack and lifting off the frosty cover of the ice cream can, and filling the pail.

Back at Mrs. Trolby's, the gentleman was shaking hands with Anson at the front door when Mrs. Trolby hurried in the side gate. In the dining-room, all the boarders were watching the hall door to see how Anson would look when he came in. But he only came in, and sat down, and asked Mr. Eenis to pass the cabbage. Mrs. Trolby scooped a gold dish from the sideboard.

"I'll get some hot, off the stove," she said, and hurried out, and brought back the gold dish full of hot red cabbage.

"I'd like some bread," he said.

Eight hands passed it to him.

The telephone rang. Mrs. Trolby answered. And called Anson Abbott's name.

"*Me?*" he said. "*I* don't know anybody!"

"Hello," he said. "Yes . . . oh . . . why, yes . . . yes. . . ." His forehead grew red. He smiled. "Well—girls are sup*pos*ed to change their minds. Yeh—the band begins at eight. Thanks."

He went back to his place at the table—ate a little of the cabbage.

"More coffee, Mr. Abbott?" Mrs. Trolby asked, hovering over him.

"Yes," he said. "I mean, no—no thanks."

He got out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead that was suddenly perspiring.

"Mrs. Trolby," he said, "could you get time to press my good suit before eight?"

ONE evening Anson didn't come home to supper. Mrs. Trolby kept the lamb stew hot for an hour, but he didn't come. And while she waited for him, the boarders had only one thing to talk about. Anson in love! Poor Anson so terribly in love!

"It's a *shame*," Miss Horn said. "A wicked *shame*! Dellie's good as gold, and eating her heart out for him, and Myra Kemp only leading him on by the nose be-

Every day he had loved her more. He would have been living in golden paradise, except for just one stinging, biting insect of a thought

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cause he's got money! She don't give a snap for him and everybody knows it! Everybody *knows* she's just leading him on by the nose!"

"That's right," Mr. Eenis said. "She never treated him half decent before!"

"Mr. Abbott is a fine young man," Mrs. Trolby said. "He should be *told!* I'm going to *tell* him!"

The next morning she went to the store and fussed through the green tin trays, picking out vegetables, till there was nobody around but herself and Anson.

"Anson," she said, "I came a-purpose to tell you something you'd ought to know. You're bein' hoodwinked by Myra Kemp, Anson, and everybody knows it. Everybody knows she don't give a *snap* for you except the money you've come into. Dellie Harris is cryin' her *eyes* out about you. Dellie and everybody else knows Myra's only pullin' wool over your eyes, Anson, and it's *some*body's duty to tell you!"

Anson pushed one hand back over his forehead—over his meek brown hair—and smiled a little.

"I—I hope that isn't true, Mrs. Trolby," he said. "Last night at the Baptist parsonage—Myra and I——got married!"

FROM the time when people lived with simple joys—like, for instance, spicy, old-fashioned flowers, fat little bean crocks, fresh-scrubbed wooden floors, basket socials in the church basement—there are still a few people left, like Myra and Anson after they had been married eleven years.

They lived on a corner in Hotchkiss, two blocks east of Main Street, in a little square house with green shutters. Anson owned the general store, and in the vacant lot behind their house he raised chickens—leghorns. He had made a concrete chicken house, with the latest ventilators and adjustable roosts. He had a hatchery and a brooder. And one spring he had five hundred chicks in the incubator all at once.

"Abbott Leghorns" took all the prizes at the county and district fairs; Abbott's eggs sold for four cents more a dozen than any others; and next to loving Myra, the greatest thrill life had for Anson was every incubator setting of yellow chicks, wakening into Life, out of *eggs*, because *his* hands had lighted and tended the lamps! Five hundred eggs that were nothing but *eggs*, becoming, by his hands, living, breathing, functioning creatures!

Chickens were his plan for something to keep busy at while he and Myra were waiting for him to be forty, when they would have the money. Then they would go to New York City—and Palm Beach—and Paris—and Cairo—and China. Myra wanted to see the desert. She wanted to see Paris—and Palm Beach—and China.

Uncle Anson's will read like this: "Until the fortieth birthday of my only surviving relative, Anson Harper Abbott, shall be held in trust for said Anson Harper Abbott, the sum of seven million dollars, and all my worldly estate; said possessions to go to charities as named, in case of the death of said Anson Harper Abbott before his fortieth year."

Anson didn't think a good deal about it—about what seven million dollars would mean to him. *Some*times he did. Yes—it ought to be quite a day! A car! He had always wanted to own a car! Always wanted to see the ocean!

But the first years after his marriage to Myra were so filled with just the wonder of possessing her that he was conscious of nothing else—conscious of nothing but the heaven of her presence; the ecstasy of the realization that she was *his!* His wife! Every day she had grown more beautiful. Every day he had loved her more. He would have been living in golden paradise, except for just one stinging, biting insect of a thought: The remembrance of what Mrs. Trolby had come to tell him, the day after he and Myra had been married!

ELEVEN years! One more year and little Myra Kemp would be the wife of a millionaire!

She would have a butler, of course. (She had acquainted herself fully with what people expected of their butlers.) Diamonds. (She had read of pear-shaped diamonds. She would have one of those—or several.) Town house—country house—town car—yacht. Many a duchess did her imagination entertain at tea in the little parlor behind the shutters. Ambassadors, dukes, earls, kings, and queens, no less! On her center table you didn't find any of the things you had a right to expect—"Home Needlework"—"House and Fireside"—"Key to the Scriptures"—but only the latest magazines on style—gowns—earrings—Monte Carlo and Biarritz.

After they had been married four or five years, Anson had begun to see that everything she said or did was in relation to what they were to be when they had their money. It had begun to seep into his mind that what Mrs. Trolby and "everybody else" had said must be true. For *this* had Myra Kemp become Mrs. Anson Abbott—for this had she "loved" and married him!

He would be looking at the price of chick-feed and new brooders, and figuring what spring goods to order for the store, when she would look up and say, "*An*son! Men in Paris are wearing *cor*sets!" She would laugh that little bird laugh and say, "I suppose every morning I'll have to help you into your corset!" Or she would say, "Anson, men's trousers must be slightly tucked now—slightly tucked"—observing his, which were *not* slightly tucked!

Feeding that insect of what Mrs. Trolby had said! Growing it a little larger! Making the sting a little more! Sometimes his mind got so full of the thought, he felt crowded *out* of *himself*. Tangled—imprisoned—with the thought that to Myra he was nothing at all but the medium to seven million dollars. The glory *he* felt in every hour of their companionship was to *her* only the handle of a dipper that would one day bring up seven million. She had not married *him*, but the dream of seven million dollars. Mrs. Trolby and "everybody else" had known it. Everybody had known it but himself. . . . (The insect growing to octopus proportions!)

But this is how he tried to face it: "Well—all right. For eleven years Myra has washed dishes, and baked bread and cooked and hung out clothes on a Monday and packed eggs and scrubbed the kitchen, and if she has been willing to trade this for a dream—all right!"

The saving thing was that not by one second did it change his love for her! Not by one hour did it change his devotion! In spite of anything he might guess or presume about her love for *him*, his love for *her* was only more—and more—and more!

Eleven years! In one year he would be forty. And she would be thirty. And they would possess a fortune.

"If you were only taller, Anson," she said once. "For evening I'm sure you can never wear anything but a tuxedo. In Paris," she laughed, "you'll have to wear a top hat in the afternoon, and pin stripes, and say '*Donnez-moi du café*,' when you want a cup of coffee!"

It astonished him, all she had learned of how people were millionaires. He didn't even know what she *meant*, when she said "tuxedo."

Across the street from them lived Dellie Harris, married to Noah Gelsby, who ran a truck garden. Dellie and Myra exchanged bread starter and foliage slips. Dellie and Noah, and Myra and Anson walked to church together on Sundays and on Wednesday nights, and spent winter evenings together. Dellie was happy with Noah. She loved him. She had three children. Her Melissa was the prettiest baby ever born in Hotchkiss. But Myra always seemed to show off to Dellie just a little how devoted Anson was. Always wanted to show off a little to Dellie, it seemed, which one of them, after all, had got to be Mrs. Anson Abbott!

One day Anson got a little catching pain around his heart, and suddenly began to be afraid he would die before he was forty and cheat Myra out of the dream she had bought and already paid for. Poor little Myra, if he should die! No, he *mustn't* die and cheat her!

ONE night he sat making out an order for bedroom slippers and Norwegian sardines in mustard, Myra across the room rocking—rocking—reading a book about Vienna—the palaces of Vienna! *Vienna* crowding into this little house where every creak of the stairs, every scar on the wall was *theirs*—en*fold*ing them! Spice of flowers in the pots Myra had tended. Squares of sunshine across the kitchen floor on Saturday afternoons, damp streaks of the boards that stayed wet longest from scrubbing. Nearer and nearer—this thing that was going to root him up—pry him out— It couldn't *wait!* It must even come here and close in upon this peace—this heaven—this room in which there was nothing but Myra—her presence—no sound but her breathing—her chair rocking—her pages turning! Nearer—and nearer—the thing coming to crash this little world that was all his—with Myra!

Suddenly he was stumbling at her feet, on the floor, on his knees, his lips against her hands, tears all over her fingers. Blubbering over his wife's hands after eleven years!

"Myra—I love you! I—I love you!"

Kissing her fingers—tears on the palaces of Vienna—Myra staring at him—puzzled—surprised—

"Why, Anson! Get up off the floor! Are you—*ill*, Anson?"

And then her arms folded around him. He felt her bending down to him—her face against his—her cheek warm against his—her hair soft and fragrant—and she kissed him.

"I *know* you love me, Anson," she said. "I love you too. I—love you—too."

A moment—her arms around him, her lips close to his—(*Continued on page 165*)

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It is much more comfortable and smugly self-righteous to be ashamed of other people—BUT

I Am Ashamed of Myself

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

UP TO the evening of December 13, 1928, I was rather well satisfied with my own rank in the army of good fellows. Then, in a mere handful of time, I was forced to revise my list of the world's "white men," and to give myself a far lower place. Wherefore, as my title shows, I am ashamed.

Here is the story:

I had been writing all day, and I was planning a two-hour session at my desk for that evening. Nothing clears my mind and gives it a fresh grip on work like a brisk five-mile walk. So, directly after dinner, I set off for an hour's tramping.

It was pitch-dark. Thus I stuck to the highroad, instead of striking across country as usual. That meant I left my dogs at home. For our North Jersey highroads are no longer safe for dogs to travel on. Cars are too many and too fast and too carelessly driven.

I had a splendid hike, along the hard concrete, at something better than a four-mile-an-hour gait. The brisk exercise braced me and gave me zest for the writing I had planned for that evening.

I neared a curve in the wide road, about a mile from Sunnybank, on my return journey. A car, driven at furious pace, whizzed round the bend toward me.

Always I walk on the very edge of the concrete and on the left of the road. That was the order given at the training camps during the war; the theory being not only that a car facing a pedestrian is easier to dodge, but that drivers will allow more leeway for such a pedestrian than if they come up behind him. Often I had proved the truth of this.

On that night I had just time to notice that the speeding car was unduly close to my edge of the road. I prepared to step off onto the wayside dirt. My left foot had stepped from the concrete, when the car hit me.

NOW, I want to pause long enough to say that all the innumerable swats I have received in many years of strenuous athletic work cannot be compared to the merest touch of a large and rapid car. In my boxing days I received most ungodly punches in my various bouts with Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Jim Corbett, and many another pile-driving hitter. Also, in football scrimmages and tackles, I have been thrown hard and with breath-expelling vehemence. A kick from my Arab saddle horse, in the Syrian wilderness, is also among my more violent memories.

But none of these earnest impacts were worth the most casual mention in comparison to the tap administered to me by the mud guard of that fifty-mile-an-hour motor car. (I mention this to make fast drivers realize something of the hideous power they are exerting and the effect it has on any human or dog in its path.)

The car hit the outside of my right leg, about nine inches below the hip I went high and rapidly through the air, landing on my right wrist in the ditch and then rebounding, through no effort of my own, several feet into the air again and hitting the bottom of the ditch with a bang that knocked out what breath I had left.

THERE I lay, fighting for breath. The car was already out of sight around the next curve, a quarter-mile farther on. The term, "hit-and-run," took on a new and personal meaning to me.

I tried to get up. But my entire right side was as powerless as it was torturing. It was a winter night. Cars were few along that black road. Where I lay at the back of the ditch I knew I should be invisible to any driver. So, with my left arm and left leg, I wriggled to the edge of the concrete. Then I took my handkerchief and prepared to wave it as a signal for the next car which might come along.

One such car spun past. Either its driver did not see me or else he thought the waving handkerchief was some ruse of a holdup man. Or perhaps he was in a hurry.

Then, after ten minutes, another car came along at about fifteen miles an hour. I waved industriously. A hundred feet farther on, the car halted and backed. It stopped beside me. A man and woman stepped out. They were on their way home after a long day's work.

I asked them to stop at the nearest garage and telephone to Sunnybank for a car. They would not hear of it, although they had been going in the opposite direction. As tenderly and efficiently as if I were their best-loved brother, they got me into their car. Driving slowly and avoiding every inequality in the road which might jar me, they took me home.

I did not know either of them, although they said they knew me well by sight. Incidentally, one or the other of them telephoned nearly every day for weeks thereafter to ask after me and to beg leave to be of any possible service.

They were strangers. Yet, not only did they put themselves out for a stricken man by carrying him to his home, but day after day they offered eagerly to make use of their own scanty spare time to be of further assistance. The man's name was Lester Nilan. I saw him only in the dark; and probably I should not recognize him if I should see him again. But my memory of him and of his wife is far more keen than for men and women whom I have met a hundred times.

Well, I was put to bed, and a brace of doctors were sent for. I was then able, by great effort and greater agony, to move the injured leg an inch or two; which delighted me greatly.

The right arm still was useless. But something was pressing against it. I looked down. Our great collie, Sunnybank Gray Dawn, was crouching beside my bed, shivering as if in mortal pain and pressing his furry head against my injured hand.

For the next month and more, Gray Dawn would not willingly leave my bedside, day or night; nor for the first few days would he eat. He established himself as my chum and guard, finding his way back into the house and into my room every time he was put out.

Ever he stood close beside the bed when the doctor was dressing my hurts. I was forced to learn self-control, on the dog's account. For, once, when the pain of the manipulations and dressings wrung a half-audible grunt from me, Gray Dawn was ravening instantly for the throat of the man who was hurting me. Luckily my physician was enough of a dog man to understand the collie's viewpoint. He did not resent it. In time, Dawn became egregiously fond of him and stood beside him with a most ridiculous aspect of medical colleagueship, all the time Doctor Colfax was working over me.

THERE were minor drawbacks, as well as many hours of good comradeship, in having Dawn as a roommate. He slept on the floor beside my bed, his shoulders resting against the lower end of one of the bedposts. In the middle of the night, a flea would bite him. Dawn retaliated by scratching with all his mighty vigor. I would wake up (*Continued on page 156*)

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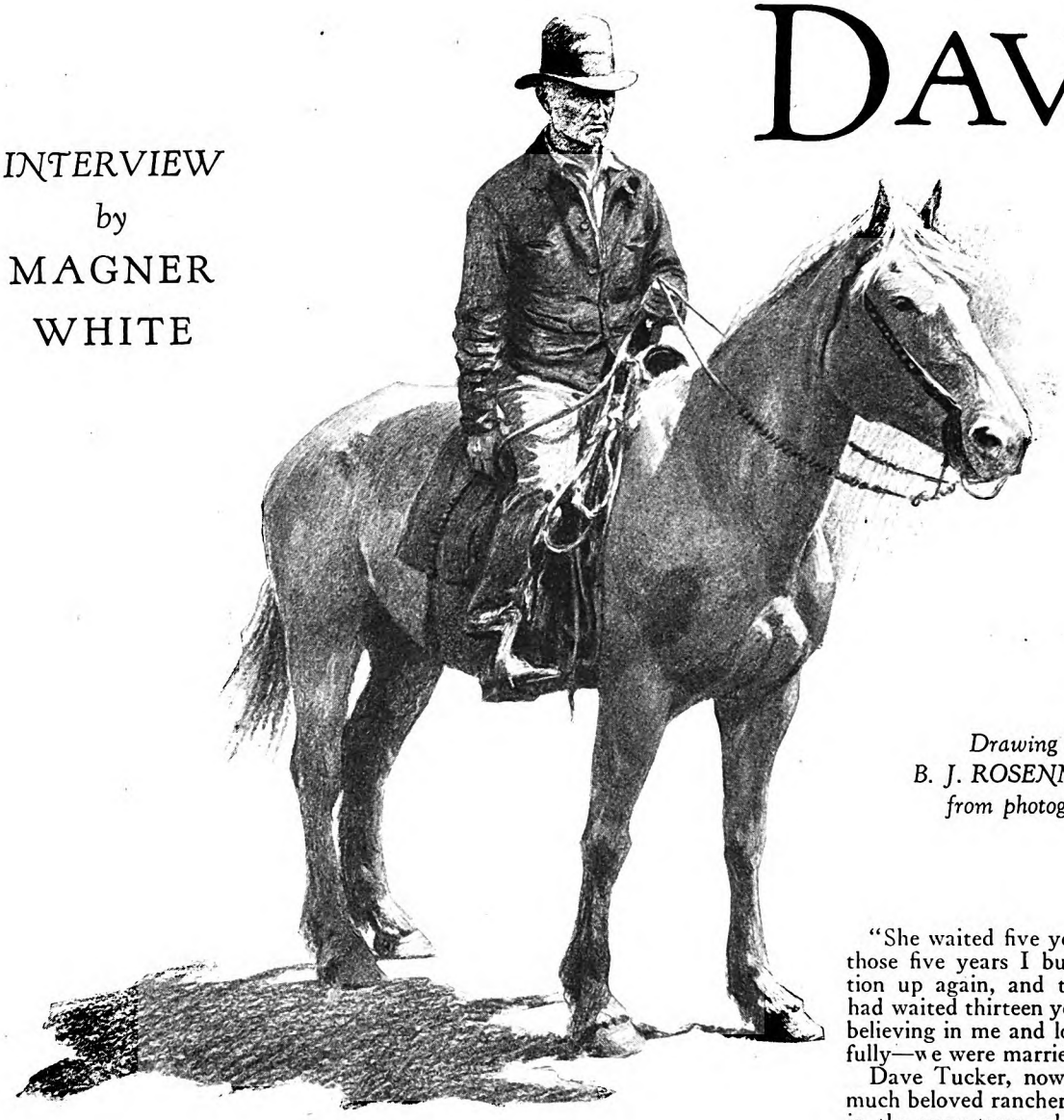
You will never read a better or

DAVE

INTERVIEW
by
MAGNER
WHITE



Drawing by
B. J. ROSENMEYER
from photograph

IRON bars separated the young man and the young woman. It was to be their last visit for more than eight years. There was tenderness and sympathy in the woman's voice as she said:

"Dave, you say everybody is down on you. Well, I am not. You have made a terrible mistake—but I still believe in you. You can live it down because deep down in your heart you're really fine. No matter how many years it is, Dave, I'll wait for you."

The young man—he was then around twenty-four and had already been in jail some time awaiting disposition of his case—looked down at his right hand. The index finger was gone, and where it had been was a deep scar.

"No, honey," he said, "I've no right to ask you to do that. I love you, but I'm not worth waiting for. You are young; you will meet someone else—"

"No!"

"Yes, Minnie. It will be better that way."

"No, Dave. You're going to come out all right—and I'm going to be waiting, and thinking about you—and knowing that you're not as bad as everybody thinks you are. I believe in you."

The next day, Dave Tucker was taken out of the Wallowa County jail at Enterprise, Oregon—six miles down the valley from Joseph, Oregon, where he had run into the experience that had changed his life and blighted his wedding plans—and was transferred to the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem, to serve an eight-year sentence.

They were hard, bitter years—the kind of years the law deals out to young men who participate in bank robberies.

When Dave came out, his sweetheart was waiting, just as she had promised. But it was not the same Dave whom she greeted.

The reckless youth had disappeared. In his place was a man who was right with himself.

"How I wanted to marry her," Tucker told me, "but I said, 'No, not yet—my name is still not worth having. Give me a little time.'

"She waited five years longer. In those five years I built my reputation up again, and then—after she had waited thirteen years altogether, believing in me and loving me faithfully—we were married."

Dave Tucker, now a prosperous, much beloved rancher and cattleman in the very town where he lost his reputation thirty-five years ago, and I were sitting in a hotel room overlooking the bank that figured in the dark episode in his life.

It was springtime, and apple blossoms were out on the trees in yards down the street. Off to the south were the snow-capped mountains on which the eyes of Dave Tucker had often looked when he was a boy.

"DID you ever see a prettier country than this eastern Oregon country in the spring?" Tucker asked, glancing out of the window. "It was just about this time of year I was taken away to the penitentiary."

Afraid of that dark chapter in his life? Dave Tucker isn't afraid of anything.

"He has paid his debt to society—and then some," an old-time resident of Joseph told me. "Everybody in this valley loves and respects Dave Tucker. He came right back here where he had lost his reputation and made a new one. Don't let anybody say anything to you against Dave Tucker. This whole community is solidly back of him." The old-

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more inspiring story than that of

TUCKER

Who is now VICE PRESIDENT *of the* Bank *he once* robbed

timer's eyes narrowed and he shifted his tall-crowned hat back over his gray locks. "It wouldn't be healthy for a body to say anything against Dave Tucker."

Not only has Dave Tucker become a respected citizen, and admittedly one of the most expert farmers and cattlemen in all the Wallowa valley. Not only is he the head of a wonderful family of two boys and a girl—all nearing maturity now. Not only is he consulted, and his advice followed to the letter, on everything affecting his community. Not only is he a director in nearly every local business and civic enterprise at Joseph. But—and this seems to me the crowning indication of just how far he has come since he was shot down in the streets of Joseph thirty-five years ago—

He is vice president today of the very bank he helped to rob when he was a wild, reckless young man!

TUCKER is fifty-eight now; gray-haired, short, stocky; bronzed by sun and wind and hardened by the cold of the high Oregon country. He lives in the saddle most of the time, looking after his cattle and overseeing his 2,200-acre ranch and farm. A square-jawed, clear-gray-eyed man, he looks every other man straight in the eye.

And his philosophy is rich with tolerance and inspiration—for it is the philosophy of a man who has touched the depths, and has climbed out.

It was three years after I heard of him before he told me the story of his early mistake. This is it:

On the first Thursday afternoon in October of 1894, at three o'clock, four masked men rode up outside the First Bank of Joseph and tied their horses to the hitching rack. All were armed.

The leader was a man named Fitzhugh. He was older than the other three; a born leader, highly intelligent, but a man with a wrong slant on life. He was thirty-five years old, a cold, calculating, yet suave man—a hero to the youthful Dave Tucker, whose hard life in a frontier country had filled him with vague longings and strange ambitions.

Second in rank, as the gang was organized, was a man named Brown. Like Fitzhugh, his partner, he was a gambler, a man of the world—and a thoroughly incorrigible criminal.

The other two were boys in their early twenties—Dave Tucker, and a young friend. This friend was a soft youth, easily led by the ruthless, glittering, suave Fitzhugh.

They went into the bank.

Tucker and his young friend stood in the doorway, as guards and lookouts.

"Throw up your hands, and pass over all the money you have!" Fitzhugh commanded, confronting the cashier.

The cashier pushed the money till across the counter. Brown took its contents—less than $2,000—and put it into a sack. Then someone fired a shot.

INSTANTLY men poured out of saloons and stores, armed. Bullets sang up and down the streets. A man ran into the doorway of the bank and fired into the building at the four men.

Brown dropped the money sack with a thud, and fell over dead.

"I forgot everything then," Tucker said, "and ran to Brown to try to help him.

"Firing at the crowd, Fitzhugh leaned over and, in a cold and heartless voice, said, 'Never mind him, Dave; he's dead. Get that gun o' yours busy, and let's get out o' here.'

"Fitzhugh grabbed the money and made his way through a hail of bullets.

"I turned away from Brown—and found myself face to face with men I'd known all my life. And they were shooting to kill me. I raised my gun and fired twice—wildly.

"Then a man whipped up a long rifle an'—thank God!—shot my gun out of my hand. The bullet went in at the base of the trigger finger, and took the finger off with it. I ran outside—and a charge of shot struck me in the side. Another hit me in the legs.

"I staggered to my horse. Everything was whirling. A man who had recognized me ran up, back-ended his gun and struck me on the forehead. He was wild with anger. 'Dave Tucker,' he said, 'I'm goin' to blow your worthless brains out!'

"'Well, make a good job of it,' I said. But he didn't fire, because I toppled over and was captured. They already had my friend, the young boy.

"Fitzhugh, the man who had led us into all this, got away safely with the money. He was never heard of again. My young friend and I had to face the music.

"I felt that everybody hated me—and I hated everybody. I felt that I was now a criminal and against all society.

"Often I think of how near death I was, and am convinced that only the kindness of God saved me for the better things that have come to me—that and the great, forgiving love of the woman who is now my wife and the mother of my children.

"There is nothing in the world greater than true love." Tucker's weather-bitten face softened, and there was something beautiful in his eyes.

"They took me down to the jail at Enterprise. I pleaded guilty, but my friend stood trial, and was convicted.

"When I came into court, I learned that still another crime had been charged against me—one of which I was innocent. A man accused me of being a member of a gang of cattle thieves. What was *my* word worth against his? I was given seven years for the bank robbery, and another year for cattle stealing.

"Just before he died, the man who had sworn falsely that I had stolen cattle wrote me in prison and asked my forgiveness. I gave it, for by that time I had decided to get right with myself, and you can't be right with yourself if you hold any grudges.

"SO THAT you'll understand how I was led into my trouble, I'll tell you something about my background.

"I was born in Arkansas, the oldest of fourteen children. My parents were very poor and Mother had her hands full raising us.

"In 1876, when I was five, we came West, to Oregon. Father took up a homestead, and we lived a hard life—up before sunrise and to bed after dark—working all the time.

"There wasn't even a wagon road here then, and Joseph didn't exist. Later, the town came. The country was wide open. There was no law, except Judge Colt's—the law of the six-shooter.

"There were five saloons in Joseph and nearly everybody gambled and drank.

"And nearly everybody—among the wild young men, I mean—stole cattle! It was considered a sort of game to get your brand on any unbranded cattle you found on the open range—and sometimes this led to disputes and killings.

"This was the kind of environment I grew up in!

"I went to school for three four-months' terms only—but I was hungry for knowledge. I used to go to protracted meetings—after I had worked all day—and sit and enjoy every word the preacher said. Whenever (*Continued on page 174*)

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Master of his ship at seventeen, Captain Bernier built, sailed, and sold clipper ships in the days of their glory, before he turned to arctic exploration

Ancient Mariner *and* Dean *of* Arctic Explorers

TWO hundred and seventy voyages—thirteen of them to the Arctic, the rest all over the world. That's the distinguished record of Captain Joseph E. Bernier, ancient mariner and famous Canadian navigator, whom Commander Richard Byrd affectionately refers to as "the dean of arctic explorers."

Captain Bernier has in his possession a stack of letters from arctic explorers, noted sea captains, and eminent persons in all parts of the world asking his advice in connection with their nautical and scientific problems, commending his work in the Arctic, and acknowledging his valuable counsel and coöperation in various polar expeditions.

But he was a master mariner for many years before he became an arctic explorer. The first part of his career envisages the palmiest days of the merchantmen and all the romance that belongs to those who go down to the sea in ships, and the second covers the period in arctic exploration when steam power enabled explorers to complete the work so ably begun under more trying conditions by Franklin and others in sailing vessels.

Captain Bernier comes of a seafaring family. Both his father and grandfather sailed ships out of the St. Lawrence River for over a hundred years between them. The son has bettered this fine record, having followed the sea for sixty-six years, ever since he was eleven years old. He was a master at seventeen, probably the youngest deep-sea captain in the world.

Jack London would have made a hero of Captain Bernier in a dozen volumes, for he was trained in a rough school and experienced all the hard knocks that fell to the lot of ships' boys at the hands of callous masters and mates. But one day the injustice of his treatment roused the tiger in the husky sixteen-year-old boy, and to the astonishment of the sailors who had mishandled him and the officers who had abetted them, he made a flying leap upon his uncle, the master of the ship, and thoroughly thrashed that relative for countenancing those who had taken advantage of him. After that he was accepted as a man among men.

While he was always just in his dealings with the crews of the one hundred and ten ships that he commanded in his time, nevertheless on numerous occasions he had to assert his authority over mutinous sailors by an unsparing use of his fists. The sailors of that day were a rough lot, often criminals, and nothing in such crises but brute force could make any impression on them.

In his father's shipyard at Quebec the young Joseph had become an expert shipwright and overseer. Not many master had his advantages. He acquired an in timate knowledge of naval architecture, technical discrimination in selecting an buying the materials that go to the mak ing of ships, the ability to design vesse for special purposes, and the skill to buil them in a manner to command the higher prices in London and Liverpool.

This all-round expertness resulted in h becoming a ship salesman for the ship yards of the St. Lawrence. It was h business to take ships to Britain and se them to best advantage. A fast passag and a smart appearance of the vessel an personnel were factors which he played u in selling his wares. He drove his ship persistently, keeping the deck at nigh with all sail on. The consequence wa that many of these ships were sold into th clipper class on the strength of their sai ing qualities as demonstrated by this ma ter of ships.

When the building of sailing ship waned, Captain Bernier commande pleasure yachts for American millio aires, among whom were Drexel of Phil delphia, McCormick of Chicago, an Mark Hanna of Cleveland.

In a period ashore as an official in th Department of Marine he was able to d vote himself to his hobby of collecting an studying the literature relating to arct

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exploration. He had been accumulating charts, books, and documents for years, and without fully realizing it, he had become an authority. He was convinced that a powered vessel could make the Northwest Passage in a month from Quebec and then a fast passage through whenever the season proved favorable and the way clear.

He also conceived the idea of reaching the North Pole in a proper ship through Bering Strait.

The Alaska boundary decision in 1903 profoundly impressed him. In a flash he saw his life work before him, that of gathering up the loose ends of territory in the Arctic north of Canada all the way to the pole, thus confirming the important work done by British explorers by actually taking possession of the lands which England had renounced in Canada's favor in 1880. The Canadian government had not taken the trouble formally to secure possession of those numerous islands and had thus left the door open for any country to come in and annex them.

The Dominion government and the Canadian public were apathetic. Captain Bernier stumped the country, lecturing and indoctrinating the people with his ideas, incidentally spending all he had saved, a modest sum of $21,000. Finally his efforts bore fruit. He had asked for $100,000, and the authorities gave him double the amount and the C. G. S. Arctic, at that time the best-built ship for ice work in the world. In this stanch vessel he was able to accomplish his purpose, gathering up the records and mementos of previous explorers, taking possession of the islands, erecting caches, exploring by land and sea, and mapping the whole area.

The Archives department at Ottawa has been enriched by all the documents and a vast quantity of materials left in the north by previous explorers. The Franklin Memorial, erected by England and America on Beechey Island, has been repaired, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are now established in the Canadian Arctic, patrolling that region and administering it with their traditional efficiency.

Captain Bernier's one desire now is to live long enough to see a traffic rivaling that of the St. Lawrence flowing to and from Europe by way of the Hudson Bay route to Churchill and the Canadian and American West. He has been a consistent advocate of that route from the beginning and says that in the five open months the navigation is safer than that of the St. Lawrence, since there are no fogs and shoals and daylight is almost continuous in the summer months.

From his earliest boyhood Captain Bernier has religiously kept a diary in which he has jotted down his impressions and the occurrences of each day. From these journals he is compiling an intensely interesting book, which will vividly record for posterity the glory and romance of the old sailing vessel days

ARTHUR P. WOOLLACOTT, F.R.G.S.

Edith Keating *is* Paid *to* Look Down *on the* Human Race

THREE thousand feet above the earth, in a plane going ninety miles an hour, with a camera set for an exposure of 150th of a second, Edith Keating, aërial photographer, watched with skilled eyes for the bit of geography she was to shoot. The pilot circled over the locality. The photographer tilted her camera to the right angle, closed the shutter, and got her picture. Then the cabin plane swung down to earth and taxied to a standstill, and Edith Keating hopped out.

"I don't go up for the thrills," she told me, "but since I'm in the commercial photographic field and talking to people every day about aërial views, I have to be familiar with taking pictures and able to talk intelligently about them.

"And it's not always easy to get the object. The camera weighs sixty pounds and works on a pivot. When a heavy wind is blowing, I have to hold it so close to me that my chest is all black and blue with the effort."

"If you think aerial photography is easy," says Miss Keating, "try handling a sixty-pound camera in an airplane going one hundred miles an hour, with the wind blowing great guns"

Edith Keating, magnetic, spontaneous, making dangerous occupation her daily bread, has never been born so far as records and birth certificates go—for all documentary evidence of her existence was tossed sky-high in the Halifax disaster of 1917, when the S. S. Imo, a relief ship heading for Belgium, and the S. S. LeBlanc, loaded with three million dollars' worth of T. N. T., collided in the harbor and wrecked the town.

Edith was the oldest of five whose father was in Flanders. She had grown up, as girls did before the war, with the intention of finishing her studies and then pursuing some thoroughly feminine avocation. But the blast that destroyed every vestige of the past turned the future into direct action.

She went to Boston to enroll with the American Red Cross but the day she arrived there the armistice was signed. She had fifty dollars and a passionate desire to work, so she kept on going and landed in New York.

Fifty dollars had a limit, but young courage had none, so jobs broke for her after a while—all kinds of jobs. She worked all day, went to night school, and got ahead, as one full of vitalizing force will.

In 1919 she began to be restless. She did not feel that she had yet found herself. So she started out with a friend on a series of glorious and practical wanderings. She carried a camera with her, and it was this love of turning vanishing views into lasting pictures that eventually opened the door of opportunity to her.

During three years they visited forty-three different states, working at any odd jobs that might turn up. With a strange attraction for convulsions of nature, she had some surprising adventures with earthquakes and cyclones and similar disturbances. But Edith Keating has a charmed way of escaping unscathed.

In 1925 she returned to New York and entered the employ of the Fairchild Aërial Survey Company as a stenographer. She at once knew she was in the right place but the wrong job, and proceeded, as soon as she could, to find her way to the photographic department.

From the beginning, the idea of aërial photography fascinated Edith Keating. So one day she went out to a flying field

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and got a pilot to take her up for a flight. In the air she took some views. It required quick judgment and apt calculation to snap a shot at an altitude of several thousand feet with the plane flying close to a hundred miles an hour. But Miss Keating had thought that all out beforehand. Later, when the pictures were developed, they turned out to be good, and Edith Keating knew that her special niche in life was in the air.

She became an assistant in the Oblique Aërial Photography Department and had many opportunities to go up and get pictures. Commissions to fly and obtain views followed in close succession and she loved it. She was at home in the air—it was her element. Today she has the proud distinction of being the only woman photographer in the world with a recognized camera and under contract to an aërial firm, flying with a $20,000 Fairchild equipment: camera, plane, and staff.

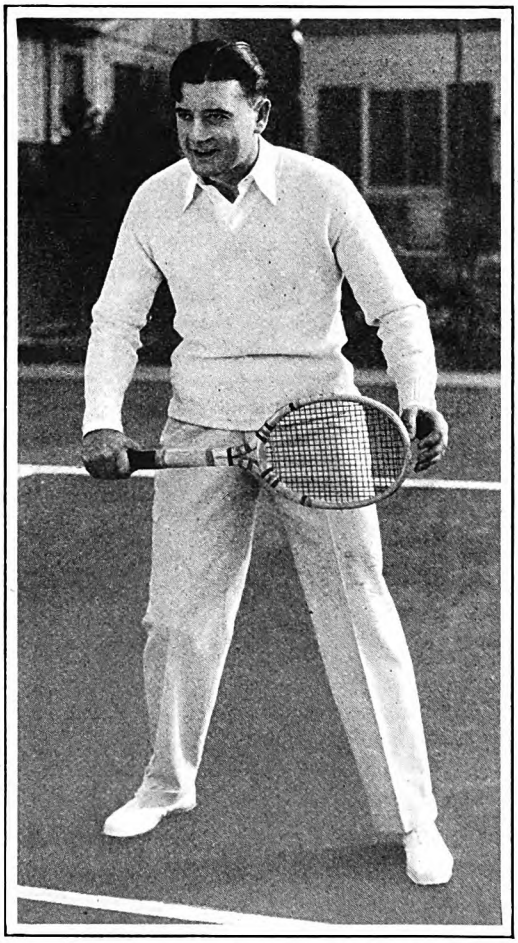
Miss Keating's time is divided between flights and work as a departmental executive, or, as she puts it, "it is proportioned between earth and air."

"Where do you prefer to be?" I asked her, "in the air or on the ground?"

"In the air," she replied, without a moment's hesitation. "I feel safer up there."

BRETT YATES

When Ernest Sniffed Grease Paint The World Lost a Doctor



"Ernest Carlton Brimmer? You're kidding us," say film fans; "that's Richard Dix"

SIXTEEN years ago, Mr. Brimmer and his son Ernest, a medical student, went to see "The Christian," which was playing at a local Minneapolis theater. The boy was keenly impressed with this drama of Sir Hall Caine's and had little to say on his way home. But the next night, at the supper table, Ernie astounded the family by announcing that he had decided to quit the study of medicine for the study of dramatics.

Pa Brimmer, an extremely religious man, pushed back his chair and stood up: "I want it clearly understood," he said, "that no member of my family can be an actin' fool."

"All right, sir," Ernie replied, "then I guess I'l have to leave home."

At this, Mother Brimmer began to cry. But she didn't dare oppose her husband. However, "Doc" Brimmer, the older son, whose two joys in life were the practice of medicine and the welfare of his eighteen-year-old brother Ernest, said:

"It's no use for us all to get upset. If Ernie wants to be an actor, let him be one. If Pa don't want an actor in his family, then Ernie can just give up the family name. Now, let's all sit down quietly and pick out a good stage name for him." And the name they picked out for Ernest Carlton Brimmer was Richard Dix!

"I was born in St. Paul, Minnesota," Dix said, "thirty-four years ago, and lived there until I was sixteen. The family then moved to Minneapolis to be close to my brother, 'Doc,' who was practicing medicine in that city. After two years in high school, I took up preparatory work with the idea of going to medical college. But when I had seen 'Doc' perform two major operations, I knew I wasn't cut out to be a doctor.

"After seeing 'The Christian,' I knew I *wanted* to be an actor. But Pa was so upset I didn't quite know what to do about it. 'Doc' said: 'Don't worry about it now. Just hang onto the idea and get whatever work you can to do, and something will turn up.'

"I got a job as bank messenger which paid me twenty-five dollars a month. At nights, I read and studied Shakespeare as best I could. But I needed a teacher. So, a little later, I joined an evening dramatic class. A few months afterwards, we put on a show.

"That play was my undoing. Once I sniffed grease paint, there was no going back to the bank for me. I decided to get a job on the real stage—even if I had to carry a spear.

"Curiously enough, that's what I had to do when I did get a job as a super in a local theater in Minneapolis. I carried a spear and spoke exactly six words. However, James Neill, who happened to be playing in the 'College Widow' with the St. Paul Stock Company, saw me in my spear-carrying stunt, and needing a juvenile, he offered me fifteen dollars a week to join the St. Paul Company.

"I stayed with the company a year, but New York was calling me. So off I started, with seventy-five dollars in my best clothes.

"On Broadway I saw another side of the theatrical picture. From agency to agency I went—week after week—and always I was met with the same old story: 'Nothing today.'

"When at the end of my seventy-five dollars, I was given a contract by the Packard Agency. But it wasn't on Broadway. It was in Pittsburgh, with the Pitt Players—at thirty-five dollars a week.

"I was getting along fine with the Pittsburgh Company when I received a telegram from home: 'Brother very low. Come at once.' It was signed 'Mother.'

"When I reached Minneapolis, 'Doc,' who had stood by me through thick and thin, was dead."

Dix never returned to Pittsburgh. He went from his brother's funeral to Dallas, Texas, playing in stock at fifty dollars a week. A lot of money, that seemed, for a twenty-year-old boy. But it wasn't. For, shortly after 'Doc's' death, Dix's father lost everything he had and the boy assumed the burden of supporting his father and mother and sister.

With his new responsibilities, Dix matured overnight. He found it increasingly hard to play comedy rôles He wanted serious parts, but nobody would listen to him. While playing in stock in Los Angeles, he was given a movie test and received his first picture rôle in "Not Guilty."

"I had a tough time getting the lead in 'The Christian,'" Dix said, "for Mr. Goldwyn wanted Barrymore for the part. But eventually I got it."

That was ten years ago. Since then Richard Dix has played in all sorts and kinds of pictures, and his following has grown to hundreds of thousands of people throughout the world.

And now, through the medium of the "Talkies," his fans can both see and hear him. "No longer, thank Heaven," says Dix, "will I be asked to jump off cliffs and save the honor of the heroine. I can cut the comedy hokum and play real parts."

ROSA STRIDER REILLY

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Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
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Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
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The Roadster, $525; The Phaeton, $525; The Coach, $595; The Coupe, $595; The Sport Coupe, $645; The Sedan, $675; The Imperial Sedan, $695. All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan.

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

Doc Waddell—Circus Pastor

SUNDAY comes on Wednesday afternoon to the Dodson's World's Fair Shows. That is the day the management "closes for business" at 2:30 so that Doc Waddell, pastor to the show's six hundred performers and employees, can call them for religious services.

A Sabbath stillness pervades the midway. The ballyhoo is silenced. Spielers, performers, roustabouts, ice cream, peanut, and hot dog vendors troop into the canvas church, and the show's three massed bands swell the chorus of old-time hymns.

Doc Waddell, who is probably the only circus pastor in the world, was born with the circus virus in his blood. His maternal grandfather was an animal trainer and his mother had been a circus performer. At the age of ten he ran away and found a job selling peanuts in the circus that employed his animal-training grandfather.

The lad grew into a side-show spieler and became famous in circus circles. Then came his conversion and his retirement from show life.

But not for long. Waddell wrote an article, "Why Don't the Shows Clean Up?" The manager of the T. A. Wolfe Shows saw it and wrote to the author to come and provide some religious influences for his employees.

So, back into the circus fold stepped Doc Waddell, to work with the people he knew and loved. Six days a week he is adviser, confidant, and guide to the members of his show. On Sundays, when the show, which makes a one-week stand in each town, is on the move, Doc busies himself visiting the local jails or speaking in Salvation Army citadels.

"A unique pulpit," says Doc Waddell. "Why, it's the most interesting pulpit in the world." GEORGIA WILLIAMS MORITZ

The Bus—A New Giant in Transportation

(*Continued from page 45*)

factory zone of East St. Louis, and so came to the Mississippi. The Father of Waters rolled seaward beneath our spinning wheels. There was the Eads Bridge, there the levee to which the Lee had beaten the Natchez to the thunder of a continent's applause. Just above was Bloody Island, where there were "Pistols for two and coffee for one" in the old days of St. Louis.

Half Northern, half Southern, wholly American, and attractive from every angle—one caught the Spirit of St. Louis even in an hour that was mostly given to bath and breakfast and a rechecking of luggage for California.

We followed the beautiful valley of the Merramec to its fount in the Ozarks. A county sheriff who boarded us from his ditched car assured me that the "strangeah" who fared farther than the Ozarks might also fare a lot worse.

YELLOW-BROWN fumes, shot through with furnace-glare, heralded the approach to Joplin, and we stopped for midnight supper in the heart of America's greatest lead and zinc smelting area. We were over the Oklahoma line in another hour, and darkness still shrouded the land when we rolled through the empty streets of rich and populous Tulsa, often spoken of as the Oil Capital of America. Roads which had been steadily growing worse since we left Missouri were disclosed by daylight as quagmires of red mud running through a barren rocky country that looked as worthless for farming as for grazing. A ruffle of derricks on the skyline showed that the worthlessness was only skin deep, however, and a glance at the map revealed that we were skirting the edge of fabulously rich Seminole Oil Field.

Oklahoma City, with monumental public buildings and twenty-story skyscrapers on a site that had been staked in quarter-sections in the land-rush following the opening of Indian Territory a scant three decades before, amazed with its progressiveness and modernity.

An hour or two beyond Oklahoma City one became aware he had passed that unmarked boundary line of "where the West began." Soil darkened and deepened, oil fields gave way to cornfields, and these in turn to cattle ranges. Bunch grass and red, white-faced, hornless steers stretched to the far horizons as darkness fell.

WE CROSSED the Texas line in the night, and early in the morning rolled into Amarillo, whose name means "Yellow" but whose viewpoint has never been anything but "Rosy." It is the only city in the country with a bus terminal really abreast of its needs.

We were still on the plains beyond Amarillo, but plains that were tilted sharply upward as the base of the White Mountains was approached. The Whites are really a southern extension of the Rockies, and, in crossing them, the highway, at eight thousand feet, reaches a point considerably higher than that at which it surmounts the transcontinental divide in New Mexico. We were in a foot of snow at the summit, and for the last two thousand feet of climb the driver had to make a carburetor adjustment to suit the rarefied air.

The wild and once inaccessible White Mountains had been a great outlaw refuge in the old days. A grizzled mountain rancher in a seat behind me sang the saga of "Billy the Kid" half the night, identifying many points along the route made famous by the exploits of that diverting youth.

I drowsed through much of the epic recital, but always seemed to rouse at the approving chorus which greeted the oft-reiterated "An' yu kyant tell me a guy whot does good like that is an en'my uv sosyety!" It appears that the kindly and amiable Billy, more sinned against than sinning, emulated Robin Hood in stealing only from the rich to give to the poor.

Attracted by a road that was literally a winding tunnel through cedars and druid oaks, I roused and rode with the driver during the latter half of the night as we descended to the flat desert plain of New Mexico. A half dozen times deer galloped with or through the golden light-beam, and once a bristling lynx spat venom and indignation at the menacing monster that charged past the bend where it was suppering on a freshly caught quail. Glare-blinded rabbits darted past or under the wheels at every turn.

A shaft of the unrisen sun playing on blue-brown turrets of smelter smoke gave the bearing of El Paso, and, once the line back into Texas was crossed, we rolled on at a dizzy pace over asphalt pavement. The dust storm roaring in across the Rio Grande from old Mexico made the morning bath doubly welcome.

A half-breed cowboy trying to bite chunks out of the concrete sidewalk in front of the bus station was diagnosed by a nurse-passenger as in the throes of an epileptic fit. Local experts thought differently—also diversely. One said "Pulque," another "Mescal," and a third "Tequila." Then the chief of police drove up, and the "Mescals" had it. Mescal, it might be mentioned, is liquid fire distilled from the heart of the cactus.

FIELDS green with alfalfa or white with ripe cotton bordered the road all the way to the picturesque town of Los Penitentes, where the fanatical Indians still have to be restrained from maiming themselves at their annual festival. Then, with the morning sun gilding the pipes of the Organ Mountains to the east, we turned westward into the great desert which stretched with no more than scanty man-made oases, all the way across New Mexico and Arizona and halfway across California.

By midafternoon we were over the Arizona line and entering that weird land of fantastic colors and formations where Geronimo and his Apache bands had played their grim game of hide-and-seek with the troopers of Miles and Lawton.

The tang of the blown-fumes of arsenic and sulphur told that the skyglow of early

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The Great Tomorrow By Walter B. Pitkin

The Whole World on Time

We're so accustomed to clocks which are set hourly by telegraph from the United States Naval Observatory that nobody will bat an eye over the forthcoming watch that will be regulated by radio. Germans and Americans are racing against each other to get this invention on the market.

Priceless Speed

We have become so accustomed to speed that we forget its cash value. So consider this: If we increase the average speed of American freight cars as little as one mile *per day*, we are virtually adding 100,000 cars to the rolling stock of our railroads. J. H. Parmelee, Director of the Bureau of Railway Economics, shows that, since 1920, more than five miles per day have been added to that speed; hence, merely by moving cars faster, the railways have created the equivalent of 500,000 cars. This has saved them about $750,000,000 which would otherwise have gone for extra cars to handle the steadily mounting burden of freight.

By reducing grades, eliminating sharp curves, doing away with grade crossings, and putting in extra tracks for express traffic, railroad managers are steadily accelerating trains. And so, too, are car designers, who are putting roller bearings on the axles and are reducing dead weight by the use of finer metal. Nor were there any revolutionary inventions.

We Knew It Was Coming

You've heard of the artificial larynx, of the artificial lung, of all the rest. And now comes the artificial ear—or, no! Not quite that yet. C. A. Andree and R. F. Norris, of the University of Wisconsin, who've developed it, call it the electric ear, except when talking to scientists—then they call it the acoustimeter. To be sure, it only records echo effects far more keenly than the human ear can; but, next thing you know, somebody'll hook it up to little Robert Robot and his synthetic throat, lungs, and the rest; and then we'll have a Synthetic Listener for Synthetic Conversation.

When you consider how cheap talk is, and how plentiful, what's the use?

evening was from the copper smelters of Globe and Miami. Then we swayed and lunged along a new mountain road threading the lofty mountain sources of the Gila River, before descending, in the first flush of the early dawn, to the cotton and alfalfa fields and the fragrant orange and lemon groves of the Salt River Valley and so to Phoenix, gay and salubrious capital of the desert Southwest.

CROSSING the red-brown Colorado, we entered a wilderness of mountainous dunes where the highway has had to be raised on a concrete viaduct many miles to avoid submergence in drifting sand. Verdant fields and groves and the shimmer of sunlight on flowing canals and ditches identified the famous desert garden of the Imperial Valley, most productive of all the world's reclaimed regions—and the one most exposed to disaster. As on a relief map, one could read the whole story—past, present, and possible future—at a sweep of the eye. Lying in the below-sea-level area, cut off when the silt of the Colorado River built up a damming delta cone across the ancient arm of the Gulf of California, it needed but one great flood to turn the creating river to a destroyer and fill the fertile and populous valley to the level of the still clearly marked beaches at the foot of the desert mountains to the west and north. Some hundreds of millions of dollars in ranches and cities and homes had been literally created in two decades and a half by bringing the regulated waters of the Colorado to the rich silt beds deposited on the floor of the ancient gulf. There below us, written plain enough for one who rolled at forty miles an hour by bus to read, was the reason for the great Black Canyon Dam to equalize and control the floods of the Colorado.

On the eastern outskirts of the pretty little city of Holtville we crossed the narrow silt-walled gorge of a small but violently flowing river—the Alamo.

From soup to fruit, my lunch during the noonday halt at El Centro was a strictly below-sea-level affair. Chops and steaks, milk and ice cream, figs, dates, melons, limes, and oranges—all were Imperial Valley products, and the best of their kind. The cactus candy lent a fitting touch. This desert garden is practically sufficient unto itself, even to the production of movies.

The main bus route by which I traveled now turned northwesterly toward the mountain pass leading through to Riverside and Los Angeles. My bus climbed up out of the desert, threaded the mountain passes under the age-old snows, and then dropped down into orange groves and rose gardens and traffic jams composed of cars from the ends of the earth. The whole fifty or sixty miles from Redlands to Los Angeles we were in unbroken traffic and practically continuous settlement. One did not have to be a native booster to realize that here in southern California, fifty miles wide from the mountains to the sea, there must in time grow up perhaps the largest city in the world.

In a terminal so busy that the traffic had to come and go on two levels beneath what will soon be a height-limit hotel, our bus drew up to a covered platform and discharged passengers and luggage.

Three quarters of an hour later I was dropped at San Pedro.

LESS than twenty years ago the first primitive motorbus to be operated in the Western Hemisphere chugged its way up Fifth Avenue, to the not inconsiderable consternation of the horses straining at the traces of the other common carrier vehicles plying that famous thoroughfare. Today there are close to one hundred thousand motorbuses operated in the United States alone—half again as many as the total number of passenger railway coaches. In 1928 the mileage of bus lines was almost three times that of the route mileage of the railways, and the buses carried three billion passengers. There is hardly a crossroads store, desert camp, or mountain hamlet that cannot be reached by bus. A single bus company in New Jersey carried 300,000,000 passengers last year; a similar concern, centering on Chicago, operates bus lines which reach from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One can travel from coast to coast in Pullman-type buses in five days and a half. Sleeping-buses with berths, lavatories, restaurant service, and general accommodations for twenty-six passengers are in regular service on the Pacific Coast. Bus stations—as complete in their way as the great railway terminals—are building or planned along all the main trunk routes. Combination bus and aëroplane services were operated last year in Minnesota and on the Pacific Coast, and this year will be available on the transcontinental runs.

THE interurban motorbus was the outgrowth of the so-called jitney outbreak, which swept the country like a flight of locusts in the year or two immediately preceding the War. The jitney—usually a private-owner-driven auto—called into being to fill a real transportation need, soon developed to the proportions and perniciousness of a pestilence, and, as such, had to be stamped out. With its passing the need remained, and it was into this breach that the first forerunning progenitors of the modern motorbus were driven.

But, in the first chaotic years of the motorbus, few of the railway leaders read the signs aright. Most of them saw in the surging knots of people pushing into the dirigible boxes that were the early buses only a further drifting away of their passenger traffic, and they acted accordingly. They could not stem the drift by hitting the private automobile. Just as well try to land a solar plexus on a flight of locusts. But the bus looked like an easier mark. Because it was becoming a common carrier, the bus must be regulated like the steam and electric railways. The bus was hampered but (fortunately for the country and the railways themselves) not seriously hurt. Here and there, as in New York State, progress was slower than in other sections; but, by and large, the bus rolled on. And the reason for this was the perfectly simple and obvious one. The public had found in the motorbus something they needed and liked; they were going to have it. That was all there was to it.

Among the railway leaders there were several who were conspicuously absent from the war on the bus. Level-headed Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, doubtless deriving strong consolations

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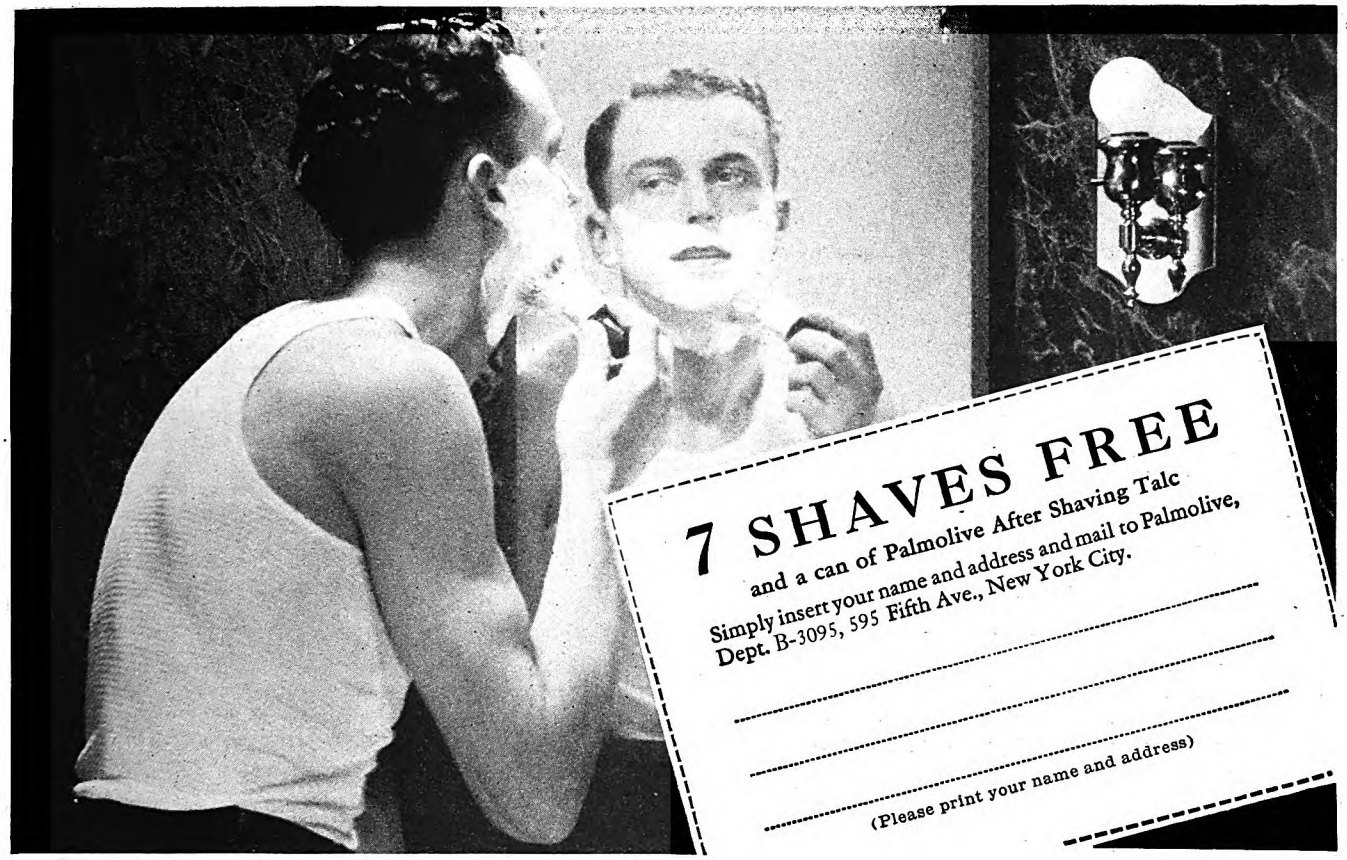

This Coupon is our ad

Words, we know, will never win you. So we stand or fall on 7-days' trial. Yet this simple test has made Palmolive Shaving Cream a leader quickly

GENTLEMEN: All any advertising can accomplish is to secure a trial of the product. After that the article itself must do its own selling.

So great is our confidence in Palmolive Shaving Cream that we do not ask you to buy; rather, to try it at our expense. For we find that 86% of men who try it buy it. And its great success is based on the fact that it sells itself every time you use it.

So we print our coupon conspicuously, for your convenience. When you mail it to us, half our job is done. Will you send it now?

5 remarkable features

Palmolive Shaving Cream was created to suit dissatisfied shavers. 1,000 men pointed out the things they'd sought. Our great laboratories experimented. Finally the 130th formula brought success. For in one remarkable shaving cream these 5 important features are combined:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now a trial, please

Whether or not you are suited, try Palmolive Shaving Cream. For seven days know its supreme luxury. You stand to win—at least, you take no risk. Please mail the coupon.

With the new unbreakable Bakelite top

4415

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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THE GREAT TOMORROW

(Continued from page 82)

Pastureless Cows and Cowless Pastures

Now they're beginning to concoct food for Bossy in the chemist's laboratory. First comes a dehydrated menu—which is enough to give any conservative cow water on the brain, isn't it? The Walker Gordon Milk Company reports that it makes healthy cows and excellent milk. In the Great Tomorrow, who will pray to be led into green pastures and beside still waters? Only the golfer and his caddy, perhaps. The cow that yields condensed milk will no longer go to grass. She will prefer special brands of canned grass and fodder from the chain store—perhaps on the installment plan, too.

Such a Labor-saving Device

Every day, in every way, man gets lazier and lazier! Fifth Avenue jewelers tip us off that the self-winding wrist watch is ready. They say the advance demand is immense, in spite of the high cost. The watch winds itself with a mechanism set in motion by your arm, as you swing it in walking. The principle is somewhat similar to that of a pedometer. The watch stores up enough energy during the normal day's walking to keep it running throughout the night or for much longer. Which reminds us that, free for nothing, we've been wanting to offer the watch manufacturers an elegant slogan: No Present Like the Time.

Here's a Mechanical Health Department

Every city's water supply is a constant source of danger. If polluted water gets into the reservoirs or other sources only one hour ahead of the Health Department's patrol, an epidemic can gain foothold. To prevent this, Ernest Watzl, a Swiss chemist, has devised a machine so sensitive to impurities in the water that flows through it that it automatically releases chlorine as needed.

Being automatic, it does not make mistakes as to the amount needed, as is often the case when the treatment of water is left to man. At the same time it writes a record of its own good deeds.

from the fact that the automobile had given his system (along with most other lines of the country) more in freight than it had taken away in passengers, stated, as far back as 1922, that short-haul passenger traffic was becoming increasingly unprofitable to the railways, and that the loss of it to motor vehicles was a form of blessing in disguise in that it would give costly present-day terminal facilities a new lease on life. Other railway executives—notably in New England where the compensatory return in auto freight had not gone so far as in other sections to make up for passenger losses—were studying the bus, not fighting it; but the first one of these to translate thought into action was the clear-visioned young engineer who had so quietly but competently filled Jim Hill's big chair in the Great Northern's office.

President Ralph Budd was keenly alive to the losses of the railways in short-haul passenger traffic. He knew that there had been a falling off of thirty-three per cent in a few years—that they were actually carrying fewer passengers in 1924 than they did in 1911.

BUT Ralph Budd did not, for that reason, join in the attack on the motorbus. His common sense, supplemented by a few figures, told him that the irresistible suck which had created the back-flow of rail riders was to be sought in the fact that there had been 3,300,000 private automobiles in the country in 1916 and 20,000,000 ten years later. He even suspected that the drain of passengers to the motorbus had been almost negligible.

This heretical theory was confirmed when studies carried on along his own line revealed a sixty-five per cent loss of passengers over a given period at representative stations where there was no competing motorbus service, while, at a number of equally representative stations where there was such competition, the loss had been nine tenths of one per cent less. Subsequent investigations disclosed a similar condition in various parts of the country.

Having established the fact that motorbus competition was of slight, if any, injury to the railway, the next point studied was as to the possibilities of making it help. There were two promising leads here—one negative, one positive. The first had to do with reducing operating costs through replacing non-paying trains by buses; the other with building up bus operation as a profitable business of its own.

The Great Northern Railway formed a million-dollar subsidiary for the purpose of general bus operation. As a practical means of putting his plan into effect, Ralph Budd bought the Northland Transportation Company and used it as the nucleus of a consolidation of bus lines which soon covered all of the northern two thirds of Minnesota. Eric Wickman remained at the head of the enlarged Northland Company, and with him was associated as general manager O. S. Cæsar, of the Superior White Company, whose line had been included in the consolidation.

Backed by Great Northern capital and Ralph Budd's brain, and with two of the ablest young men of the rising bus industry in active management, one is not surprised to learn that the Minnesota experiment with coördinated and coöperative railway-bus operation was a success from the outset. This is true both from the standpoint of operators and the public. The initial saving from unprofitable trains eliminated would alone have warranted the move, but the crown of success is the fact that motorbus operation is profitable. Within two years the hundred and fifty buses of the Northland Company were carrying more than 3,000,000 passengers annually over 2,750 miles of Minnesota highways, and at an average fare of 2.4 cents per mile. Studies and experiments in supplementary bus service practically contemporaneous with those of the Great Northern were carried on by the Boston and Maine and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads, and with equal success.

The Minnesota and New England experiments with buses marked the passing of the era of the active opposition of the railways to motor transportation on the highways. The reorientation of the railways came as suddenly as the turn of a Fundy tide. One could point with his finger on the calendar to the season of the counter-drift—almost to the month and week. Samuel M. Vauclain, then president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, sounded the new note during a railway convention in the fall of 1926, when he said that "the railroads would, in a few years, be swamped by the business brought them by cross-lines of buses and trucks."

RESPECTING the future of the motorbus in its relation to other forms of transportation, I am fortunate in having permission to quote from a letter recently received from President Ralph Budd, of the Great Northern Railway, in reply to my query as to his "opinion of the trend of the bus during the next five or ten years—the place it will ultimately occupy in our transportation system."

"I believe [he writes] the continuing decline in local passenger traffic indicates the public has definitely turned from the railway to the highway for such journeys. The greatest question in my mind as to the future growth of the bus business is whether the number of private automobiles will so greatly increase that nearly all local travel will be in private vehicles and no considerable part of it either in buses or on railway trains. The present trend does not indicate that the growth of travel by private automobile is affecting adversely the travel by bus, because people who think in terms of the highway when planning local trips seem to be inclined to use the buses when their own or some friend's automobile is not available for making a trip.

"I still think that the railways will handle the bulk of long-haul passenger travel, although I recognize the fact that the improved highways and the perfection of the buses themselves will attract a considerable portion of such traffic from the railways. While that business will grow, I do not think it will ever supplant or even seriously reduce the amount of long-haul travel by railway trains as it has reduced, and in some instances supplanted, the local travel by train."

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Since croquet days in the early forties Whitman's have been the sweets preferred by sports lovers.

Out-of-doors people today find in THE SAMPLER the perfect touch of pleasure and food-stimulation one needs after exertion at tennis, polo, golf, swimming, boating, riding —all the varied sports of this sports-loving age.

Sold at summer resorts by selected agents, each supplied *direct* with fresh and perfect

Whitman's candies

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

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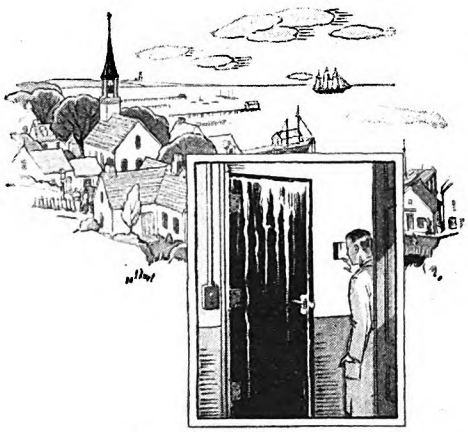
All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

Passing progress along so all can enjoy it



BEHIND this stout door is a compartment where a saline fog does its worst with the materials used in a motor car. Since no man could live in such an atmosphere, the test is observed through a small window.

ALL units of Chrysler Motors operate hand in hand, pooling their experience and resources, conducting group research and experiment, holding council together, exchanging ideas—and in each case the public is the principal gainer.

Instead of small groups of engineers working independently of each other, really pitted against each other, Chrysler Motors engineers are marshalled together as one vast creative force—with all thought and all effort keyed in a common spirit of teamwork and helpfulness.

There is no petty rivalry, no jealous contention, no hiding away of secrets. On the contrary, the combined group carries on its studies and development work in one great laboratory. Progress, as a result, is not selfishly confined to any one product, but is automatically extended all along the line.

Advancements worked out for any one Chrysler Motors car are, wherever possible, adapted and applied to all the others. Thus, as each Chrysler Motors car advances in quality, performance and value, all advance.

And, inasmuch as there is a Chrysler Motors product for every pocketbook, this means that the finest results of automotive progress are passed along to be within the reach of *everybody*.

CHRYSLER "77"

CHRYSLER "70"

CHRYSLER "66"

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

DE SOTO

PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

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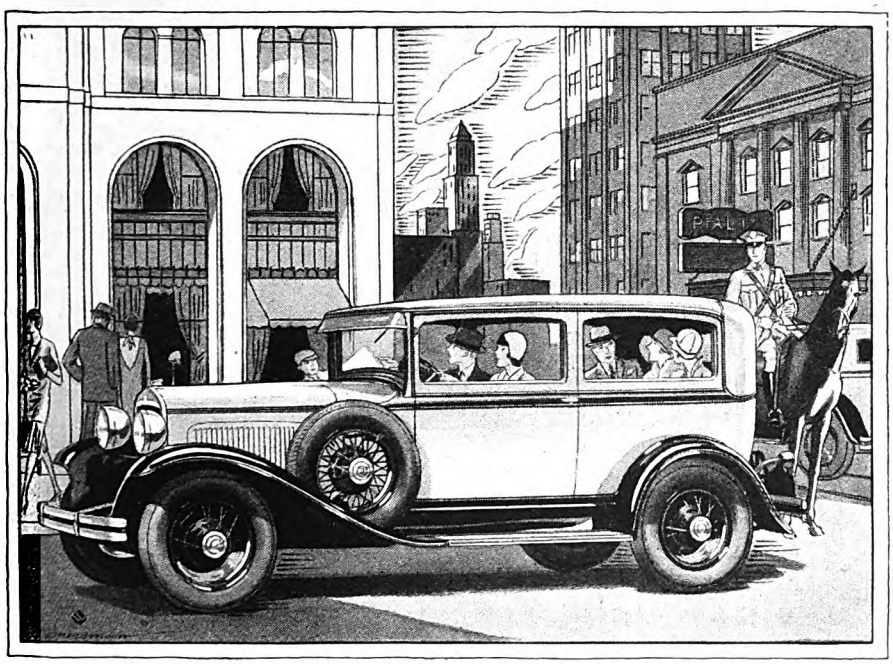
Plymouth *out-reaches its field* *FIVE* different ways

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



THE FULL-SIZE 2-DOOR SEDAN (Special equipment extra)

FULL SIZE PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

TO ANYONE with an eye for value, it is plain to be seen that the improved Chrysler-built Plymouth is the dominant car of the low-priced field.

Strictly speaking, there are just five main points on which to judge a motor car — Beauty, Performance, Comfort, Safety, Economy —and the newly refined Plymouth takes the head of its class on all five counts. The reasons are obvious.

One: Plymouth is the *only* low-priced motor car that can boast the refreshing charm, individuality and smartness of Chrysler designing.

Two: Plymouth is the *only* low-priced car that can demonstrate the smooth, flexible, animated performance that comes of Chrysler engineering principles.

Three: Plymouth is the *only* full-size automobile at anywhere near the price. It has the roominess of many a high-priced car.

Four: Plymouth excels in rugged, dependable construction, and is the *only* low-priced car with the safety of modern internal-expanding 4-wheel *hydraulic* brakes—self-equalizing, weatherproof and permanently noiseless.

Five: Plymouth can show a better record of low upkeep cost and at the same time match all comers in sparing consumption of gasoline and lubricating oil.

These are the facts. All comparisons simply go to show that Plymouth has made a clean sweep in obsoleting all the old rules and notions so long observed in the low-priced field.

The result is a constant upward swing in Plymouth sales, for motorists have long desired a car such as Plymouth — a car with *pride* appeal as well as *price* appeal.

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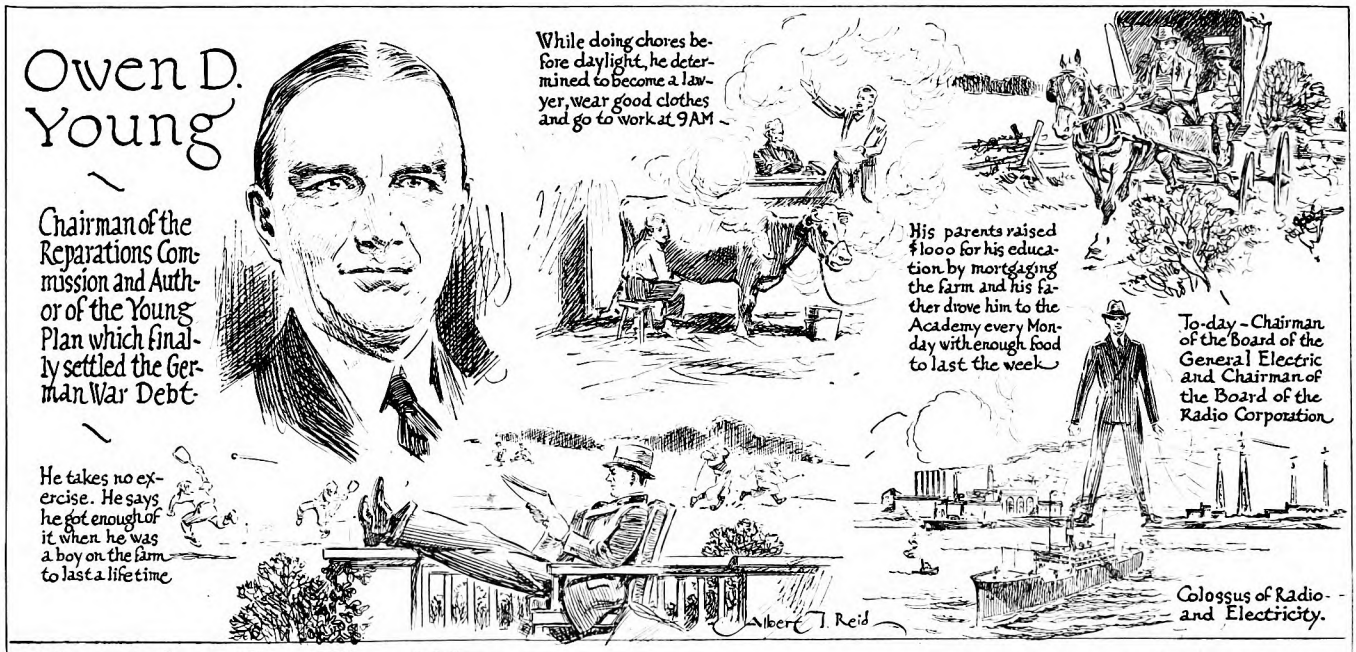

How They Got That Way

By Dale Carnegie and Albert T. Reid

"Love is Not Love"

(*Continued from page 48*)

other man?" he asked her teasingly.

"Yes."

"Why, Sukey! You ought to pretend it's not, anyway!"

"I don't like pretending. . . . Well, then, no, silly—of course it's not any other man! It's some girls from Fairley who are in town, and they're coming out for supper."

"That's better! Well, I'll see you soon!"

SHE went into the house. Her mother and Edith were not home yet and the house was very cool and still. She went out to the kitchen and began, hurriedly, to get things ready for supper. She wanted to go up to her room and shut the door, but she dared not. If she did, she would not be able to come out again. She set the table and brought up a can of pineapple from the cellar. She took great pains with everything. She broke off a few sprays from the little almond tree and put them in the queer old green vase for the middle of the table. There, they were coming. Her hand tightened on the bread knife.

"Oh, you home, Chloe? I thought you and Hugh were off somewhere."

"We're back."

Edith, so queer and still after a visit to Carl's folks, gave her a look. Oh, if she tried to make her sorry for not going with her! But she didn't.

"It's such a nice day! Did you go to the woods?"

"Yes."

Oh, to get away from Edith's eyes! She supposed Edith was thinking of how she and Carl—Oh, how terrible life was! She ought to ask after Carl's family. She couldn't. She could not even try. Her father came, and Marjory, and they sat down to eat. She could only sit through the meal in numbness and silence.

"Don't you feel well, daughter?"

"I feel all right!"

Her voice was impatient and resentful. Oh, to get away from this table!

"You don't look up to par."

"I'm all right."

Oh, snoop, snoop, snoop! You couldn't have a thought but what it was pried into!

"Chloe, don't you want to walk down to the mail box with me?"

"Can't, Dad. Got to do Karl Heinrich."

Got to do Karl Heinrich! He's faithful! Got to do Karl Heinrich! Got to get away from here! Got to be alone! What was she writing? Two lines, over and over and over. "Oh, yes, Dad—it *is* nice out!" Karl Heinrich—*he's* faithful! . . . "Oh, good night! . . . 'Night—I'll be right up, Edie!" Those two lines, over and over and over and over. Her hands on the little yellow book—why did they shake so? What could she do to ease this intolerable ache in her chest? Were they all gone upstairs? Was she really alone here?

HER book fell on the floor with a little thud of despair, and she fled in a panic to the darkness of the porch. There, pulled up into a queer, hurting huddle, she sat against the post and tried to cry. Why couldn't she cry? Her heart was going to burst if she could not let the tears out.

Hugh! Hugh! Hugh! Why, he was hers! He'd always been hers, ever since she'd first known him! He *had* meant the things he'd said: He had! He had! For all his teasing, he'd meant them. Oh, always she'd known he was like that—faithful, in a way—but she couldn't have it proven so! Oh, Hugh! Hugh! Hugh!

She could smell the lilacs, just opening. And the faint fragrance of the lilies-of-the-valley at the end of the porch. The soft air touched her face so gently. A couple, passing, laughed with tender softness. She pulled her knees up tight against her, hugging them till her arms ached. She could not bear this sweetness! She could not bear it!

But suddenly she relaxed sharply, tiredly, went in and up to her room. So that was over.

SHE didn't see him again that year. He did call up commencement week; but she had waited too long then and found herself saying she was very busy.

"But, Sukey, I'm going home in two more days!"

"Sorry."

"Yes, you are!"

"Yes, I are. But I can't make it!"

"Well, write to me—say are you *sure* you're going to be busy tonight?"

"Sure."

"Well, good-by, then—and write!"

When she turned away from the phone, Edie said, "Why, Chloe, what's the matter? You're as white as a sheet!"

She didn't answer, but went past Edith upstairs to her room. Oh, why would people say such things? Couldn't they see that her heart was breaking, and leave her alone? *She* wasn't forever prying into other folks' affairs! Why did they do it?

She saw him Commencement Day, in the long queue of black-gowned seniors.

Then it was summer. In August came a card:

"You see, I *am* smart, Sukey! I passed my bar exams."

Yes, he was smart. He was smart enough to make her love him and not to tie himself to her in any way. She didn't answer the card, though she wanted to every day for weeks.

She wasn't very pleasant that summer. She was cross, and knew it. But she was thin and they forever picked at her about it. They advised this or that tonic. They wanted her to go somewhere for a visit.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, leave me alone!" she told Edie at last. "I don't *want* to visit anyone! I'm sick to death of folks—why should I take on any more?"

That hurt Edie; but she couldn't seem

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NEWS
for the owners of
Buick
Hupmobile
Auburn 8
Graham-Paige
Nash

We have proved in thousands of miles of test driving on the Atlantic City Speedway, and in hundreds of laboratory tests, that the New Mobiloil "BB" gives the greatest summer protection and adds the most power to Buick (1929, 1928, 1927 models), Nash (Advanced and Special Six 1929, 1928, 1927 models), Hupmobile (All 1929 and 1928 models), Graham-Paige (All 1929 and 1928 models), Auburn 8's (1929, 1928, 1927 models). If you own one of these cars remember to *ask for Mobiloil "BB"*. The price is 35¢ a quart (price slightly higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States), and there is a Mobiloil dealer always nearby.

Mobiloil "BB" is also recommended for other makes of cars. See chart at the right. If your car is not listed in it, consult any Mobiloil dealer.

No matter which make of car you drive, the way to be sure of correct lubrication for your automobile engine is to buy oil according to the Mobiloil Chart.

Regular draining and refilling with the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

FIND YOUR CAR

Here is a partial Mobiloil Chart covering most of the leading passenger cars made in the United States. Check up now. Find the correct grade of Mobiloil for *your* car. The recommendations below were made after practical and scientific tests of the New Mobiloil in your type of engine. Make this Mobiloil Chart your guide.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six	...	...	A	Arc	A	A		
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc				
" Model T		...	...	...	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	...	...	...	...			A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		...
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	....	....
" *other models*	...	...	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

the New

Mobiloil "BB"

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Longer-Lasting Shave Spares Embarrassment

Here's a new way to shave closer —to get a shave that lasts longer.

It's a satisfaction . . . to realize in the evening that your morning shave has lasted. How to get a close shave has been solved for you by Colgate chemists with small-bubble lather, the kind that can get down to the roots of the beard . . . and moisten it properly for a close shave. So why run any risk of an unshaven appearance?

Compare with ordinary lather

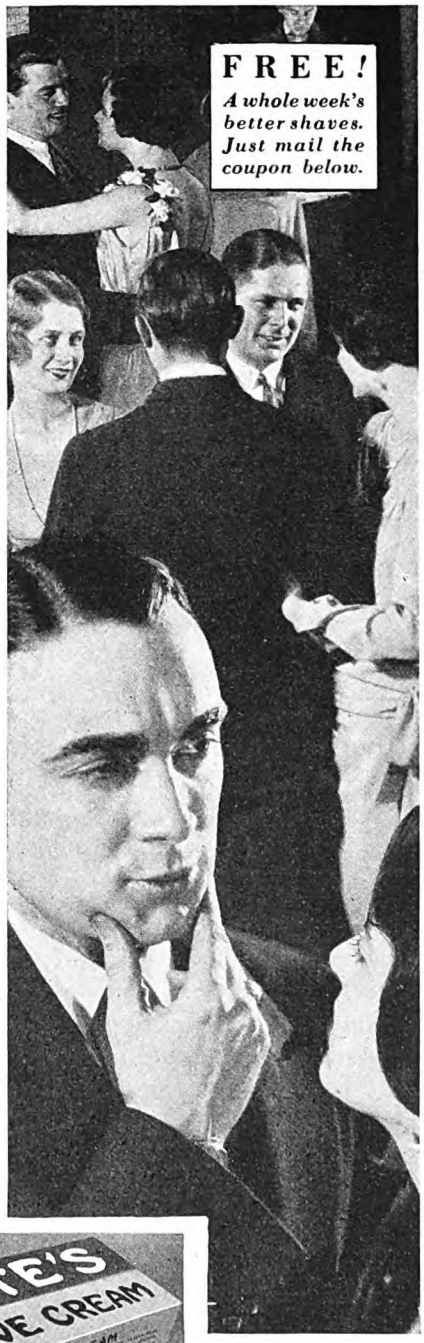
The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

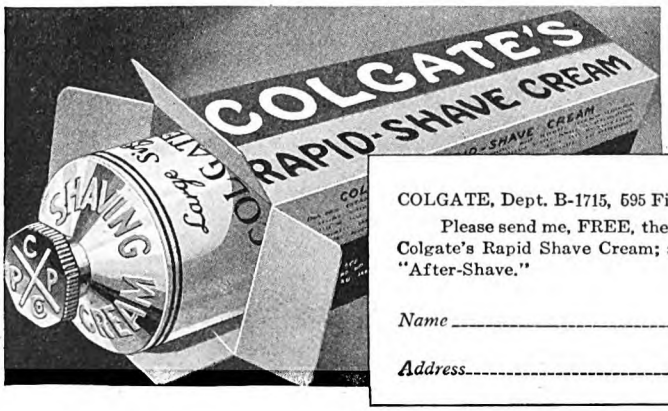
Instantly your beard gets moist . . . easier to cut and pliable . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . then your razor can do its best work.

Better grooming—the utmost in shaving comfort. A world of critical men, after various experiments with big bubble lathers, have found that Colgate's is supreme. You, too, will agree. Let us help you in deciding—note our offer below.

COLGATE LATHER
Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER
Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.





COLGATE, Dept. B-1715, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York
Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

to make amends for having said it. It was the way she felt.

"How'd you like to go to New York with me, Chloe?" her father said one day. "I have to go, and it would be fun, having company!"

"Oh, *no! No*, Dad! You can't afford it —and, if you can, take Mother. *I don't want to go!*"

His hurt eyes stayed with her all day long, but she made no apologies. Why didn't they let her alone? She throbbed with her resentment.

THEN the campus was full again and she was starting her last year. There was no point to it, any more than there had been to the other years. She was going through with it because it was expected of her; but it didn't mean anything. It meant, now, less than ever. If she could, maybe, have studied music—but no one had ever thought she had any special talent for it.

Edie and Marjory didn't bother her so much now. They acted almost afraid of her. Well, that was good, only it wasn't as if they let her alone because it was right; it was because they dared not intrude. That took most of the satisfaction from her solitariness.

But there came a day in English VIII, when Professor Eaton said: "For next week, we will learn three sonnets—the one on page 89: '*Love is not love . . .*'"

And there were those words coming blackly up to her out of the page—and all about her it was May and her hands stroked back his thick, brown hair while he said: "Well, how's this, then? . . . '*Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove: O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, That looks on—that looks on . . .*'" A strange darkness seemed to fill the October-bright room, and the rest got up and left her sitting there a long moment, too numb to rise and go about her day.

"Did you want something, Miss Bartley?"

"No—no!"

She stood up and went out of the room and down the worn old wooden steps, out onto the campus strewn with leaves and bright with sweaters. Everything was so clear to her eyes, as if she had never before seen the campus. And something was clear within her, where before had been a fog of hurt and incomprehension. The hurt was there still; but it was different now. "*Love is not love—love is not love which alters when it alteration finds—*"

Why, she had let it alter all her life! When she had had Hugh, how gay it had made her, how glad to be alive! And now she was not glad for anything—for anything at all. And yet she still loved him. It was all she did do. But—love is not love that alters when it alteration finds—if she could just get that clear. She had wanted *him* to do all the loving—was that it? Well, not exactly—but, now that he wasn't doing any, it had done something to her love. Did her love depend on his? No, oh, no; it didn't.

Well, then, why didn't her loving him still make her gay and joyous as she used to be? Was love, then, a giving or a taking? It ought to be a giving, ought it not? But she was letting hers spoil her life, and make of it a dour, lone thing. Was love like that? Really? She'd been thinking love

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© 1929 M. L. I. CO.

"Thank God! At last I'll be able to read and write."

HOW would you feel if you could not read the news of the world? No newspapers, magazines, books, letters, not even a danger sign or a warning notice?

Somewhere near you is a grown person groping in the dark, in many ways helpless as a child, because he cannot read or write. You can bring sunlight into his darkened life. More than that, you may be the means of bringing him better health—even of saving his life.

Today he cannot read messages on disease prevention. He does not know, unless someone tells him, the important rules of health or how to keep his family from having diphtheria, smallpox, or typhoid fever. These and other preventable diseases often make illiterate localities their breeding places and thus endanger the health of the educated, despite all their precautions.

Perhaps you share the mistaken belief that it is impossible to teach grown-up illiterates how to read and write and that they are content to be illiterate.

Get the confidence of an illiterate and ask him if he would like to be able to read and write. Tell him he can learn to write his name in 30 minutes and learn to read in a few months. In all probability his eager response will amaze you.

It may surprise you to learn that the majority of illiterate persons in the United States are native born—more than three million illiterate Americans. Many of them have never had a chance to learn and do not know where to look for instruction.

Illiterates are not hard to find—a servant, a farmhand, an employee in your own or your neighbor's shop, a laundress, a deliveryman, a laborer in your neighborhood.

There are more than 5,000,000 men and women in the United States who cannot read health messages concerning sanitation and prevention of disease—more than 400,000 of them are in the State of New York, more than 300,000 in Pennsylvania, about 150,000 in Massachusetts. You can find them in every State of the Union—in cities, in towns and in country districts.

Will you give someone a present that he would not exchange for hundreds of dollars—the ability to read and write—a present which costs you nothing?

Find *your* illiterate. If you will help him to learn to read and write, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send you, free of cost, grooved writing pads and illustrated lessons for beginners.

Ask for Booklet 99-A.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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LIVINGSTON LUDLOW BIDDLE, III

"master" of

SUNNY RIDGE FARM

Protected by this simple plan every mother can use

Livingston Ludlow Biddle, III is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Ludlow Biddle, II of the Philadelphia Biddles, whose winter estate is Sunny Ridge Farm, Pinehurst, N. C. He is the grandson of that famous financier, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle

STURDY and rosy, the little boy trots about his father's peach orchards at Pinehurst. Livingston Ludlow Biddle, III—who has enjoyed every advantage of social position, every luxury of wealth, since the day he was born.

In his yellow head there's no idea of the constant care surrounding him. Yet at Sunny Ridge Farm—the lovely country home to which he is heir—all centers on his happiness and welfare.

The best child specialists watch his physical progress. His exercise is planned, his play regulated, his diet supervised.

All this expert knowledge heaped on one small boy! Yet they've decided one important thing just as almost every mother decides it for herself.

Advised by famous child specialists, Mrs. Biddle gives Livingston for breakfast and supper, that *hot, cooked* cereal long thought of as the children's own—good old Cream of Wheat.

Livingston's outdoor play, like his Cream of Wheat breakfast, is part of Mrs. Biddle's health program

"Livingston was a very young baby when the doctors first prescribed Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Biddle. "He's been eating it ever since, and is wonderfully healthy."

This decision of the Biddles' physician is supported by 221 members of leading medical societies in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto. When questioned recently, *every single one* of these distinguished specialists approved Cream of Wheat.

They know how abundantly rich in energy it is—how amazingly quick and easy to digest, because all the harsh part of the grain is removed.

Let your youngsters have this simple little care that's given Livingston Biddle—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this simple plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal. The children's H. C. B. (Hot Cereal Breakfast) Club, with 734,000 participants. Badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. All material free, sent direct to your children. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION
DEPT. P-24 MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT © 1929, The C. of W. Corp.

was like that. She'd been believing love was like that. But—"*Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds—*"

When she came to the house, her mother was getting lunch and she looked up at Chloe anxiously.

"I made some of that pear salad you used to like so well, Chloe," she said.

For an instant the familiar resentment, bred of habit, swept over her; then she saw, with that queer new clarity, the anxiety in her mother's eyes for what it was. It was love. Love for her, Chloe. A giving love—a love that didn't stop giving just because she was so cross and resentful and bound up in her own hurt.

"Mm! How good it looks!" she heard herself saying with a strange, new warmth of gratitude.

She could not meet the relief in her mother's eyes because of the shame that welled up in her heart.

Next day, when Edith said, not expectantly, "I'm going down to Carl's folks for Thanksgiving dinner," Chloe suddenly knew a strange thing—she knew that Edith did not any longer love Carl in that way, that perhaps she had not for a long time; but that, nevertheless, she felt compelled to make these visits for some reason beyond Chloe's understanding.

"Let's have them here," she made herself say. "You don't want to be away on Thanksgiving Day."

She got up and left the table because she could not bear Edith's silent gratitude.

ON Thanksgiving Day she watched Edith curiously all day long. She had to know, somehow, what it was compelling Edith. Edith was so gentle, so understanding of these hurt, older people, so careful never to rub their wound. And yet—and yet Chloe knew Edith didn't love Carl any more. Why, then?

Her heart kept groping after some truth that her mind said must be before her very eyes. And then, quite sharply, she saw. She saw that there was a love more inclusive, bigger than any she had known. She saw that Edith and her mother—yes, and her father—possessed this love that included their own and other people's loves. That, after all, she'd not had much, only a little, selfish thing that could hardly be called love. She felt sick with the realization of her own smallness.

A few days after that she was studying calculus, which she detested, and it came over her, suddenly, that she didn't hate it any more, that it was part of some bigger whole of learning—as her love for Hugh had been part of some infinity of love of which she had not dreamed. Her whole college course began in that moment to mean something to her, something that had nothing to do with sines and cosines, with French irregulars, with the history of Italian art—but something that took them all in and was valuable beyond all comprehension. She began to grow.

She thought, one day, that she should have answered Hugh's card about the examinations; but now it was too late for that. And he did not write again.

It was a strange, long winter. There were nights when she walked with her father and found she didn't have to talk to him much, after all; that the moon on snow-laden campus branches meant something to him, too, that didn't have to be put into words. And Edie, who lived her

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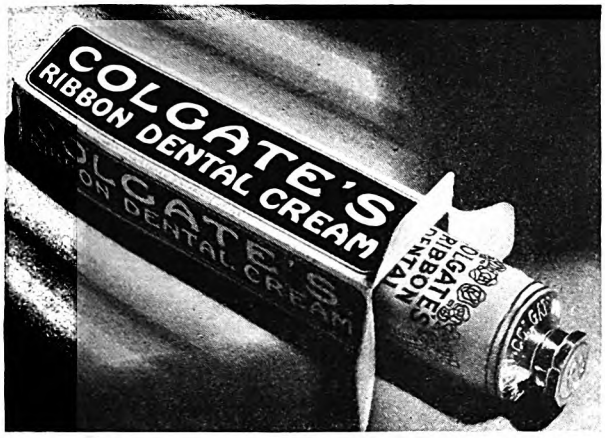


FREE Get a generous sample tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the cleansing dentifrice—simply mail the coupon below and be convinced.

A 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste

. . . than any other leading brand priced at 25c.

More important—Colgate's cleans better—its penetrating foam washes away decayed impurities in crevices not reached by brushing.

COLGATE'S has become the largest-selling dentifrice in the world because it not only polishes the outer surfaces of the teeth, but more important, because its wonderful penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth, not reached by ordinary brushing.

Recent scientific tests confirm the fact that Colgate's has a greater penetrating* power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market. This means that it gets down into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

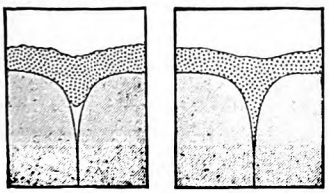
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly, but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpaste.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1607, 595 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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LISTERINE Shaving Cream

Glycerine film ends razor pain

YOU can confidently expect the most amazing shaving comfort, the first time you try this new-type cream.

You will think your blade has suddenly acquired some magic smoothness. You will marvel that your skin is not drawn tight but relaxed, not harshened but soothed, not heated but cooled.

That's what glycerine does in a shaving cream. And this is why. At the cutting line of the hairs, Listerine Shaving Cream deposits a microscopic film of this cosmetic lubricant. Gone is the friction between beard and blade. The steel edge slides on that film. There is no slashing or sticking. Smooth and clean, off come the whiskers, with your skin unruffled and gladdened by the healing Listerine ingredients.

The next time you are buying a bottle of Listerine, remember to ask for Listerine Shaving Cream. That will end your search for the utmost in shaving comfort.

157 shaves-50c

Will you have to pay more for lubricating lather and Listerine benefits? No. The big tube contains 118 inches of cream, more than enough for 157 shaves, easily a five-months' supply. Try it for tomorrow's shave.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

life so capably and quietly—she found that Edie had come to love Professor Lemming—but there were Carl's folks. She found that Marjory, who looked so pretty and so useless, wanted with all her soul to write poetry, but was yet ashamed to let it be known.

How queer it was that all this was clear to her now, when she had been blind to such things all her life! She seemed by this insight to have acquired some power that let her turn gayety on or off at will, and many an evening of song and reading made the house into a place it had never been whole-souledly before.

Not that there weren't nights—long, hideous, wakeful hours—when all she knew was the fact that he hadn't meant *that*. But she had learned something—not to let her nights spill over into her days and spoil her every contact with people. She had learned to be stronger than that!

BUT, after winter, came spring, and spring is hard to bear, with a hurt in your heart. It flaunts its merry, upward-soaring gladness in the face of bitterness, and snaps its fingers at old wounds. All she could do was to try, in gentleness, to make Carl's family see the rightness of Edie and Professor Lemming together.

In April, it was, when she came home to find a letter on the desk in the hall. She stood staring at it before she could put her fingers to it.

"Did you find your letter, Chloe?" her mother called from the sewing-room.

"Yes."

But still it was a full moment before she put out a hand for it. Then she ran upstairs to her room, shut the door, sat down on the box by the window and opened the letter.

Dear Sukey [*oh, that silly old name*]—Dear Sukey—I'm coming to Syranac City the tenth of May. Could I see you while I'm there? Your *successful* attorney—HUGH STAINS.

And suddenly the tears she had not shed these long months just past came flooding. Could he see her? *Could he see her?*

Dear Hugh—Of course!—CHLOE.

Was that too eager? Well, too eager or not, it was said. It was sent.

She could not join in much on things in the weeks that followed. And, she thought once, puzzledly, she didn't have to. They seemed to understand her better now, and to let her alone when she desired it.

Trees began to show faint red and green. May was come! May first—May second—May third—the days crept by. The ninth.

The morning of the tenth she woke with that old crazy expectancy throbbing through her. She thought: "I wonder if I'll always feel so, knowing he's coming!" She went to morning classes, came home, ate only a bite of lunch. Then she went to her room and put on the old linen dress, the gay tie.

"Chloe! Chloe! Here's Hugh, dear!"

"*Here's Hugh, dear!*"

She came down the stairs slowly, but her feet seemed to dance a tune. "Here's Hugh dear! Here's Hugh dear!"

"Hello, Sukey!"

And there he was, just the same as always—so friendly, so whimsical, so teasing, so *dear!*

"Hello, Hugh!"

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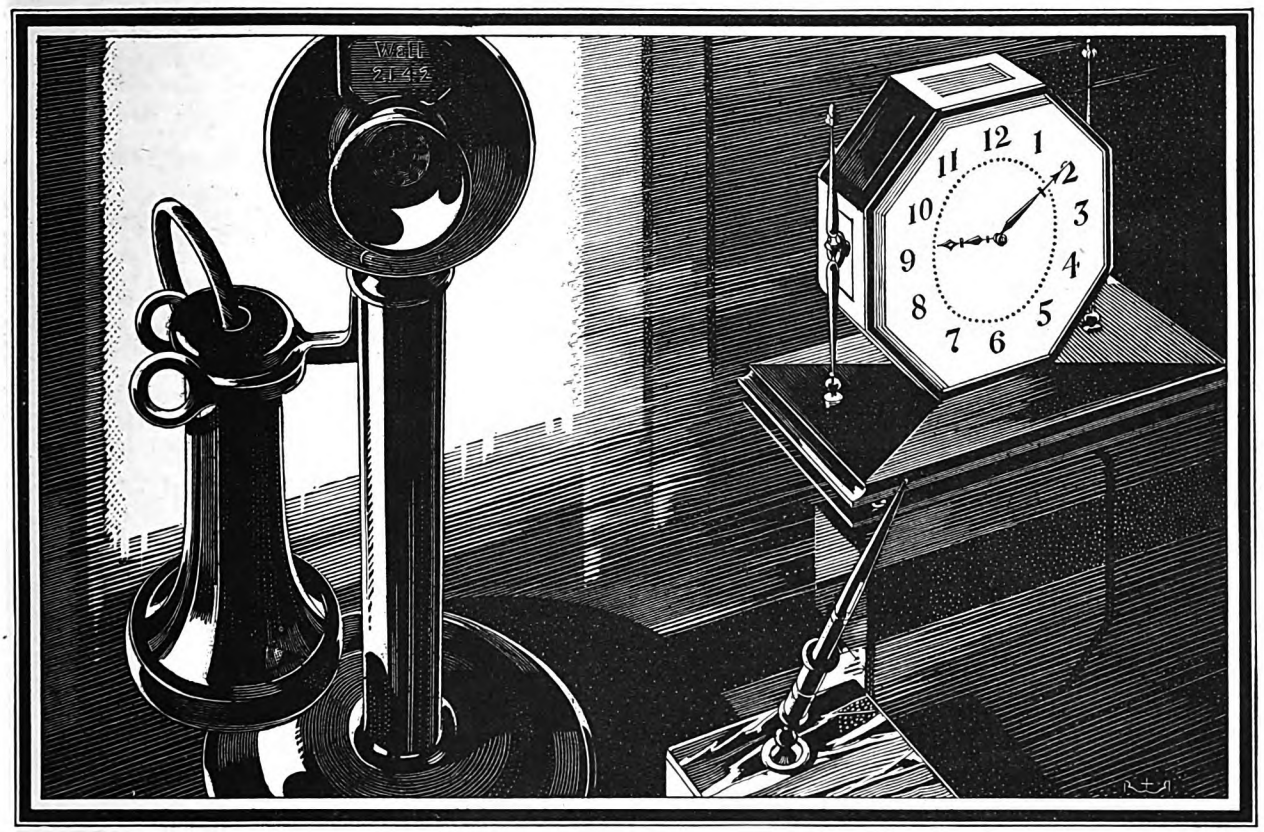
To get the Most Out of your Inter-city Calls



While every hour is telephone hour, there are certain periods of the day better than others to place your inter-city calls. Between the hours of 9.30 a.m. and 11.30 a.m., for instance, executives are busy answering correspondence, seeing visitors and attending to other details. Your calls —those that do not have to go through immediately—are more likely to receive undivided attention if made in the less crowded periods of the business day.

In fact, many business men prefer being called by telephone before 9.30 in the morning, others just before 2 o'clock, and still others after 4 in the afternoon. Telephone calls to other cities are easy and convenient, and the time and money they save are surprising. A New York executive had a business matter to be settled in Indianapolis. He was too busy to go. He placed a telephone call and made the round-trip without leaving his office.

The Bismarck branch of a packing concern estimates that it saves $2450 a month in costs and time out of the office by the use of inter-city calls. Calling by number takes less time. Bell Telephone Service is *Convenient . . . Economical . . . Universal.*

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"I WILL NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A JANITOR"

This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control

"What's that, Dad?" "It's a heat regulator, son. It runs the checks and drafts by itself and keeps the rooms heated to just the right temperature all the time. It saves mother and me a good many trips to the basement to fix the fire. Every morning it gives me an extra hour of sleep because it wakes up the fire and warms the rooms before we get up. When you get older you'll appreciate how much disagreeable janitor duty that little instrument does for us." . . . Women who live in homes guarded by the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator are freed from the drudgery and responsibility of constant fire-tending during the day. They know, too, that the comfortable, uniform temperature maintained by the heat regulator prevents many colds and helps to keep the family well and strong. . . . . .

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control—the foundation of automatic heating—in two ways: Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell Controls). Or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful, automatic service. May be purchased on modern finance plan. Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators) Executive Offices: 2763 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

"Let's go out somewhere—shall we?"

"Yes, let's!"

Down the street toward the country.

"So you're a successful attorney?"

"Oh, *most* successful! I made a hundred and twenty-five dollars last month! Of course, that's my best month—I don't want to seem to brag!"

"How remarkable!"

They were at the forks.

"Up Roke's Hill?"

He asked it this time.

"All right!"

"And how goes it with Chloe? Phi Beta Kappa, I suppose!"

"Yes, likely! My marks are *poor!* But I don't mind so much—I—I—"

"You what?"

"Oh, nothing! Let's talk of something besides marks. It's a sore spot! Tell me—do you have a regular office?"

"Honest to Peter! With gold letters on the door!"

"And mental cruelty cases by the score, no doubt?"

"Only one."

"And did you think of me?"

"Yes."

FOR an instant there was something in his voice, some seriousness she had never heard there, and it both frightened her and made her glad.

"Why, here's our bank—and the thyme's as green as grass! I suppose—I suppose you've been here with—with other—"

"Oh, droves of others! Can't you see we've sat the grass 'most all off? Silly!"

There they sat again beneath the elm tree, which was showing now but faintest green. The blue sky bent to them. The violets bowed royal heads to them. The birds caroled ecstasy for greeting.

"Sukey—"

Oh, the foolish sweetness of the way he said that old name!

"What?"

"Do you remember all that nonsense I talked, last time we were here—about—freedom—and all that?"

"Yes. I remember."

"Well, I've had my year of freedom."

"Was it fun?"

"Not so much. . . . No, it wasn't fun at all, Sukey. Not fun at all!"

She couldn't answer that. She'd never heard his voice *meaning* things so.

"Sukey. . . ."

"What, Hugh?"

"You can't be free if you're already bound. I've found that out. Or I guess I don't mean that—I mean you can't be free unless you admit you're bound—something like that. I didn't want to be tied down. Well, I haven't been—except in my heart. My—my heart's been tied down for a long, long time. Only, I've been ashamed to tell you, after what I said to you—that day. I didn't find it out right off, anyway. But I've known it quite a while. . . . Sukey, I love you!"

Remembrance of the past year quivered its hurt through her.

"Hugh!"

"I do. I don't suppose you believe me—or—or care. I've always been so—so childish. . . . Chloe, I've thought of the rest of that thing I tried to quote to you—'*That looks on tempests and is never shaken*—' that comes next. Do you remember? I—I was afraid of tempests.

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SHOOTS a 76 . . . *but can't get in a club*

IT sounds incredible until you know the facts as they know them in San Francisco.

Aside from his deadly ability at golf, he possessed a natural charm that made him most engaging to both men and women. Yet no one was willing to propose him for club membership, for he had one fault that simply could not be excused. He, himself, didn't realize what it was—and no one had the courage to tell him.

Only those blind to facts assume they never have halitosis (unpleasant breath). Actually 1 out of 3 offends, occasionally or habitually, surveys show. This is due to the fact that everyday conditions such as pyorrhea, defective teeth, fermenting food particles between teeth, and minor infections of the nose and throat cause it.

Why offend others, when you can keep your breath beyond suspicion by using full strength Listerine three times a day, as a mouth wash?

Being an active germicide,* it attacks the cause of odors and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves. Keep a bottle handy wherever you are. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

***Though safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine kills the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds; also the Bacillus Typhosus germs—200,000,000 of them—within the same period.**

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

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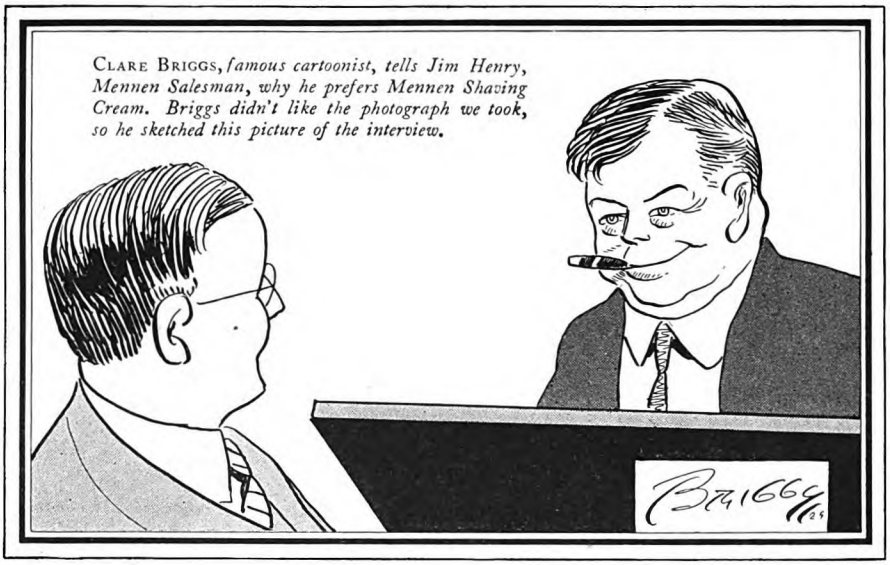
BRIGGS tells *Jim Henry*



"MAN—it's a grand and glorious feeling!"

"WHEN you wake up all grouchy . . . and your whiskers look as if they are made of extra tough barbed wire . . . and you cuss the fact that you've *got* to shave . . . and you yank out your tube of Mennen . . . and then you work up a fine lather in no time . . . and your razor s-a-i-l-s through your beard . . . and your face feels better every minute . . . and you finish looking like a successful bank president . . . Man! It's a grand and glorious feeling!"

The grand and glorious feeling of the Mennen Shave comes from the scientific principle of Mennen Shaving Cream—*Dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process which softens the beard, lubricates the blade, tones the skin and conditions it for the day.

NOW! TWO TYPES OF MENNEN—*with and without menthol*

Mennen Shaving Cream (in the good old green-striped carton) is the familiar favorite of millions of men. Now there is also a new Mennen cream. It is Mennen Menthol-iced—with the triple-cool tingling lather for those who want the extra thrill of coolness in their shave. Packed in an orange-striped carton.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

TALC TALKS by Jim Henry

There are still a lot of he-men who think that talcum powder belongs only on feminine noses. They're all wrong. A man's skin needs talcum especially after a shave or after a bath. And I don't care how tough your hide is, brother, it needs protection against weather, *before and after*. So Mennen makes this special talcum for men.

First of all Mennen for Men doesn't show. Neutral tint—that's why. It's soft, pure, slightly medicated too. Absorbs moisture and facial oils. Corrects "shiny skin." Cooling, soothing!

SPECIAL BARGAIN—Big size can for a quarter—or, if you want a bargain, get the traveler's size free by buying the new Mennen After-Shave Special.

Contains full 50c tube of Skin Balm with special size Talcum for Men, both for half-a-dollar. *Jim Henry*

Mennen Salesman

I'm not, now. And I want to say I *did* mean all the things I've ever said to you. I meant them then; but I was afraid. And now I'm afraid it's too late to tell you so. I don't know how to stop my nonsense, and make you see—"

"Oh, Hugh, dear, I *do* see!"

"Sukey! Sukey, sweetheart!"

She wanted to tell him of all she'd come to see through her love and her hurt, but that would keep. Oh, that would keep! Never again would she need fear she'd not have any chance to tell him things!

She let her hand smooth back his hair.

"Green eyes!" he said, in his old teasing voice—yet not quite that voice, either.

"Are the gold letters on the door—paid for?" she made counter-teasing.

AND presently they went down the hill, hand in hand, and he sang a parody of an old college song:

"Oh, Sukey, tender Sukey,
Scorn me not, I pray!
I'll be a famous lawyer yet,
And—tra-la-la-la—Why don't you help me find a rhyme, Chloe?"

And it was so good to be gay, really gay at heart, that she answered him with nonsense, but all the time something was singing inside her: "It was best this way—to wait—it's better now, our love!"

They had both run into tempests, and their love had not been shaken—not been shaken! It never would be, now they knew for eternity what love was!

"Oh, Sukey, tender Sukey," he sang again,

"Scorn me not, I pray!
I'll be a famous lawyer yet,
And—"

"And be faithful in a way!" she finished for him in happy mockery.

Aviation is About to Become of Age

(*Continued from page 53*)

the company's plane made its next trip, rifles cracked below in obscure places and bullets zipped about the wings. The moonshiners mistook the plane for the heralded prohibition spy.

A rubber salesman in the mid-South has been using a plane for three years, and in that time he has doubled his business. The territory he sells is mostly flat, the towns aren't large, and he has little trouble about landing fields. At some towns where no regular flying fields are maintained he comes down in a local hayfield or level pasture. He has the whole area indexed in his head as to its landing possibilities in emergency.

Mr. Keys mentioned another case that even more strikingly illustrates how planes may be used for local service by an individual or by a business. On a large ranch in Montana it once took the owner the best part of a week to make a tour of his property by horseback. Then he bought an automobile and the time was cut to a day, which enabled him to make a complete inspection of the ranch once a week, except in bad weather seasons. Now he owns an aëroplane and does the swing around the ranch every morning before breakfast in a manner far more

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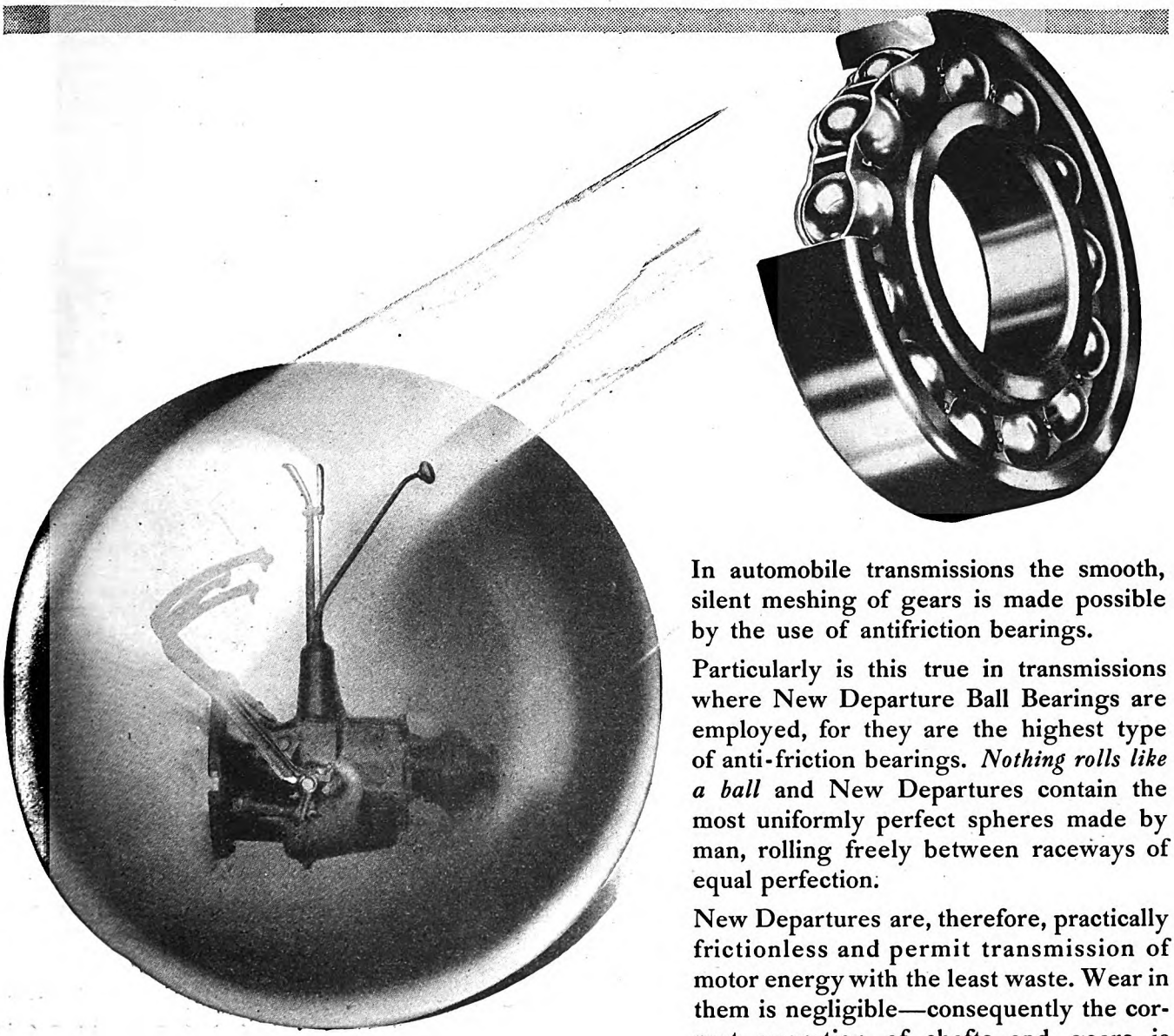
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



In automobile transmissions the smooth, silent meshing of gears is made possible by the use of antifriction bearings.

Particularly is this true in transmissions where New Departure Ball Bearings are employed, for they are the highest type of anti-friction bearings. *Nothing rolls like a ball* and New Departures contain the most uniformly perfect spheres made by man, rolling freely between raceways of equal perfection.

New Departures are, therefore, practically frictionless and permit transmission of motor energy with the least waste. Wear in them is negligible—consequently the correct operation of shafts and gears is steadfastly maintained. Transmissions and clutches containing them never have to be torn down for bearing adjustment.

These are the reasons why so many automobile builders pay the higher cost of New Departures to give their customers the utmost in performance and economy.

In Automobile Transmissions

"NOTHING ROLLS" LIKE A BALL

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

World's Largest Ball Bearing Manufacturer

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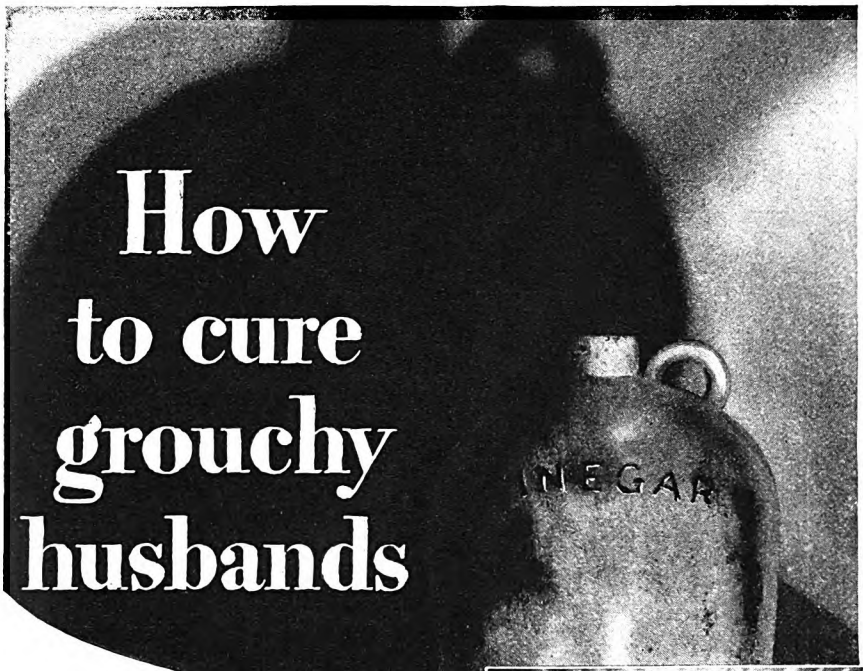

—by one of them

"I am a grouch. My father was a grouch and so was my Mayflower ancestor. I have long been loaded with crepe and vinegar. On my honeymoon, my wife diagnosed the cause. 'Quit using caffein,' she said. I did it for a week, then weakened. For 18 years I used caffein and remained a grouch.

"Then one morning my wife made some Postum. It looked good. I drank a cup and then a second. Now for more than a month, caffein has meant nothing to me. I no longer read myself to sleep. Yesterday, I weighed 131 pounds – six pounds more than a month ago. I find I can whistle and stir up a smile.

"I started by proclaiming myself a grouch and I stick to it. But if you don't believe I have thrown off some of the crepe and vinegar and taken on some honey and molasses, just ask my wife."

Cecil Eastman
225 East Robinson Ave., Orlando, Fla.

• • •

Rasping nerves and lack of sleep can make a grouch of the most cheerful man living. A man simply can't smile when he has risen, tired and grumpy, from a sleepless bed. But the sad part of it is that so many men fail to trace their grouchiness to its source—often the artificial stimulant they take with their meals. They fail to realize that caffein, by disturbing sleep and the calling for use of much reserve energy, has turned many a man into a "bundle of nerves."

Try this test and see how it works in your case! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then judge!

Postum contains no trace of any artificial stimulant—nothing to fray nerves, keep you awake, or impair digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A wholesome drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor—a flavor that millions prefer.

Postum costs less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

© 1929, P. Co. Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—A. M. 9-29
POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Fill in completely—print name and address
In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.* The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

thorough than was possible either by motor car or by horse. He spots a break in a fence, a field that needs attention, wheat that is ready to cut, and at about nine o'clock he telephones his orders to his foremen.

NOW, what about private plane ownership, for sport and for pleasure? Aëroplanes may be bought today for as little as $2,000. Men who never thought of flying before are thinking of it now. Aëroplane advertising is beginning to appear side by side with automobile advertising in our newspapers and magazines.

"The question of private ownership," said Mr. Keys, "is one which involves a second question, that of training pilots. There will be no more planes sold than there are trained pilots to operate them. It is absolutely necessary that these pilots be well trained, that ships be approved and tested, that again the safety factor be kept in the forefront.

"The automobile owner purchased his first car and learned to drive it after a few hours of instruction, a most simple procedure. The exact opposite is the case with aëroplanes. To begin with, the pilot of an aëroplane must have good health, good sight, and good hearing. He must have a good sense of balance, should be between eighteen and forty-five years of age, and should have had the equivalent of a high-school education or better.

"Before becoming even a student flyer, he must produce an approved medical certificate of physical fitness, and before gaining his private operator's license, which permits him to fly for pleasure but not for hire, he must spend time and money in learning to fly.

"In addition to actual flying experience, which is now from ten hours solo for a private license up to two hundred hours for a transport pilot's license, the applicant must pass a written examination covering a variety of subjects, principles, and theories. This examination is no mere formality, but a serious test conducted by Department of Commerce examiners.

"In other words, the industry simply can't put aëroplanes into the air without first training pilots to fly them, and these pilots must be well trained or they will do flying more harm than good. This is a check on all branches of aviation development that must be considered: Good schools are as essential to aviation progress as good flying fields and good ships.

"Schools are being rapidly established. The head of the Curtiss schools estimates that no less than 15,000 persons will take instruction in flying this year. How many of this number will qualify as pilots remains to be seen, but the figure is an indication of popular interest.

"Personally, I think the heart of the matter is in these flying schools. Not only popular aviation development, but also the commercial growth of the future is in large measure dependent upon them. Already some colleges are considering courses in subjects pertinent to aviation training, which is an excellent sign. I am an optimist on the future of aviation schools, as I am an optimist on all phases of aviation development."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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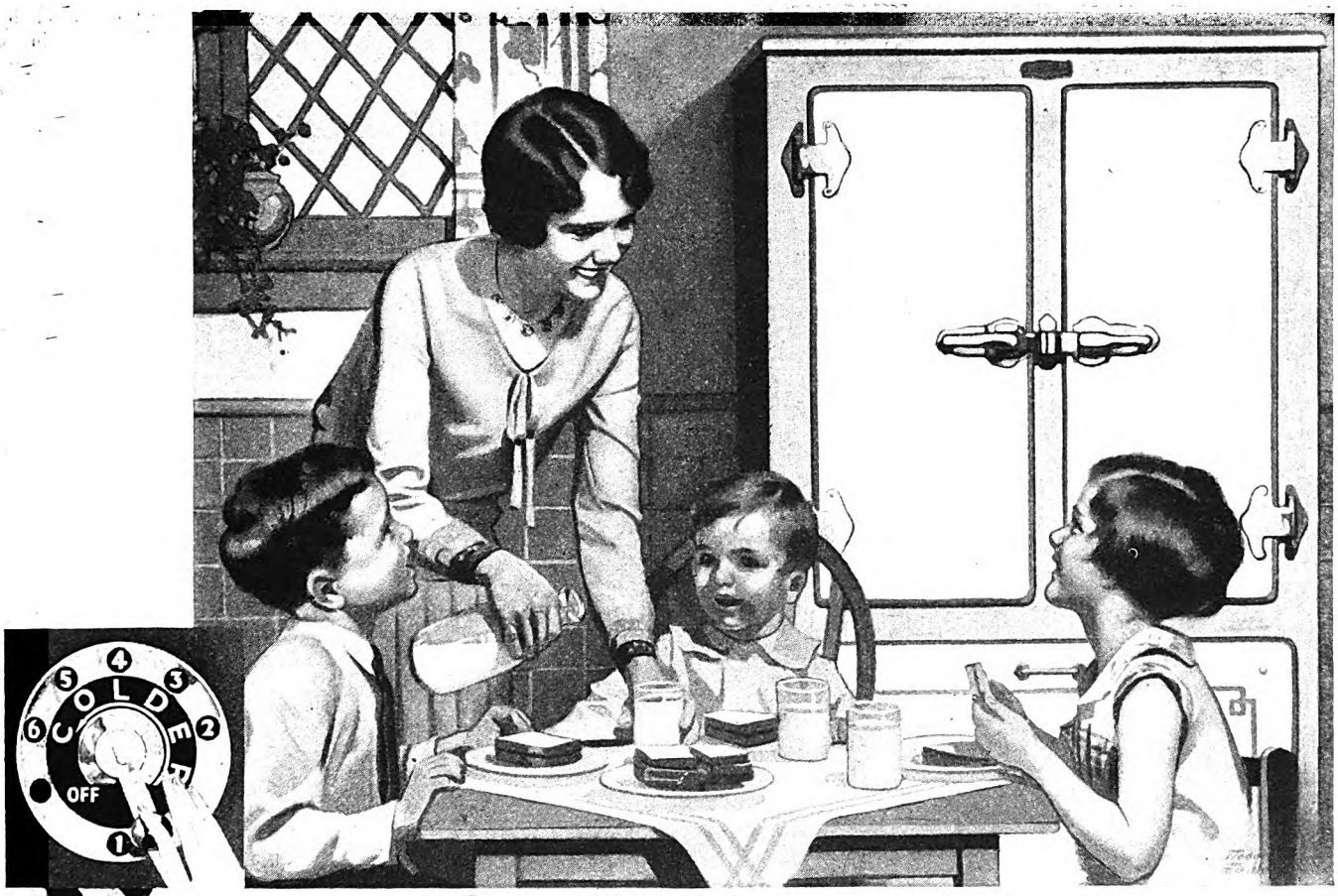

You'll want the added features *offered only by Frigidaire*

YOU'LL want the Frigidaire "Cold Control"... the simple patented device that gives you ice cubes even faster than ever . . . that enables you to regulate at will the freezing time.

You'll want the added certainty, the priceless protection to health offered by the powerful Frigidaire compressor; power that keeps the food compartment below 50° . . . regardless of hot days in the kitchen or sudden weather changes.

You'll be glad that this quiet compressor is completely out of sight and out of the way in the base of the cabinet . . . away from dust and dirt. You'll find it immeasurably convenient to have food shelves you can reach without stooping . . . to have a cabinet lined with seamless porcelain enamel . . . to have a refrigerator that's beautiful and well-proportioned.

In other words, you'll prefer Frigidaire, the only electric refrigerator which gives you all these essential features . . . features that have led more people to buy Frigidaire than all other electric refrigerators *combined.*

And when you investigate, you will be amazed by the new low prices and by the liberal General Motors deferred payment plan.

We urge you to call at the local Frigidaire display room. You place yourself under no obligation.

And . . . *today* . . . mail the coupon for the new Frigidaire catalog and a copy of the book of recipes for making frozen delicacies. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

Frigidaire Corporation,
Dept. C-107, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and the recipe book of frozen delicacies.

Name .....

Address .....

If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a **MILLION** *in use*

We endorse the national food preservation program initiated by the National Electric Light Association.

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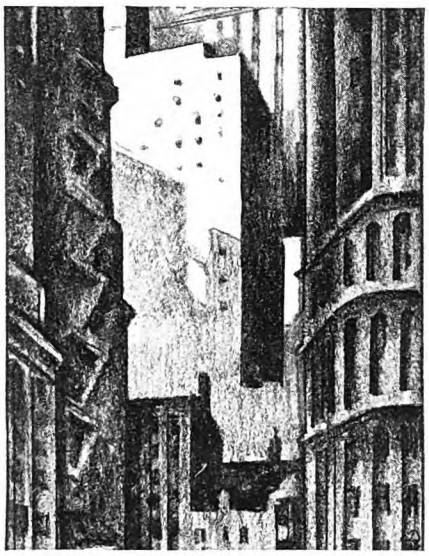
DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS

NOW in a familiar food . . .



Hiding from the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can *eat* your sunshine now in a famous health food.

THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this!—a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food

How much healthier we would be

source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus — elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight and strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child against

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S

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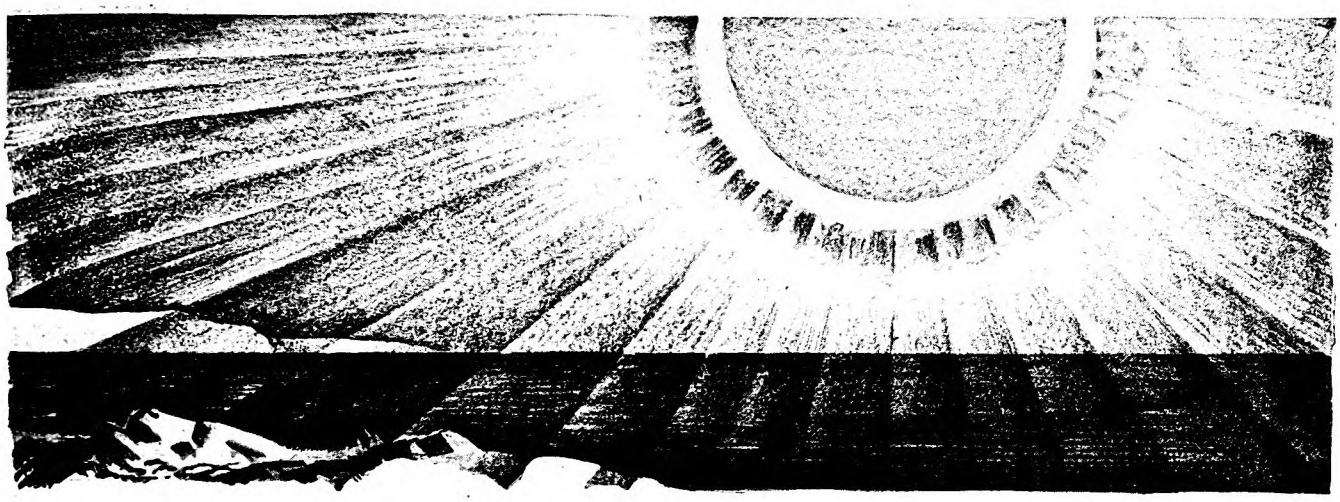
POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



the health value of hours in the Summer Sun

if we could get plenty of sunshine

rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth).

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat three cakes regularly every day, before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking.

Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. J-68, 701 Washington Street, New York.

In the front rank of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, of the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in America.

Many consider Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, in Paris, as Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist.

Director of the famous Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician.

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY:

Dr. Cherubini: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones and sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

Dr. Delort: "Ergosterol, which exists in large quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

Dr. Neuberg: "The vitally important pro-vitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

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YEAST *contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin*

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Modernizes Steam Heat... keeps radiators hot longer

Have this fuel-saving comfort with your present heating system

Steam heat in your home or building? Without radical or expensive changes you can make it the most modern kind of heating system! In a few hours it can be converted into a *vacuum* system at a small fraction of the cost of a new one.

WHY VACUUM?

—because. . . .

in a vacuum, water boils at low temperatures. In a vacuum heating system, radiators heat up far quicker. In a vacuum system, they stay hot far longer. Naturally, less fuel is consumed.

ANY good heating contractor can do the job for you in jiffy-time. He tightens up the system to keep out air; places a Hoffman No. 16 Valve on the basement main, to clear the pipes of air; and installs a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve on each radiator.

That is all. You will then have a modern one-pipe vacuum system. With uncanny efficiency *every* radiator heats up *15 minutes* after drafts are opened. When the fire is banked, or the oil or gas burner shuts off, the vacuum keeps heat in radiators for *three hours* or more, just as though you had steam up all the time. This means that in the coldest weather radiators stay hot all day long without frequent raising of steam pressure. Can you imagine a more efficient heating system?

And that is not all. In the thousands of homes whose heating systems are vacuum-ized with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves, they are saving as much as five dollars per radiator every year in fuel bills.

Ask your heating contractor to come up and estimate the cost of vacuum-izing. When you learn how little it costs you will find it hard to believe our claims. If so, send for the booklet, "How to Lock Out Air, the Heat Thief", which tells and *proves* the whole story. Do not put it off. Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. P-18, Waterbury, Connecticut.

When I Became the First Lady

(*Continued from page 13*)

The members of Washington society were not the only ones who partook of Vice Presidential hospitality. We were also at home to a family of mice who had a private entrance behind a large davenport placed across one corner of the dining-room, which served as a sitting-room, for we had our meals downstairs in the main dining-room. Seated at my desk, one evening, I was suddenly aware that I had a visitor who had arrived unannounced and was sitting up looking me over quite as critically as any other guest who favored me with a call. Finding me amiable, he got down and began an inspection of the place. I made no protest, sitting quite still and allowing him to go about at his will. Having completed his tour of investigation, he disappeared beneath the davenport, presumably to report on his findings to his family, and I arose to do a little investigating of my own, discovering that he had made his exit by way of a small, semicircular hole in the baseboard just above the concrete flooring.

ON SEVERAL succeeding evenings we were dining out, but on the next evening which we spent at home my little visitor in gray was back again and brought one of the children. In accordance with the rules of hospitality, I served tea. The larder afforded only pieces of dry cracker, but these seemed to meet with approval and were quickly nibbled away. From then on, Father Gray looked to me for daily food for his family, consisting of himself and his wife and several children. Mother Gray was a rather portly lady, and when she paid me a visit she found the doorway a bit low and narrow, but she was resourceful as well as plump and she managed to enter by turning over on her back, placing her feet against the baseboard and pushing herself through.

I brought all sorts of delicacies from the hotel table for the delectation of these visitors of mine and I firmly believe that I thus acquired some friends in Washington who would have pronounced me the perfect hostess. Their favorite form of amusement was to scramble up the outside corners of the metal scrapbasket and from the edge jump into the waste paper in the bottom, as I have seen boys climb to the beams of a hayloft and jump into the hay. When all were buried in the bottom, I would tip over the container, and after they had run out, set it up again, and they would repeat the performance. I think they missed me when I had gone and I often wonder how they fared.

I saw them last in the spring of 1923. The short session of Congress adjourned on the fourth of March and we went home. When we returned unexpectedly in August, all was changed and there was so much hustle and bustle, so much moving about of busy feet that the shy little creatures dared not venture forth even if they were there.

More rooms were added to our small suite to accommodate secretaries, stenographers, and telephone operators, for the executive work of the Government

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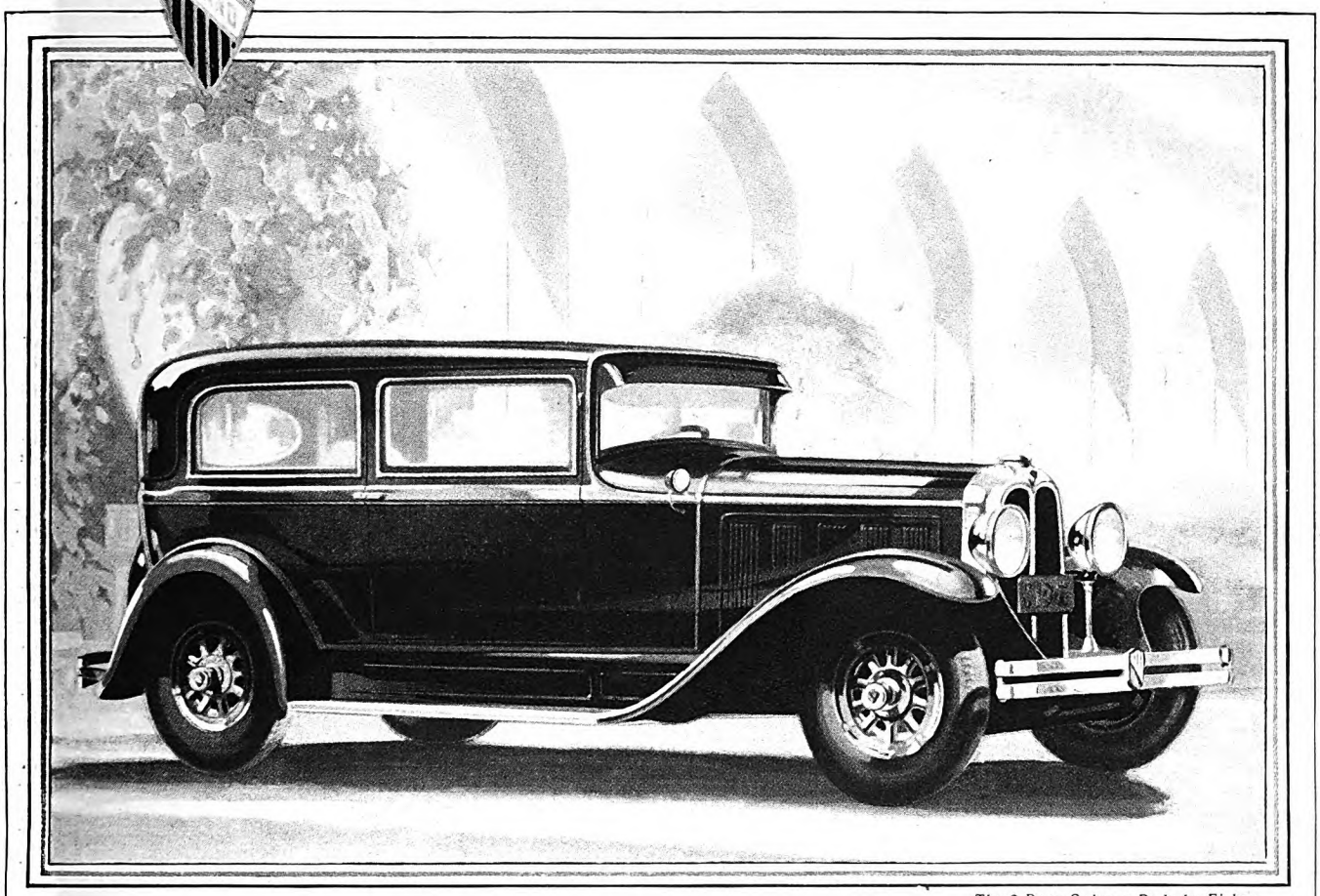
"America's finest medium-priced automobile," say thousands of Oakland owners



The 2-Door Sedan · Body by Fisher

HAVE you ever owned an automobile so completely in accord with your conception of a truly fine car that every moment spent at its wheel was a joy . . . a car so thoroughly delightful to drive, so utterly dependable in any situation, that it seems to be a living thing devoted to serving you? Unfortunately, that is not a common experience. Yet it is one which owners of the Oakland All-American Six are enjoying today. It is this experience which has caused thousands of these enthusiastic owners to call the Oakland "*America's finest medium-priced automobile.*"

Why is Oakland such a wonderful car to own? Comparison with other cars in its field will show you. For example, it is the only car in a field of twenty-one which combines the riding ease, the style and the roominess made possible by a wheelbase 117 inches in length, with the handling ease promoted by a turning circle to the left only 36 feet in diameter. It is the only car in the field which offers the consummate smoothness achieved through the combined use of the Harmonic Balancer which eliminates torsional crankshaft vibration, and rubber "biscuit" engine mountings which completely insulate the engine from the frame.

In 878 individual comparisons between Oakland and the twenty other cars, Oakland proves distinctly superior in 451 points or 51.37 per cent. The twenty cars are at best equal to Oakland in 382 points or 43.50 per cent. And thirteen of the twenty cars are higher priced than Oakland!

Ask the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer to give you the detailed results of this exhaustive analysis. He will show you that on every basis of comparison Oakland clearly outranks its field. More than that, he will demonstrate Oakland superiority in a manner that will prove a revelation. Know today's Oakland before you buy any car within three hundred dollars of its price.

Prices, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
All-American Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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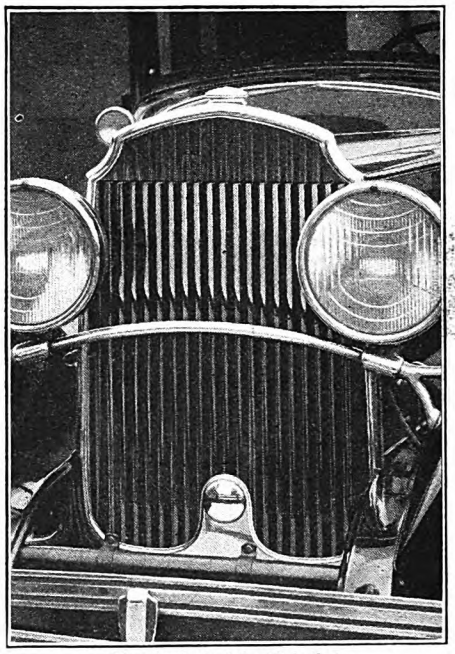
LOOK AT THE FRONT END OF THE AUTOMOBILE YOU BUY TODAY

for this mark of Engineering Progress

ONE engineering achievement above all others commands the attention of new car buyers today. It's an improvement you can *see*—one whose vital principle of protection is known to millions.

"Look at the front end," say the engineers of America's leading cars. On more than 20 of them you will see this unmistakable evidence of engineering progress—Pines Automatic Winterfront.

These manufacturers have taken into their own hands this problem of keeping the motor at the *right* operating temperature—and relieved their owners of repair expense that engineers say has reached a staggering total in the past.



Chrysler Imperial with built-in Pines Automatic Winterfront

Each has proved—within his own laboratories — and upon his own testing grounds—that Pines Automatic Winterfront is an engineering necessity.

These fine cars are equipped with built-in Pines Automatic Winterfronts

PIERCE-ARROW 133-143
WILLYS-KNIGHT 66B
STUTZ ROLLS ROYCE
STEARNS-KNIGHT DeLuxe 8-90
PEERLESS 125 JORDAN 8
HUPMOBILE 8
GRAHAM-PAIGE 621, 827, 837
GARDNER 130
DODGE SR. SIX CHRYSLER 75
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
DURANT 60 and 70
BRADFIELD CAB (Kissel)
CHECKER CAB
BLACKHAWK
and others—names on request

If the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may purchase a detachable type shutter which gives you the same advantages as the built-in type.

Are you buying a new car?

If you are — remember that the vital function of Pines Automatic Winterfront is one of absolute protection to the motor and all its parts. It has won its enviable place in the automotive industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor.

Do you own a car?

If you do—watch the thermometer—and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

No car is immune. No more tangible evidence of the necessity for this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this vital precaution into their own hands—and make Pines Automatic Winterfront an integral part of their cars.

Bring your car up to date. And remember—there is only one automatic radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 426 No. Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization. Thermostats are guaranteed.

PINES WINTERFRONT —*It's Automatic*

centered here for a time. Secret Service operatives and newspaper representatives took up their position in the corridor outside. A President had laid down the burden, another had taken it up.

We were occupied with plans for the days just ahead, but our hearts beat in sympathy for a brave woman who was coming back to the great White House, which would seem empty to her without the presence of him for whom she had dreamed and planned and at whose side she had worked through many years of active life.

In the afternoon of a day late in August, we went to live in that beautiful home which has sheltered every President since President Washington, a home rich in tradition, mellow with years, hallowed with memories. As we passed through the open doorway into the columned corridor, the sun was shining in at the south windows and a soft summer breeze stirred the leaves of the evergreen magnolia outside. Birds were twittering in its branches and the hum of bees and the chirp of crickets mingled in nature's symphonic welcome.

IT IS difficult to describe my feelings at this time. There was a sense of detachment—this was I, and yet, not I—this was the wife of the President of the United States and she took precedence over me; my personal likes and dislikes must be subordinated to the consideration of those things which were required of her. In like manner, this man at whose side I walked was the President of our great country; his first duty was to its people. It therefore became quite natural to refer to him as The President and to address him as Mr. President in the presence of others.

Deference to the office was required of our children. At luncheon one day during a vacation from school, the older boy told his father that he was going to a tea dance, and he might be a little late for dinner and not have time to dress. A moment of silence followed; then his father spoke: "You will remember that you are dining at the table of the President of the United States and you will present yourself promptly in proper attire."

Once comfortably settled in the rooms at the southwest corner of the house on the second floor, I set about familiarizing myself with the running of the establishment. I found that the domestic problems of the mistress of the White House were not different from those of the housewife of any well-run household. To be sure, a housekeeper was provided whose duty it was to look after the details, but I felt that it was necessary for me to have general oversight.

There were eighteen domestic servants. Among them, there were, in the kitchen, a chief cook, a second cook, a kitchen maid, and a kitchen boy; in the pantry, a butler, a second man, and a pantry man. There were three cleaning men on the main floor and the floor below, and two men on the second floor who cleaned and did valet duty for guests, two chamber maids, and a valet for the President and a personal maid for his wife. Another maid assisted with the cleaning and did some of the mending. All these servants were on the Government payroll, but their food was provided by the President. Some of the maids and the personal maid

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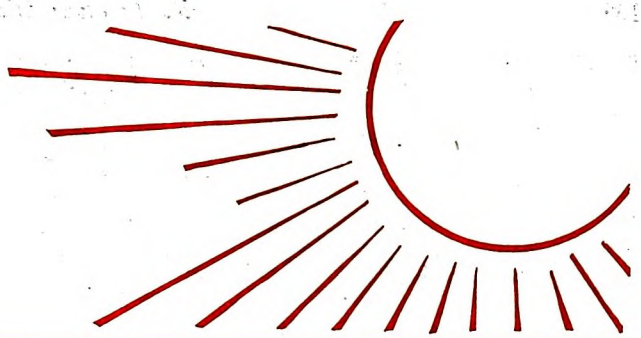
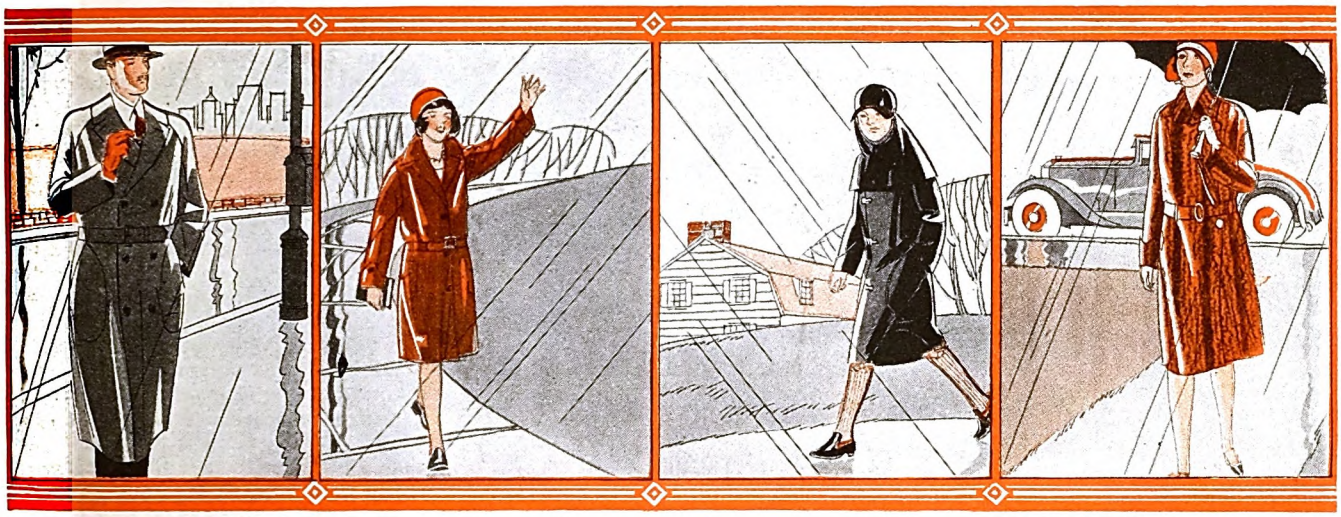
Here are dry hours





There's real style in this double-breasted, belted men's Raynster. Raglan shoulders. Drapes well. Has plaid back lining. See this and the other Raynsters at your dealer's. All are *rainproof, of course.*

We also make Naugatex Sport Coats. Here is a very attractive girls' model. Embossed with leather grain, lined with suede cloth. Ideal for either fair or rainy days. Comes in several popular colors.

This boys' Raynster is made of dull finish black rubber. Plain collar. Eyelet ventilation under arms. Two vertical pockets. Other boys' Raynsters in black and colors. All are *rainproof, of course!*

Here's a raglan Raynster for women in an ultra-modern fabric. Distinctive in every detail. Shawl collar. All-around cuffs. Belt has oval pearl buckle. See the other models, too. *Rainproof, of course!*

for wet days!

The drier you like to be on wet days the more you will appreciate this Fall's new Raynster Raincoats. There are no such things as "penetrating" rains to a Raynster. Rain simply can't get through! A Raynster keeps you dry and stylish at the same time. More. It gives long service without cracking, hardening, or getting sticky.

Raynsters are the most complete line of raincoats on the market. They are made by the world's leading specialists in raincoats. Specialization together with huge volume explains why Raynsters can be so modestly priced. Adults' models from $5.00 to $25.00. Boys' and girls' from $3.25 to $8.00.

On this page you see only a few of the new Fall Raynsters. The full line includes rubber-surfaced Raynsters and cloth-finished Raynsters. Light-weight and heavy-duty Raynsters. Models for women, men, girls, boys. Be sure to get a *genuine* Raynster by looking for the Raynster label.

If your dealer hasn't the Raynster model you want, he can quickly get it from the nearest of Raynster's 23 distributing points.

Genuine Raynsters are made only by the United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York. *Canadian Distributors,* Ames Holden McCready Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

The world's largest producer of rubber. Makes also of Naugatex Sport Coats

"U.S." Raynsters

New! New!

See the new Windtex coats for men, women and children. Smart, cloth surface, plaid lined coats for dress, sport and utility wear. Also showerproof. Values will surprise you. Prices $5.00 to $12.50.

WINDTEX COATS

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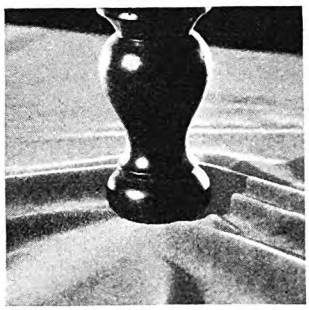
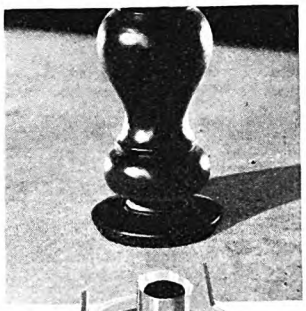
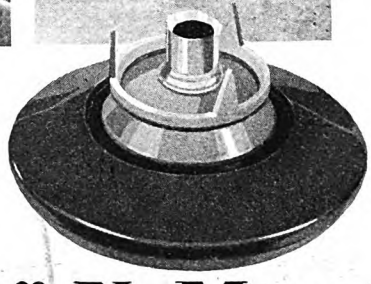
They make furniture moving so much easier





. . *and*

what a difference they *do* make in the life of carpets, linoleums, fine floors!



The new

"Drive-on" NoMars

the modern furniture rests

GONE! The tearing of carpets . . . gouging of linoleums . . . scratching of polished hardwood! Gone too, the ugly spotting of rugs where heavy furniture has stood.

NoMars . . . the new furniture rests . . . are ending the havoc that unguarded furniture legs once caused. They glide so smoothly —leaving never a trace of their passing. Their round-edged bases of unobtrusive brown spread the weight of heavy tables, divans, set pieces.

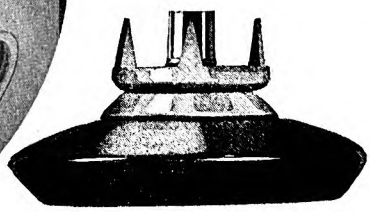
Here's welcome news

And now you can get NoMars for furniture not bored with holes for casters. "Drive-ons," they're called. They can be applied in a minute or so, . . . and once on they're on to stay,— unbreakable,— sure-footed, —a thing of beauty till the chair or sideboard is an heirloom.

Do try them

Get a few sets. See what a difference they make, in the preservation of floors,—in lightening housework. For a trifling cost you can make the test, . . . a cost that will be many times repaid in the saving of rugs, linoleums, hardwood.

Stop at your nearest dealer and ask for NoMars. (Say *"Drive-on"* NoMars if your furniture hasn't caster socket-holes.) If you can't get them nearby, let us know. We'll see that you are supplied. If you'd like a copy of the helpful Floor Protection booklet, about NoMars and Bassick Casters, just clip the coupon and send it. One way or another, do prove to yourself what a difference NoMars make.



Bassick Casters, No-Mar furniture rests and Bassick Period Hardware are the finishing touches of excellence for fine furniture.

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

Drive-on NoMars are packed 4 to a set with the handy driving tool included in each set.

The sizes and prices are:

No.	
10—1¼"	$.50 per set
20—1½"	$.60 per set
30—2"	$.70 per set
40—2½"	$1 per set

BASSICK

NO MAR RESTS **CASTERS**

THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

1. Send me a copy of the NoMar booklet to help me select the right furniture rests.
2. Send me___sets of___inch Drive-on NoMars for which I enclose $___

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____*State*_____ A-4

had rooms on the third floor; the others lived outside.

Our breakfasts were served in our apartment at a quarter before eight. Guests were served in their rooms at any hour designated by them. Luncheon at one o'clock and dinner at seven were served in the State dining-room. Personally, I was partial to the small dining-room on the north side of the house, known as the private dining-room, and would have preferred having luncheon served there, but the President liked the large one better.

The book in which the menus for the day had been written was sent to me with the breakfast tray, and I O.K.'d them, suggesting any changes which I wished to have made. This was then taken to the housekeeper and she did the ordering.

THE President was in his office at eight-thirty, unless he had a stenographer come to his study on the second floor to take dictation when he was at work on a message to Congress or an address which he was to make. When he was in his office I made it a point not to disturb him and I knew nothing of what took place there. Consistently I declined to plead anyone's cause, advising them that it would be to their advantage to take the matter up directly with him. What knowledge I had of public affairs I obtained from the daily papers and other sources of information open to everybody. To bear me out in this statement, I will relate what occurred on August 2, 1927.

We were spending the summer in the Black Hills of South Dakota. A Senator from the Middle West was a house guest, a Congressman from nearer east was expected for luncheon. As the President was leaving for his office that morning, he remarked to me, "I have been President four years today." That was all. About two hours later the Senator came to me and said that he thought he would ride down to Rapid City with the President's aide and his physician, if that was agreeable to me. I saw him go, and started off on my daily walk. Shortly after one o'clock we were all back; the Congressman had arrived and we sat down to lunch. Immediately afterwards, the President retired to his room to take his afternoon nap and the other three of us sat in the living-room in comfortable, leather-covered rocking-chairs.

"Quite a surprise the President gave us this morning," remarked the Senator, and he looked over at me sharply. From his expression I realized that something unusual and unexpected had taken place. "Of course you know all about it," he went on. "I don't believe I do. What was it?" I asked. And then he told of the statement which the President had given to the Press at noon, declaring that he did not choose to run for President in 1928. Relating this to a friend of his who has known him longer than I have, I saw a look of incredulity pass over his face and he intimated that it might be as well if this fact were not generally known; but I think I am rather proud of the fact that after nearly a quarter of a century of marriage, my husband feels free to make his decisions and act upon them without consulting me or giving me advance information concerning them.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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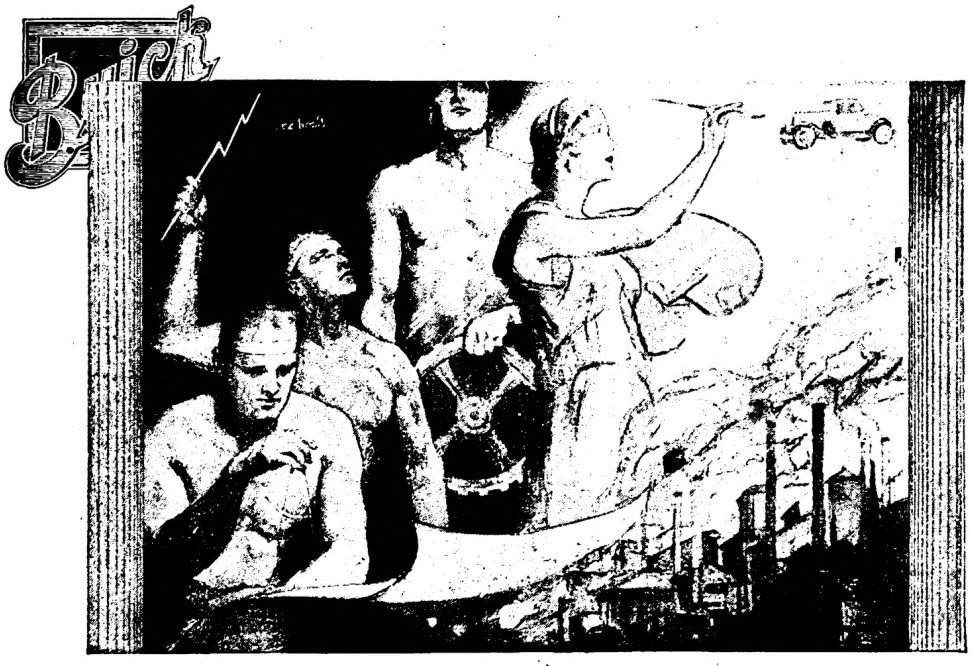

THE WORLD KNOWS THAT "BUILT BY BUICK" MEANS BUILT SUPERLATIVELY WELL

Motorists everywhere know that the new Buick, recently introduced, marks a strong advance over all previous standards in the Buick field, and are welcoming it with an enthusiasm never before manifested for any fine car.

It has often been said that Buick . . . and the great army of men and women who purchase Buick motor cars . . . are not merely buyer and seller, but *friends.*

Just how deep and strong this friendship is—and how diligently Buick labors to merit it—is demonstrated by the character of the new Buick car and the reception it is enjoying.

Millions have visited Buick showrooms in all parts of America during the past few days. Others are steadily coming to see the new Buick. Scores of thousands have requested or already taken demonstrations. And everywhere the story is the same—

Not only the warmest welcome ever accorded any quality car . . . not only the kindliest expressions of praise for Buick improvements and advancements . . . but a great outpouring of orders, more than double the record of any other automobile priced above $1200.

Men and women pay glowing tribute to the beauty of line, finish and appointment of Buick's new Bodies by Fisher. They revel in the comfort and luxury of its spacious interiors. And they know positively that only Buick can satisfy them when they experience its swifter, smoother, more powerful performance, and consider its new low prices.

They have pronounced this new Buick the greatest Buick of them all—and are awarding it what promises to be a record demand.

The builders of Buick and Marquette gladly acknowledge a debt of gratitude, and pledge continued precision in the manufacture of both Buick and Marquette cars, that motorists may always know that "Built by Buick" means built superlatively well.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

BUILDERS OF BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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Your Children ... is their food safe?

YOU, as a conscientious mother, buy the best food for your children, prepare it with scrupulous care and cook it correctly. Yet, in spite of all, you may be giving your children food which is not wholesome—possibly dangerous!

For even the best food becomes unsafe to eat unless it is *kept* at the proper degree of cold, which medical authorities agree should be 50 degrees or less—always. Above that temperature, bacteria multiply, food is contaminated—it becomes a menace to health.

There is only one way to be sure that your children's food is fresh and healthful—correct refrigeration. There is one refrigerator that assures you of scientifically perfect refrigeration at all times—the General Electric. Faithfully, quietly, day and night, it maintains a temperature safely below the danger point—50 degrees.

The General Electric is ideal for the home. Its simple mechanism which you never need to oil, is mounted on top of the cabinet and hermetically sealed in a steel casing. It has a simple and accessible temperature control, makes a generous supply of ice cubes, creates no radio interference. It has the only *all-steel*, warp-proof cabinet—easily cleaned, sanitary.

The price of this new all-steel refrigerator—the small-family model—is now

$215 AT THE FACTORY

Your dealer will be glad to explain the spaced payment plan, which makes it so easy to own this faithful watchman of the family health. Let him help you select the model you need. If there is not a dealer near you, write Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for booklet A-9.

An unmatched record

There are now more than 300,000 homes enjoying the comfort and protection of General Electric Refrigerators—and not one of the owners has ever had to pay a single dollar for repairs or service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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Why I Envy Wild Things

(*Continued from page 56*)

I located a big bird near the river by hearing him gobble defiantly when a rooster crowed in the yard of a negro cabin hidden away in the forest. I approached within two hundred yards and whistled loudly, and was answered by a perfect torrent of proud abuse. Far up over the dreamy pines I saw a red-tailed hawk soaring. As it was away from the river, it must have been at least twice as far from the turkey as from me.

Faintly I heard it give a scream, so far that I hardly distinguished it; yet the gobbler heard it, and the hawk promptly received a defiant berating. I stole along quietly through the thicket until I reached an old rail fence, beyond which was a clearing bordering the placid, wide river.

Full in view, some eighty yards off, I saw the gobbler strutting, his mighty fantail spread, his wattles crimson, his aspect regal, yet so overbearing as to be ludicrous. I think there is nothing more pompous in wild life than a strutting turkeycock.

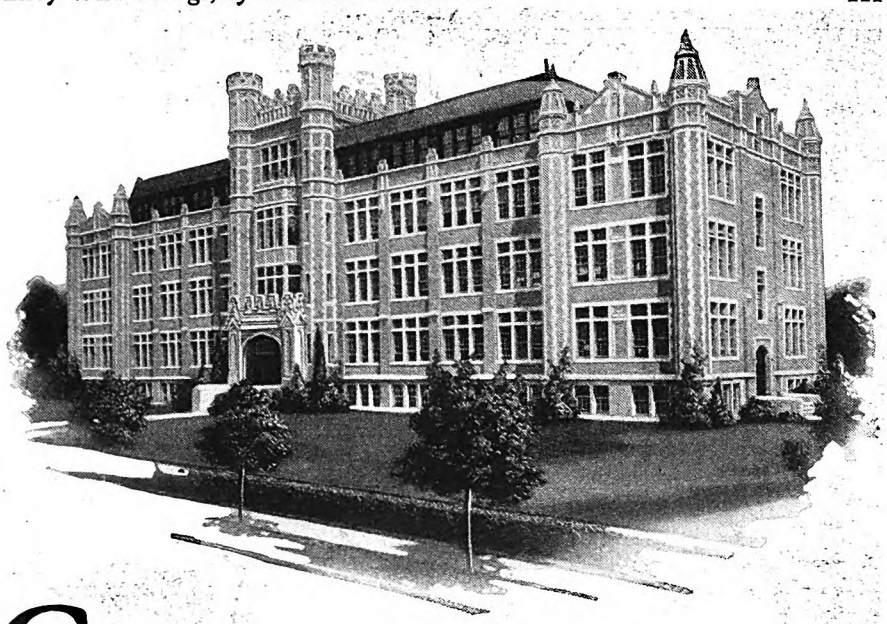
Now was my chance to test his ears. I was close hidden behind a dense fall of jasmine vines that draped a wild-orange tree. It was necessary for me not to make any sounds that the turkey might detect as human. Carefully, therefore, I imitated the notes of certain birds, the cries of certain beasts. The gobbler, remember, was full eighty yards off. Yet so keen was his sense of hearing that my most diminished notes and calls were heard. It seemed to me that I could utter no sound at all that he did not detect. If it was audible to me, it was to him.

Of course, it is difficult to be exact in estimates of this kind; but to me it appeared that the gobbler could hear a noise as clearly at eighty yards as a man could at a few feet. Finally, almost under my breath, I said a few natural words. Instantly, the huge bird, a moment before all fluffed out and full of abounding pride, shrank, glistened with swift stealth, became, under my very eyes, a trim racer, and in a moment was gone into the friendly depths of the sheltering forest. He had not only heard keenly but discriminatingly.

I USED to have a horse named Redbird; and though certainly not wild, he had senses that used to put mine to shame. One night, I remember, I was riding him down a lonely road, and, just as we were dipping into a hollow, he suddenly snorted and came to a stand. I coaxed gently, then with spur and whip, for turning back would mean a ride of six miles farther. We had to cross the swamp at this place or not cross it at all.

But Redbird had evidently made up his mind. I could feel him tremble and shiver under me. I knew then that he had the wind of something perilous. After a few moments more of useless urging on my part, we turned back. For an hour after that he was fidgety, and the least thing made him shy violently.

Next day a negro brought to the planta-



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IRON CLADS No. 922 get instant approval. Chiffon, silk to the top, with the new French panel heel at only $1.50 the pair. Choice of the latest and loveliest shades—sunbronze, suntan, breezee, mistery, Manon, beach tan, Cuban sand, Reveree, mirage, light gun metal, evenglow, pastel parchment, pearl blush, grain, skin, atmosphere, white and black—size 8 to 10. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name with your remittance and we'll mail your hose direct, postage prepaid.

Assurance

. . . that snug feeling of well being . . . clicking okay in critical eyes. What is more important than beautiful stockings to heighten the impression of a perfect ensemble?

There's a wealth of assurance in Iron Clads . . . soft silken wisps of airy loveliness . . . gently dissolving angles . . . revealing beauty of charming natural lines. Clear . . . sheer . . . flawless . . . their delicate texture belies the strength woven so firmly and surely into every pair of Iron Clads.

Surprising economy in Iron Clads, too. They are made to wear and wash and wear and wash, again and again. They will not fade or lose their soft silken lustre. And there's an Iron Clad guarantee of satisfactory service or a new pair of stockings to prove it!

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
204 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

Iron Clad

tion a diamond-back rattlesnake that he had killed.

"Where did you meet it?" I asked.

"By Pinckney Run,' he answered, referring to the swamp that Redbird had refused to cross.

"When?"

"Yesterday morning," he told me.

It must have been twelve hours later that my horse had caught the scent of the snake. Of course, the place where the snake was killed was deeply impregnated with its scent; nevertheless, Redbird's nose had been good; and I found it easy to forgive his behavior when I saw the thing whose scent he had feared.

I do not say that I covet his ability to smell a rattlesnake, for I have but meager personal ambitions in that direction. But I do covet his power to wind a scent infallibly. A human nose is a very degenerate organ. If we get, at a few yards, the scent of a rose bed or of a petunia plot, we are fortunate. I have seen a bird dog halt, lift his head to a damp breeze, and stand statuesque ninety yards from a covey of quail. I think we must completely miss, especially in the woods, many of the more delicate aromas, many of the more shyly wafted dim sweetnesses, less of the earth than of the air, sidereal and evasive.

Except, of course, in the sense that the Creator made some creatures to prey on others, wild things are singularly independent. They do not spend their lives trying to reform other creatures. They live fully and freely, untormented by the envy and malice that distress our lives. Depending utterly on nature and on themselves, they have a certain tawny ruggedness of spirit reserved to those into whose lives the artificial never enters. They possess that fortitude that we always associate with trees and rocks and rivers; finding the unfailing source of their strength in the fathomless serenity of earth's bosom.

WILD things appear to have definite laws that guide their lives; so do we. But they show a sense and an alacrity in obeying them that should make us hang diminished heads. I am thinking, of course, of the great natural laws, such as temperance, continence, obedience, the sacrifice of the will of the one for the safety of all. Of the almost pathetic obedience of wild children I have seen many instances.

One day a negro turpentine worker brought me a tiny fawn that he had found in the woods, and as such a creature is easily reared I decided to make a pet of it. It was so young that it could stand only in wobbly fashion, and take only a few uncertain steps on its shining miniature hoofs. Every morning I gave it a bottle of milk.

Then I noticed that it became restless, and tried to get into the patch of oats before the house. I carried it there at first, and later it went there itself. All day long it would lie curled up snugly in the oats.

When I went late in the afternoon to bring it into the house for the night, it would always be just where I had left it. Why? Because, in the one or two days that it had been in the woods with its mother she had taught it to stay where she told it to lie, when she left it to go away to feed. Now that it was with me, it remembered its mother's injunction, and obeyed.

Because deer teach their young this obedience, it is not hard to walk up to a couched fawn. I have caught several; and their attitude plainly showed that they permitted themselves to be approached, not because they did not fear me but because, in lying still, they were obeying a higher law. Such, at least, has been the conclusion that I have drawn from cases of this kind. It is for the reader to judge whether I have misinterpreted the meanings of things.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his great "Rugby Chapel," praised his father for having been the kind of man who made the gapped ranks close, who praised the brave, who encouraged the weak, who restored order when demoralization among those in his care was imminent. I have noticed a tendency among wild things to stand together—to call up the stragglers, to shelter the weak. There is a concert of action, a community morale that is remarkable.

Even a person who has never before taken any interest in observing wild things will be persuaded of their extraordinary tribal spirit if he will spend an hour watching a hill of ants, or a flock of crows, or a school of fish, or a hive of bees. Of course, among the larger animals, as civilization scatters the herds they live a more solitary and individual existence, yet always they are, in pairs or in groups of hundreds, able to execute, perfectly, mass maneuvers. To this day I get a thrill out of watching wild ducks coming into their feeding fields at sundown.

Here, for example, will come a flock of forty green-winged teal. A charge of shot could hardly be swifter. The speed of this arrowhead of flight had been carefully measured at a hundred and twenty miles an hour. When they are within fifty yards of me, I show myself from behind a marsh tussock. The flock makes a thrilling veer, whirls in the track like a racing car that is being wrecked; but this racing machine never skids.

The teal had been flying only twenty feet above the marsh, and I was close to them. When they passed above me they were more than a hundred feet up. To flare swiftly, enigmatically, yet with precision, is to them a business that they have long since mastered. It is not so much their speed that saves them, but their bewildering power to execute, as a body, at the proper second, without warning, and while going at cyclone speed, the exact maneuver fit for the occasion.

I am not saying that their beautiful swift dress parades in the sky, gallant and breathless and dashing, always insure their safety. But I am envying their ability for such speed; and, in such speed, their capacity to manifest a coördination and a control that must ever be the despair of a blundering mortal.

Patient wasp, buck and doe swift to recover your peace of mind, timid marsh hen bitting the sea-tide—I know you and love you. And when I say I envy you, I mean I am jealous for some of your clear virtues.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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...and of the BRAN Cereals

HERE'S THE FAVORITE!

As a cereal or in muffins millions prefer it because it is so effective . . . so good to eat

Post's Bran Flakes, the most popular bran cereal in the world —how easy to understand why!

Here's the bran cereal so tempting that you'd want to enjoy it every day in the week, even if you knew nothing of its effectiveness. Richly mellowed with other nourishing parts of the wheat—here's a bran cereal in its most delicious form, in tender flakes—crisp on the tongue—gentle, normal, natural in action. Little wonder that Post's Bran Flakes is the leader of them all! So effective—so good to eat.

For tomorrow's breakfast, which will you try first—the favorite bran cereal of the nation, served crisp from the package with milk or cream? Or piping hot bran muffins with all the full mellow flavor of the most popular bran cereal in the world?

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

HAVE YOU TRIED THEM?

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour — 1 egg, well beaten
3½ teaspoons baking powder — ¾ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt — 3 tablespoons butter, melted
2 tablespoons sugar — 1 cup Post's Bran Flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg and milk. Add flour, stirring as little as possible. Add butter and Post's Bran Flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins. *All measurements are level.*

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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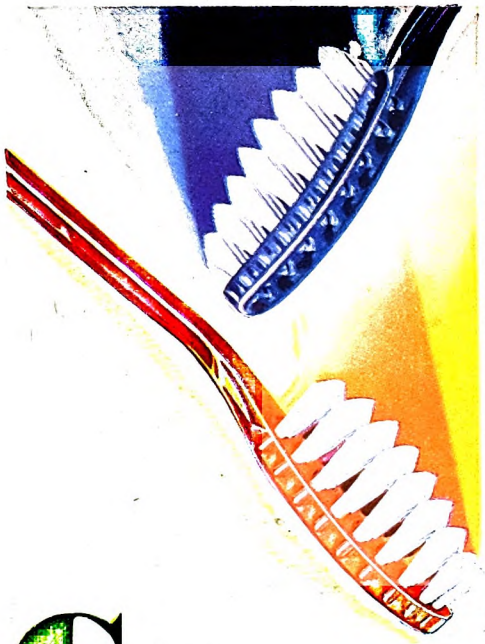
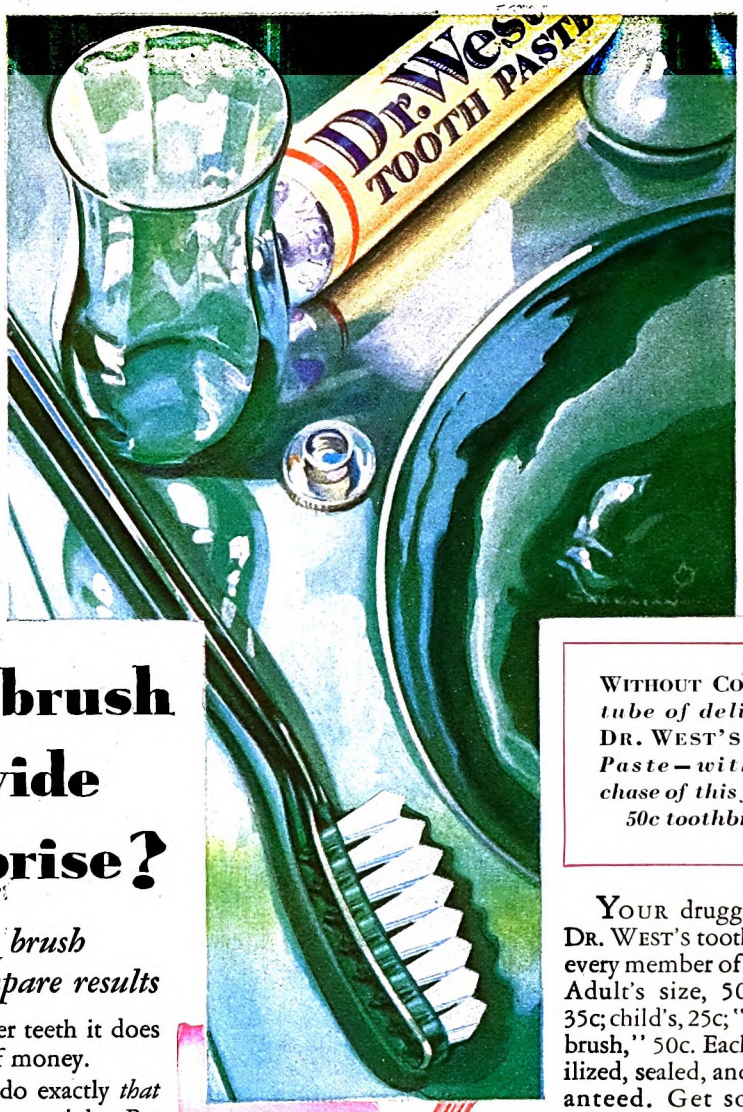




Can *any* toothbrush actually provide a pleasant surprise?

With one of these replace the brush you used this morning — then compare results

If your toothbrush gives you whiter, cleaner teeth it does you a lot of good for a very small sum of money.

And the right brush, properly used, will do exactly *that* for you. It will *not* turn you into a movie star over night. *But it will give you whiter teeth —*

Just get the right brush — *small,* and of proper shape.

Then — *don't keep it in service after honest wear has impaired the cleansing and polishing qualities.* Most people do. That is why we offer this reminder.

Dr. West's brush is famous for the polishing action made possible by its correct design. Now it is made doubly effective by use of still finer materials.

These snowy, springy bristles are the costliest the world's markets supply. Only Dr. West's new brushes have them. They are specially trimmed and spaced to enter and sweep clean all crevices.

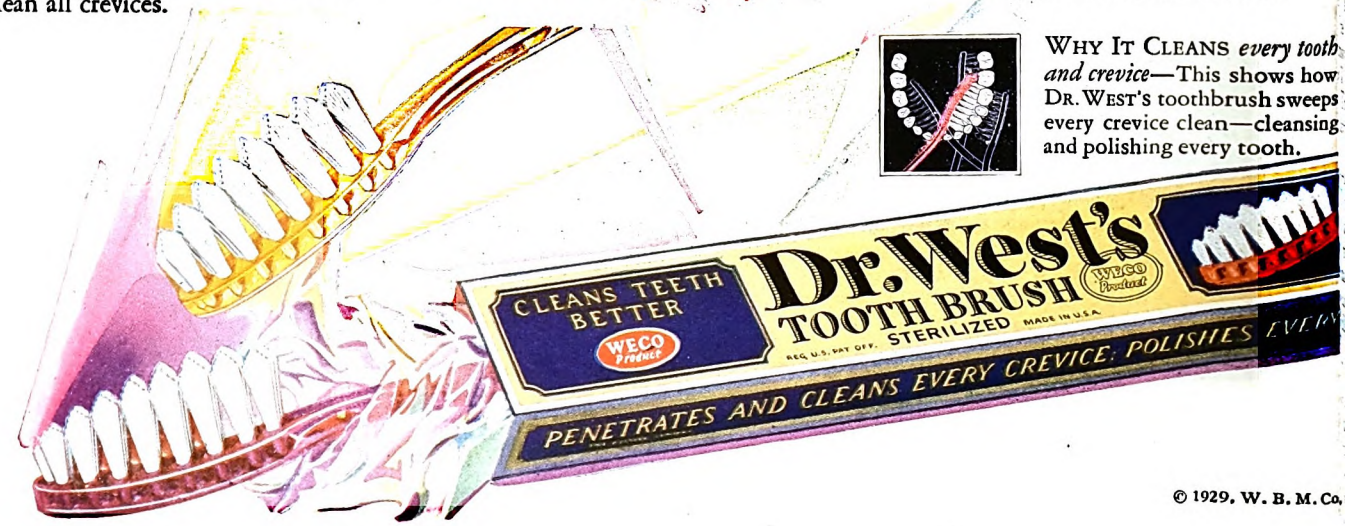
Without Cost: *25c tube of delightful* Dr. West's *Tooth Paste — with purchase of this famous 50c toothbrush.*

Your druggist has new Dr. West's toothbrushes for every member of your family. Adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional brush," 50c. Each brush sterilized, sealed, and fully guaranteed. Get some today. *Results may surprise you.*

The Easy, Correct Way *to brush teeth*

Brush always away from gums towards the cutting edges of the teeth; always *with* the crevices, never across. This is what dentists advise. And they recommend Dr. West's because of its correct shape and modern small size.

Why It Cleans *every tooth and crevice* — This shows how Dr. West's toothbrush sweeps every crevice clean — cleansing and polishing every tooth.



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The Drift Fence

(*Continued from page 25*)

n at the gate, leaning on the bars. ran on. Yes—Jim! . . . Then some- she was sitting on the top bar—one d at her bursting breast and the er, which was her left, in Jim's grasp. spoke, but she did not distinguish at he said, and she could not reply. She his rough, strong hands. He was ping something on her finger. A ring! Then from the gloom behind rasped a , hard voice: "*Hands up, Traft!*" Dark forms appeared out of the brush, nost without rustle. One man shoved a n against Jim's back. Seth Haverly! went Jim's hands. Molly recognized m Haverly. The third man came close laid a powerful hand on her.

"If you yap we'll kill him!"

Molly would have fallen but for his ld. It was Hackamore Jocelyn.

"Turn 'round, Traft, an' march," or- red Seth Haverly.

WHAT'S this? A holdup?" queried Jim angrily.

"Keep still—or it'll be wuss!" hissed averly.

"Fellars, I'm takin' the gurl along," nounced Jocelyn.

Haverly made a fierce gesture, which cluded his gun. "You air not! I'm lin' you ag'in, Jocelyn, thet I'm runnin' is outfit. Stay heah an' keep her quiet l we git away with the hosses. Then ller after us."

"But, Seth, I want the gurl," replied ocelyn, low and doggedly. "I'll divvy y share of Traft's ransom with you."

"—— you, Jocelyn!" cursed Haverly. We'll have trouble enough without that. o you want Slinger Dunn on your trai ? . . Stay heah an' hug the gurl, who asn't no use fer you, if you're that much a sucker. But foller us pronto."

The Haverlys then forced Jim ahead of em, vanishing in the gloom of the lane ack Jocelyn loomed over her.

"Molly, I'm takin' you willin' or by rce," he whispered, bending down to peer t her. "An' don't fergit—if you make ven a peep they'll shoot Traft."

"Where they goin'?" gasped Molly.

"Up back on the Diamond. Thet asn't my idee. They don't know Curly rentiss. They're goin' to hide Traft an' old him fer ransom. But when they git e money they'll kill him. Hang him on e drift fence! Thet's the plan. An' the nly chanct of savin' his life is fer you to o with me."

"How'll that—save Jim?"

"I'll do it. I'll stick out fer lettin' him o. If it comes to a pinch I'll force them."

"You swear to Gawd?" demanded Molly, in fierce passion.

"Shore. I swear to Gawd."

"Slinger will kill you. I'm warnin' you, ack Jocelyn!"

"I heah you," he replied grimly. But ll hev my stake an' we'll ride out of the ountry. You an' me, Molly Dunn. low, will I hev to hawg-tie you?"

"I'll go. But keep your hands off me!"

He led her down the darkening lane, ut of the clearing into the forest. . . .

When Jim Traft heard that rasping ommand to throw up his hands and felt ae hard prod of a gun against his back, he came down to earth with a sickening thud.

Behind Molly he saw a dark form rise and loom. He recognized it. Hack Jocelyn! With a muttered curse at his heedless disregard of Andy Stoneham's warning, he lifted his hands above his head. Then another dark form clinked into sight. He was ordered to face round. A swift glance was the last he had of Molly. Jocelyn's looming over her further added to his dismay.

At the point where the lane entered the road to town three other men waited with horses. Jim was amazed to make out his own horse, saddled and bridled.

"What's your game, Haverly?" queried Jim, breaking into a whispered colloquy.

"We're holdin' you fer ransom," came the gruff reply. "We'll take you to a hidin' place an' send a rider in to Flag."

"Well, I'll recommend my uncle's paying it, provided you agree to two things."

"An' what's them?"

"That the ransom isn't made out of all reason—and that Hack Jocelyn doesn't share in it."

Haverly let out a grunt which might have meant anything.

"This man Jocelyn is no good," went on Jim. "He had friends on the Diamond and he double-crossed them. He plays both ends against the middle. You fellows are a lot of suckers."

"Sam—you heah thet?" sharply ejaculated Haverly.

"Jocelyn is using you Cibeque fellows to his own end and you can bet on it," concluded Jim, thinking this entering wedge enough for the moment.

"Seth, I'm gettin' leery myself," replied Sam Haverly. "An' I'm sorry I plugged Jocelyn's game. When he killed Andy Stoneham tonight, right in the road, I shore throwed a fit. Nobody but Boyd an' Hart an' me seen it done. But you can gamble West Fork will lay thet onto us."

"Killed Andy Stoneham!" ejaculated Seth, leaning forward. "Wal, I'll be——! What on earth fer?"

"Jocelyn swore Stoneham was spyin' on him an' givin' us away to Molly Dunn."

"Ahuh. Jealous of poor Andy! Lord but thet fellar is crazy aboot Molly Dunn. . . . We better not wait fer him."

JIM was told to climb into his saddle. They started off at a trot and soon turned off the road into a trail. It was dark and overgrown with branches of trees that had to be dodged or brushed aside. Jim knew that he had not ridden down to West Fork by that trail.

He grew darkly active in thought, contending with the problem that presupposed Jocelyn was following with Molly. And while he cudgeled his brains he rode on into the denser forest. Through that long night his captors were silent, keeping to a trot on level ground and a walk over rough places and up grades. In the gray of dawn they rode up at last into open, grassy parks where no hoof tracks would show, down again and up once more, to descend a pine- and spruce-timbered slope, to enter at daylight a beautiful, white-grassed park, fringed by forest.

Jim saw a shaggy, gray log cabin at the

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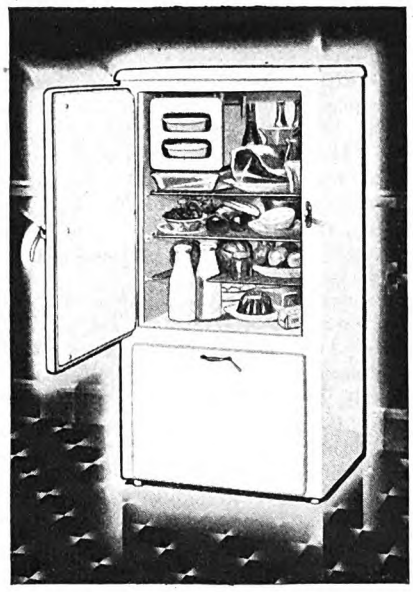

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Food is kept at the scientifically correct cold of 40 to 50 degrees. It is better kept, therefore more appetizing, more healthful. Flavor is improved. Milk is kept pure and sweet. Greens are fresher, more crisp. Spoilage is eliminated and the family budget is conserved.

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We Endorse the National Food Preservation Campaign For September

edge of the pines. Smoke issued from the rude, outside stone chimney of the cabin. A man appeared, rifle in hand. Haverly let out a shrill whistle. Another man appeared, and he shouted a hoarse welcome.

"Wal, we're heah," announced Seth Haverly to Jim, as they came to a halt at the cabin. "I cain't say that you squealed much on the way. I reckon Jocelyn had you wrong when he said you was a dude tenderfoot. Or else he lied like a streak."

Seth was a thin, wiry young man, blond, with hazel eyes, clear as light, which certainly did not have any shifty quality. His beard was like fine, amber moss.

"No, Haverly. I'm not a squealer," replied Jim. "Am I to get down?"

"Shore. Pile off."

"Was Jocelyn in West Fork yesterday when I had a little set-to with Dunn?"

"Nope. But I was, an' I seen your little set-to. . . . Might I ask, Mr. Traft, what you'd call a *big* set-to?"

"Well, there'll be a pretty fair one when Curly Prentiss and the Diamond hole you fellows here," responded Jim cheerfully. "And a real one when Slinger Dunn meets Hack Jocelyn. I wouldn't be in Jocelyn's boots for a million."

"Huh! Wal, I kinda like you, Jim Traft, an' I reckon I did thet fust day at Limestone, when I rid into your camp with Slinger. Do you recollect?"

"Yes, I remember you, and that you seemed to have some sense."

"Wal, I used to. But I'm darned if I don't think it left me when I fell in with Jocelyn."

MEANWHILE, the horses were unsaddled, hobbled, and turned loose. And Jim had a chance to look over the men. Sam Haverly was also blond, almost red of hair and complexion, more sturdy than his brother, less lean of face and intelligent of eye. Hart Merriwell could not have been picked out of a group of cowboys for any distinct individuality. Boyd Flick was dark, small, and hobbled around in enormous chaps.

Jim had yet to hear the names of the two members of Haverly's outfit who had been keeping camp here in the park.

"Whar's our new boss?" one of them inquired, after greeting Seth, and his tone did not lack sarcasm.

"Matty, you can cut thet talk," replied Haverly. "Or I'm gonna get sore . . . Jocelyn stayed behind." And in succinct words he gave his questioner a few details of what had detained him.

"If you're hungry, come an' git it before I throw it out," called the other fellow from the cabin.

"Make yourself to home," said Haverly to Jim, leading him in. Then, "Wal, Traft, do I hawg-tie you or not?"

"I'm sure I can't read your mind. As a matter of fact, Haverly, I don't think you've got much gray matter, or you'd never have let Jocelyn persuade you into this deal."

Haverly took that retort gravely.

"Wal, Mr. Jim, you 'pear to be a straight-talkin' fellar. You can set around heah in comfort. But if you run we'll wing you. Thet's my order. Savvy?"

"Sure. And much obliged. Molly was right when she said you were a pretty decent fellow—it was only bad company that was making an outlaw of you."

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"Wal, so Molly said thet!" Seth ejaculated, with a queer look on his face. And he fell into a profound revery.

Sam Haverly spoke up. "Matty, you ain't heard aboot Jocelyn shootin' Andy Stoneham last night?"

"Andy! Fer heaven's sake! Thet good-natured clerk of Enoch's?" exclaimed Matty, aghast.

"Fellows," broke in Jim, "Hack Jocelyn is too deep for you. He had the Diamond standing on its head. Even after I saw through him I had a job convincing some of them."

"S'pose you give us a hunch aboot this deal," suggested Seth Haverly.

"I will," declared Jim, "provided you agree to what I asked."

Seth turned to Matty, who evidently was an important member of the outfit. "Traft says he'll advise his uncle to pay a ransom, providin' it's not out of all reason, an' thet Jocelyn don't git no share."

"Strikes me hard," said Matty.

Jim had a wild idea. "Haverly, would you trust *me* to get the ransom for you?"

That rendered the eager group speechless. Before Haverly regained his voice, the cook, who had gone outside to empty a pan, whistled low and sharp. Seth strode out, to be followed by the others.

"Jocelyn comin' down out of the woods—ridin' double," said the cook, pointing.

Jim's eyes roved and strained, at last to espy a horse coming under the pines. It was some moments before he made out Molly clearly. She was riding astride, behind Jocelyn's saddle, and appeared to sit there easily. Her dark head grew distinct—then her face—then her eyes. Jim wondered how he would ever have the courage to look into them. A long night ride through the wild forest with that vicious cowboy!

Jocelyn had a gray, corded face—eyes like gimlets. He threw the bridle and, hands on hips, regarded the silent group.

"Missed the trail an' was lost till daylight," he explained.

Seth Haverly took a step out in front of his comrades. He was slow, guarded, but not afraid.

"So, Jocelyn, you kidnaped Molly?" he queried harshly.

"Nope. She come willin'. Ask her yourself."

"MOLLY, is he tellin' me straight? Did you come up heah of your own accord?" demanded Haverly.

"Yes, I did, Seth," replied Molly calmly.

Jim dragged himself forward, and there might have been a chain with iron balls attached to his legs. Yet something sustained him.

Molly's face was wan. The big, dark eyes gazed straight down into Jim's. He read in them love, hope, meaning. They told him all he wanted to know.

"Did you come with Jocelyn willingly?"

"Reckon so, Jim. But I didn't have a lot of choice," drawled Molly, and from behind Jocelyn's shoulder she gave him a deep, warning look.

Jocelyn laughed sardonically. "My word goes a long way in this heah outfit!"

"You fetched her ag'in' my order," declared Seth Haverly, and turning to Molly: "Get down, gurl. You shore look fagged. Fletch will fix you somethin' to eat. An' I'll make a bed for you."

He picked up an ax and strode off toward a clump of spruce. Molly slid down and limped to a seat under the extension.

Jim's gaze followed her devouringly. Happening then to shift it to Jocelyn, he was struck by that worthy's deep-set eyes, smoldering fire. Jim read intuitively that his very life was in peril at that moment. Sitting down, back to a log, he studied the ground and tried to catch at whirling thoughts.

Seth returned, carrying a huge bundle of spruce boughs, which he took into the back of the cabin, where a stall-like partition hid a corner. Evidently, behind this he made a bed, for he came out to get a blanket. After which task he reappeared, to approach Molly.

"You can sleep back there an' be out of the way," he said, and Molly disappeared behind the partition.

Finally Jocelyn dismounted and, uncinching the wet horse, he threw saddle and blankets, unbuckled the bridle, and let him go.

"I'll go in an' eat somethin'," he said. "An' then we'll talk."

PRESENTLY he appeared again in the doorway and, giving his belt a hitch, he stalked out under the overhang of the roof, a strong figure, sure of himself and his resourcefulness. Among these men, anyway, he had no superior, and knew it.

"What's on your mind, Seth?" he queried.

"Shore, there's a plenty, Jocelyn, an' you're part of it," replied Haverly gruffly.

"Ahuh. Mr. Traft's been talkin' to you. The man who gets your ear last has you on his side. Come away from these crawfish of yours, an' we'll settle this deal pronto."

"Nope. Sam an' the rest of my outfit air goin' to heah every word I say."

Jocelyn rolled and lighted a cigarette. He leaned against the log post of the cabin and smoked, his hard eyes studying every one of them.

Seth Haverly, after a pause, went on speaking: "I'm sore aboot your shootin' Andy Stoneham."

"Thet's none of your bizness," snapped Jocelyn.

"But it is. You're in my outfit now. We'll all be held part responsible for thet. I reckon it don't make a lot of difference—if we get away with this ransom deal. But your stealin' Molly Dunn from her home—thet'll let us out."

"Haverly, I didn't steal her. You've got ears, man. You heerd her say she came willin'. She's goin' away with me to marry me."

Haverly got up, red in the face.

"It's none of my mix, if Molly means to marry you. But it looks darn queer to me. I *know* thet gurl. She wouldn't double-cross a Cibeque dog. . . . You're playin' a purty high hand, Jocelyn. Your murderin' Stoneham an' runnin' off with Molly—that puts a bad complexion on the whole deal. I've a mind to back out of it."

"You will like thunder!" asserted Jocelyn. "You'll go through on this deal or you'll have me to square up with."

The scarcely veiled threat had its solid effect upon Haverly. "Wal, we ain't got a lot of time to palaver," he said. "Curly Prentiss is on Traft's trail, you can bet. The West Forkers air goin' to give him a

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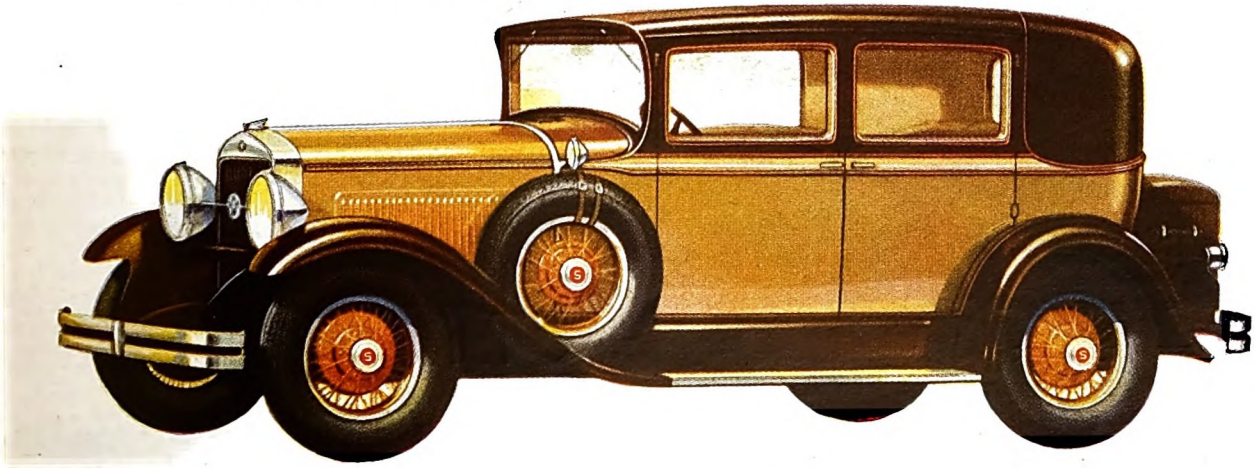

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hunch. An' wurst, Slinger Dunn has got to be considered. Shore as thunder Slinger Dunn is on your trail right this minnit. He knows every hole in these hills, an' he's shore a hound on a scent."

Suddenly Jocelyn took hold of Haverly and dragged him out of earshot of the listeners. There in plain sight under a pine they argued, with Haverly growing less and less protesting. Finally they reached some kind of agreement and returned to the cabin.

"Sam, we've made the best of a bad bargain," announced Seth. "The hitch was Molly. I jest don't care to be around if Slinger happens along. Wal, Jocelyn has agreed to take the gurl an' go to the haid of the draw up heah, an' stay hid in thet trapper's cabin at Turkey Spring. A rifle shot will warn him to rustle. . . . As fer the deal—we'll send Boyd to Flag pronto with the letter to old Traft. Boyd's got the fastest hoss, an' allowin' half a day to get the money, he can make it in less'n two days. What you say?"

"Suits me," said Sam laconically.

"Wal, it ain't so slick," added Matty. "Tomorrer is Sunday an' no bank is open. Suppose Boyd don't find old Traft at home?"

Jocelyn waved this aside as if unworthy of consideration. "It's the letter thet'll fetch results. Blodgett or any of Traft's friends would dig up ten thousand."

"Oh, will they?" queried Matty dubiously. "I'll write the letter. It'll be short an' sweet. It'll say if thet money isn't heah with Boyd in twenty-four hours, we'll kill Jim Traft an' hang his body over his drift fence!"

JOCELYN opened a saddlebag, to take out a small packet, which he laid on the ground. Then, as if it was an afterthought, he lifted out a large flask, which he shook, with satisfaction. Placing it back, he next removed a bottle half full of dark-red liquor. He drank from it. And then he slipped that in his hip pocket.

"You're a bright fellar, Seth," he said, "but you ain't as bright as I am. My idee is to make Traft write this letter to his uncle."

"Shucks. I thought of thet long ago. An' fer thet matter he offered to do it. But he made the offer providin' I didn't ask fer too much ransom, an' thet you wasn't to hev no share."

"Oh! The hell you say!" returned Jocelyn, with a dark glance at Jim. Then he opened the packet and laid writing paper, pen, and ink on the woodpile. "Fetch a box."

One of the party procured a box from inside. "Now, Mr. Jim Traft, I reckon you'll put one of your accomplishments to good use," declared Jocelyn.

"Wait," said Haverly. "Jocelyn, I'll agree aboot sendin' fer the money. But I'm daid set ag'in your double-crossin' old Traft. I weaken on two points of your deal."

"An' what's them?"

"Layin' the blame on Slinger Dunn—"

"Too late. I've already fixed thet in West Fork. Never mind the other point."

Jim had heard enough to divine Jocelyn's diabolical plot. Whether that ransom was paid or not, he realized that Jocelyn meant to decorate the drift fence with his dead body, like a scarecrow hung up in a cornfield.

"You already fixed the blame—on Slinger!" ejaculated Haverly.

"Shore did. An' nobody but you fellars can prove *he* didn't shoot thet store clerk. I've no time to tell you how I put the job up on Dunn. But it's *done*. If he has started on our trail, he'll never be able to clear himself. Thet's all."

At this juncture Jim, whose eyes kept continually traveling back to the corner of the cabin, made the startling discovery that Molly was peeping round the corner of the stall. He tried to move round where he could warn her to be careful.

"Somebody tie up this fellar," ordered Jocelyn, who apparently could see in all directions at once. "He's snookin' around. Reckon he'd like to get back there with my ladylove."

IT WAS just possible for Jim to resist leaping at Jocelyn, who he knew would shoot him upon the slightest excuse.

"Turn 'round an' lean ag'in' the post," Hack commanded. "An' put your hands behind you." With that he proceeded to bind Jim's hands and feet. Then he kicked Jim's feet from under him, letting him down. It so happened that Jim slid round in falling, and there he sat, back to the post, helpless and devoured by wrath.

Whereupon Jocelyn drew his bottle from his hip pocket and took a drink.

"To celebrate the day, Mr. Traft," he said. "An' when I drink the rest of this I'll set the bottle on your head an' treat you to some real shootin'."

Repairing to the box, he sat down again before the writing materials. When he had finished the letter he read it over with evident satisfaction.

Seth Haverly held out a lean hand. "I'm askin' to see what you writ."

Imperturbably Jocelyn sealed the letter. "Reckon you couldn't read it, if I let you," said Jocelyn.

"You're demandin' more'n we agreed on," shouted Haverly, beside himself with rage.

"I shore am. Ten thousand wouldn't begin to do me. You're a fool, Haverly. Old Traft will *pay* to save his nevvy's precious life."

"Yes, an' he'll pay all in vain," snarled Haverly, white to the lips.

Jocelyn gave little heed to him, and turning to Flick, he presented the letter. "Get this in Traft's hands today, or Blodgett's. An' if they ain't handy, go to Tobin, at the bank. Any one of them will pile out the greenbacks. An' you ride back, pronto."

"I ain't stuck on the job," declared Flick brusquely, rising to his feet. "I'll do my darnedest—but I'm tellin' you straight: Jocelyn has busted the Cibeque!"

Jocelyn stood up, to tilt his bottle and drain the contents. Then, stalking over to Jim, he pulled him up to an erect sitting posture, rapped his head against the post, and set the bottle upon it.

"There!" he exclaimed with elation. Drawing his gun, he stepped off ten long paces and turned.

Jim saw that the hammer of the gun was up. Next instant he looked into the small, black, tubelike barrel of the quivering weapon. And that deadly little hole suddenly belched fire. Particles of shattered glass fell on his head and shoulders.

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a source of income that many people neglect

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When Jocelyn leveled the gun again Jim's consciousness seemed unclamped. Jocelyn was aiming a little lower this time. Back of the gun gleamed the eyes of a cat playing with a mouse.

Then came a rush and patter of moccasined feet. Molly flashed out. She struck up the gun so violently that it went off harmlessly in the air.

"Hack Jocelyn, put away that gun!" commanded Molly furiously.

"Say, little lady, you cut quite a figger in my eyes, but you ain't givin' orders yet," drawled Jocelyn.

"Put it away—or I'll—"

Seth stepped out unsteadily. "Molly, you better stay back. Honest, gurl. . . . Hack was only foolin'. He ain't really goin' to hurt Traft."

"You're a liar, Seth," snapped Molly. "You know better. An' you're a lot more than a liar. Flick was right, only the Cibeque *is* busted. You let Jocelyn drive Slinger out an' now you're—"

"Shet up," ordered Jocelyn, sheathing his gun. "Molly, you're darn pretty when you're riled, but you're goin' too far. Shet your mouth, or I'll slap it good an' hard."

"You *dare* touch me!" she blazed, with such passion that it affected even Jocelyn.

Jim, loving Molly so deeply, and feeling her emotion so tremendously, had an intuition of a change in her that was not wholly explained by her fears for him.

"Wal, I'll touch you a plenty an' pronto," replied Jocelyn.

And that brought Jim's gaze back to the leader in this woodland drama. He was in time to note Jocelyn as he espied the ring on Molly's left hand.

"Where'd you get thet ring?" demanded Jocelyn, suddenly hot.

"None of your mix, Hack Jocelyn," retorted Molly, and she put her hands behind her back. Then Jim imagined he saw her look over Jocelyn or behind him.

Jim peered across the grassy open to the wooded slope. On that side the pines were scattered, and on the instant Jim sighted the flash of a dark form vanishing behind a tree trunk.

"You two-faced hussy!" ejaculated Jocelyn, dark with jealous wrath. "Stick out your hand. . . . Lemme see."

Molly coolly brought her hand around and extended it. "It's my engagement ring," she said.

"Engagement!" echoed Jocelyn. "Molly, who gave you thet ring?"

"Mr. James Traft," replied Molly, blushing deeply.

Jocelyn bellowed like a bull.

"Since when? How long you bin engaged to this — — tenderfoot?"

"I reckon—since the night of the rodeo dance in Flag."

PERHAPS nothing else could have shaken Jocelyn as this mortal blow to his vanity. Perhaps Molly was working on that very weakness. If so, she was taking desperate chances and she knew it.

As Jocelyn whipped up his gun, Molly stepped in front of him, to shield Jim. Slowly Jocelyn backed her toward where Jim sat, his head against the post, still holding the broken whisky bottle.

"Oh, Seth Haverly, but you're a rotten coward!" cried Molly. "You leave it for a girl to face this devil."

"But, Molly, devil or not, I'm in a deal with him," expostulated Seth, as if stung.

"Deal, yes—a dirtier deal than you know. He's—"

"Molly Dunn," cut in Jocelyn, "shet your jaw—or it'll be too late."

"Too late! Do you think I'd believe you again? . . . You can kill me an' Jim—an' this yellow bunch, for all I care. But, by heaven, I'm givin' you away."

Jocelyn made a fierce reach for her. But he did not quite lose himself in the passion of the moment. He had to stand clear, to be free, to watch the Haverlys. So he dared not close in with her.

"I'm warnin' you onct more!"

Molly must have kept her burning eyes on him, at bay, while she denounced him to the Cibeque.

"Seth, *he* cut the drift fence, even while he was workin' on the Diamond. An' after. He aimed to get you an' Slinger blamed for that. He's double-crossed you as he did Jim. He means to take *all* the ransom money . . . to murder Jim an' lay that onto you. . . . He got me up heah—by swearin' he'd save Jim's life if —if I'd give in to him. I agreed. An' then he kept at me—all night long—an' once I had—to fight him. But I—I wouldn't give in—"

SUDDENLY the gun banged. Jim felt the bottle blown off his head. Molly screamed.

"Right under your arm, Molly," said Jocelyn. "How's thet fer shootin'?" And he began to step from one side to the other, the gun extended about even with his hip.

Molly did not back away from his formidable advance. She blocked his every move, interposing her body between the gun and Jim. Then, like a cat she pounced upon Jocelyn's hand, shoving it out of line. Bang! The bullet scattered dust and gravel over Jim. Both her hands and then her teeth were locked on Jocelyn's wrist.

"Leggo!" he yelled lustily, wrestling to get free. But he could not free himself. With left hand he lifted Molly by her hair. He swung her clear of the ground, her weight nothing to his powerful arms. But he could not shake her grip.

"Bite, — — —!" he cursed. And lifting her, he tried to get the gun on Jim. But as he pulled the trigger, she swung desperately, spoiling his aim. The gun roared, and a bullet tore splinters out of the post beside Jim's ear and whirred away into the forest. The shock of this explosion, right at her ear, appeared to weaken Molly, for she let go with her teeth, and her weight sagged on Jocelyn's arm. He shifted his left hand from her hair to her neck, where his long fingers shut like a vise. His malignant cry, hoarse and exultant, attested to the victory he saw.

Then Jim's distended sight caught a shadow of something passing him. "*Hey, cow-puncher!*" rang out the voice of Slinger Dunn.

Jocelyn jerked up his head, and a fleeting consternation showed on his convulsed face. He let go of Molly's neck. Like a whipcord Jocelyn's gun leaped. But as it leaped, Dunn's crashed. Jocelyn appeared to be arrested. Then, shot through the heart, he staggered forward, with an awful look that set blankly, and plunged, step by halting step, to fall clear outside of the cabin.

(*To be concluded*)

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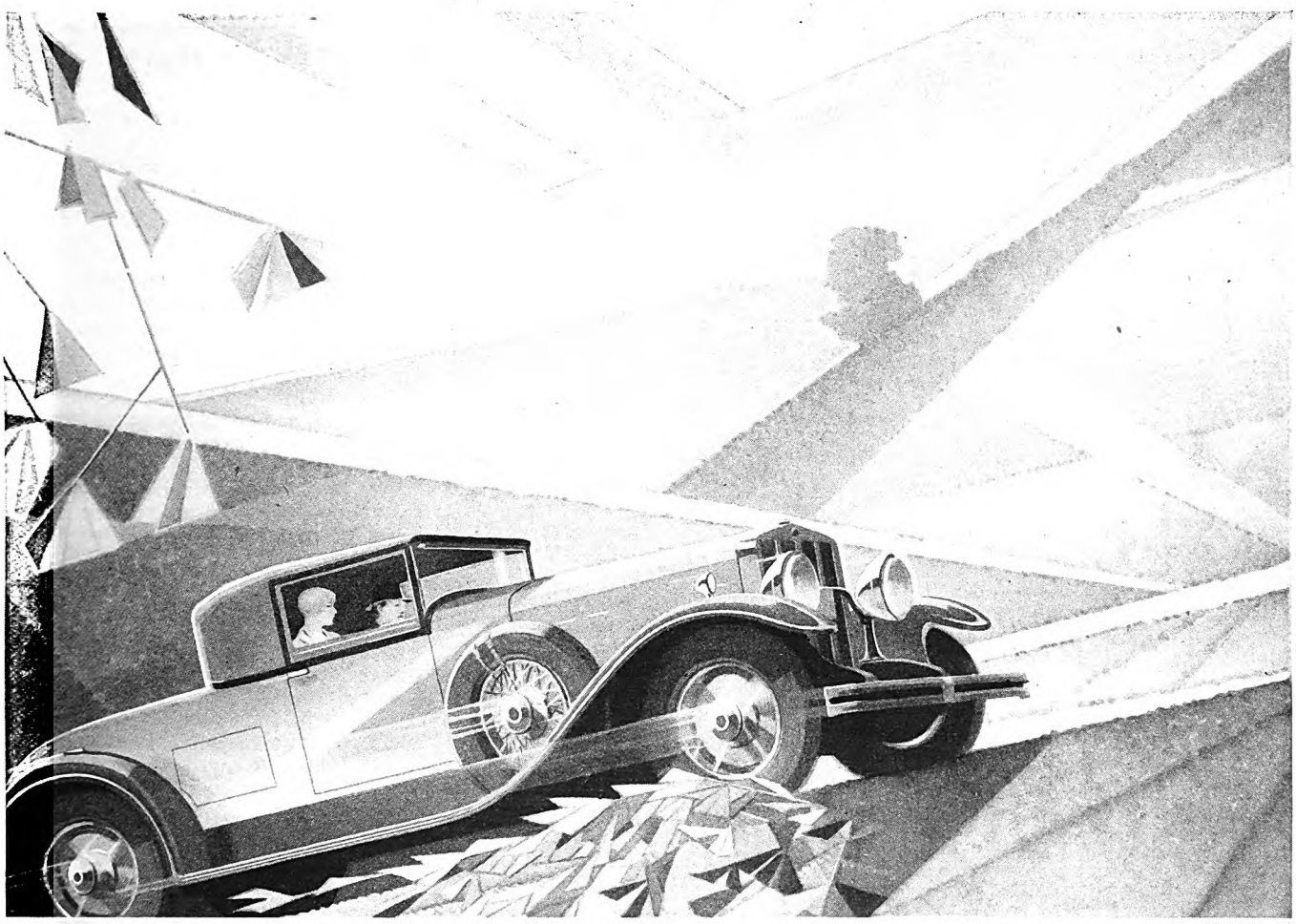

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One Bad Turn Deserves Another

(*Continued from page 37*)

good mood for a man and wife to take on a long trip. If I can get Mrs. Phillips so disgusted that she will not speak to me, I generally can get along quite well on a motor trip, long or short.

At Laurel I made another wrong turn and was lost for some time, the wife caustically remarking that it was a wonder I hadn't driven onto the race track and made a few loops of it before discovering my error. Reaching Washington, I got lost again, and no matter where I turned, I kept winding up at the Capitol.

"What's the idea?" asked my wife. "Are you lobbying for something?"

"If you keep rattling me, I'll be here until the Democrats get into power again," I replied.

Leaving Washington through the help of six traffic cops, a motorcycle policeman, four letter carriers, a few dozen street cleaners, and countless innocent bystanders, I again got mixed up and started toward Gettysburg.

The trip from Washington to Fredericksburg I made without any trouble, as there is but one paved road, anyhow, and there is a tablet every few feet marking the spot where Generals Grant, Lee, Hooker, Burnside, Jubal Early, Stonewall Jackson, or some other Civil War hero did something in a big way.

This part of the journey was not without its back-seat reverberations, however, as I wanted to drive slow and read the tablets, while Mrs. Phillips was for stepping on the gas and getting out of the war zone.

BEFORE starting the trip, Mrs. Phillips had promised to take turns driving and, as she had made no offer to take the wheel so far, I suggested at Richmond that she do her bit. This led to another argument, as she contended I should ask her to drive in the country and not in the cities.

"Besides," she insisted, "if I am driving I can't look for direction signs too, and you would be no help to me in that respect. Wait until we get out of the city."

During this repartee I had passed the street at which I should have turned into the route out of Richmond to Petersburg and had covered about three miles before realizing it.

"Why didn't you watch for the sign?" she demanded.

"Why didn't you?" I retorted.

"You're driving the car, aren't you?"

"Only by ear," I countered.

"Goodness, but you have a mean disposition!"

"Ha!"

"Don't you 'ha' me. I'm sorry we ever started on this trip."

"You're no sorrier than I am. If hadn't been for the dog, we'd have been on a train."

"There you go blaming it on the poor dog!"

"Don't talk about the poor dog. He the only member of this party enjoying the ride."

"If he knew how far out of the way you were driving, he would be miserable, too

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© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

"If you don't like my driving, why not take the wheel? It's your turn, anyhow."

"I'm too nervous."

"How did you get nervous? I'm the one to feel the strain."

"Your driving would make anybody nervous."

This sort of thing helped to pass the time until we reached Petersburg, the scene of another battle.

Once out of the city limits and on the road, Mrs. Phillips took the wheel, but this didn't prove any happier, as her driving made me creepy and I was always expecting her to hit a trolley car or ice wagon. Once she actually did go around a corner on two wheels, causing a colored man in an ox cart to turn white.

"What's the idea?" I shouted, grabbing the wheel.

"The brakes don't work," she replied.

"They don't work of their own accord," I agreed. "You have to step on them. If you had struck that ox cart, you would have hit so hard you would have put a backspin on the ox."

"You've got me all unstrung with your faultfinding. I just won't drive any more just now."

Ultimately, we wound up at Miami.

The dog seemed well and strong and in good humor, but the same could not be said for Mrs. Phillips and me. We had covered 1,500 miles, much of the time having been spent in intensive debate whether we were on the right road, whether I had enough gas, why I wasn't more careful crossing railroad tracks, and whether it wasn't time to stop and take the dog out for a little exercise again.

"Well," I said in the hotel at Miami, "whoever thought when we started from Seventy-second Street, New York, that we would drive all the way here?"

"Now that it's over it wasn't so terrible," said the wife.

"But I wouldn't drive back home again for a million," I declared.

"Nor I," she agreed. "We'd have to be crazy to do it."

"We'll stay here a few weeks, motor back to Jacksonville, ship the car back on the boat and we'll go home by train," I said.

"That's the only way," said Mrs. Phillips. "Penny won't like the baggage car, but he will have to stand it. I wouldn't go through an auto trip like that again for anything."

Consequently, I arranged to ship the car back on the Clyde Line, and bought railroad tickets and a compartment. Our train was to leave Wednesday night.

TUESDAY morning at breakfast Mrs. Phillips remarked, "I'm terribly afraid Penny will have a miserable time on the train."

I sensed something coming and waited.

"We've got two days to wait around for the train, haven't we?" she sighed.

"We have."

"Isn't it sort of foolish?"

"How so?"

"Well, it will cost us a lot of money for railroad fares and for shipping the car, when we could drive home, you know."

"Drive home!" I repeated, in astonishment.

"Yes," she said, "we could get started ahead of time; we'd get home before the train and, after all, the drive down wasn't so awful. Penny loved it."

"It was bad enough, with all your back-seat driving."

"Let's motor back. I'll drive half the way and never give any back-seat advice."

"What, never?"

"Well, hardly ever."

"You said we'd have to be crazy to drive back."

"Well, maybe we are. But the dog is still in his right mind and he doesn't like baggage cars."

And, believe it or not, we drove back to New York.

My percentage of wrong forks on the return was lowered materially. I wasn't off the right route more than half the time. The exasperating feature of it all was that I didn't really get completely lost. However, until I came out of the Holland Tunnel onto Manhattan Island again after a month's absence, I found the bright lights, the rush of traffic, and the maze of streets so bewildering that I had to ask a policeman how to get to Seventh Avenue.

"You're in it," he said.

"Tst! Tst! I never saw a man like you for getting lost," said Mrs. Phillips.

"Aw, keep still, you big . . ."

"Big what?" she demanded.

"You big back-seat driver," I snapped.

IT'S curious how a long trip like that will get into one's blood. We got home Thursday night at six o'clock, and I went back to the office Friday morning I had been traveling in an automobile so steadily, however, that I had difficulty settling down at a desk. I missed trees, gasoline pumps, telegraph poles, bridge abutments, billboards, salad signs, hair oil posters, and miscellaneous scenery whizzing past my ears. I missed the bumps, the sudden turns, the ruts, and the honking of flivver drivers signaling me to move over and let a good car pass.

Most of all I missed the back-seat driving.

From eight A. M. until noon—four hours without a criticism!

It was too much.

I craved relief.

After driving a car steadily for four days without earlaps, a man shouldn't be asked to give up driving all at once. He has to taper off. By two o'clock I could stand it no longer and reached Mrs. Phillips on the phone.

"Get your things on," I said, "and have the dog ready."

"What for?" she asked.

"A short auto ride. I find I can't lay off driving so abruptly."

"Isn't that strange," she replied, "I was just sitting here feeling the same way about it. I know a road that has no signs on it and is terribly confusing. You will be sure to go wrong on it and I can have a lovely time telling you about the right fork."

And so it came to pass. Inside of three or four days I found I could stay in the office all day and not yearn for scenery in one-hundred-mile strips.

Since the Florida trip we've driven to Maine and to Canada. This fall we expect to take a trip to the Pacific coast. Three thousand miles. Phooey! It's like crossing the street!

P S.—Of course, the dog is going too.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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These VITAL FEATURES .. make a car truly modern

and WHIPPET IS THE *ONLY* LOW-PRICED SIX THAT HAS THEM *ALL!*

7-BEARING CRANKSHAFT
EXTRA LONG WHEELBASE
FULL FORCE-FEED LUBRICATION
SILENT TIMING CHAIN
INVAR-STRUT PISTONS
"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"
BIG 4-WHEEL BRAKES

THE experience and progress of twenty-two years of building quality motor cars have entered into the construction of the new Superior Whippet Six—the Six that is giving thousands of owners an advanced idea of automobile value. In addition to being the only inexpensive Six with *all* the fundamental advantages listed at the left, the new Superior Whippet is also stronger and safer, having more frame cross members and a larger braking area than any of its competitors. The new Superior Whippet Four also embodies features not found in other cars of its price class. Both the Whippet Four and Six are notable for outstanding beauty, larger bodies, more speed and power, and economical operation.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, O.
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

NEW SUPERIOR **Whippet** FOURS SIXES

SIX CYLINDER SEDAN

$785

Coach $725; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; De Luxe Sedan $850; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (with rumble seat and extras). The Four Coach $575; Coupe $575; 4-pass. Coupe $605; Sedan $630; De Luxe Sedan $695; Roadster $525; 4-pass. Roadster $555; Collegiate Roadster $595; Touring $520; Commercial Chassis $405. All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

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Farm Trade Tips

Volume 1 — *Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers* — Number 5

NINE TESTED IDEAS YOU CAN USE WITH PROFIT

"Auction" Display

G. Smedal tells of an interesting "auction" window display that an Iowa general merchant puts on each month. He places an article costing not less than $25 in the window and reduces the price fifty cents each day. Tension increases each day among at least a dozen customers who want the article, and before many days pass it's snapped up. In the meantime his window has great attention value. He uses a large monthly calendar in the display and as the days pass he covers up the numbers on the calendar with cards saying: "Going! . . . Going! . . . Going! . . ." And on the day the article is bought he puts up a card that says: "GONE!—to Mrs. B—n."

PUSH NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS

Store Movies

Stanley Jacobs, of Kansas City, Mo., tells of a live hardware dealer who's using the new amateur moving picture camera to help increase sales of modern farm appliances. He takes motion pictures of local farmers using modern field and barn equipment, also pictures of their wives using up-to-date household appliances—all merchandise sold from his store. One Saturday night each month he has a farm motion picture party at his store. Farmers for miles around attend. His idea has proved a successful sales builder.

PROFIT FROM NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Birthday Book

George H. Byer, of Wisconsin, tells of a general merchant who has built up a big rural and small-town trade through good will secured from what he calls his "Birthday Book." This book now contains the names, addresses, ages and birthday dates of nearly two thousand children in his trading area under ten years of age. As their birthdays roll around he sends each child a letter of congratulation, saying also that there is a birthday gift waiting for them at the store. The store has a daily parade of parents bringing in their children. The gifts cost about 25 cents apiece and are charged against advertising.

Increases Sales 25 Per Cent

A shoe merchant in Texas increased his sales 25 per cent last year with no increase in inventory. His secret is to stock what the public is buying. He keeps a record of his customers' color and price preference. Every pair of shoes sold is noted as to color and price. For a period just before Easter his record looks like this:

Color	*Pairs*	*Per Cent*
White	4	2.2
Beige	38	21.0
Brown	8	4.4
Red	29	16.0
Blue	26	14.4
Green	3	1.6
Black Satin	24	13.3
Black Patent	35	19.4
Black Kid	14	7.7
Total	181	100.0

Prices	*Pairs*	*Per Cent*
$6.50	14	7.7
7.50	2	1.1
8.50	29	16.0
10.00	73	40.3
11.00	5	2.8
12.50	38	21.0
13.50	7	3.9
15.00	13	7.2
Total	181	100.0

To keep tabs on stock on shelves he puts a private mark on each carton as it is put in stock. Shoes racked in April, 1929, are marked with a "49"—those in January, 1930, with a "10". The first figure designates the month and the last one the year. Stock is listed every three months and no shoe is allowed on the shelf more than eighteen months.

—*Boot and Shoe Recorder.*

SELL THE TRADEMARKED BRANDS

Grocery Fountain

Dibble's Grocery in Topeka, Kans., started a soda fountain as a service to customers and now it is the best paying department in the store. Women who are tired from shopping, particularly farm women, are glad to find a comfortable seat at Dibble's where they can sip a soda and place their grocery order at the same time. The fountain has proved profitable, too, as an outlet for dead-ripe fruit and vegetables, which are served in ices and sandwiches.

—*Progressive Grocer.*

Lacquer Ideas

W. F. Kinkade, of Bliss, Idaho, says he doubled his lacquer sales by getting up what he calls an "Idea Book" that shows his woman customers the hundreds of attractive uses of lacquer in brightening the inside of the home. His "Idea Book" is a scrapbook in which he has mounted dozens of pages clipped from national magazines—advertising pages and editorial pages, many of them in full color, showing various lacquer designs and color combinations and emphasizing the ease of application and quick-drying quality of lacquer. His "Idea Book" rests on a small table near the entrance under a sign that reads: *"If you wish more beautiful and attractive rooms—LOOK THROUGH ME!"*

"Clothes-Line"

M. Arthur of the Greenwood, Pharmacy, Kansas City, Mo., says: "In order to place some of our newer additions of stock before our customers' eyes, we devised the idea of a 'clothes-line' across the width of the store. At present we have towels, wash cloths, rubber aprons and gloves, handkerchiefs, men's garters and sun visors displayed neatly on our 'line' with price tags attached. It's one of the best ideas we ever used."

Night Sales

Mary A. Rheam, of Norman, Okla., says that "night sales" have proved big business builders for their store in harvest season. "Farmers' wives have no time to come to town during the day when the men are harvesting," she explains. "So we close the store on Wednesday at 1 P. M. and open it at 7 P. M. for a 'night sale.' Our 'night sales' practically put two Saturdays in each week for us."

TIE UP WITH NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Local Approval

O. L. Steensland, of Lake Andes, S. D., has this tip to offer. "Nearly all tractor advertising," he says, "carries testimonial letters from owners of such equipment. Much of the benefit of these letters, however, is lost because the writers are not known locally. We print our own testimonial letters, letters from customers in our own territory. Such letters, coming from well and favorably known men carry a lot of weight with prospective tractor buyers. From every tractor sale we secure another strong local testimonial."

$10 for Your Tip

We pay $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade tips. This is not a contest. Send in as many tips as you wish. The only requirement is that the tip must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

Send your idea to *Farm & Fireside*, Dept. A-5, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ · IN · MORE · THAN · 1,350,000 · FARM · HOMES

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You Can't Tell Where You're Going

(*Continued from page 21*)

exploit grew old, reality again. The sod hut; the stubborn land; in winter, the grind of the copper mines—in summer, the grind of the prairie farm. Looking back in memory, how soft had been that bed in Red Oak; how green the gardens; how fine the painted homes! He had "been to places" and now, for the first time in his life, there stirred within him the urge to move, to push on to better things.

He told me:

"I didn't know where I wanted to go. I didn't know what I wanted to do. I simply wanted to go, to be somebody, to do something bigger, but my want was blind."

And there was the farm. The interest had to be paid on the $500 mortgage, a sizable responsibility. There were the family and his dependent mother. Schools had come, and he didn't want his younger brothers and sisters to be deprived of schooling. Poor seasons wiped out the savings of the good ones, and the years kept slipping by.

Then he gambled, and his stake was wheat. He put every acre that he could plow and seed into wheat. And in 1901 he got a bumper crop; it paid him almost a thousand dollars!

THAT year, 1901, the village of Eustis, Nebraska, had an increase of one man and a horse in its population. The man was Klingman, and the horse with a carriage attached to it represented his entry into the livery business. It wasn't very much of a jump he had made; he still was at the tail of a horse and giving part of his time to the farm; but he had struck out and arrived somewhere—he was a townsman.

He drove the rig himself, mostly for "drummers," men with big sample cases, checked vests, fat cigars, and stories. The lightning-rod salesman was much in evidence, the vender of patent medicines, the chap from Omaha who sold calico to farmers' wives, the men from the big seed houses, politicians.

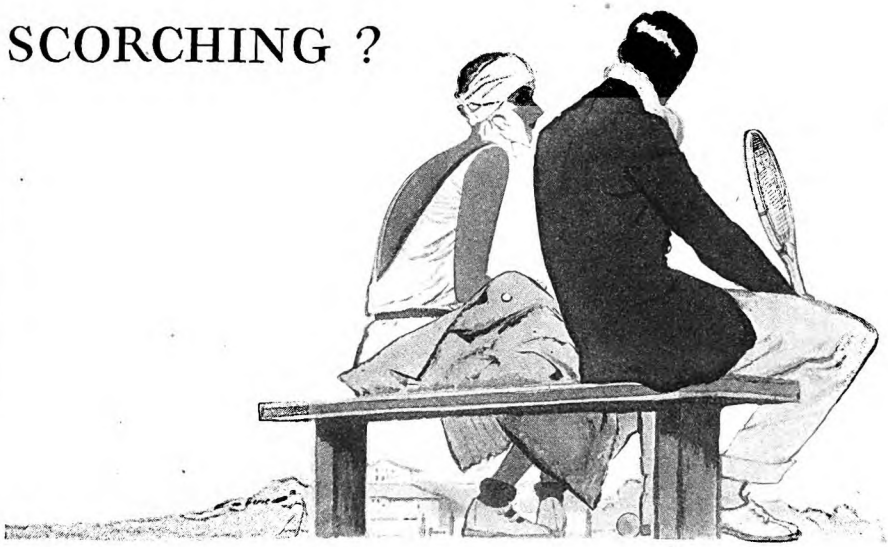
Klingman and his "fare" jogged along the hot dusty roads, and between his "Giddaps" and "Whoas" Klingman added to his education. The "fare" was usually a good talker, the lank driver a good listener. The latter learned of cities and people and things, weighed one man's sales technique against another's, watched and studied men, and kept asking himself, "What do these men have that I haven't got?" Unconsciously he was absorbing an art—the art of selling.

The years rolled along. The livery business flourished. New rigs were bought, a transfer line was added. Nights, his chair tilted against a horse stall, Klingman studied in books. Once more a discontent stirred within him, the urge to be moving on. There were bigger things in life than driving a hack. He was married now and had a boy—a livery stable was no place for a boy.

"Mr. Klingman?"

A stranger stuck his head in the livery

How much sun can YOUR *skin stand without* SCORCHING ?



EVERYWHERE—this is a sun-worshipping year. Backs, legs and arms are exposed as never before—to say nothing of faces, necks and hands. All the world has gone in for sun-tan. But—woe to you of the sensitive skins! Instead of acquiring the much-to-be-desired golden tan, your skin has a way of becoming unhappily red and blistered. For you, particularly, is Hinds Honey & Almond Cream a boon. For you, it does double duty. If your skin is already sunscorched—blistered—painful—smooth on Hinds Cream as soon after exposure as possible. Almost immediately it will relieve the sunburn—take out the fire—soothe your burning skin—make it cool and comfortable again. This is the emergency use of Hinds Cream for sensitive skins—one well worth your while to remember.

But—it's so much better to protect your skin from that violent sunscorch in the first place. *Before* ever exposing yourself to the hot rays of the sun, smooth on fragrant, almond-scented Hinds Cream. Smooth it on your neck, shoulders and back, on your arms and legs. Smooth it in well—and generously. The Hinds Cream on your skin tempers the action of the sun just enough to permit you to acquire a glorious tan without the painful interlude of sunburn. It saves your skin from the harsh exposure that actually shrivels it and takes away its freshness and youth. However—if the damage has already been done—the magic touch of Hinds Cream will help your skin to become silky smooth again.

Hinds Cream protects from all exposure

WIND, dust and dirt, too, are deadly enemies of youthful skins. But smooth, soothing Hinds Cream will protect your skin—prevent it from ever losing its freshness. This cooling cream is so light, soft and thin, that it seeps gently into the skin and is absorbed gratefully—and it doesn't clog the pores.

The secret is to use it often

USE it before going out into the glaring sunlight—smooth it on at night to freshen your skin while you sleep—rub it into your hands each time after washing them. See how much smoother, silkier and lovelier your skin will seem even after a few days' trial—tho' of course it is the steady, persistent use that brings real results. The sample bottle is of generous size. You can get it by just sending the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 7 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 6 p.m., Central Standard time.

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Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.

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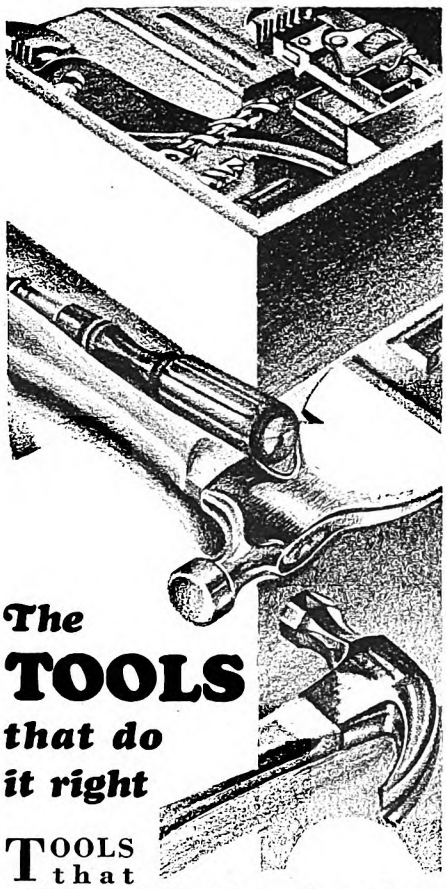

The TOOLS that do it right

TOOLS that will do the job right and continue to do it in a workmanlike manner, year after year, are the *only* tools that belong in your kit.

Years before Winchester offered tools to the public it had been making the exacting precision tools needed in the manufacture of world-famous Winchester guns. They had to satisfy that hardest customer to please—ourselves.

This same tool-making skill is combined with Winchester's recognized leadership in heat treatment and fabricating steel in the handy range of household and professional tools that Winchester now offers you.

Fill your kit with Winchester tools. They're right to start with—shaped right and made right for a job that's certain to be *done* right when you step down from the ladder.

Made by the Makers of WINCHESTER
Guns and Ammunition
Fishing Tackle
Flashlights and Batteries
Cleaning and Lubricating Preparations
Cutlery—Tools
Ice and Roller Skates
Radiators Cores and Tubes

Ask your dealer or write for
FREE BOOKLET
"The Winchester Idea"

Dept. A, WINCHESTER Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

THE SPORTFOLIO

Better Than His Best

By CHARLEY PADDOCK

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, though not a champion in any single event, is a remarkable athlete capable of performing creditably in more sports than anyone I know. All over his Hollywood studio lot he has rigged up freak contraptions for unusual stunts. Some time ago, one of these particularly appealed to Fred Kelly, a 1912 Olympic hurdling champion, and myself. It looked like a number of steps, and you were supposed to stand at the bottom and see how many of them you could clear in a single leap from a standing start. My friend tried it and went up to the step below the top. I landed at the same place. We tried again and again, and though we gave our best efforts, we were not quite able to clear them all.

Then Douglas came out. Both of us knew that he had performed the stunt. So Kelly tried again, with Fairbanks watching, and this time, seemingly without effort, he went to the top.

Going home that night we said, "Wasn't that unusual? There we were giving of our best and we could not clear, and then when Doug came out and both of us knew that he could do it, we went up." And we came to the conclusion that there are times when an athlete can call (*Continued on page 132*)

stable door. "I'm selling life insurance," he explained. "Want to hire a buggy and you as driver, so's you can introduce me to farmers."

Klingman hesitated. There was a note in the man's voice he didn't like. Still, business was business. He hitched up.

The two drove out to a farm. Klingman introduced the man and listened to his talk. He was glib. He made promises. In no time the farmer was ready to sign on the dotted line. The two returned to the buggy. "Let me see that policy you just sold," said Klingman. "Seems to me like you made some awfully big promises."

"Sure," grinned the insurance man. "That's the only way to land these rubes. Promise 'em anything they want."

Klingman stiffened. "Look here, these 'rubes,' as you call them, are friends of mine. If you're going to sell them insurance you're going to sell it on the square."

"Maybe you'd like the job," sneered the other. "If so, here's a rate book and an application; there's a farmer plowing in that field. Fly at it."

With jaw set, Klingman stumbled across the field. He had studied some good salesmen in the eight years he had been following the tail of a livery horse, studied them with profit. In a half hour he was back with a signed application for $2,000 of insurance.

"Now, you'll sell this stuff on the square or I'll sell it for you," he said grimly. "Giddap."

That night, lying awake, he saw where he wanted to go! This chance meeting with a man he was never to see or hear of again had been the turning point in his road.

"WHAT made you see?" I asked him. "The fact that that day's work appealed to me as the best I'd ever done in my life," he replied. "I had done real good for the family of that farmer. Insurance was its protection against such want as I had seen in my own home."

So Klingman became an insurance agent. There was a new light in his eyes. Whenever he saw a child, he thought, "I'm selling protection for that child's future." When he happened upon a widow toiling to live, he told himself, "By my work I'm putting an end to such need."

To protect his wife and children, he took out $35,000 insurance on his own life, a prodigious sum for a man of his means. That first year he earned $6,000 in commissions, selling insurance to farmers.

He felt very proud of himself, very important. He sold the livery stable and moved to Lincoln, capital of the state. He rented a nice place, bought new clothes, and set forth to conquer with chin up and chest out. In his pocket he had a list of leading citizens.

A BANKER received his first call. Five minutes later Klingman found himself standing on the street trying to grasp what had happened. At first mention of insurance the banker had pointed to the door and had invited him in no mild voice to use it.

Next he tried a law office. His reception was coldly polite; again he found himself against a stone wall as soon as he stated his business. The lawyer refused to listen to a word.

That morning he made eight calls. At every place the result was the same—cold hostility and an invitation to leave. Three weeks he walked Lincoln's streets, an unwanted stranger. Pride and confidence were gone. He was beset with fear.

Then, in desperation, he made a decision. Back he went to the banker he had seen first. "I want you to tell me what's wrong with me, why you and everyone in Lincoln order me out," he blurted. "I can't believe that you want me to fail. Men in your position aren't like that." And in a rush of words he told his story.

The banker was silent for a time.

"Mr. Klingman, you're in a business that lately has been thrown under suspicion here," he said finally. "A large number of people in Lincoln have been victimized by crooked insurance agents. I don't say that you are one of these, but you are a stranger to us. Every strange insurance agent is under suspicion here until he's proved himself honest."

After a moment he added, "I think you've done that. I can't sell your insurance for you, but I can help you to a chance to sell

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

Your radio and your home

—now they just suit each other!

THE DAY of limited choice in cabinet radio is past. Atwater Kent has found a way of letting you select a cabinet just as you select other choice pieces of furniture for your home.

First, you decide (as so many others are doing) that your radio must be an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid. This settles the question of performance. Then you make up your mind what sort of cabinet will be appropriate for *your* home—and what price you wish to pay.

This new option in selecting beautiful radio cabinets is yours because not one or two, but *many*, of America's finest makers of furniture, each building to his own design, are making cabinets expressly for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio. Each cabinet is worthy of the set it encloses—and of your home.

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Atwater Kent Radio Hour
Sunday Evenings, 9:15
(Eastern Daylight Time)
WEAF network of N. B. C.

On the Air
Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program
Thursday Evenings, 10:00
(Eastern Daylight Time)
WJZ network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, President* 4702 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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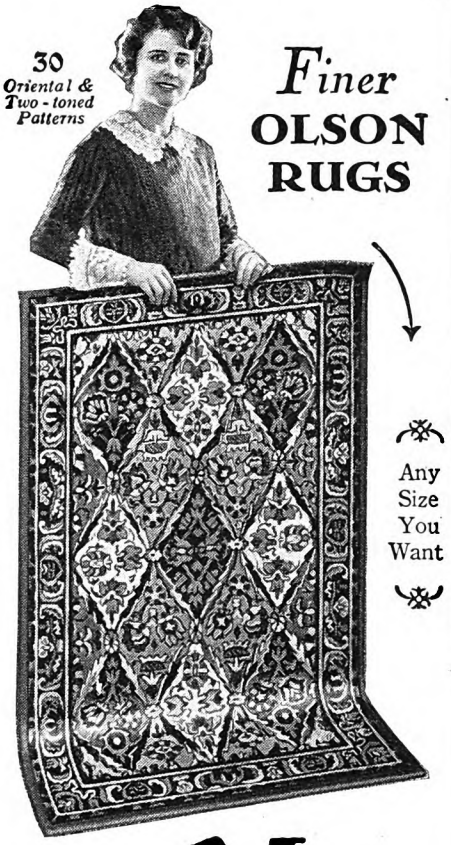

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THE SPORTFOLIO

(*Continued from page 130*)

upon himself to do, not only his best, but better than his best.

Standing there that afternoon watching us was a high school boy named Bud Houser, who, a few years later, stood in the Paris Olympic discus ring in the Games of 1924. It had come time for Houser's last throw, and it was America's last chance to win. There were three flags farther out than Houser had been able to hurl the discus, and as he stood there that afternoon, he knew that those thousands watching him were hoping that he would lose. Only a few Americans gathered over in one corner of the stadium were pulling for him. And there came to Houser, across the field, a yell which sounded like: "Kiri, kiri, rascasiri, Niittymaa, Niittymaa, Niittymaa!" The Finns were cheering their countryman, who was ahead, and Houser knew that Niittymaa had something of that same winning spirit. For, a few months before the Games, he had broken his right hand, his throwing hand, and immediately had strapped that hand to his side and had commenced practicing with his left hand; and it was his left-handed throw which led the world when Houser prepared to make his last trial.

Coolly, carefully, Bud balanced himself, rhythmically took his three turns, and just before he gave his final flick, he afterwards told me that the incident at Fairbanks' studio, years before, came back to his mind, and he put every bit of fighting spirit, of will, not only to win, not only to do his best, but better than his best, into that last throw; and the discus sailed out, (*Continued on page 134*)

it. Now, let me see that list you have."

The banker introduced Klingman in Lincoln. Later, he, himself, was to enter the insurance field as a company president and to help clear it of crooked agents. Klingman, too, was to play a part in the fight toward modern regulation.

"I spent about a year in Lincoln," my companion continued. "It was a successful year, thanks to this banker, who became my friend. But I found the city demanded of me things that I didn't have. My education was poor; my experience was too limited; I was still a 'hick' in need of training and polish. I decided to go back to the small town and country."

"BUT you were doing well," I objected. "Yes, but not well enough," said Klingman. "You see, I had set a standard for myself, marked the place to which I wanted to go. But when I asked myself, 'What do I need to go that far?' and checked the need against what I had, I lacked the requirements. I was like a workman without certain necessary tools."

So back he went to get the missing tools. This time he located in Cozad, Nebraska. A part of each evening he set aside for serious study, a practice that he continues even now. He lost no opportunity to meet successful men, asking himself, "What does this man have that I lack? How can I get it?" At the end of each day's work he made a confidential, frank report to himself. He makes these reports today and they are unsparingly keen analyses. He told me, and meant it, "I am still below the standard, still have much to learn."

The "standard" he set was that of men he saw at the top of his calling. There was the place he had resolved to go.

Still, he was not above short cuts. A friend whispered of a chance to clean up a fortune in Texas land. Klingman plunged. Within a few months he made $20,000. Scenting the promised fortune, he plunged again, when, poof! the bubble burst. Every dollar he had made was wiped out and most of his savings with it.

His money gone, a growing family on his hands, his health suddenly failed. He was seized with an attack which left him entirely paralyzed on his left side. Out of the wreck of his fortune he managed to salvage enough to buy a home for his family in Cozad, and then began a long, grim search for relief from his physical condition.

He went to Omaha, to an old physician friend of his father. "There's no hope for you in medicine," he was told. "Go home. You are only wasting your money."

Klingman went home, but only to borrow every dollar he could without disturbing his life insurance and home. Crippled almost to helplessness, he set out to visit the country's great surgeons, while at Cozad his wife did everything that she could to help him.

In a few months he was back in Omaha. "How long have I got to live?" he asked his father's old friend.

"You've a year at most," said the physician.

"Doc, that's too long," said Klingman. "My life insurance will lapse, for I haven't money to meet the premiums."

"Can't you borrow it?"

"No."

"I WENT back to the old Merchants' Hotel," Klingman went on, "and sat down in company with some wild thoughts. That insurance was all I had to leave to my family, with the exception of the little home. If I lived a year, they would be penniless. If I died at once, they would have $35,000. As I sat there, a picture of the Missouri River, as it flowed a few blocks away, filled my fancy.

"Toward evening, a man whom I recognized stepped into the lobby of the hotel. He passed me like a stranger and went on to the desk. 'He knows me,' I thought in bitterness, 'but I'm down and out now; he doesn't want to recognize me.'

"But a moment later the man turned, came swinging across the lobby with outstretched hand. He saw my face, my limp left side. 'Old man, what's wrong?' he asked.

"I told him, though I said nothing of what I'd been thinking. Without a word he walked back to the desk, cashed a check, and returned to me with five hundred dollars.

"'Buck up, old boy,' he said. 'There's a

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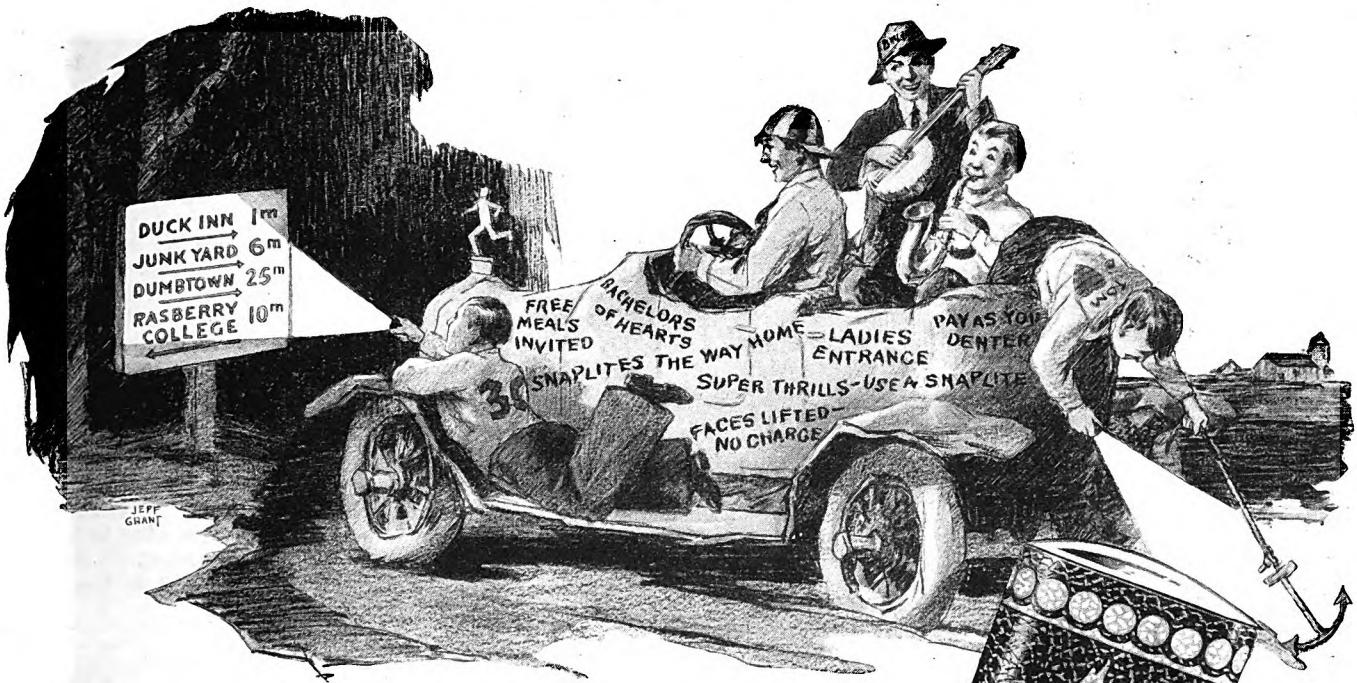

Even Making College Life Brighter

Actual Size

A COMPLETE FLASHLIGHT 39¢ EVERYWHERE

The Burgess SnapLite (Number Two) is a friendly little vest-pocket flashlight that is brightening up more than college life. It's doing a man's size job of wiping out darkness . . . everywhere . . . for men, women and children.

It is a caseless flashlight . . . and offers you beauty, color, style and utility in the most compact form. Durable, practical and efficient. Lasts an amazingly long time. Five sparkling, silvery color designs from which to choose: Red, blue, green, brown, black. 39c everywhere.

Burgess Triple-Life Number Four SnapLite

Made in the same handy dimensions as its smaller companion . . . except length. Five inches long. Supplies maximum hours of light in the smallest possible size. Designed expressly for those using a flashlight frequently: doctors, garage men, mechanics, watchmen and others. Black only, with red medallion. Complete flashlight, 60c.

Battery and Lamp Replaceable

Simply lift out the snapper-top from the battery and attach the new part. Simplicity itself! Nothing to get out of order. Thus you obtain the practical money-saving advantages of the ordinary flashlight plus the more vital benefits of size, weight and shape that permit you to carry the Burgess SnapLite Flashlight everywhere.

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BURGESS SNAP LITE FLASHLIGHT

Other **BURGESS** *Products*

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"I don't know just how to put it, express it I mean--but you'll understand I hope. I was dancing with Miss--er--er--I can't think of her name--but you know who-- when Bill hit us-- bumped into us I mean, and--"

Don't BE A WORD FUMBLER all your Life!

PEOPLE dislike talking with you if you are always groping for the right words—always stammering and saying "er—er" or "you know what I mean." Your poverty-stricken vocabulary makes you *appear* stupid, even though you are not.

But if you express your thoughts smoothly and easily, never hesitating for the right word, everybody realizes that you have an alert, active brain, and are well-educated. Your happy freedom of expression gives your personality a chance to "get across."

Stop Groping for Words

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show the extent of your education and culture. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce or misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself more than you will ever know. For people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes

To achieve your ambitions it is essential that you use good English as instinctively as you tie your shoes. Business today demands men and women who use correct, concise, forceful language. Society demands education and culture, demonstrated by the use of correct, interesting, and convincing language.

For many years Mr. Cody, one of our greatest authorities on English, studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day.

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A new book explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable method is ready If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if you cannot instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, the new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you Send the coupon, a letter, or a postal card for it now. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 99 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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Please send me your free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

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.....

THE SPORTFOLIO

(*Continued from page 132*)

beyond the first flag, beyond the second, beyond the third, to a new Olympic record and the championship of the world that day for America and for Houser.

Four years passed. Bud Houser had graduated with honors from the University of Southern California. He was a dentist now, and he had little time in which to train. But he was back again in the Olympic discus ring. The Games were in Amsterdam this time, and the day of the event was cold and rainy. The grass in the ring was wet and the discus that Houser held in his hand was wet. Twice that afternoon he had slipped as he had started to throw. This was his last chance. If he did not get in the first six this time, he was through in the world of athletics, and his Olympic title would pass into other hands.

Houser had this to think about. Every American Olympic champion who had won at Paris four years previously had failed to retain his laurels at Amsterdam. The odds were against him. But again Houser seemed to pull himself together.

We were wondering whether the lesson of mental control which we had learned at Fairbanks' studio, and which had pulled Houser through to a former Olympic win, could again be successfully applied. He took his three turns; and again the discus sailed out past all the flags—the only American to win at Amsterdam who had won at Paris. He had proved once more that he possessed the power to come through when he had to, to deliver, in the moment of crisis, not only his best, but better than his best.

doctor in Hastings who has just got back from Austria. I believe he can cure you. Take this money and give it a shot.'

"That night he put me on a sleeper to Hastings. In a month I could walk without aid, and a week later I was on my way home to Cozad, afoot, writing life insurance as I walked. The distance from Hastings to Cozad is one hundred and fifty miles. When I got home I had money enough owing me to pay my debt to my friend and sufficient left over to buy a horse and buggy. One year from that time I was the biggest personal producer for the company I was then with."

IF KLINGMAN had believed in his job before, he believed in it doubly now. And he believed trebly in the goodness of humanity. Red Oak, Lincoln, Omaha—these were stops along the way which were marked with glittering stars in his memory.

A friend went up to St. Paul to join the great Equitable, of New York. He invited Klingman to come to Mankato, Minnesota, and take charge of a district. The latter accepted, moved to Mankato in 1913, and that year wrote $1,135,000 in personal business. For a period of eighteen months he wrote and had an applicant examined for insurance *every* day. He earned over $20,000 in his first year with the Equitable.

The home office in far-away New York began to notice this man Klingman in little Mankato, and when, in 1915, the St. Paul manager was transferred to Chicago, Klingman was awarded that agency. It was then writing about $3,000,000 insurance yearly.

Things now began to happen in Minnesota. Klingman, to whom life insurance was a religion, began to spread that faith of his among his men. He preached to them: "Forget policy terms; forget premiums; think only of protection! That's what you're selling these people—protection against want!" He made missionaries of his men. He started schools for his agents, and where formerly only four out of one hundred new men made good, now forty out of one hundred became successful. He went out with the fellow who was finding the road hard, and he introduced a policy that led to rapid promotions and a new morale.

It is only human for a manager to try to hold his best men in his own district. Star men produce big sales, and big sales are to the credit of the manager. Offhand, therefore, it seems most desirable to hold tight to the star producers as a simple matter of good business.

"Wrong! That's poor business," said Klingman. "The manager who holds his best men dams the stream of promotion. Unless the best men move on to better jobs, the younger fellows can't move up. Standing still, they lose enthusiasm, and an organization without enthusiasm is one without spirit."

So he began to hunt for promotions for his best producers. He heard of a vacancy at headquarters, or in a managership elsewhere. Immediately, he was on hand with, "I've got the very man for that job." He presented the man's case as earnestly as if it were his own.

Shortly, Klingman-trained men began to percolate into the national field of the Equitable, and they made good there. The St. Paul agency became known as one where a good man had a chance to rise, and good men were eager to enlist with it. Today that agency has the record of having sent more men up into managerial and other posts in the Equitable company than any other agency in the country.

WHEN, in 1928, the St. Paul agency wrote the phenomenal amount of $52,000,000 of business, the New York moguls sent for Klingman. The men whom he had sent out had earned for him the reputation of being a trainer of men. New York was looking for that kind of man, to duplicate on a national scale the spirit he had engendered at St. Paul. Klingman was given the title of Second Vice President and put in charge of the organization and production of the Equitable's army of agents. They established him in the huge office where I found him—this ex-farmer, ex-miner, ex-liveryman, this man who, in a sod hut, had dreamed of "going to places."

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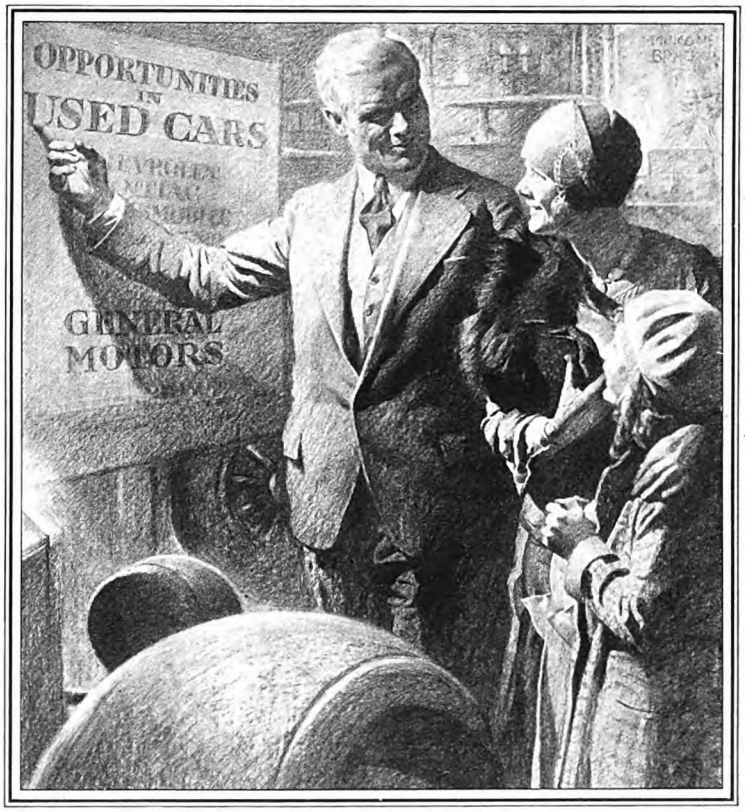
"We bought a used car for our *second car*"



"MAYBE you will be glad to hear that your advertising has sold us a second car," a southern woman writes. "We recently bought one from a General Motors dealer.

"It was only a few years ago that one car seemed like an extravagance for a modest family like ourselves. But we quickly discovered that it put more satisfaction into our lives than any other investment we ever made.

"The only trouble was that the car couldn't be in two places at once. When my husband was using it on important business, I couldn't market, or meet the children at school, or visit friends. When I was using it, he was sometimes seriously inconvenienced.

"We could not make a large investment so we bought a used car, and I have it all the time. I want to thank you for the suggestion that solved our problem so happily, and to compliment you on the courtesy and service of the General Motors dealer who sold the car to us."

General Motors dealers sell so many new cars that they have a variety of used cars, taken in trade. These cars offer opportunities to families to enjoy the service of a second car at low cost. Whether you purchase a new car or a used car from a General Motors dealer, you may pay for it on the GMAC Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE The Automatic Refrigerator
DELCO-LIGHT Electric Power and Light Plants · DELCO WATER SYSTEMS

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco Light products may be purchased on the low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan.

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party Every Monday evening 8:30 Eastern Standard Time WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

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Before winter— *install* WILLIAMS OIL HEAT

"Our greatest home convenience" more than 90,000 owners say of Williams oil heating. Williams Oil-O-Matic frees you forever from furnace worries—banishes dirty coal and dusty ashes.

Thermostat Tends Furnace

With Oil-O-Matic heating a dependable thermostat is your furnace man. Your home is never overheated with wasted fuel—never chilly from neglect. Your preferred temperature is automatically maintained in every room, in any weather. Your doctor will tell you even temperatures safeguard health, prevent colds, protect your children.

More homes are heated by Williams oil burners than by any other make! Such outstanding owner preference is convincing proof of satisfactory service. Clip and mail the coupon today for names of Oil-O-Matic owners in your neighborhood. Get the facts from owners and you will install Williams Oil-O-Matic heating in your home before winter. Mail the coupon now.

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING
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FOR SMALLER HOMES LOWER PRICED OIL HEAT
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A RADIO TREAT

Tune your radio to WJZ and NBC chain stations at 10 o'clock Eastern Daylight Saving Time each Tuesday night. Friday nights at 8:30 Central Daylight Time tune in WGN, Chicago.

A. M.—9-9

Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp., Bloomington, Ill.
Please send me your booklet, "Oil Heating At Its Best"—no obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

How To Be Funny

(*Continued from page 61*)

want to kill you, and may. As for Social gatherings, I never knew of a Humorist getting into one if it had any social standing.

"Does College training add to your chances?"

Yes, nothing enhances a mans humor more than College. Colleges and Ford cars have been indespensible to humor.

"Should one specialize in any particular subject?"

Everything but English.

"What College would you suggest in preperation for a Humorous career?"

Harvard, if its present football continues.

"Must one have a heterogenous background of experience?"

You got me with that hetegenerous. But I will say "YES" to that question and take a chance. I want to answer these 100%.

"WHATS the best place to study human nature?"

At the source.

"Does a budding Humorist have to wait till he has acquired a philosophy?"

No, just a "Carona" typewriter is all.

"What is the procedure in submitting jokes or skits to Papers or Magazines?"

A return envelope stamped.

"Whats the best Magazine for Amateurs?"

Ladies Home Journal.

"How do you get into Syndicate work?"

Lose all other jobs on a newspaper, or knock 50 home runs, or work 12 years with the Follies, and dodge all Literacy tests.

"Any advantage in Illustrating your own work?"

Yes, its the only way you can get it done right. Inferior Illustrators are spoiling our work.

"Do you think cartooning has a future?"

I certainly do. Its never had a boom, just a steady growth. The more we raise that cant read the more will look at Pictures.

"ANY demand for 'slangy' short stories on the style of Lardner and H. L. Mencken?"

Yes, Lardners must sell. I saw him in Florida last winter with a stack of all Blue chips in front of him. Mencken has his own magazine where he uses what he cant sell.

"What Magazine would you send your first stories too?"

The nearest one.

"What's the oppurtunity of a good Gag man in the Movies?"

The oppurtunities are great, but the chances of getting in are small.

"Is there such a thing as running stale or getting out of material?"

I have heard of that happening, but in very rare cases. Every article seems better than the preceeding one, and continues so right up to the execution.

"Is it hard to get into Vaudeville, for a summer or a year?"

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Who's Your Tailor?

BEHIND MAHOGANY DESKS YOU SEE ED. V. PRICE & CO. TAILORING . . .

*The choice of more than 8000 Prominent Bankers

Thousands of men of position and prominence have their clothes tailored to their order by Ed. V. Price & Co.

There's nothing finer in workmanship or finish for the price you pay. America's greatest stock of fine woolens and worsteds is offered for your selection.

Each suit is cut and tailored one at a time to the individual measurements and attitude requirements of the man who is to wear it —the product of the country's most skilled clothes craftsmen. Our great organization brings this high quality within the reach of the big majority.

*This figure is taken from a recent census of Ed. V. Price & Co. customers through our 3500 dealers in all parts of the country.

$30 $35 $45 $50 and upwards

Our new Fall and Winter line awaits you at the store of our local dealer. The coupon will bring his name and information of real interest to you.

ED. V. PRICE & CO., 319-339 W. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL. AM9

Please send me the name of your nearest representative, your new style book, "Men's Togs," and facts about your exclusive "Attitude Method" of personal tailoring.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Ed. V. Price & Co.

CHICAGO

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

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BE PREPARED
-take along Absorbine, Jr.

OFF for an outing—miles from home—suddenly a fall bringing painful sprains and bruises—the day is spoiled! No, it need not be if you use Absorbine, Jr. Rub it on full strength at once. It will reduce swelling; draw out inflammation. Absorbine, Jr. is antiseptic. When used full strength it eliminates the danger of infection in cuts, skin bruises, wounds and abrasions. For prompt relief use Absorbine, Jr. on wrenches, muscular aches, sunburn, insect bites and burns. Keep a bottle in the car. It is a reliable first aid—easy to use, and does not stain the skin.

At All Druggists, $1.25 *Send for Free Trial Bottle*

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
Springfield,
Mass.

To Relieve Sunburn

Splash on Absorbine, Jr. to take out the burn. It leaves the tan.

To Heal Children's Hurts

Use Absorbine, Jr. full strength. It is soothing and antiseptic.

Absorbine Jr

No, with all the different grades and classes of Vaudeville they have nowadays, its almost impossible to have an act so poor that somebody hasent got a Circuit that will fit you.

"This thing you do around the Country where you do a whole evenings entertainment yourself, just what is it?"

Son, I couldent tell you. With the oldtimers they called it a Lecture. With Politicians they call it a "Message." But with me its just a Graft.

"Is there any demand for Chalk talks?"

Not unless you are a Football coach.

"Is summer a bad time to start anything?"

If you want to make up your mind to start to be a Humorist, I believe I would wait till spring, if you can afford to lay off that long. Then if you should get disappointed, why you have a summer coming on instead of a winter.

"Mr. Rogers, could you tell me where I could be apt to sell this interview with you?"

No! But if you ever see it in print, I can give you a pretty good idea what Magazine might have used it.

A Lady Who Went to the Dogs

(*Continued from page 31*)

indistinct, and, even to a layman's eye, mediocre. The other was clear and sharp, and equal to the best of Miss Kirmse's work.

"The first plate I etched at the end of a long season. How bad it was, I didn't realize at the time, but just after printing it, I went off on a winter cruise with my husband to the Caribbean. When we returned, I saw at once how bad it was and destroyed the plate, making this new etching."

IDEAS come to Miss Kirmse at all times and in the oddest places.

"Sometimes," she said, "I'll be working in the garden and one of the puppies will assume an amusing pose. Or I may wake up in the middle of the night with an idea that seems to have possibilities for an etching. I always keep a pad and pencil handy by my bedside for just such moments, for many an idea has escaped my memory before morning. Ideas come to me in the subways, in stores—everywhere. Once I burst out laughing in an elevator and a large, fat woman standing next to me stormed out in a fury, convinced that I was laughing at her. How could she know that my mind's eye had just fixed upon a puppy in a ludicrous, appealing pose?"

"As for the titles for my etchings, frankly, my husband is responsible for many of them. He has a happy knack of hitting just the right phrase that will fit a picture. And he attends to all the financial details of my transactions (he is an importer), which really do not interest me at all."

So, you see, Marguerite Kirmse is a young woman who went to the dogs—and in going found fame, fortune, and the happiest job in the world!

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Dark Happiness

(*Continued from page 67*)

older he looked than when John had last seen him. His thin hair had grayed; his face was lined with wrinkles. A pair of dark trousers covered his limbs and his shirt of blue broadcloth showed a great bloody slash.

But *dead!* No specter, disembodied by sudden cosmic mishap. A flesh and blood Cravenside, or he had been till that evening, with hat and glasses missing and a green-flannel bag thrown clear from one shoulder. Forsythe was sickened by the ghastly sight presented. He must have died instantly, the eccentric young scientist. His body was warm, though his muscles were stiffening. The banshee they had heard must have been his shrill death-cry.

Jessie, then, had lied. But why had she done so? What motive had brought the last member of the House of Cravenside up to Vermont to skulk about his premises and be slain in country moonlight? Most of all, now that his lips were sealed forever, would the method of his vanishing ever be disclosed? This last was more important than to know who had killed him.

The minutes ticked away. Tripe sat on his haunches, tongue shuttling mechanically. From under a rotted log came the xylophone of crickets. Ten feet away the pasture brook trickled. . . .

"We've got to go back, Tripe . . . and tell her . . . what's over in this pasture . . ."

He stopped and listened. The dog sprang alert and went out, barking. Voices reached Forsythe—low-toned, indistinct, half-mumbled—made by persons approaching whose footsteps gave no sound.

"Helloo-oo?" called the surveyor.

"Yes!" came response. "Where are you, Mr. Forsythe?"

The voice was Irene's, and John followed Tripe. He must stop her from seeing what lay near the brook. He discerned her presently, on the opposite side of the brook she was skirting, at the head of a group of five or six men.

"Have you—found anything?" demanded the woman. Enoch was with her, and Gleason, and four others.

THE surveyor crossed the brook. "Yes, I've found—everything," he told her raggedly.

"Mr. Forsythe, *what's the matter?*"

"Jessie lied to us—there's something over on the opposite bank that no one should look at but the coroner, Mrs. Cravenside."

"What say?" cackled Enoch.

"I can't—get head or tail to it—excepting the evidence that Hives La Flemme did it—"

"Evidence? What evidence? What makes you think Hives La Flemme did it?"

"I'll tell you later."

"How do we know *you* didn't do it?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Enoch, don't start that!"

"You mean," began Irene, "Donald's—over there—?"

How the Controlled-Key Safeguards Accuracy

When the gates go down at the crossing, all traffic is compelled to stop.

In an equally positive manner the Comptometer, by means of the "Controlled-Key," automatically bars incomplete keystrokes in three different ways:

1. It compels a complete down stroke
2. It forces full return on the up stroke
3. It prevents wrong registration from interference strokes on adjacent keys

Here is how it works:

The operator was adding down a column at high speed. Near the bottom something happened—she failed to put a key clear down.

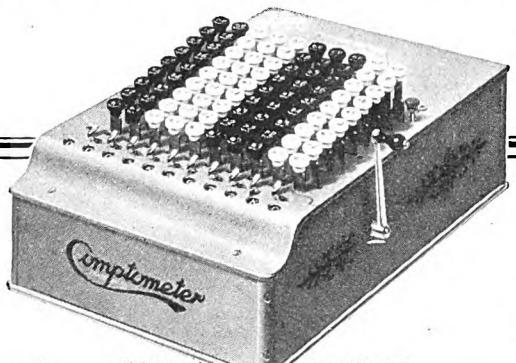
Unaware of the fault she tried to go on. But, automatically the machine instantly locked up and refused to add another figure until the fault was corrected.

No, she didn't have to add the column over again. She knew the fault that caused the lock-up was in the last key struck. So she simply completed the unfinished stroke, touched the correction button and went right on.

Thus, the Controlled-Key bars the way against mechanical operating errors. *It will not permit an imperfect keystroke to register an error.*

With this positive control, Comptometer speed produces accurate figure work at less cost.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1700 N. Paulina St., CHICAGO, ILL.



If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer

Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-Key safeguard

CONTROLLED-KEY

Comptometer

REG. TRADE MARK

ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

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"Johnny Homeland," that's the name popularly given each of the three thousand trained tailoring experts representing Homeland Tailoring Company. He's an obliging chap—one you ought to know. He'll measure you for a suit or topcoat right in your own home, shop or office. Due to Homeland's wholesale buying power, big production and direct selling method, you save big money.

HOMELAND
ALL WOOL
CLOTHES
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"What's left of him," John whispered.

"I've got to see—"

"No, no, You mustn't!"

The others crossed the brook. They reached the rotted log and were screened by the undergrowth. But their shocked cries came plainly.

"Mr. Forsythe—let go of me, please—I've got to go over—"

"There's no need, Mrs. Cravenside. Please do as I ask!"

"What happened, do you think?" For the first time her voice held a little-girl bewilderment.

"Donald *was* up here, just as you suspected, though we've got to find out why. He was up here, and Jessie knew of him, and went to the Homestead to warn him of your coming—"

The surveyor was stopped by old Baldwin, returning. With Enoch were three others, each poised for a scuffle.

"JOHN FORSYTHE," cried the little man theatrically, "I arrest ye in th' name o' th' law o' Vermont. I take ye f'r th' murder o' our townsman, Donald Cravenside. Will ye come 'long peaceably or shall I use force?"

John stiffened angrily. From face to face he stared. Finally he spoke.

"Of course I'll go peaceably—providing I *go!*"

"Oh, ye'll go all right, make no mistake 'bout that. Ain't this your sword, th' one Ned Blaisdell give ye?"

"Yes, that's my sword—stolen out of my sitting-room tonight by someone who entered through my front-chamber window. I've got witnesses to prove it."

"What witnesses? Where?"

"Mrs. Cravenside was with me—"

"What your lady-friend says don't cut no ice with me. We ketched th' two o' you in th' same house t'gether. Now we find her lawful husband all slashed t' death in a berry pasture. She'll come 'long too, an both o' you'll like it."

"You don't mean—great guns!—you're not arresting *her?*"

"I certainly be. As accessory t' th' fact."

The pause was brittle. Irene gave a gasp.

"—If ever they was a perfeck murder case, this one is *it*. An' with that man lyin' dead over there, we ain't takin' no chances o' either o' you slippin' out 'tween now an' sunup in that fast-speedin' limouseen. We're too near t' Canada."

"You think I'd do that?" demanded Irene hotly.

"Huh—woman whose husband has t' turn spook t' watch her 'd do anything. Now, th' two o' you consider yourself in th' hands o' th' law. You moosey 'long ahead."

"Where to?" asked John whimsically.

"Waal, seein' as how I ain't got no bracelets handy, we're goin' over t' your place first and get some rope t' hitch you two up—"

"Hitch us up?" cried Irene, appalled.

"You gotta long ride ahead o' you, t' th' jail up in Paris. An' not in your limouseen. I'm takin' no chances." He was in a vile temper, the little deputy, from the swelling of his mouth where Forsythe had punched it and the shock of beholding that body in the brush.

"Jail! It isn't enough that having found my husband after—"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Cravenside," the surveyor assured her. "Before Enoch can make this ridiculous business stick, he's got to give us a hearing in a justice's court, to see whether there's enough evidence for the grand jury to indict us."

"But, Mr. Forsythe!—*John!*—I can't have the implication reach the city papers that I was in any way concerned with—with—"

She stopped in distress. In the exigency of that distress the surveyor steadied her with his arm about her shoulders. She seemed to shrink within that embrace by instinct, biting back tears of anger, grief, and mortification.

"Come on," ordered Enoch testily. "Get goin'!"

"We'll 'get going' nowhere," John responded blackly.

"You're resistin' th' law?"

"I'm resisting your insolence, Enoch Baldwin. And if you boys want to make an issue of it, I'm ready for the crowd of you."

"You're only makin' it worse f'r yourself, I can tell you that."

"You haven't a scrap of evidence against us that can't be disproved by the element of time. From the item of my dog removing a section of Hives's shirt, when he stole the knife you're holding—"

"Your dog did what?"

"I'll prove it by the piece of shirt Tripe brought me."

"All right, where is it?"

"I—I—" John suddenly halted. He stared at Enoch. He stared at Irene. What had he done with that bit of gingham? *He had cast the dank rag on the ground, where Tripe had snatched it up and bounded away to chew it at his pleasure.*

"All right, where is it?" Enoch repeated.

"I—I tossed it to my dog."

"Oh—you tossed it t' your dorg. Valuable evidence! An I s'pose you likewise tossed this sword t' your dorg after slashin' at Donald?"

"I didn't have such a weapon with me when I left the rest of you, over by the wall."

"That was nearly a half-hour ago. You had plenty time t' slip over t' your house an' get it—or mebbe you had it hid somewheres in this pasture. No, no—murder 'll *out*, John Forsythe."

"Didn't you hear that horrible cry as you came down the mowing? Wasn't I with the rest of you when it reached us?"

"Nothin' t' prove 'twas Cravenside's death-cry. What I'm lookin' at most of all is *motive*. An' they's motive here plenty. You want Cravenside's woman. Th' way you're holdin' her right this minute shows it—"

"FOR th' love o' Mike . . . *LOOK!*" Gleason interrupted. He caught Enoch's arm and swung him around.

The moon in the south had nearly reached the hemlocks. The pasture held a milky dimness, a fantastic unreality, that moment by moment made the district more awesome. Sufficient light remained, however, for a sizable aisle to be illumined three hundred feet in a westerly direction. At the end of this cleared space, something had appeared. It was white and tall and came on without sound. Nearer and nearer it approached, hesitant at times, to undulate in movement as it crossed over hummocks.

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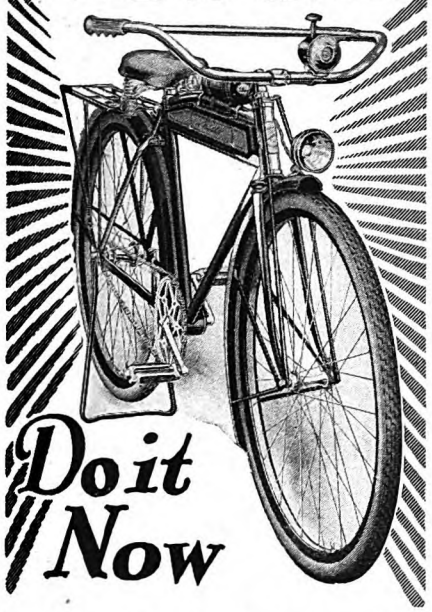

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"John!" came a voice as the group shrank together. "Where are you, John Forsythe?"

No lover ever held a sweetheart more protectively than the surveyor held Irene as he cleared his throat and answered:

"Who are you, anyway? . . . What do you want?"

Tripe bounded forward. But the dog did not bark. He halted and whimpered. And the figure came closer. A head of dark tresses was discerned, tresses falling on shoulders that seemed to be covered by a piece of grayish blanket. Under this blanket was a heavy white flannel nightgown.

"It's Jessie Barnes!" old Gleason clacked.

THE blind girl came up, one hand clutching the blanket at her throat, the other held before her with the fingers like antennæ.

"Something's happened, John Forsythe . . . something terrible's happened. You needed me . . . you and Mrs. Cravenside. . . . I didn't wait to dress. . . ."

"We've found Don Cravenside," the sheriff informed her. "He's been killed, Jessie Barnes. Whatta *you* know about it?"

The blind one halted a dozen feet from them. Her face was tilted upward. She seemed to be sensing something, waiting for direction. Slowly she turned. She faced the waning moon.

"So that . . . was the cry . . . I heard?"

"You heard his cry too?" Forsythe asked sharply.

"It . . . it awakened me . . . I wasn't sure . . ."

"You heard Donald cry," snapped Enoch, "'way over t' your house?"

"I didn't hear with my ears, Enoch Baldwin."

"No? With your hands then, mebbe? Or p'raps with your *feet?*"

Somebody snickered, in nervous reaction.

"I must o' heard something. I'm here, am I not?"

"Miss Barnes," began Irene, "if you know anything about this awful affair—"

"Donald . . . *dead!* Dear Lord . . . where is he?"

"He's over across the brook," Forsythe answered. "I found him a few moments ago, slashed across the shoulders with a sword from my study. Our brainy local sheriff is holding me responsible—me and Mrs. Cravenside."

"But—neither of you did it!" The blind girl's voice was ragged.

"No?" cried Baldwin. "Then who *did* do it—though first I'm warnin' ye, Jessie Barnes, whatever ye say may be used ag'in' ye later."

Statuesque in the moonshine, sufficient unto herself, yet implying powers that filled most of them with dread, the woman held her poise and sought to rule her feelings. What miracle of sense had thus brought her forth? What instruments and forces, as yet unanalyzed and uncharted by insolent sciences dealing with materialisms, were operating in the face of their purblind incredulity?

Jessie broke the silence. "I—I warned you, Mrs. Cravenside. You wouldn't take my warning. I said there were things worse'n death—"

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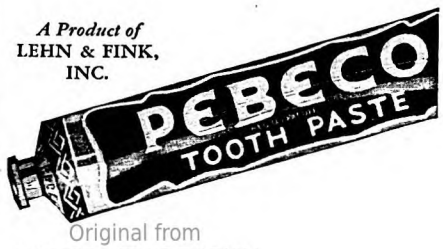

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"I Can't Tell You How Happy I Am"

"YOUR letter came this morning—less than four hours ago and I did just what you told me. Now I am richer by $5.75.

"It doesn't seem true—but it is, for I bought a hat with $3.00 of it. Seventy-five cents paid for new silk socks for my baby. I made my purchases when I went shopping for food for dinner—in a little shop right around the corner. I have two whole dollars left. And that I expect to swell to five dollars or more tomorrow.

"What a lot I have to tell my husband. You see we've not been very well off financially. The poor dear has been so unfortunate. He just can't seem to progress as quickly as our friends do. They have radios—automobiles and lovely homes. We must get along with the simplest of things.

"But now I can help! I certainly made a good start today—and I am going to keep right on."

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"You lied to us also," Irene defended. "You told Mr. Forsythe and me that my husband wasn't anywhere about this district—don't forget that!"

"No. I was careful what I said. I worded it special. I told you whoever or whatever made the music in the orchard, or whoever or whatever was the cause of all this upset, it wasn't the person you married. *And it wasn't!*"

"But Mr. Forsythe has seen my husband's body—over in the brush—on the other side of this brook!"

"But not the man you married, Mrs. Cravenside. *He's changed too much for that!* He's changed so much lately, both in looks and in spirit, it'd fill you with sorrow—if you knew him at all. John says he's seen him? He'll tell you I'm right."

"How do you know whether his looks have changed? You said you'd been blind for ten or twelve years."

"But I said something else. I said, I had to lose my sight to find it, Mrs. Cravenside, though I don't blame you much for not understanding."

"All I want t' know is," Enoch Baldwin snarled, "who slashed Don Cravenside with John Forsythe's sword? Till I find out, you're *all* under arrest. That goes for you, too, Jessie Barnes—'nother accessory t' th' fact. So you'd better talk fast, an' no hocus-pocus!"

Jessie Barnes sighed. But gradually tranquillity came into her voice. . . .

"Sammie did it, Enoch. My foolish boy—La Flemme!"

"SO? How d' you know?"

"Call it . . . a woman's intuition—you can understand *that!* A woman's intuition and . . . what I've suspected might eventually happen. Donald's lying somewhere around, you say, slashed with a sword? Well, I've heard Sammie talk about that sword at John's house. I've heard him talk, too, about bagging Don's spirit. He'd have to come through this pasture, same as I did tonight, to get to our house. I told Donald he'd better spend the night over in the sawmill, but the moonlight was bright and he prob'ly wandered 'round. Sammie met him, o' course. If John's sword was stolen—"

"Where's Sammie now?"

Silence for a moment. Jessie seemed listening, or rallying, perhaps, from disclosure of the tragedy.

"All I know is—there's another call coming—a different kind of call—from up on Don's hilltop."

"Y' mean La Flemme's up there?"

"That's rather improbable," Irene said quickly. "Mr. Baldwin and I just came from the hilltop—"

"Besides," added Gleason, "we chased Hives off th' place, if 'twas him on th' roof. We chased him t' this pasture."

"There's somebody up there who needs me," Jessie whispered. Her insistence was poignant. "When folks have been needing you all your life, you get sort o' sensitive when calls come for help."

"She may be getting 'trouble vibrations' from Katrina," Irene said to John, "something else you'd probably be skeptical about, but I've seen them demonstrated."

Jessie overheard.

"No, it's Sammie. He's up there alone, scairt at what he's done, sobbing his heart out."

"All right," said Enoch, "you lead the way. Darned funny thing, woman blind as a bat meddlin' in a mess like this, but she seems t' be sure and I got t' reach a tellyphone. Fitch, you 'fraid t' stay with this body a spell?"

"I ain't so keen 'bout it," Parker Fitch responded.

"All right—Higgins, you stay with him."

The procession was eerie that wound from that pasture.

Jessie led the way, seeming more confused by John's offer of guidance than if she went alone. John turned to Irene, putting his arm about her at times to keep her from mishap. Enoch came behind with wide-eyed Joe Gleason. Tripp brought up the rear, trotting dejectedly, appearing responsible for the plight of his master, so remorseful was his manner. And directly out northward the blind girl felt her way. Always her arm was outstretched before her, always the antenna fingers seemed picking up vibrations too fine for other senses, guiding her unerringly. They reached the wall finally. John helped the women over, and they found themselves in the far southwest corner of the mowing. Then began that long trek, single file, up the grade toward the Homestead. . . .

Irene was weeping before it was reached. And Forsythe consoled her the best he was able. He was troubled, himself, at their dilemma, however. If La Flemme wasn't found, or had a fair alibi, Enoch would act, and make his threat good. Irene might have to spend miserable days behind bars in the shoddy Paris jail—till Cravenside's attacker had been captured or confessed.

They got to the yard, to encounter the chauffeur. He sat with Katrina on the orchard embankment.

"How long have you been here?" his mistress demanded.

"Ever since you left, ma'am. Katrina wouldn't stay in the house. She made me keep with her, out in the open."

"Have you seen, or heard, anything peculiar around the premises since I left?"

"No, ma'am—not a thing."

"Ah," cried the sheriff, "just as I thought. A lot o' hocus-pocus—"

"Enoch, *shut up!*" Forsythe's voice was ugly. "Give Jessie a break."

THE blind girl paused a moment in the shadow of the ell. She bowed her head slightly. Her left hand cupped her eyes. She seemed to be waiting for poise in order to go on. . . . Suddenly she opened the door to the shed. Into it she fumbled, the others striking matches. Across the floor she trod, stepping skillfully around clutter. A harness-room, or grain-room, opened at the connection with the barn. Into it she groped. She went toward a chest built into one wall. They expected her to open it. But Jessie failed to open. Instead, she turned and beckoned.

"One of you men get up on this chest."

"Get up on it why?" the sheriff demanded.

"I'll show you when you've done it."

They boosted Enoch up.

"Now," went on the blind girl, "there's a thin strip of iron nailed across the rafters. Pull down on it gently—but be careful of your head."

Old Baldwin obeyed. A strange b

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simple thing resulted. With the squeaking of rusted pulleys, twin rafters left the ceiling. Balanced by weights, a strip of upper flooring two feet in width and a dozen feet in length came easily down to the floor of the grain-room. Cleats were nailed on this flooring, like the steps on a chicken-run.

"Let me go up first," Blind Jessie suggested. "Hold it so it won't fly up again. Donald told me he fixed this twenty years ago, when his father was laid up one winter, so he'd have a hide-away under mows filled with hay."

Up the strange ramp she went, stepping clear overhead. Enoch came next. Then Forsythe helped Irene. A lantern was swung up, provided by Jamie. A low-studded room had been built in the loft, a queer, boyish sort of room, eight feet in measurement, no two walls in plumb, light coming in from the window to the shed-roof. This place held a cot, a table, two chairs. The cot had been slept on. On the table were dishes. These dishes showed that a meal had recently been eaten there. But more than such appointments caused Irene to cry out. . . . Pegged along one wall were clothes and hats. And, incongruous in that display, was a dusty suit of dinner clothes—*a tuxedo and an Inverness*. . . .

"SAMMIE," the blind girl cried softly, "come out!"

They looked at her, perplexed. The little room seemed empty. Was she cracked, after all?

"Don't be afraid, Sammie. It's Jessie asks it. I won't let them hurt you. You didn't know it was really Mr. Cravenside—"

A sob came from somewhere!

"He's under the cot," Jessie said raggedly. "You may have to pull him out. He hadn't been with me a week 'fore I knew of his weakness for hiding under beds."

They pulled La Flemme forth. . . . He was ashen with terror at sight of his captors. His clothing was wrecked; he had lost off a shoe.

"I didn't mean t' do it!" he wailed. He broke from John's clutch and fell at Jessie's knees. "I thought he was a spook—I let him have it—I thought 'twould cut through him, *but th' spook was a man!*"

Jessie's hands found his head. Her fingers smoothed his hair. "Get up, Sammie. You did it by accident—I know—"

"I bumped into him sudden-like, by th' brook in th' pasture. All of 'em was chasin' me, even th' dorg—"

"It was you on these roofs then?" Joe Gleason put in.

"Yeah, I was on th' roofs—I got into John's house and borrowed his sword—I came up through this barn and into this room—I was huntin' th' spook m'self one night when Jessie come up here—I saw how she did it, worked th' ladder, I mean. So I did it t'night when I'd borrowed John's sword—"

"You thought you'd find th' spook up *here?*" the sheriff asked roughly.

"You said so yourself, Enoch Baldwin—in th' lane after John Forsythe left us. You said you bet you could find it easy 'nough if you only could get in th' house. Well, I knowed I might get into a winder

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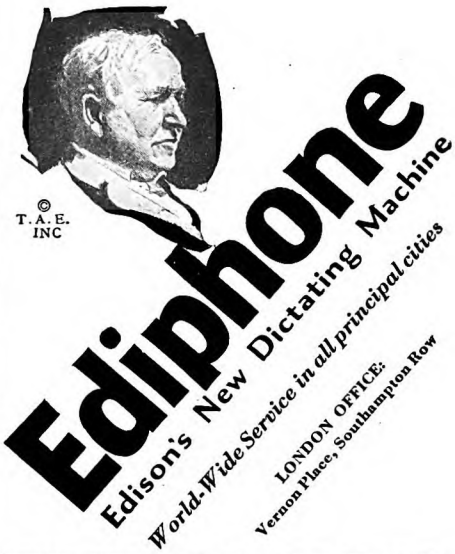

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'cross th' roofs, by comin' this way. I'd find th' spook m'self and get all the credit. Mebbe Mis' Cravenside 'd gimme that swell auttymobile if I ketched it for her—"

"Get up—stop your blubberin'. You bumped into Donald an' slashed him with the sword?"

"I—only hit him—twice—"

"But you did it? You admit you did it?"

"I thought he was a spook till I found out he warn't. He just give a yell and curled up on his face—"

"An' what'd you do then?"

"All o' you was chasin' me, even th' dorg—I'll kill that dorg some day when I get a good knife!—"

"You've done all th' killin' you're gonna do for th' present, young feller. Whatever struck you t' double back up here?"

"I thought—if I could get around behind you—you'd never think t' look in th place that you just come from. Oh Jessie, Jessie, I didn't m-m-mean t' do it—!"

"I'll see you through it, Sammie. We must call it an accident."

John turned to Enoch. "Well," he asked savagely, "are you satisfied *now?*

(To be concluded)

The Perfidy of Woman

(Continued from page 41)

friend Mike here has been trying to unload a cut-down flivver on me!"

"Unload nothin'," said Mike, with a grin. "That's a good car, that is."

"You're not by any chance referring to that little wreck out there, are you? George asked, with affable amusement. "Was that a flivver once?"

"Say—you come out here!" said Mike. Since the evening before he had placed two well-worn tires on the front wheels he had even put a seat upon the chassis and after he had been turning the crank for a time, the observers discovered that he had gone so far as to add some gasoline.

"She cranks a little bit heavy," said Mike, vigorously turning away at the handle, "but when she gets goin' she's a regular humdinger. There," he added, leaping to the levers, "you listen to that!"

"Gee," exclaimed Rodney White, who had drawn near enough to the group to be an interested spectator, if not an integral member.

His schoolmates ignored him utterly. George looked from the flivver to Skiddy with obviously disdainful eyebrows, and Skiddy, waving at the trembling thing of metal, nonchalantly lighted a cigarette.

"Did somebody cough?" asked George, and Skiddy replied, "No, sweetheart, it's got the hay fever."

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'," said Mike. "That's a grand car. You can take my word for it. It don't pay any dealer not to tell the truth. That car—"

"George," said Skiddy with great solemnity, "if I had the five dollars my friend Mike is asking for that little mechanical toy, I'd be tempted to take it home for my kid brother to play with."

"Five nothin'," said Mike, a glint appearing in his eye. "Fifteen I'm asking

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for it, and I'll lose money on it at that; but seein' it's you—twelve."

Apparently the boys had not heard. They were looking steadily at each other, and George shook his head. "Better buy him a kiddy-car or a scooter," he advised.

"Oh, thunder," said Mike. "Eleven, then!"

"Gee, I wish I had eleven dollars," said Rodney, excitement exuding from his person through every quiver, emotion shaking his voice. "I'd buy that car in a minute for eleven dollars, if I had it. I heard Eileen Pendergast say at the June week-end that she'd rather ride in a cut-down flivver than in anything else in the world. She—"

Skidmore's cool amusement fell from him. He turned so abruptly that Rodney skipped backwards. He started to speak, spluttered once or twice, then with an obvious effort resumed his calmness.

"Oh, run away, little Sex Appeal, run away," said he, waving his hand, wagging it. "Honest, Plumpness, you make me seasick. Run-a-way!"

Rodney retreated somewhat, but Mike drew nearer. "Say, now, look here," said he in a husky whisper. "I'd rather lose money than lose a good customer like you'll be. I'll make it ten flat—if you promise not to let on to nobody."

Skidmore's glance met George's. "Done—!" said George, and the two thrust their hands into their pockets and between them counted out the money.

They deposited themselves upon the flivver, their legs thrust out before them; Mike pushed mightily from behind, and the car started.

"Oh, boy!" George exclaimed, as they turned out upon the road. "This is some bus!"

"Sure is," Skiddy agreed, with a fleeting grin. "I guess I'm as wise to the real value of a car as the next man. That feller Mike thinks he's pretty sharp, but he couldn't put anything over on me."

"I'd 'a' been willing to pay a full half on this car," said George. "It's well worth the money."

"Good egg," Skiddy returned. "But that's all right. We got to have gas, anyway. I'll let you pay for that."

IN THE morning they had to wait until Mrs. Harrington had driven off to market with Dick on the seat beside her, then they repaired to that place back of the barn where they had left their recent accession; it had been quite dark when they returned the night before. For a prolonged moment both stood in admiring silence; then, with one accord, they shook hands.

"Well," asked George, "are we going to try her out?"

"Sure thing," said Skiddy, and slipped into the place behind the wheel. "You crank her, old man, and I'll catch the spark."

The obedient George approached the front of the car.

"You go at it too hard," Skiddy told him after several minutes. "Easy, boy, easy."

George maneuvered the crank some more; then he stood up and looked along the hood at Skidmore. "She don't seem to crank as well as she did last night," said he.

"You're inexperienced," Skidmore told

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him, and slid from behind the wheel. Ten minutes passed—fifteen; they looked at each other. "If we could just get her started, she'd pick up all right," Skidmore pronounced finally. "I tell you what, George—we can push her out to the drive—it sort of slopes down to the road."

Between them they got the machine around the barn in front of the garage. "Now then," said Skiddy, seating himself again, "you push her, and be ready to jump when she starts."

"Say, who's the goat of this menagerie, anyway?" George asked somewhat bitterly, wiping an arm across his brow.

"Well, we got to get her started, haven't we?" Skidmore returned.

George went to the back of the car; in a moment it moved, and a moment thereafter came a succession of groans, chokes, and splutters from the engine, and a stream of malodorous vapor that fairly enveloped George. Abruptly he vacated the neighborhood of the rear end; then he brought up short, for Grandpa Harrington stood before him.

A quiver passed over the old gentleman's face. "What, may I ask, is that?" said he. "A presidential salute, or only the Fourth of July?"

"Say, look, Grandpa," said Skidmore, leaning confidentially forward, "I'd just as soon you wouldn't say much about this in the family. We got to go somewhere, honest. No kiddin'. You know how it is, Grandpa. . . ."

"Ah," said Grandpa, and turned on his heel.

THE engine had died; again George shoved, and again the car moved. Skidmore vibrated the levers, pressed hard on the pedal; then he was heard to exclaim:

"She hasn't got any second!" he cried. "Good gosh, the second's all gone!"

His arms dropped, he slumped in his place. George seated himself, wearily, on the end of the chassis, but Skidmore was thinking hard. "If we could just roll her up to the top of the hill," he said presently, "she'd start like a bird."

"Yeah," George agreed. "Who's going to roll her?"

"Well, who do you think?" Skidmore asked, and got down to the road.

Manfully pushing together, they rolled the flivver, reluctant as only a flivver can be, through the gateway and out upon the road. They managed to turn it; they even got it to the foot of the hill, which reached beyond for a good eighth of a mile, straight but steep.

"It can't be done," said George firmly. "Not by the two of us it can't."

Skidmore's brow was wrapped in excogitation; then his mouth fell open and fleetingly he grinned. "You wait here," he bade George, and George waited, without movement or change of expression, until he saw Skidmore returning. And Skidmore was not alone, nor silent.

"Yeah," he was saying, "she certainly is some peach. She's a wow. That's why I was so kind of short with you last night, Fatty. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings or anything, but if that feller Mike had thought maybe you wanted to buy this car yourself, no tellin' how he'd a run up the price on George and me."

Rodney went forward and opened the hood. "Sure is some engine," said he.

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"Yeah," Skiddy agreed. "I'd like you to try her out for us some time, Fatty, and tell us just what you think of her when she's running."

Rodney beamed. "I'm willing," said he. "I'll try her out now."

Skidmore rubbed his neck. "Well, the fact is, she hasn't got any low speed on her and she won't start on high. We're going to roll her up to the top of the hill. Then she'll start like a bird."

"Sure," Fatty agreed. "Come on—I'll help you roll her."

HALF an hour later, when they were well along on the Belair road, George said, above the noise of the engine, "I don't wonder they made you captain of the third football team, old man. You sure have got a head on you."

"Oh, that's nothing, nothing at all," Skidmore returned modestly. "You got to have, in this world."

They sped along, pleasantly chatting. "Where'd be a good place to go, Skid?" George asked.

"Oh, any old place," Skidmore said lightly. "We're on the Belair road now."

"Belair?" George sat up straighter. "Say, I know a girl lives out near there. I was out there once. It's a peach of a place."

"No kiddin'," Skiddy remarked, his attention entirely upon the road.

"Yeah. Let's go out there. I'd like you to meet that girl, Skid. She's a cousin of Eileen Pendergast's—same name, Pendergast. Eileen said she was going to visit her this summer."

"Oh—er—Eileen—what did you say her name was?"

"Pendergast. Why, you must have met Eileen Pendergast, Skid, at the June week-end. You must have met her."

"There was such a bunch of them down for that dance," Skidmore shrugged.

"Yeah, but everybody was trying to meet Eileen. She's a regular knock-out. No kiddin'. I heard even Lofty Salterstall say she was a honey."

Skidmore's face darkened. "Aw, that man's nothing but a stuffed shirt, if he is the crack center. He gripes me. Honest, he gripes me."

They drew up at a filling station; George paid, and the car sped on. But presently it sped strangely; after a while George asked, "What you steering like that for?" and Skidmore replied, with a frown, "Left front tire's gone soft." Somewhat later, a rear tire burst, with the sound of a pistol shot. "Oh, well, we can run on the rims," said Skidmore, and leaving the engine running, they removed the remnants of the tires. After that, their progress was somewhat less swift, less easy; yet progress it was. Passing cars veered around them, their occupants looking back to laugh. "Who cares?" said Skidmore. "We're on the way, boy, we're on the way—!"

But then, around a curve, a long hill stretched ahead of them, loomed like a barrier of fate, a veritable Chinese wall of difficulty.

"Oh, gosh," groaned George, "she'll never make it on high! I remember that hill. Belair can't be more than a couple of miles beyond."

"Why won't she make it?" the indomitable Skidmore demanded, and pulled the gas lever down.

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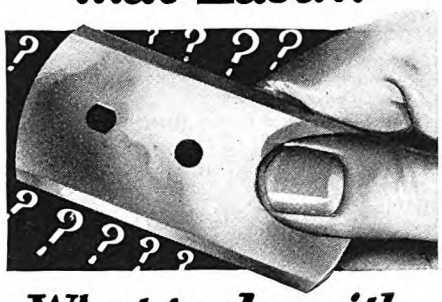

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For a time it did indeed seem that she would make it; then both became aware of that fatal hammering of the engine, that portentous diminishing of speed, which calls imperatively upon every driver of a flivver to go into low. The car strangled, coughed—and stopped.

Skidmore exhaled; then he stepped from the car on one side while George descended from the other. A downcoming car passed them, and the driver called back—but he probably had a bad disposition. Skidmore stood with his eyes on the sky, softly whistling; then he grinned, got into the car again.

"What's that for?" George asked; and Skidmore told him jubilantly, "Get aboard, boy, get aboard! Get aboard and watch papa!"

Slowly the car drifted backwards down the hill until they came to a flat piece of roadside; there Skidmore again disembarked. "We got to lift her and turn her around," he explained. "Then we'll run her down hill to get her started, and then—what's the matter with backing up?"

They backed up. A strange progress it was, exciting to passing cars, even more exciting to Skidmore and George; but it was triumphant, too. As they neared the top, Skidmore remarked with a gratified smile:

"That ol' Julius Cæsar's got nothing on me!"

And George generously responded, "I'll tell the cockeyed world!"

They slid over the top of the hill. There was not room to turn; the descent was precarious, but swift and joyous, too. They were almost down to the level when even above the rattle of their own progress they heard another, quicker and much more insistent.

"Good gosh," George muttered. "It's a state cop!"

THE motorcycle overtook them, turned in a swirl of dust, and the officer stepped off with upraised hand.

"Wheee-you—!" said Skidmore under his breath, while George, with a sigh, reached forward and turned off the ignition.

"Say, what do you fellers think you're doing?" the officer demanded, coming up beside the car. "What is this thing, anyway?" He looked the car over, eyed the tireless rims, grinned. "Oh," said he. "Just running her down to the dump, were you!"

That was too much for Skidmore. "Dump, nothing!" he cried. "This is some car, this is!"

"Sure," agreed the officer. "Where are your number plates?" When neither boy spoke, he asked again, "Let's have a look at your license."

There was a moment's silence; then Skidmore said, "Well, George, hurry up! You got the license, haven't you?"

George had grown pale. "Me? Why, I—"

"Come on, c-o-o-ome on!" said the cop. "Where's your windshield?"

"Oh, we don't care to use a windshield on this car," Skidmore told him.

"All right. What about the state law that says you got to have a windshield wiper, if you haven't got a windshield? Where's your lights?"

"Lights—?" Skiddy repeated vaguely.

"Sure. Lights. Lights. And let's hear your horn!" In the ensuing silence the officer took out a pencil and notebook, wrote something, tore out the page, and proffered it to Skidmore.

"What's that for, Officer?" Skiddy asked politely.

"Read it and see," said the officer with extreme grimness. "I've got you on six counts at least. You're driving without number plates, you're driving without a license, you haven't got a windshield and therefore no windshield wiper. You haven't got a horn, you haven't got lights, and you're endangering the public safety by backing along the road. Heaven help whoever'll have to pay your fines!"

SKIDMORE turned and looked at George. Then, in unison, they stepped out of the car, one on the right-hand side, the other on the left.

"Here, you—" the officer began; but Skidmore made him a bow.

"The car is yours, Officer," said he; "yours, all yours!"

"What's the big idea?" the other returned.

"Well, we're orphans," Skidmore told him, with a rather feeble grin, "and we haven't got more than a dime between us. But the car's worth ten dollars—we wouldn't deprive the law of what's due!"

After a moment's stare the cop laughed. "Oh, thunder!" said he. "Now, look here, I don't want to get you two into any trouble. I tell you what I'll do. You run that car over the bank there, and I'll take back that slip and forget I ever saw you. What say?"

Of course it had to be done. . . .

As they turned into the Pendergast place at last, after two or three long miles of walking, George remarked:

"But I think they're the sort of people that have afternoon tea."

Even as they approached the house they heard shrieks and laughter from the young people on its broad piazza. Before the hospitable front door stood a smart convertible roadster of a plutocratic make. A youth and a girl were in the rumble seat; another youth, bareheaded, was behind the wheel. He leaned out and called:

"Hey, hurry up there, Eileen! This horse won't stand!"

And as George and Skidmore got to the piazza steps, she came—dainty, lovely, laughing, she whom the famous Lofty Salterstall had called a honey came tripping out of the house and across the piazza. And there she came face to face with Skidmore.

Her laughter ebbed a little, but she held out her hand. "Why, how do you do, Skidmore," said she. "What a surprise! I'm awfully glad to see you. You'll forgive me for running away as soon as you came, won't you—because I've got a date."

What man could have spoken at such a moment? She ran to the side of the runabout, stood still—poised like a lovely butterfly—and clasped her hands.

"Oh, Harry," she exclaimed, "I'd rather ride in a car like this than do anything else in the world!" And as she drove away, she called back, "Come out tomorrow, can't you, Skiddy?"

It was very dark when Skidmore passed through his own familiar gateway. He

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was trudging wearily, although he had not walked all the way; a jerking thumb, aided perhaps by the wistfulness of his expression, had procured him various lifts. But his heart was heavy and bitter within him; he did not glance towards the letter box.

There was only one light in the house; he knew his grandfather was there in the library, reading, and he tapped on the glass. Once inside, he and his grandfather looked at each other.

"I didn't hear you drive in," the old gentleman said.

"Aw, I didn't think much of that old car," Skidmore informed him.

"I see," said Grandpa, after a moment. "Er—been out sweethearting, son?"

"I haven't got any use for women," said Skidmore, shifting from foot to foot. "Not any at all."

GRANDPA ran a hand downward over his white moustache. "Well, we men all have to run up against it, sooner or later," said he, and returned to his chair.

After a pause Skidmore asked, "Against what?"

And said Grandpa, "The perfidy of woman—h'm—ha."

"Yeah," Skiddy vaguely agreed, his eyes shifting as they did in class when he had not gotten his lesson. "Well, I guess I'll go hunt up something to eat."

He started off towards the ice box, but something on the kitchen table caught his eye. He lifted the napkin; there were four good, thick sandwiches, a large chunk of chocolate cake, and a bottle of milk. . . .

As he passed his mother's room he paused; then he heard her voice. "Is that you, Skidmore?" she asked. "Did you want anything?"

He tiptoed into the room, "I just thought I'd kiss you good night," said he.

But as he was leaving the room he paused, said over his shoulder, "Say, Ma—what's perfidy?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Skidmore, do go to bed!" said his mother; and Skidmore went on his way.

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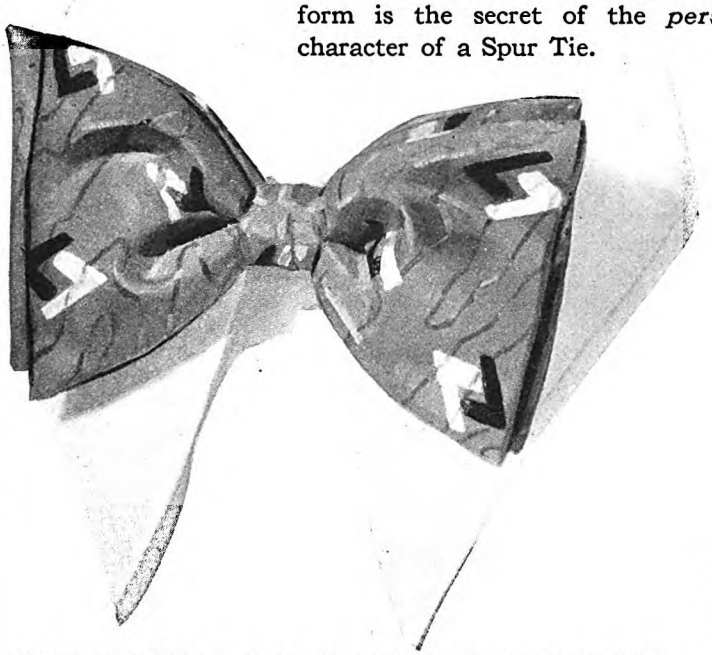

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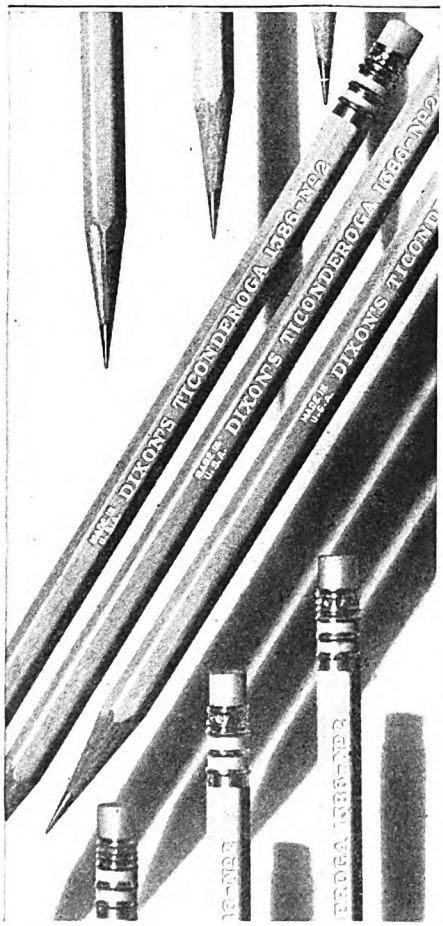

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Like a bird taking wing, Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" starts smoothly across the page. Firmly, surely, easily, it writes its way - untiring to the end. It is America's favorite 5¢ pencil

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Box Cars of the Sea

(*Continued from page 35*)

a career, eager to rise to officers' jobs. If a boy is lucky enough to ship under a kindly first mate who will help him get a start at studying navigation, he can, after a few years—if he studies hard—go up for the third mate exam. Suppose he passes. Then comes the problem of getting a third mate's berth. If you have read the sea stories of Conrad or William McFee, you will know how many bitter hours a young fellow may spend and how many miles he may tramp going from steamship office to office till he lands his first licensed job.

When he does get one, his career is launched. It is not a hard job, that of third officer. Four hours on the bridge morning and evening; figuring out the ship's position each morning; any odd jobs about the ship the first mate may give him when he is not on watch; plenty of time to study and read; one hundred and fifty dollars a month, his board, a cabin of his own.

Of course, the fo'c's'le is not the only way up. He can take a course on a school ship, then get taken on deck or into the engine-room as a cadet at twenty-five dollars a month, and so get experience sufficient to go up for his first papers. Not many freighter lines, however, maintain the cadet system. Some have tried it and found that it does not produce enough worth-while officers to make it pay.

TWO years at sea as third officer and he is eligible to go up for the second mate's exam. Two years at sea as second mate, he can go up for a first mate's ticket.

If he gets it, and lands a first mate's job, he finds himself the busiest man on the ship. Not only must he stand eight hours' watch a day, and do morning observation and figuring of ship's position, but the whole physical condition of ship and cargo is in his care. Keep the ship scraped and painted, see that lifeboats are in good shape, keep perishable cargo ventilated, take care of cargo lists, draw up stowage plan for the guidance of stevedores in each port, oversee stowage and discharge of cargo, keep a sharp eye against thieves in port and damage by wind and wave at sea. To be sure, the amount of scraping and painting will depend on the owners and their pride in their ships. Most freighters under the American, British, Norwegian, and German flags are well kept, but I have seen sea box cars of certain other nations that looked as if the owners had forgotten their existence or hoped they would sink. However that may be, the first mate on a sea box car, from the time he comes on watch at four in the morning till he tumbles into his bunk after supper is on the hop.

The same opportunity and the same ordeal is before the boy in the engine-room in his climb to first assistant.

But the jump from first mate to skipper or from first assistant to chief engineer is the hardest and longest. Getting a master's or a chief's ticket is the smallest part of the jump. Many men never make the jump. Many men go half a lifetime with a master's license nailed to the wall and never get a ship. Some men don't want to make the jump. I know a man, a jolly, cynical, pleasure-loving chap, now middle-aged, who was a lieutenant in the navy in the war and has commanded several cargo ships. But now he is sailing as second mate on a sea box car plying between New York and the Baltic. He is a good, conscientious officer, but he is not looking for promotion.

"This is just what I want," he told me. "You don't catch me taking a first mate's job. There's too much work. Or a skipper's job, either. There's too much responsibility. Here I've got enough to live on, and when I get a few hundred saved up, I take a lay-off in some foreign port and enjoy life."

SOME freighter companies have a prejudice against that attitude. They want only mates ambitious to rise.

Yet the ambition is not enough. Many a good first officer makes a poor captain. The weight of the skipper's job is too much for him. He loses his wits in a crisis. Or the job gives him the swell-head. Usually the superintendent of the line keeps a mate under observation a considerable time before he entrusts him with a ship. And almost always promotion comes within the line. Rarely does a company go outside for a captain, save in acute emergency.

A freighter captain must be much more than a good navigator and a handler of men. He must have shrewdness and diplomacy to handle foreign consuls, steamship agents, police, medical inspectors, immigration officials, and pilots. He must know when to be hard-boiled and when to slip a backsheesh. He must know the varying and often maddening port regulations of all the ports he enters. He must be a man who can meet crises and master them—hurricanes, rocks, measles, mutiny, broken legs. On his mood depends the whole temper of the little world of ship.

Whatever happens, the skipper is responsible. If he runs into anybody, he is to blame. If anybody runs into him, he is probably held to blame, too.

"I HAVE my heart in my mouth every time I come out of here after dark," said the skipper of a freighter, as we edged down East River and out across New York Bay one black January night through a maze of moving lights—tugboats, strings of barges, launches, car ferries, schooners, creeping or darting from every direction.

His heart in his mouth! I did not wonder.

It is a lonely job, that of skipper; he cannot associate on a basis of equality with his men. It is a lazy job, if he wants to make it so; in open sea in fair weather he need not leave his room the round of the clock. But nasty weather or dangerous coasts may keep him on the bridge fifty hours at a stretch.

Still, it is a great life. You would have a hard time finding a box car skipper who would swap jobs with you, even if you happened to be Mr. Hoover himself!

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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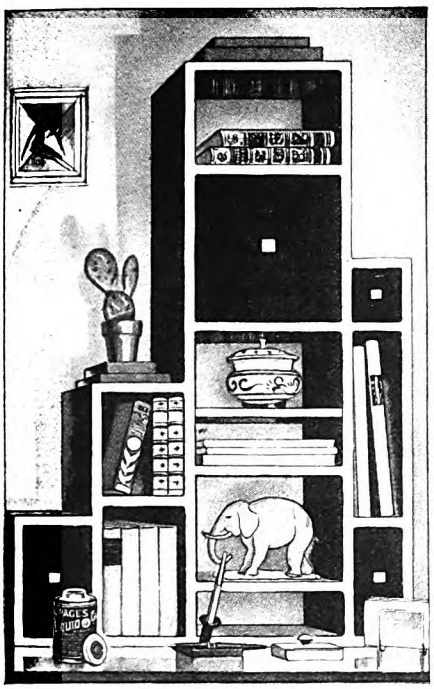

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Solutions of August Travel Trails

PRIZES: THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE offers a prize of ten dollars for every original Travel Trail accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. A Travel Trail must not be longer than twenty words, including the starting point and destination. It must have the home-town of the contestant as its starting point or destination.

Keep all cities and towns of your Travel Trail in the relative positions they occupy on a map. Clue sentence, if included, should carry interesting local facts and contain some of the words required for traveling the trail.

Limit the letters overlapping between any two words to a number as little in excess of three as possible. This helps to make your trail admit of only one solution. As far as you can, use well-known and appropriate words.

This month—and in certain subsequent issues—special attention will be given to Travel Trails dealing with your home-town, its people, its interests, and its industries. Practically every Chamber of Commerce in the United States has expressed a willingness to coöperate in every way possible to get the home-town on the travel-trail map. This coöperation is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Your Chamber of Commerce or other civic organization will undoubtedly supply you with pamphlets containing the most suitable words to be worked into your trail and clue sentence. Send your trail to Travel Trail Editor, American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.

SOLUTIONS OF AUGUST TRAILS:

When shall we seven meet again?

The trail from each of the seven cities to the word "destination" is as follows:

ATLANTA, land, and, candy, can, candles, less, recess, piece, pies, tries, eerie, pioneer, ion, centurion, tournament, troubadour, trod, rode, ode, abodes, destination.

CLEVELAND, dandy, redundant, entered, tournament, troubadour, trod, rode, ode, abodes, destination.

BAY CITY, bays, bayou, your, our, tournament, troubadour, trod, rode, ode, abodes, destination.

ST. PAUL, fault, cult, result, rest, maestro, troubadour, trod, rode, ode, abodes, destination.

ST. LOUIS, cuisine, fine, finish, dish, distinguished, tiny, destination.

NASHVILLE, evil, servile, wiser, wish, distinguished, tiny, destination.

PARIS, prisons, ions, destination.

PROVIDENCE, dent, liniment, line, inert, sinew, NEW HAVEN.

ROGERS, person, son, reason, NAVASOTA.

OMAHA, mahout, bout, caribou, car, caravan, rave, travel, extra, next, LENEXA.

MARIETTA, mar, marry, arrive, ives, expensive, pent, enter, term, SHERMAN.

VALLEY CITY, vale, alert, pert, entertain, tent, tension, SIOUX CITY.

SPRINGFIELD, held, helmet, method, teeth, ethics, this, his, history, tormenting, tin, tine, mine, MINIA.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Wanted Home Women to Decorate Giftwares

No Special Ability Needed

This is the wonderfully interesting occupation that it is now possible for you to enter through the instruction of Fireside Industries. The work pays exceptionally well. There is no canvassing, no monotonous drudgery. Many say they never dreamed that such a wonderful way of earning money at home existed. New system of instruction devised by M. Gabriel Andre Petit makes the work so easy that almost anyone can do it.

Fascinating Home Work

Can you imagine anything so fascinating as decorating Giftwares at home? Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs in colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks, wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing tables, gateleg tables? Then there are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion tops and other textile articles to be decorated in Batik, and fascinating objects of copper and brass to be etched in beautiful designs.

Many women do this work solely for pleasure, but it also is a splendid way to make money at home for there is a tremendous demand for these giftwares.

Satisfaction Assured

Fireside Industries assures entire satisfaction to each of its members. If, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased and satisfied, your money will be refunded in full. You have only to follow the directions and it is amazing to see what beautiful things one can make. Think of earning $2.00 in just one hour, for example, by decorating a magazine rack! Do you wonder that members of Fireside Industries are so enthusiastic about the work?

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The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, which explains all about this new way to earn money at home, will be sent to you on request. Read how women earn money and beautify their homes and their lives. Just like a beautiful dream come true. Wonderful outfit furnished without extra charge. Simply mail coupon, or write, enclosing 2c stamp to help pay postage.

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Dept. 60-M, Adrian, Mich.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 60-M, Adrian, Mich.
Please send me FREE, the beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, explaining how I may earn money at home by decorating Giftwares. I enclose 2c stamp.

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Address.....

City..... State.....
(Write in pencil, please—ink will blot)

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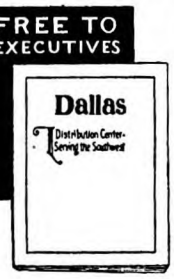

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Southwestern Headquarters to American Business — 1,921 national and sectional concerns maintain branches in DALLAS.

The Guilty Man

(*Continued from page 19*)

lifted, her lithe figure rigid like a bronze.

The big foreman, amazed, continued to regard her in a sort of wonder.

"We couldn't hang you, Miss Millie!" he repeated.

She made a wild gesture of derision.

"Then you shall not hang *him!*"

She tore a fragment from the letter in her hand and pulled it into bits. Then she put the remainder of the letter on the table beside the note.

She sat down.

And leaning over the table the foreman read the letter. He read it aloud slowly like a child spelling out a lesson. "*I settled with the old devil,*" were the words written on the fragment of the letter that remained.

He made no comment. And after a moment of indecision he went back to his chair by the window. The remainder of the Grand Jury moved away from the table to their chairs. They sat down. The row of chairs made a sort of circle about the room . . . a sort of dreadful circle about the girl and the big, inert figure of the lawyer. No one spoke; and there was no sound.

There was something awful about the very immobility of this tribunal . . . about the very absence of any hostile feeling in it. It became for that lack terrible, like the tribunals imagined in some final judgment . . . beyond pity, because beyond any feeling of ill will.

Any man on it would have given his right hand to see this girl and the man she loved go clear. But he could not give what was not his right to give—the honor of the commonwealth. The inquisition must go on; the law must be upheld; murder must be punished.

The big foreman spoke finally.

"COLONEL," he said, "we have got to find the man who did this murder."

He spoke without looking toward the table. But he indicated the girl with a slight gesture of the head. It was clear what he meant. They must know. The information in the possession of this girl must not be withheld from them. The lawyer must go on.

But he did not go on. He moved his big body slowly in the chair, like one awakened. Then he replied:

"Yes . . . yes," he said; "that is it. We must find the man who did this murder."

And he turned sharply toward the sheriff standing at the door.

"Charlie," he said, "ask Mr. Barnes to come in."

The man who entered was at middle life. He had a solemn, obsequious manner. He was carefully dressed in black. He came in bareheaded and sat down beyond Colonel Braxton at the table. He did not speak, but he bowed gravely to the jury and its counsel. He was startled to see the girl there. But he gave no evidence of that surprise beyond a quick, furtive glance that vanished immediately from the mask of his face.

He put down his hat beside him on the floor and passed his hand over his thin hair, where he was beginning to grow bald. Then he took a clean, folded handkerchief out of the breast pocket of his coat and wiped the perspiration from his face, for his black frock coat was buttoned to the chin, and it was hot.

Colonel Braxton addressed the witness.

"Mr. Barnes," he said, "our foreman here thinks we ought to find the guilty man, and I have asked the sheriff to call you in. . . . You know the guilty man?"

Barnes looked down a moment before he answered, like one who would assume a befitting reluctance in such an affair.

"Colonel," he said, "I cannot be expected to answer that."

He did not finish. The lawyer interrupted with a quick reply.

"No . . . no," he said. "Of course, you cannot be expected to answer that . . . no . . . no. I withdraw that question."

HE LEANED over and took up the note and the fragment of the letter that the girl had put down before him. He turned them about a moment in his fingers. Then he addressed the witness, his voice in its leisurely drawl.

"Mr. Barnes," he said, "I am not going to trouble you to repeat here in detail your story of this tragic affair. I can understand how it is painful to you to go over it—particularly painful to you. And there is no need. It is well known, and it does not vary."

He paused, and there came a strange smile on his face.

"But you will be relieved, sir, to know that by a fortunate coincidence we have here, from another source, conclusive evidence establishing two of the vital points in your report of this matter, not only corroborating your word, but, I may venture to say, establishing those two vital points beyond doubt."

He went on, in voice and manner as though he were moved by a tender consideration for the witness, beyond other men:

"Richard Pickens told you on the night of the murder that he would settle with his uncle, and here is a fragment of a letter from him in which he says that he did settle with him. . . . You said that he was in a fury of rage against his uncle, and here is a witness who confirms that, and gives us the immediate reason for it.

"Now, Mr. Barnes, having been so conspicuously right in these two instances, you were equally right in a third. You thought Richard Pickens got his note of hand from the dead man. And he did get it, for here it is."

And putting out his hand, he moved the paper, on the table, with his finger. He leaned a little farther over toward the witness, and his voice descended into a friendly monotone.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Barnes, that puzzles me a little: Since it was so evidently the intention of Richard Pickens to kill his uncle, 'to settle with the old devil,' as he put it, why did he borrow the money from you in order to pay him and take up his note, before he killed him? He could kill him and then take the note. He did not need the money in order to get the note."

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One Tooth!

YET IT CAN AFFECT THE APPEARANCE, THE WHOLE WELL-BEING, OF YOUR CHILD

SHORTLY after the twenty "baby" teeth are in place another one unobtrusively takes its place among them. Frequently it is mistaken for another of the first teeth. But it is the six-year molar, the most important tooth of all.

The reason for this importance is that the six-year molar assures the proper relationship between the upper and lower jaws—it determines the proper growth forward of the bones of the jaw—and it helps in the even placing and developing of the permanent teeth.

All too often the six-year molar is lost because it is believed to be one of the decaying baby teeth. As a result a child's looks may suffer because of the improper development of the jaws. Such loss also often impairs the full usefulness of all the teeth.

. . . Is that not too great a price to pay for neglect of "baby" teeth?

Take no such chances! It is important to begin protecting the "baby" teeth from acids at The Danger Line from the time they first appear. No tooth-brush can furnish this protection completely. You must use a dentifrice that can—and still be safe to use.

Squibb's Dental Cream is made with over 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, more than enough to neutralize the acids in these pits and at The Danger Line and to give needed protection. Moreover, Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit, no astringents, nothing that can injure the sensitive mouth of a child. It can be used to brush the gums—a necessary part of mouth hygiene. It helps to keep the mouth in a healthy condition. It is pleasant to the taste and harmless if swallowed.

It is essential to have your dentist inspect your child's teeth regularly. By exercising this precaution, and by forming the habit of using Squibb's Dental Cream at least twice a day, you will help him maintain a sound permanent set of teeth which should serve him through life.

At your druggist's, 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858. The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

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SQUIBB'S *Dental Cream*

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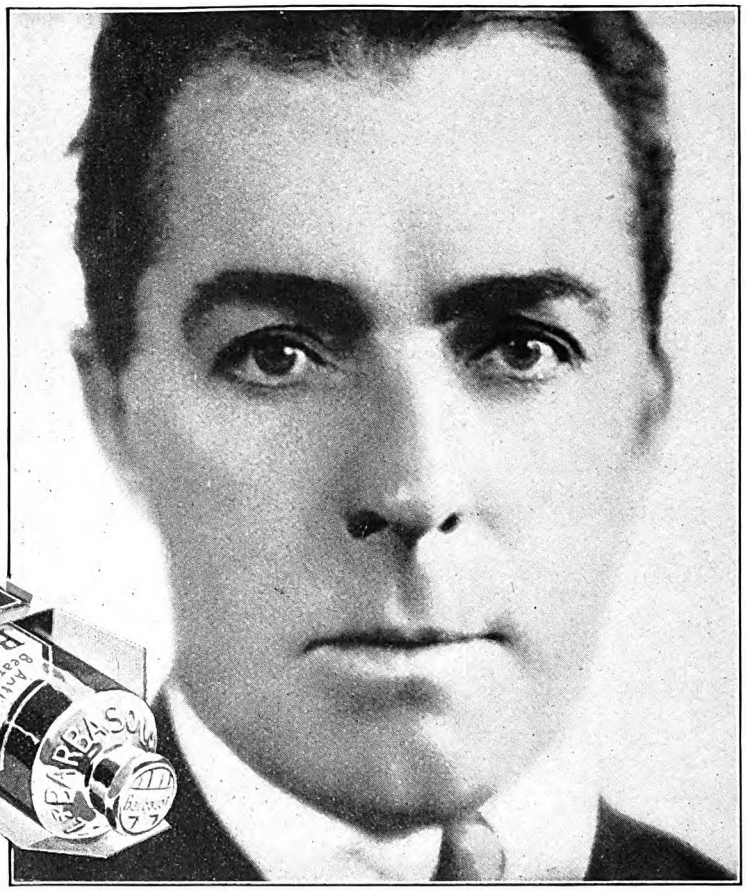
WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"For a quick, easy shave there's nothing better"

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

America's most distinguished actor whose artistry has made him the idol of the theatre-going public



Women like their men

young looking, bright and keenly fresh looking. Men like to be this way too. New Barbasol Skin Freshener cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving — whenever tired. Nothing better . . . you'll agree!

"I always use Barbasol because it gives me a cleaner, closer shave and leaves the skin feeling soothed and refreshed."

William Faversham

NOW, throw away brush and mug and use the time formerly spent in lathering and rubbing to better advantage—sleep, for instance.

Treat yourself to a Barbasol shave. And you'll quickly learn why the "Who's Who" of America is also the "Who's Who" of this modern shaving cream.

Tough beards, wiry beards, heavy beards—all beards look alike to Barbasol. It gives the smoothest and most comfortable, the coolest and most resultful shave . . . in a mere fraction of the usual time!

Just do this: *Wash the face*, leave it wet . . . Then spread on Barbasol, lightly as a barber does a massage cream. *Don't rub.* It's unnecessary. For when Barbasol touches the skin all work is done. It softens the beard. *Then shave!*

What a difference. The razor speeds over the face. So smoothly and evenly, it's difficult to believe that the whiskers are being mowed close to the skin-line. There's no pulling, no nicking, no scratching.

Then dry your face. How cool and smooth the skin feels. Your face looks cleaner and refreshed. And it will stay that way all day. It's the success shave for successful men.

For this cooling, soothing, comfortable shave, step up to the nearest counter and speak up. Buy a tube of Barbasol. Two sizes, both generous, 35c and 65c. The Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

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It was hot. The witness unbuttoned his coat. But at once, as though mindful of a proper funereal dress—out of respect to the dead, he buttoned it again to the collar.

"He didn't need the money to get the note, Colonel," he said; "but he needed it to get out of the country."

The lawyer made a slight gesture as if one pointed to an obvious thing that he had overlooked.

"Ah," he said, "that would be it. . . . Then it is your theory, Mr. Barnes, that Richard Pickens kept the money, went in behind his uncle on this night, stabbed him to death, searched for his note among his papers, found it, and fled the country."

"Well, Colonel," replied the man, "I would not call it my theory. But I would say that is what happened, from the evidence."

"Yes . . . yes . . ." continued Colonel Braxton. "Quite right. We must stick to the evidence. There was the dead man lying over the table and his pocketbook open and the papers from it scattered about him. Someone had searched that pocketbook and his papers. . . . And it was the assassin's work, for the pocketbook and the papers were bloodstained with finger prints. . . . Yes. . . . Yes."

HE PAUSED a moment, as in reflection. Then he went on:

"And further, Mr. Barnes. It seems likely—it seems certain almost—that the assassin slipped in furtively behind his victim and killed him, and not at the end of a stormy interview, or else you would have heard high noises and the sounds of a struggle . . . and you did not hear anything . . . you did not hear a sound or a voice—only the horse going away on the road."

Again the witness unbuttoned his coat, and rebuttoned it. The heat was oppressive.

"That is right, Colonel," he said. "There were no sounds of a struggle."

The lawyer went on in his low-pitched, conversational voice.

"Precisely," he said. "You had no idea that anything unusual had occurred until you went into your uncle's library in the morning. . . . Was it dark in the room?"

"Not entirely dark, Colonel," replied the witness. "The blinds were down and the candles on the table had burned out. But there was light enough for me to see that something awful had happened."

"But not to see clearly?"

"No, not to see clearly. That's why I put up the blind—to find out what had happened."

"But you touched nothing."

"Nothing but the window blind. I put the window blind up."

"And that was the only thing in the room that you touched."

"The only thing."

Again the man fumbled with his coat, as though the heat of that black, buttoned garment oppressed him. Colonel Braxton observed his discomfort. But he did not remark on it. He went on, as in a leisurely explanation.

"It was a new patent window blind, on a roller with a spring. One puts it up by taking hold of it at the side, and pulling it down a little. That would release the spring and the blind would roll up to the top of the window. It did roll entirely up when you pulled it?"

"Yes."

"Now, Mr. Barnes," the lawyer continued, "it was fortunate for us that you were so careful, so careful to touch nothing but this blind. You see, there had been only two persons in that room: Richard Pickens and yourself; that is to say, the one who did the murder and the one who did not do it."

He leaned over as in confidence toward the witness, and spoke in a lower voice:

"I say it was fortunate, Mr. Barnes, because it might have occurred to someone, that, as a beneficiary under the decedent's will and as the assignee of your cousin's interest in the estate, you might wish your uncle out of the way . . . I mean—pardon me, Mr. Barnes—that a motive could be imagined. It might even be imagined that one so situated would construct evidences of guilt tending to incriminate the other."

The witness seemed perturbed by something behind the words and manner of the lawyer. He began to talk—wandering about the large essentials of the tragedy and his care, his extreme care, to see that the authorities found every detail precisely as he himself had found it. He had touched nothing—he bore upon the point—but the window blind to let in the light.

And while he talked, fingering the buttons of his coat, the girl sat, a tragic figure, her face white as plaster, her body motionless as though stricken by some sorcery into wood. The big foreman interrupted.

"Is there any use to go on with this, Colonel? . . . We want to know where the assassin is."

"You mean," replied Colonel Braxton, "who he is."

The foreman turned his big, placid face toward the lawyer, in a vague wonder.

"You know who he is, Colonel," he said.

There came a sudden energy into the lawyer.

"Yes," he said, "*I* know who he is. He is the man who had blood on his hands, that night in that room of murder."

He turned abruptly on the witness.

"Was there blood on your hands?"

The man seemed to retreat into his chair—his hands extended before him.

"No," he said. "No . . . my hands were clean. . . . There was no blood on them."

THE lawyer seemed to tower over the witness . . . to pursue him.

"Blood . . . blood . . . on your hands?"

And, protesting, the witness seemed to retreat, like a man pressed to a wall with a knife against him.

"No. . . . No. . . ."

And his hands clutched his coat.

The flood of energy in the big body of the lawyer appeared to vitalize the room.

"Barnes," he cried, "let us make an end of this. You killed your uncle, and robbed his body, searching through his papers for the money that Richard Pickens had paid him for his note."

With a gesture, he caught up the long package from the table, tore off its paper cover and held up the blind of the window; the blind that Barnes had touched. . . .

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And plainly on the white fabric was the imprint of bloody fingers, concealed from view when the blind had gone up on its roller.

He went on, his voice lashing the assassin like a flail:

"There is no blood on this note, this note that Richard Pickens has returned here, for he paid the money to his uncle and received it before he rode away. But there is blood on this blind. . . . And I predict, I predict, sir, that there is blood on the stolen money. . . . What is it that you guard so carefully in your buttoned coat? . . . What is it, Barnes?"

The great voice lashed the man, and he sprang up, clutching his buttoned coat.

He remained a moment, desperately, his face wild. The sheriff barred the way out by the door. But the window before the man was open, and with a cry he sprang into it, hung there a second, and plunged out.

It was fifty feet to the stone-paved court below. . . . He lay dispossessed of life, his arms in his black coat extended, sprawling like a crow brought down by a hunter. . . . And when they looked, sewed up in the lining of his coat, they found the stolen money, finger-printed, like the scattered papers of Dunmore Pickens, with Dunmore Pickens' blood.

DO YOU KNOW what is the most wonderful island in the world? Its face is constantly changing, as if by magic. A hole in the ground becomes a high cliff, and a high cliff a hole in the ground. The inhabitants, a strangely busy race, pay great prices for worthless things, but demand that really rare things be free. . . . A fascinating place, as you will agree after reading Will Irwin's article about it next month.

I Am Ashamed of Myself

(*Continued from page 73*)

in a wildly vibrating bed and with the idea that an earthquake had smitten the house.

On the other hand, there was the Mistress's gray Persian cat, Tippy. The cat had slept at the foot of my bed for nearly fourteen years. But not once did she set foot in my room, all the time I was ill. She would mince up to the open door and stare at me in cold disgust, then scamper downstairs at top speed.

So much for my own part in the story. I set out to tell you why I am ashamed of myself, not how I happened to be hit by a car.

I WAS hit on Thursday night. By Friday morning the news was not only all over Pompton Lakes and near-by villages, but the Associated Press had flashed it throughout the Continent.

Then things began—the things which made me ashamed.

Before noon on Friday flowers began to pour in; a glorious flood of flowers that made my sick room beautiful. They were from country neighbors, and from tradesmen and workmen in the village of Pompton Lakes, men and women and children who owed nothing to me—people to whom it never would have occurred to me to send flowers or even a note of sympathy if they had chanced to be in trouble.

Not by ones and twos, but by scores, the exquisite masses of flowers poured in. The next day they began coming in vastly larger quantities, from everywhere, as the newspapers chronicled my petty accident. They were telegraphed from Texas, from Oklahoma, from many another state. Florists' wagons from New York and from Paterson arrived, heavy laden.

Perhaps it was my weakness and pain which rendered me less hard-boiled than usual. But a lump came into my throat at sight of them. Not only because of my overwhelming gratitude to the senders, but because I realized *I* should not have had the abounding kindness and sympathy enough to do the same thing if any of them had been stricken.

In other words, I understood, with a jarring shock of shame, that hundreds upon hundreds of people were more charitable and kindly and considerate than I was; and were infinitely better Christians.

Our local telegraph office could not have done much of its routine business during the first few days of my illness. Double handfuls of telegrams kept on arriving—from everywhere. The mailman, too, was sore burdened by an avalanche of letters. Of the telegrams, one gave me a gorgeous laugh. This wire read:

> Do you mean to tell me that any car could swat a man of your size as hard as all that, and still travel along under its own power? SOME car!

Another, from a stranger out West, read:

> I have done two terms for felonious assault. But if you'll tell me who hit you, I'll come East and hunt him up and then do my next term for manslaughter.

A third, from an old newspaper fellow worker, said:

> What a pity you haven't something to sell! Because you got on the front page of every evening paper in New York yesterday.

BUT the telegram of all others which not only delighted but touched me was from Fred Stone, the supreme comedian. Stone, with his daughter, had been our guests at Sunnybank not a week before the aërial smashup which nearly killed him. He was still in the hospital at the time of my own infinitely lesser accident. Even then he was still much worse off, physically, than was I; and he was just beginning to leave his wheel chair for a few minutes' hobbling a day on a pair of crutches. He telegraphed me a message of cheer, which ended:

> All the Stone family are praying for you.

I knew his message was sincere. For, like myself, Stone believes in prayer's mighty efficacy; and he is not ashamed to say so.

But when I stopped to consider that the wire was from a man who was still help-

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less and suffering, and who had forgotten his own misfortune long enough to send such a splendid hail to a much less badly hurt friend—well, it took my self-esteem down, by another dozen pegs. If I had heard of some accident to any friend of mine when I, myself, was badly smashed up, I should have kept my sympathy for my own predicament instead of bothering to rise out of my morphia-laced pain long enough to telegraph him.

Do you begin to see what I am driving at, in my clumsy fashion, when I tell you I am ashamed of myself, and that I have had to revise my list of mankind's worthwhile people and to give myself a much lower place on it than I used to think I deserved?

Here is the idea:

When I was young, there was a stern command in vogue. It ran: "Don't judge others by yourself!" I don't know who invented that fool maxim, but I have a strong suspicion that it was the Village Idiot. Oneself is the only person on earth by whom one can possibly judge others. For example:

You do something that is lower or viler than anything I would do. Therefore, I despise you. On the other hand, you do something much finer or nobler than I could or would do. Therefore, I honor you. I alone am the yardstick by which I can measure your character.

An acquaintance of mine was caught cheating at cards. As I could not imagine myself doing such a thing, I felt an utter contempt for him and I dropped him. Colonel Lindbergh did a far braver and more splendid thing, in his Paris flight, than I can possibly imagine myself doing. Therefore, I honor and admire him. In the two months following my hurt, people did things for me which I would never have thought of doing for them. Will it bore you if I give a few more instances?

TWO friends, a man and his wife, who long ago had slipped out of my acquaintance because they lived so far away from me, were our first visitors. Curtly the man said:

"I know he can't see us, and we don't want him to. We didn't come here as guests. We came to work. There must be a million things to do: Telephone calls to take, errands to run, letters and telegrams to answer; all sorts of details that you people ought not to have to trouble yourselves with. We're going to drive over to the village and get rooms there. We'll eat there, too. But, during the rest of the days and evenings, we are going to be here, to WORK. We have a right to. We're his friends."

Three more people—busy all of them—laid aside their duties and motored out to Sunnybank to volunteer their services in like manner.

I cannot imagine myself dropping my daily work and other home duties, and putting myself at the complete disposal of any friend on earth, for an indefinite length of time. The knowledge lowered me still another peg in my self-esteem and in my self-comparison with other people.

There are two road houses—Paradise Inn and Windbeam Cabin—a few miles from us, where occasionally the Mistress and I go to dinner. At the former, the spaghetti is inspired, and I have praised it right loudly. At the latter, they serve a

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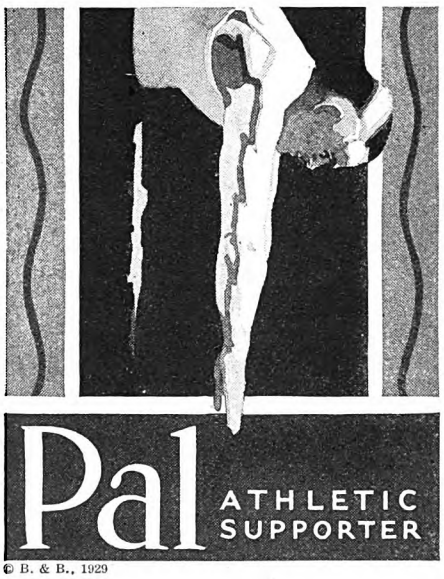

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mushroom soup fit for the gods, and pumpkin pie such as never elsewhere have I eaten.

The proprietors of these two places owe nothing at all to me. Yet, three times, during the first week of my illness, both of them drove over to Sunnybank. Each time, one of them brought me an enormous quantity of hot spaghetti; and the other a gallon of mushroom soup and a pumpkin pie that was at least eighteen inches across.

It was not a ruse to hold our trade. They had that already; and had had it for years. It was sheer neighborliness. If I had heard that either of them was ill or injured, would I have driven over to their inns with gifts? I know well I should not. Another peg downward.

A FRIEND of ours, knowing my love for game, took two days off from business and went down to the Chesapeake with his gun. The duck were not plentiful just then. But he shot two canvasbacks and brought them to me, along with several pounds of wild rice to eat with them.

Never in a thousand years would I have wasted several days out of my overbusy life, to find something which would tempt a sick chum's sicker appetite. One more peg downward!

I had heard much of the kindness of the Elks. But I have attended my Lodge (No. 60, Paterson, New Jersey) only three times. Indeed, I am probably the least useful of the local brethren. Assuredly, the Lodge owed me nothing; except that I have paid my dues. For lack of time I have refused several services asked of me by its officials.

Yet, while I was ill, the Elks Lodge telephoned almost daily to ask after my progress. Time after time they sent me huge masses of roses and at least a bushel of delicious fruit. They chose a delegation to come to Sunnybank in person to see if they might be of further aid to me. I think that particular experience took me down a greater number of pegs than did any other, and made me more bitterly ashamed of myself.

My superintendent, Robert Friend, who has been in charge of Sunnybank for more than thirty years, asked leave to see me—this on the first day after I was hit. During his brief visit I noticed that he shifted his position several times, looking from my bed to each of the room's six windows. Two minutes after he went downstairs, I heard a fanfare of barking.

In full view of one of the windows, fourteen gold and brown and gray and black collies were swirling about madly on the lawn. Robert Friend was in the center of the group and keeping the dogs gamboling within the focus of the window. Thus, without even raising my head, I could watch all of them romping for my benefit. I knew then why Friend had been gauging the view through each window, from the bed. Daily he brought the dogs thither for me to watch.

But he had been gauging another view. The next Sunday the Mistress drew down the blind of one window and kept it down all day. At late dusk a loud and important cough sounded from the lawn. She drew up the blind. Outside all was dark. A second later, the darkness was shattered by a galaxy of many-colored lights, in cone formation—a glorious sight.

Robert and his son had worked nearly all day long—on Sunday, their day of rest, after a hard week—wiring a seven-foot Closter spruce tree on the lawn and stringing it with innumerable lights of every possible hue, and connecting it with the house current. At their signal the blind was drawn up, and the switch was turned on, revealing the most beautiful outdoor Christmas tree I have ever seen.

It represented the best part of a holiday's work for two weary men—just to make certain that I should have a Christmas tree of my own, while I was bedridden. It was more than I would have done for anyone; more than I would have thought of doing. Of all my countless presents from well-wishers, I valued it most.

Gifts of every nature poured in during that first month. Many were from people—children, for the most part—whom I never had seen or heard of.

I don't know how many Catholic children wrote me that they were using their Christmas money to buy candles to be burned in church as an offering for my recovery. (Never in my own childhood, nor in later years, would I have spent my Christmas money in that way, least of all for a stranger. One more peg down.)

A priest wrote to me from out in the Pennsylvania coal-mine regions, congratulating me on my increasing chances of recovery, and adding this postscript:

> I suppose you're a heretic. But, just the same, I slipped your heretical name into a Mass this morning; and I'm going to keep on doing it till you're well.

ALL the newspaper accounts spoke of my being struck by "a hit-and-run motorist." The Pompton Lakes police and the state police and Commissioner Dill (head of the Motor Vehicles Department for the State of New Jersey) were using every effort to find him. But I had had no time to see the number on his car. There had been no witnesses. The man was one hundred per cent safe from detection. It was my chief joy to work up schemes, all of them wholly ineffectual, for his arrest.

Then, during the first week of my illness, a man called at Sunnybank and asked to see the Mistress. This is the message he sent back when she said she could not spare time to see anybody:

"I am the man whose car struck Mr. Terhune. I am on my way to give myself up to the police. But I wanted to stop here first, to say I will submit to any prosecution you and your husband may bring against me. I have my car and a bungalow and a little money in the bank. As far as those will cover the damage, I won't defend any suit you bring."

The Mistress questioned him. He admitted that he had been driving very fast on the night of the thirteenth. His car—a big one—had seemed to brush against some obstacle, which he mistook, in the darkness, for the dead branch of a tree. When he reached home he found his car's fender badly bashed in on the right side. A few days later he had happened to read of my injury and that it had occurred at the precise spot where he struck the supposed tree-branch. Instantly, he had driven to Sunnybank, to tell us about it. Thence he was going to

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- writes John M. Nagle, Texas

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You will get by return mail, booklet: America's Greatest Money-Making Opportunity. It tells you what **The Hertel Plan** is. Also, photographs, names and occupations of men and women in all walks of life who have realized their life-long ambitions through this remarkable plan. It tells you what these people earned. It shows you what you can make. Anyone can earn $25, $50 or $100 a week, and more—but some people are either too lazy or else let false pride prevent them. If you are ready to grasp this opportunity ... then by all means write us at once—this very minute.

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"I have sold your cards for five years... as to my aim this year, I believe that $2,500.00 would come close to being right." Just think of it! She makes so much money that she can easily afford to pay another woman to mind her babies.

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drive to the state police, and surrender.

The Mistress told him to wait, and she came to me with the story. From the way she told it, I knew what she wanted me to do. And she has a queer habit of being right.

In two minutes I could have officers from the near-by town speeding toward Sunnybank on their punitive mission. Moreover, the man chanced to be employed by a concern in which I own a bit of stock and whose president and his wife had been our guests only a few weeks earlier. Oh, there were some gorgeous angles to my campaign of revenge!

Then I found myself grumbling ungraciously to the waiting Mistress:

"Please tell him to get out of here and not to make a fool of himself by telling the police. He's done a whiter thing than I'd have done, by coming and giving himself up when he knew we hadn't a ghost of a chance of catching him. Let him clear out and keep his mouth shut."

I knew it was what she wanted. A few minutes later she was back again.

"He is crying," she reported. "I suppose he had keyed himself up for all sorts of punishment, and the reaction was too much for him. He—he wants to know if you won't please let him come up here, just for a minute, to thank you and to tell you how sorry he is and to ask you to forgive him."

This time I would not meet the Mistress's eyes. Always they have the effect of making me do something decent that I don't want to do. With my head turned away, I snarled:

"Tell him I'm not Little Nell, nor Paul Dombey, nor Little Lord Fauntleroy. I can do a decent thing, but I can't do it decently. I won't see him, now or at any time."

THERE are a score of other instances of my fellow humans' kindness to which my eyes have been opened during this annoying period.

Perhaps it is in bad taste for me to speak of the one person from whom I received not one atom more than I expected.

This one person is the Mistress. I knew long ago what she is like in a sick room and in any form of trouble. And she was just what I knew she would be, from the moment they carted me home to Sunnybank. She made my long siege of illness and pain a joy to me, by her swift efficiency and by her unscratchably sweet temper and by the thousand things, little and great, which she did for my comfort and amusement.

Forty-eight hours of busy wakefulness (which would have made *me* as savage as a sick wildcat) left no scar on her spirits or actions or looks. Yet the brunt of the whole bothersome mishap fell on her none-too-strong shoulders.

Whether or not I shall have the brain and the heart to profit by the examples I have been citing here, I don't know.

A sick man usually thinks he is going to do worth-while things when he shall be well again. Then comes the glad surge of health and of the world's myriad absorbing interests to blur the memory of good resolutions.

Perhaps I shall do no better. But it does no harm to hope—and to try.

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Prima Donna Stuff

(*Continued from page 60*)

were taking a train shortly after midnight, but they were glad to come to supper, so Philip and Marie took them to the Grandmaison Restaurant, where they ate twenty dollars' worth of something or other which did not taste very good to Philip.

They talked of plays and Broadway, of actors and managers.

"To think," said Margot Blood, "that you should have become such a complete home body."

Marie's eyes smoldered.

"Well, there are compensations, you know, even in domesticity. I've three darling children."

"Three! Honestly?"

Why did she say three, thought Philip, as if it were a dozen! He did not like Margot Blood, with her air of superiority toward his wife while she ate his food. And still less did he like the humility Marie seemed to assume, a kind of apology for her position.

"All of three," he repeated proudly.

"Oh, I think it's perfectly lovely," said Margot, in her stagy drawl. "I really do. I think it's enchanting to have children and all that. If you like that sort of thing."

"You were on the stage, Mrs. Fay?" asked Owen Falk.

"I'd just started—when I married."

"Your husband robbed the world," said the gentleman, with still more manner.

PHILIP eyed him with dislike. He wished that they wouldn't talk that slop to Marie. It was hard enough as it was, without giving her an earful like that. But Marie was eating it up. She was looking really beautiful, as she always did in that coral-colored thing she was wearing, and the actor appreciated it.

"And she gave it all up for you," said Margot Blood to him, while Mr. Falk kept on with compliments and mushrooms. "Well, I don't know that I blame her."

She tried him out with the languorous eyes; but Philip was indifferent. He didn't like the type much.

"She didn't give it up for me specially," he answered; "she decided that she wanted to be married. Can't eat your cake and have it, can you?"

Argument was not in Margot's line. She only tried a smile on him.

"Can't you?" she asked. "I adore cake."

"She is just plain dumb," thought Philip. And he marveled at the thought that men probably took her out to dinner and listened to this kind of thing for hours.

"I adore cake and good-looking men," Margot insisted, stringing words along loosely.

"Have some coffee," suggested Philip.

She had a purse of silver mesh, which slipped to the floor, and he stooped to pick it up for her. He noticed as he did that it was not a fine purse. He had bought a silver mesh bag for Marie for their first anniversary, and he knew what a good one looked like. This one was tawdry. And he noticed something else as he lifted the bag.

One of Margot Blood's slippers almost

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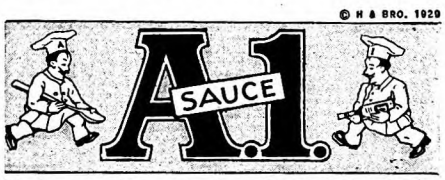

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touched his hand, and he looked at it with the unconscious sizing up his eyes gave to every pair of women's shoes that came his way. These were of satin, worn at the side and beginning to split—cheap shoes—the sort of shoes he would neither manufacture nor sell.

He saw one other thing as the evening drew to a close and they were preparing to leave the table. The gentleman actor, who had been so devoted to Marie, casually turned, as they rose, and put into his pocket the two half-used packages of cigarettes which Phil had ordered. He did it very quickly, but Philip saw it.

THEY took the actors to the train, and then drove home. It was early morning, and Philip was tired and conscious that the new work day began rather unattractively soon. Marie was wrapped in a silence that was alert with thought, and Philip did not talk, for fear of starting something. He let her off at their house and went on to put the car up in the garage they rented, half a block away.

When he came back it was as he feared: Marie was sitting before her dressing table, brushing her hair somberly. He feigned an errand downstairs but was driven up again by weariness. She was still absorbed, dramatically. He took off his coat and put it on a hanger in the closet, prepared to get unobtrusively into his bed and quickly to sleep.

"Do you know what I think?" asked Marie suddenly.

"Don't think at this time of the night, dear. Get to bed."

"The suburban rule," said Marie bitterly. "Get to bed and get up. Then do it over again."

"It's a good rule," mumbled Philip; "works out all right."

"I think Viola's right."

"Well, it's their business," said Phil, dodging that too.

"When you see girls like Viola, and girls like Margot Blood—living the way I do, shut up in four walls, just doing nothing except cook and clean and watch the children, seems so inexcusable!"

What part of that remark slid under Philip's skin with unbearable irritation, he hardly knew. Perhaps it was not the remark, but the worrying day ahead, or the wasted twenty dollars behind. But at that moment, rather to his own astonishment, he found that his exhaustion left him, changed in a second to heated anger, fury at this woman who sat in his room and bemoaned her life because she shared his.

"Yes," repeated Marie, "Viola's right."

"She's right in one thing," said Philip. "She's not letting Lynn in for a lifetime of scenes like this. She's playing fair. Which is certainly more than you do."

"Play fair!" cried Marie. "What do you mean? I'd like to know how I could play fairer. I've had children and worked like a dog, and got along with nothing, while the rest of the girls I know—Margot Blood and the rest of them—were getting ahead and making something of their lives—"

Philip looked down at her, without a trace of the rather apologetic sympathy she usually found in him.

"You're a selfish woman," he said flatly. "Margot Blood—with her cheap little split shoes, her cheap little purse

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with nothing in it, probably! She was playing the game, though. She wasn't kicking. That ham actor that made such a hit with you, bumming cigarettes! Did you see him practically steal those cigarettes just at the moment when his admiration of you was at its height? What do you want, anyway? How do you know you'd have been any better than she is, running around with a road-show from town to town, saying a few lines a day for her bread and butter? If that's what you're after, why don't you put on your hat and go get it? I won't stop you. Not much."

"Are you crazy?" asked Marie.

"I pretty near am. I'll tell you that. I've put up with this sort of stuff ever since we were married, and I'm getting to the point now where I'm just about ready to call it a day. Talk about your being buried in marriage, what you give up for it! Did it ever occur to you that maybe a man gives up something, too? Maybe I had an idea of going to South America or to Africa before I met you. Hear me sniveling about that? Maybe there are things I could do now, if it weren't for you and the kids."

His face was deadly pale now, and he was striding up and down.

"Now, I tell you flat, Marie, I'm through. You made your choice, and you've been whining off and on ever since. I can't stand it any longer, and I won't. Next time you begin, either you walk out or I do. This house isn't big enough for me and you and your agonies, and no house I'm going to be able to afford for some time is. I'm giving you all I can get for you. I've given you my life, and you promised me yours. But you've been taking it back every few minutes since."

MARIE burst into tears.

"You don't understand," she managed to make clear, "what it is to have temperament!"

"Temperament bunk!" said Philip. "It's nothing but greedy sulks. I'm going where I can get some sleep."

He did. Marie stood and watched him go, the tears drying on her face. And as he walked down the sidewalk outside, his steps hitting Marie cruelly as she listened, Deborah woke and chuckled. For Deborah, knowing nothing at all, was wise. She had not yet been taught the foolishness of taking her existence seriously.

Where he slept, Marie did not know. Nor if he slept. She only knew that she herself did not. She whittled away at the night hours, wondering how long Philip had felt that way, when he had begun to detest her and repent of his bargain. And with Philip gone during those lonely hours, it gradually began to be borne in upon her that of all things she could not and would not give up, the most important, after all, was Philip. Only for years she had not told him so.

She was running the vacuum in the living-room. Once again the aspect of her house had shifted. Today these things she lived among were precious. Very few young people had such beautiful rugs, she told herself. She could remember their careful selection of each one. She loved the soft luster and lovely shapes of her chairs and tables. Through the open windows she could see the boys in the

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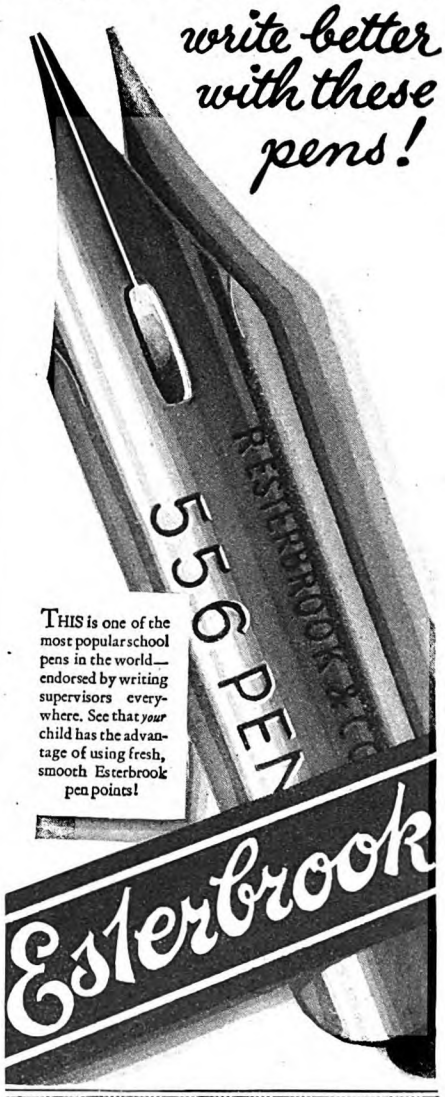

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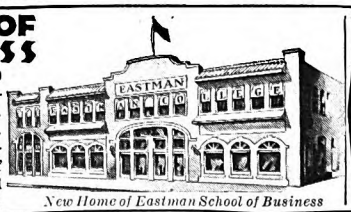

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back yard, and her throat hurt. Possibly Phil was trying to get a divorce, had already started something like that. He had been away three days.

The doorbell rang.

"Fresh fruit, vegetables?" asked the man with the enchantingly heaped cart in the street. Marie shook her head regretfully. What was the use of buying strawberries and little radishes and spring-like onions, when Philip would not be home? She had telephoned him the day after that scene, but he had been abrupt. He said he was rushed with work and tired of discussion and wanted her to take time to think things over and have time to do it himself.

She felt thwarted as she shut the door on the vegetable man. She had really wanted to buy from that cart and plan a skillful dinner with her purchases. She wanted things back the way they were, not in this state of limbo. And instead of hanging around footlights, her mind absurdly lingered around the sort of thing she could do to prove to Philip— But there wasn't any chance to prove anything to Philip.

At least there were the children. She sat on the back steps and grimly administered neighborhood justice. She read to them at lunch. It was the afternoon when the nursemaid did not come, so she gave Deborah her supper and bathed her. In spite of incipient tragedy Deborah made that a merry rite. They were so gay in their splashing that Marie did not hear the car drive in front of the house or the men come into the hall.

"MARIE!" called Lynn.

She came to the top of the stairs with Deborah in her arms, wrapped in a soft, small bathrobe. There was Lynn in the hallway, and beside him, looking rather indecisive, Philip. Their eyes met curiously, and she came down the stairs with the baby, feeling rather weak. Was this to be a cut-off of some kind, with her brother as witness?

"What brings you out, Lynn?" she asked.

"I sold the old lady the car, and I'm delivering it in person, so I could stop off and give you a rising vote of thanks. Picked up your boss on the street, and told him the glad tidings."

"What tidings?"

"Don't you know? I thought she'd called you. Viola's changed her mind. And she says you did it."

"I did it?"

"When you talked to her on the street that day. She says you didn't say much, but what you said sank in and haunted her."

"It couldn't have been that," said Marie honestly.

"But it was. Just that remark about the fact that she'd lose a lot, and you knew what you were talking about. She said she couldn't forget it, nor the contented, serene way you looked when you said it." He looked at her soberly. "Honest, Marie, you're a peach—a 1929 model with all improvements!"

It came to Marie that Viola had taken her remark exactly as she had *not* meant it, and that when she had been steaming with discontent, Viola had taken her expression for serene happiness! It didn't say much for her facial expression, she

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thought, and had a crazy impulse to go into hysterics. Then she saw Philip's face, full of weariness, question, and beaten-down love.

"Did you really tell Viola that, Marie?" he asked, so quietly that Lynn got no special significance in the query.

Marie did. She hesitated between frankness and the feeling that if Philip went off again she couldn't bear it. And in that second of tenseness, Deborah, who was frankly delighted at having two men attend her bath, chuckled. The chuckle gave Marie her cue. There was no use in being so serious. Some day she'd tell Philip a lot of things. But not now. He needed supper now, and peace. So did she.

"That's exactly what I said!" she admitted. "And Viola took it just right."

Mr. Money

(*Continued from page 72*)

then he heard a little noise at the screen door—felt Myra looking up. . . .

"Oh—come in Dellie," she said. She laughed a little. "Excuse us," she said.

Dellie came in with a plate under a white napkin.

"I brought over half the pie I made from Grandma Walter's mincemeat," she said.

Anson got up off the floor and straightened his coat. Now he knew why Myra had kissed him—and had told him she loved him. She had seen Dellie Harris coming up to the open door!

TWELVE years!

September first, Anson sold the store to Jed Peddlety. September fifth, Anson would be forty. September sixth, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Abbott would leave Hotchkiss for New York—sailing to Paris to open the long-closed famous Anson Villa.

Jed Peddlety and his sister were moving in from the country to run the store and live in the little house with the shutters and keep the chickens. The night of September fourth, about nine o'clock, Jed stopped in the store, to get the key after Anson would lock up.

"Evenin', Anson."

"Evening, Jed."

Across the street three men were sitting out on the wide walk in front of the livery stable. It was so quiet that the sound of somebody priming the pump at the Hotchkiss House was like a scratch on the darkness.

Jed sat on a stool by the yard goods, while Anson covered the brine pickles and closed the cheese case.

"Every night you want to cover the pickles and close the cheese case," Anson said.

He got into his coat; reached up with a yardstick and turned out the gas light. The September moon flooded in like a wash of gold. They went out, and Anson locked the door and gave Jed the key.

"Well—good night," he said. They shook hands—said something about the books being all straight.

Somebody was playing a cornet in the barber shop as Anson went on up Main Street. Frogs rasped in the mud-hole behind the fire barn. Red and blue light from the vases of colored water in the

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drug-store windows streaked out across the sidewalk.

The little house with the shutters was two blocks east. Anson went in at the gate and around the back way. A lamp was burning low on the kitchen table, beside a plate of sugared fried cakes left out for him. Framed in the open door, the honey-colored moon climbed up out of the poplar trees.

"Anson," Myra called from upstairs, "will you bring up the scissors to punch a hole in the trunk strap? And take a look at the bantam behind the stove. I think its leg's broken."

ONE! Two! Three! Years go by like hours!

Behind the upper Fifth Avenue doors, in New York City, of the mansion that for half a century had belonged to Harwood Anson, the Anson Abbotts, in a scarlet and ebony drawing-room, awaited dinner guests.

Myra wore gold, with topaz and diamonds. Anson watched her directing the butler where to place scarlet roses—watched her fluttering from one thing to another—restless—changing this—moving that—restless—restless! A little fluttering bird!

"Anson, the rug is so colorless! It *must* be blue! This room *must* be done over in blue. The walls must be blue brocade. Let's go to Italy and get some new pictures, Anson. Those blue Italian pictures. The Crosbys' walls are blue and gold brocade. With blue Italian pictures. I'm sure you remember."

Restless! Nervous little hands! Walls must be brocade. Let's go to Italy! How little seven millions seems now! The Crosbys have twenty! "How much money have the Anson Abbotts?" . . . "Oh—just a little. Nothing to speak of. Six or seven million." Myra embarrassed with only seven million! How beautiful she was, standing there holding scarlet roses! Her beauty amazed him! Seemed absolutely unreal to him! If only he could stop loving her! Stop thinking—thinking—wanting so desperately to really *know*—if what Mrs. Trolby and "everybody else" had said, was true!

Well—if it was—Myra'd been fair! Twelve years she had paid him cheerfully, for her right to share the seven million. If *buying* her was what he had done, it was the most seven million had ever bought in *this* world. But if she had meant only to *sell* him those twelve years, he must pay for them. Must keep her *happy* now! London—Vienna—Cairo—China. She'd had all *that*. Famous old villa in Paris—she'd been mistress of it for a year. "That beautiful little creature, Mrs. Anson Abbott—" the talk of Paris. The Abbotts of Anson Villa—accepted at once—so utterly simple! So entirely unique!

But the Hammerslys had twenty-five million! The Crosbys twenty. The Caldwells forty—Rawl Dryden fifty! The Crosbys had villas in Cairo and Italy, as well as in New York and Paris.

From one month to another, Anson had watched Myra grow restless. They were the Crosbys' guests in Cairo. Guests of Rawl Dryden in Naples. The Abbotts—very popular—but everyone else had just a little more money!

Anson and Crosby had hit it off from the start. Crosby had gotten his money as unexpectedly as had Anson. Anson had pointed out to Crosby how restless Myra was. "I want to make more money," Anson had said. "I want to give her everything she wants!" So Crosby had introduced Anson to a broker who could triple any money in the world! Anson had plunged a million and it had come back three. The three million had come back four. And now the four had come back six. *Pearl* walls, if Myra wants them! Pearl set in platinum! Everything! Give her everything! More and more and more! Fill the restless little hands so full, the weight of what they hold will make them quiet! Seven—ten—fifteen million now, belonging to Anson Abbott!

What a farce! Anson Abbott hatching chickens, selling groceries, counting out change for quarters and halves and dimes—and now he's counting his millions—pushing his broker to make it more and more! Myra wearing emeralds last night. Fire opals the night before. Topaz and diamonds tonight. Social secretaries! Butlers! Maids—and modistes! Everything to entitle her to ride this ridiculous carrousel! Everything to put her on the hobbyhorses! Crack whips at the painted wooden sides! Children pretending to be great horsemen riding somewhere! My horse can go fastest!

Of all games, life can have the least meaning! Buttons rattling in a box. Puppets hung up by strings. . . . Time to bow—pull the strings! Time to laugh—pull the strings! Haw—haw—awfully funny! "*What* is?" "I don't know!" "Who *does* know!" "Nobody!" "What's the difference! Laugh when it's *time* to laugh! Bow when you *should* bow!"

"Miss Kitty Spencer."

The butler announcing Miss Kitty Spencer.

Kitty Spencer sweeping in. Jade gown and shining satin hair. And this is funniest of all! Kitty Spencer openly in love with Anson Abbott! In love—telling the whole world he is the first genuine person she has ever known!

Myra going across the room to meet Kitty Spencer—taking her fingers slightly—just so—

"Mrs. Abbott—this is really too marvelous—"

NOW Anson must follow. Bow—just so—not too much—just enough—Then, as someone else is announced, Myra leaves them and Kitty turns to Anson.

"Take me somewhere away from the others. I want to talk to you. You're so different from the rest. So real—Anson—you won't even look at me! . . . Do you know Rawl Dryden is mad about your wife? He's offered her everything he's got. And some day she'll take it, and leave you, and you'll wish you'd listened to *me!* Look! . . . This was in her wastebasket when I went up for smelling salts. And I brought it here to show you—"

She guided him back against the scarlet portières and held under his eyes a crumpled letter—the scrawl of Rawl Dryden—

Myra, dear one—I can't go on and on loving you, with no answer. I offer you anything in the world, if you'll only tell me . . .

It was torn. The rest was gone. Raw

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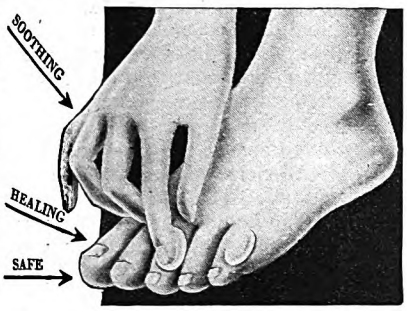

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"Oh, Mr. Abbott! *Win*ston, here's Mr. *Ab*bott!"

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford!

Pull the strings—bow—bow—just enough—not too much—

The Anson Abbotts! Very successful!

THE next day at noon, while Anson Abbott sat alone at his pretense of breakfast, the butler announced Mr. Jacob Henchman. And into the room came Mr. Jacob Henchman, Anson's broker. Much excited! Entirely beside himself! Eyes twitching as they did under stress of any heated moment.

"Abbott! This is terrible!"

He talked as he came across the room; then he shut his hands over the edge of the table.

"No use mincing facts, Abbott. Your money's gone! All of it's gone! You're sold out! You've been pushing me to make more—more—I put up twenty million for you—plunged all you had on margin—a chance to clean up fifty million—and this morning the bottom dropped out! Thirty days ago I played the same and made you three times your money. Nothing like this has happened since the war. It's a terrible thing! I was wrong—but you wanted to plunge—and it's too late now—"

Anson felt himself growing white and cold.

Henchman sat down and mopped his head with his handkerchief.

"It was a chance to make you fifty million," he said, his voice harsh and dry. "And you've been crazy for more money—more money. . . ."

The only thought Anson could get out of the confusion of his mind was Myra! He must save Myra!

"I don't care for myself," he said to Henchman, "but I've got to keep Myra from knowing!"

"Knowing!" Henchman shouted across the table, his words and voice beyond control now. "I tell you everything's *gone!* What can keep her from knowing! Go and tell her before someone *else* tells her!"

So Anson Abbott went to find her and tell her—miserably went from one room to another, till he came to his own den. Myra curled up like a little girl on gold pillows on the floor in the sun. And standing looking down at her—talking to her intently—Rawl Dryden! She saw Anson and got up quickly and came to meet him. . . .

"Good morning, dear," she said. "Come and see these roses. Copper. Did you ever see such a color? It's the new Talisman. Rawl brought them."

She slipped her hand in his—came close to him—put her head against his shoulder—held his fingers against her lips a minute. He knew why! Trying to smooth over that he had found her with Dryden! He had been blind to her little tricks once—but *now* he knew!

A litter of copper-colored roses in the

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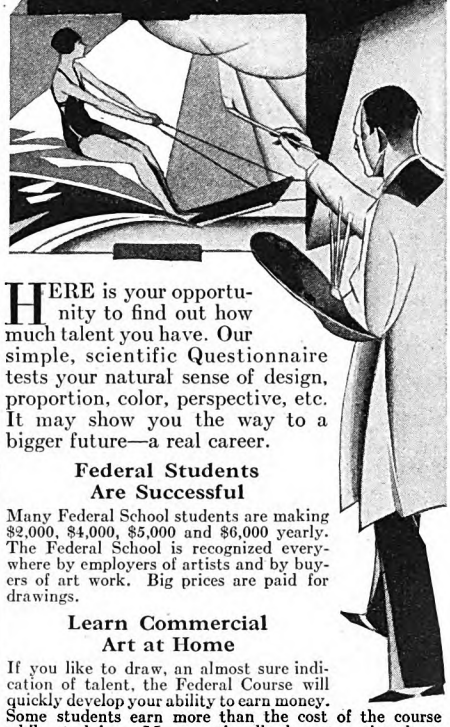

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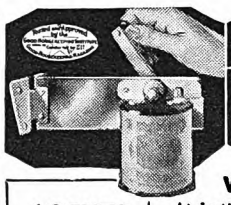

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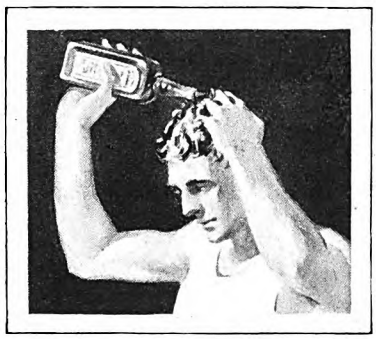

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sun—and fallen rose leaves. And suddenly it came to him that this was how he could save her! *Rawl!* He would free her to go to Rawl! Then what he had to say about money wouldn't matter! After all, to save *Myra*—to keep Myra from suffering—he could bear anything!

"Myra," he said, "I came to tell you—I won't hold you. . . . If you want to go with Dryden . . . you can go. . . ."

She looked up at him entirely surprised—saw his eyes—the misery in his eyes—and suddenly stood away from him and faced him.

"ANSON," she said, "for fifteen years I've wanted to tell you something, and I'm going to tell you—*now*. In Hotchkiss all the gossips told you I married you because you were going to have money, and you believed them. No matter how much I would have told you it wasn't true—you'd still have remembered what they said! Whenever I kissed you—you tried to find a reason why—that I wanted something of you, or that Dellie Harris was looking. When I tried to learn how to know what to do with the money you were going to have, you thought I cared only for *that*. You couldn't realize I was doing it for *you!*

"The first time you took me anywhere—that night—to the band concert—Bill Eenis told you I went because I had heard about the money. I didn't even *know* about the money till the day after. Mrs. Trolby said she had told me when she came after ice cream, but Mrs. Trolby talked every day from morning till night, and I didn't even *listen* to her! That night while she was buying ice cream I was only thinking whether I dared go with you, when you'd taken Dellie the night before.

"For a year you've seen that I wanted something I didn't have, and you've said, 'She wants more money!' But all I've wanted has been *you*. Since the first day you said you cared for me, you've been the dearest part of my life. I've never loved anyone but you, and I never will. And for fifteen years I've wanted the chance to tell you I loved you, when there'd be some way I could show you it was true. So *now* I'll tell you that an hour ago Rawl came to ask me to go away with him. He came to tell me what *you* have come to tell me—that all your money's gone. And I said to Rawl, 'I've been waiting fifteen years for this! Now I can tell Anson I love him and he'll believe me!'"

Anson Abbott's eyes were burning blind. His throat choking. He tried to answer—he could say nothing at all. He saw Rawl Dryden coming toward him—heard Rawl's voice far away and unreal . . .

"That's just what she said to me, Abbott. The luck's all yours."

And then Myra's arms were around him—her face reaching up to his.

"Anson," she said. "Thank God! Now we can go back to our chickens!"

If You Have Friends You Can Endure Anything

(*Continued from page 63*)

did not feel that he had made a lasting impression upon his or her life. Indeed, his nature was so rich in sympathy that it is difficult to speak of him in terms which will not seem exaggerated.

"Life is extraordinarily interesting!" he used to say, especially when we spoke of the telephone. "Things happen, but they are not the things we thought would happen. We can see clearly enough to the turn of the road, but beyond that we do not know what surprises may be in store for us."

He told us how Mrs. Bell, who was not at that time his wife, but his pupil, persuaded him to go to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia to exhibit the telephone. The time was set for a Sunday afternoon, but when the hour arrived, it was hot, the judges were tired, and it looked as if there would be no demonstration. "But"—Doctor Bell would smile his refulgent smile—"but the unexpected may happen at Philadelphia as anywhere else. It happened just as I had made up my mind to leave the Exposition. At that moment Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, appeared and recognized me as the man he had talked to in Boston about methods of teaching the deaf—he was interested in establishing schools for deaf persons in Brazil and was investigating the methods of teaching them used in the United States. He came toward me, holding out his hand.

Observing my apparatus, he asked me what it was. I told him about it, and added that I had expected to give an exhibition of it that afternoon. 'Well, why not?' the Emperor exclaimed. 'I should like to hear it.'"

A wire was strung across the room. Doctor Bell took the transmitter and told Dom Pedro to hold the receiver close to his ear. "My God, it talks!" he cried. Then Lord Kelvin took the receiver. "Yes, it speaks," he said. The judges took turns in listening to the instrument, and the exhibition lasted until ten o'clock that night. The instrument was the center of interest during the remainder of the Exposition. The commercial development of the telephone dated from that day.

IT WAS in 1892, when the invention was being contested in the courts of Boston, that I first became aware of the telephone. We saw a great deal of Doctor Bell in those days. We were staying with a friend of ours, Mrs. Pratt, who had assisted him in some of his investigations relating to the deaf. When the session at court was over he would come for us, or we would go to the Bellevue Hotel and wait for him. He was very fond of the theater and of music, and it was never difficult to persuade him to take us to a play or a concert.

Naturally, our talk turned frequently to scientific matters. In his youth, Doctor Bell was profoundly interested in the laying of the Atlantic Cable. He told me vividly how it was laid after many failures and discouragements, and how many lives were lost before it was finally completed, in 1866. I was twelve years old when he told me about it, and that story of heroism and the wonder of the human

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imagination, as told by him, thrilled me as a fairy tale thrills other children. I still have an impression of words fluttering along wires far, far down under the ocean, East and West, annihilating time.

It was Doctor Bell who first spelled into my hand the name of Charles Darwin. "What did he do?" I asked. "He wrought the miracle of the nineteenth century," replied Doctor Bell.

Then he told me about "The Origin of Species," and how it had widened the horizon of human vision and understanding.

He showed us the building where the telephone was born and he spoke appreciatively of his assistant, Mr. Thomas A. Watson, without whom, he said, he doubted if the invention would ever have been carried through. It was on March 10, 1876, that Mr. Watson, who was working in another room, was startled to hear Doctor Bell's voice say, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." That was the first audible telephone talk. It was as casual and commonplace as any of the millions of conversations that go on every day over the telephone. I said I wished the first sentence transmitted had had more significance. Doctor Bell answered, "Helen, time has shown that the chief use of the telephone is the repetition of that original message. The transmission of the words, 'Come here, I want you,' to the millions of the world's workers is the highest service the telephone renders a busy world."

Doctor Bell had no telephone in his own study and he used to say somewhat ruefully, "What should be done to the man who has destroyed the privacy of the home?" And I have heard him say, when people spoke admiringly of the invention, "Yes, but I doubt if it will ever carry human speech as far as Shakespeare and Homer have carried it."

ONE evening, when we were waiting for a street car beside a telephone pole, Doctor Bell placed my hand on the weather-smoothed wood and said, "Feel. What do the vibrations mean to you—anything?"

I had never put my hand on a pole before. "Does it hum like that all the time?" I asked.

"Yes," he told me, "all the time. That even singing never stops; for it is singing the story of life, and life never stops." He then described how the wires were strung and insulated, and he explained many other details that I suppose everyone except a blind girl would know about. At the end, he said, "Those copper wires up there are carrying the news of birth and death, war and finance, failure and success, from station to station around the world. Listen! I fancy I hear laughter, tears, love's vows broken and mended."

Once Doctor Bell and I were walking in the rain, and he asked me if I had ever felt a tree when it was raining. He put my hand on the trunk of a small oak, and I was astonished to feel a delicate murmur—a silvery whisper, as if the leaves were telling each other a lot of little things. Since then, I have often touched trees when the raindrops descend in little pearly columns from every twig and leaf. It feels like elves laughing.

On these walks and drives his mind spread out restfully. Snatches of poetry,

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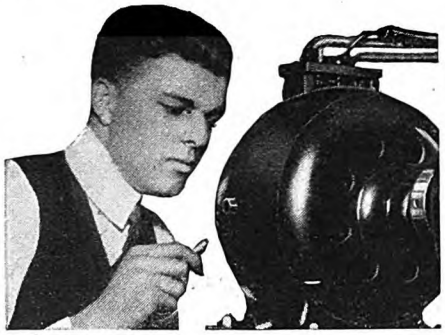

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anecdotes, reminiscences of Scotland, interesting descriptions of Japan, which he had visited some years earlier, flowed through his skillful fingers into my hand. He loved Portia's speech on the quality of mercy, and he once told me that his favorite quotation was Dryden's paraphrase of Horace:

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

WHEN Doctor Bell died, it was estimated that there were 12,000,000 telephones in use in the world. It has been said that the basic patent which he received on his twenty-ninth birthday was the most valuable patent ever issued.

I saw Doctor Bell soon after the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which this patent was granted. Telephone lines had by that time linked the eastern to the western part of the United States. Mr. Watson was in San Francisco and Doctor Bell was in New York. The same conversation was repeated, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." "He heard me," said Doctor Bell, "but he did not come immediately. It is not long now, however, before men will be able to appear from across the continent within a few hours after they are summoned." He said that the transatlantic flight would some time be made in one day—a prediction which he did not live to see fulfilled. I thought of him when Lindbergh flew across in thirty-two and a half hours.

Of course, Doctor Bell experienced the annoyances as well as the happiness of having done something that his fellow creatures appreciated. Wherever he went he was approached by people who wished to shake hands with the man who invented the telephone. Once he spelled to me, "One would think I had never done anything worth while but the telephone. That is because it is a money-making invention. It is a pity so many people make money the criterion of success. I wish my experiments had resulted in enabling the deaf to speak with less difficulty. That would have made me truly happy."

When he wished to work on one of his theories or inventions he would retire to Beinn Breagh on Cape Breton Island, or to his retreat near Washington, or to a cocoanut grove in Florida—the home of his daughter, Mrs. Fairchild. "I must have perfect calm," he would say; "but that is no easy thing to find in this busy world."

When our paths lay in different courses I used to write to him now and then. Knowing how absorbed he was in his work, I never expected an answer, but I never wrote without receiving one. I did not expect him to read my books, but he always did, and wrote to me about them in such a way that I knew he considered me a capable human being, and not some sort of pitiable human ghost groping its way through the world.

Is it any wonder that I loved him? Doctor Bell was very fond of animals and we used to go to visit the Zoo together, not only in Washington but in other cities where we were attending meetings for the advancement of the deaf. Once when I was a little girl—I think it was on my fourteenth birthday—he gave me a cockatoo, which I called Jonquil because of his glorious yellow crest. Jonquil was a beauty, but he was a menace armored in lovely white and gold feathers. He used to perch on my foot as I read, rocking back and forth as I turned the pages. Every now and then he would hop to my shoulder and rub his head against my ear and face, sometimes putting his long, sharp, hooked bill against my mouth, sending ripples of terror down my spine. Then he would dart off, screeching fiendishly, to alight on the back of a dog or the head of a person. After a while, my father tried to give him away, but his fame had spread so far that no one would take him. Finally, the owner of a saloon in Tuscumbia gave him shelter. I don't know what happened to him after the passage of the eighteenth amendment.

Doctor Bell was always eager for adventure. I remember an evening in Pittsburgh when we drove along the embankment of the river to see the spectacular display of fireworks when the furnaces made their periodic runs.

I shall never forget how excited Doctor Bell was when the show began. He jumped up, exclaiming, "The river is on fire!" Indeed, the whole world appeared to be on fire. Out of the big, red, gaping mouths of the furnaces leaped immense streams of flame which seemed to fan the very clouds into billows of fire. As the columns ascended, the stars blushed, as if a god had kissed them. The shoulder of the moon turned pink, as if she had thrown a scarlet scarf over her head. Soon the sky was an undulating sea of flame.

Mrs. Macy and Doctor Bell spelled into my hands, again and again erasing their words, searching their memories for phrases and similes to describe the scene. "A cataract of pink steam!" one would say. "It bubbles and drips through the air." "There goes a crimson geyser licking up the night!" said the other. "A molten rod of hot iron ducks into a black hole like a rabbit." "There are silvery grottoes and caves of ebony, and abysses of blackness, beyond the river bank." "The belching furnace must be part of the central fires of earth." And so on.

WHEN my teacher and I visited the Bells at their Beinn Breagh home, near Baddeck, the summer after my first year at Radcliffe, Doctor Bell's leading scientific interest was aëronautics. He had built a huge tetrahedral kite with which he hoped to establish some new principles in the art of flying. The kite never achieved the success he thought it would; but we had no end of fun with it. I do not think I ever saw Doctor Bell discouraged. He was always ready to jest about his experimental misfortunes.

The last evening of my visit at Beinn Breagh, Doctor Bell and I were together on the piazza, while Mrs. Bell was showing some pictures of Cape Breton to Mrs. Macy in the library. Doctor Bell was in a dreamy mood and spelled his thoughts into my hand, half poetry, half philosophy. He was weary after a day of experiments; but his mind would not rest, or

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rather, it found sweet rest in the poets he had read as a young man. He recited favorite passages from "In Memoriam," "The Tempest," and "Julius Cæsar," and I remember with what earnestness he repeated, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." He ended by saying, "Helen, I do not know whether or not, as these lines teach, we are the masters of our fate. I doubt it. The more I look at the world, the more it puzzles me. We are forever moving toward the unexpected.

"WHEN I was a young man," he continued, "I loved music passionately, and I wanted to become a musician. But fate willed otherwise. Ill health brought me to America. Then I became absorbed in experiments with an instrument that developed into the telephone. And now here I am giving my days and nights to aëronautics. And all the time you know that my chief interest is the education of the deaf. No, Helen, I have not been master of my fate—not in the sense of choosing my work." He paused and went on, "Your limitations have placed you before the world in an unusual way. You have learned to speak, and I believe you are meant to break down the barriers which separate the deaf from mankind. There are unique tasks waiting for you, a unique woman."

I told him that my teacher and I intended to live in some retreat "from public haunt exempt" when I graduated from college, and then I hoped to write. "It is not you, but circumstances that will determine your work," he said. "We are only instruments of the powers that control the universe. Remember, Helen, do not confine yourself to any particular kind of self-expression. Write, speak, study, do whatever you possibly can. The more you accomplish, the more you will help the deaf everywhere."

After a long pause he said, "It seems to me, Helen, a day must come when love which is more than friendship will knock at the door of your heart and demand to be let in."

"What made you think of that?" I asked.

"Oh, I often think of your future. To me you are a sweet, desirable young girl, and it is natural to think about love and happiness when we are young."

"I do think of love sometimes," I admitted; "but it is like a beautiful flower which I may not touch, but whose fragrance makes the garden a place of delight just the same."

He sat silent for a minute or two, thought-troubled, I fancied. Then his dear fingers touched my hand again like a tender breath, and he said, "Do not think that because you cannot see or hear, you are debarred from the supreme happiness of womanhood. Heredity is not involved in your case as it is in so many others."

"Oh, but I am happy, very happy!" I told him. "I have my teacher and my mother and you, and all my other friends, and all kinds of interesting things to do. I really don't care a bit about being married."

"I know," he answered, "but life does strange things to us. You may change your mind. You are very young, and it's natural that you shouldn't take what I

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have said seriously now; but I have long wanted to tell you how I felt about your marrying, should you ever wish to."

I was glad when Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Macy joined us and the conversation became less serious.

The last time I saw Doctor Bell he had just returned from a visit to Edinburgh. For once, he seemed melancholy. This was in 1920, I think. He said he had found himself a stranger in a strange land, and that it seemed good to get back to America. The War had left its cruel scar upon his spirit. I felt the lines of sorrow graven upon his noble features; but I thought a smile had fallen asleep in them.

He told us he was going to work on hydroplanes the remainder of his life. He prophesied that in less than ten years there would be an air service between New York and London. He said there would be hangars on the tops of tall buildings, and people would use their own planes as they do automobiles now. He thought freight would be carried by air cheaper than by rail or steamships. He also predicted that the next war would be fought in the air, and that submarines would be more important than battleships or cruisers.

Doctor Bell also foresaw a day when methods would be discovered by engineers to "cool off the tropics" and bring the heated air into cold lands which need it. He told me that beneath the warm surface of the tropic seas flow currents of icy cold water from the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and he said that in some way these streams would be brought up to the surface, thus changing the climate of hot countries and rendering them pleasanter to live and work in. His wonderful prophecies set my heart beating faster; but little did I dream that in six years I should read of French engineers laying plans to capture the ocean as an ally against climates inimical to man!

WE FELT very sad when we said good-by to him. I had a presentiment that I should not see him again in this life.

He died at his summer home on August 2, 1922. He was buried at sunset on the crest of Cape Beinn Breagh, a spot chosen by himself. Once he had pointed out that spot to me, and quoted Browning's verse:

"Here is the place, Helen, where I shall sleep the last sleep—

'Where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go!'"

Sunset was chosen as the time for burial, because at that moment the sun enfolds the lake in its arms of gold, which is what the name of the lake, "Bras d'Or," means.

If there were no life beyond this earth life, some people I have known would gain immortality by the nobility of our memory of them. With every friend I love who has been taken into the brown bosom of the earth, a part of me has been buried; but their contribution to my being of happiness, strength, and understanding remains to sustain me in an altered world. Although life has never seemed the same since we read in the paper that Alexander Graham Bell was dead, yet the mist of tears is resplendent with the precious part of himself that lives in me.

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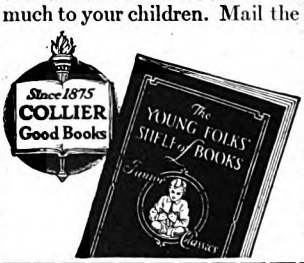

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ONE of America's great art directors is commissioned to make The Mentor the most beautiful magazine of its kind in the world. Watch for the striking September issue, on sale at the better news stands August 30th.

IN THE SEPTEMBER MENTOR

NIGHT LIFE IN NINEVEH, by Walter Davenport. Exciting narrative of Nineveh's night-life, from Shalmanesser the Stern to the final downfall by flood and fire.

THADDEUS STEVENS: The Thorn in Lincoln's Side. A four-part biography by W. E. Woodward, author of "Meet General Grant," "Bunk," "George Washington—the Image and the Man."

TENNIS HOLDS COURT, by William T. Tilden, 2nd. The evolution of tennis, by the former world champion.

LOVE OF THE LEADER, by George Creel. Dramatic story of the famous Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, and his moving, tragic love affair with Kitty O'Shea.

HIDDEN TREASURE, by E. Alexander Powell. Knowing what collectors want, helps to pay for your trip abroad.

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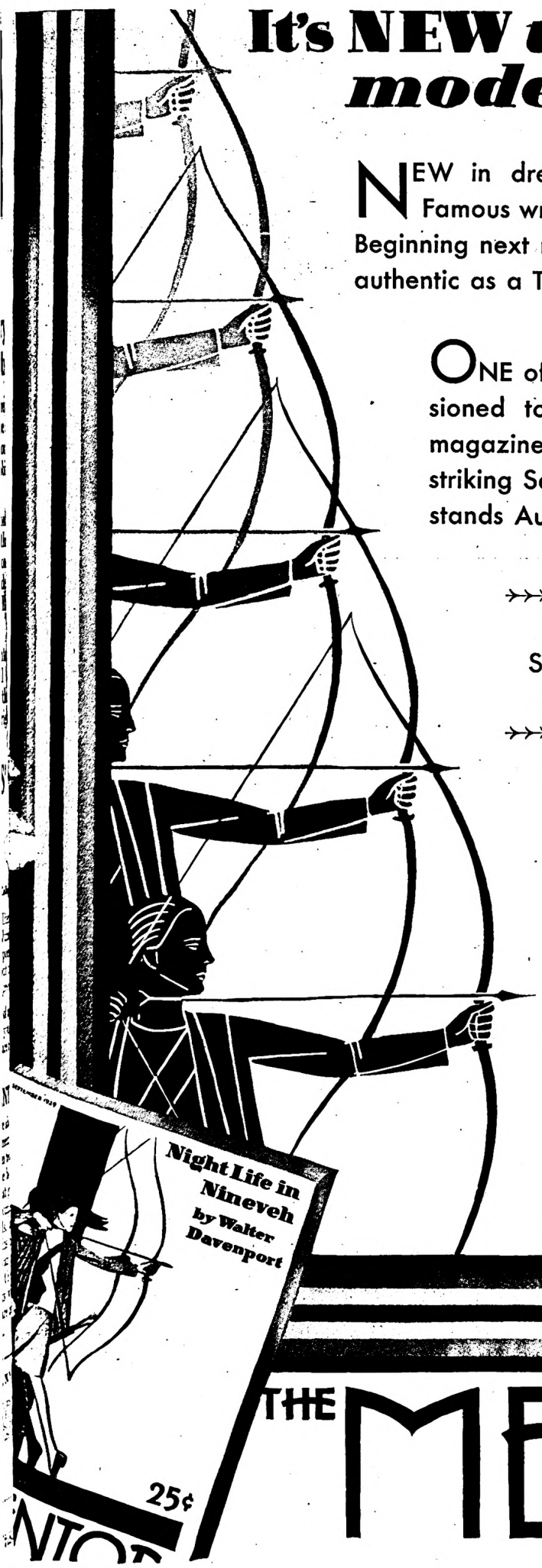

THE MENTOR

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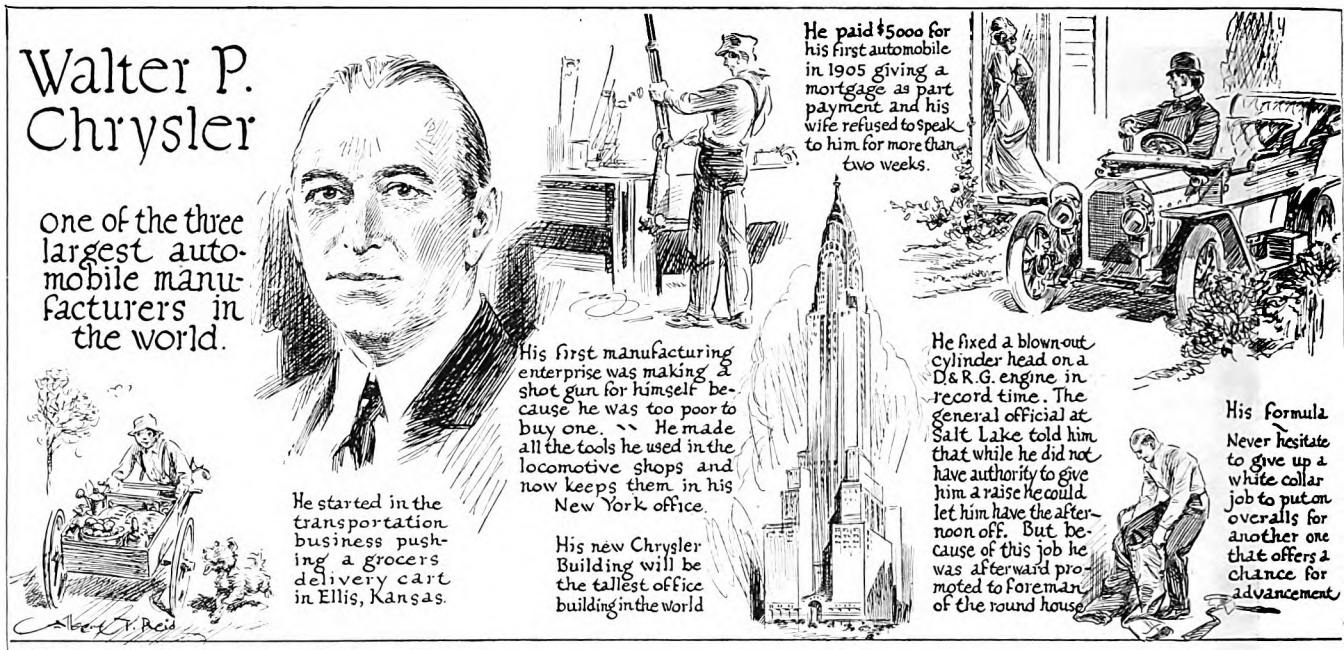

How They Got That Way — *By Dale Carnegie and Albert T. Reid*

Dave Tucker

(*Continued from page 75*)

there was a speaking of any kind, from a medicine show to politics, I went.

"When I was about twenty, after knocking around from one ranch to another, I began to work in sheep-shearing camps. I met this man Fitzhugh in one when I was about twenty-three.

"He was educated, and that appealed to me. He could talk about anything under the sun. He knew the world. He was a clever gambler. You know a boy just has to have an idol. He was mine.

"One night when we were lying out under the stars, he began to tell me about robberies he'd committed. I was shocked, and told him so. Branding cattle on the range didn't seem to me so terrible—but robberies—!

"Before morning he had talked me right out of my true feelings and into a new state of mind.

"The next I knew I had agreed to go with him. His partner, Brown, would be in on it, and later he got the fourth boy, the one that was convicted.

"NOW, here is a strange thing: Why do you suppose I finally decided to go with him? It will just show you how ignorant I was. I've never told this before.

"My girl and I were going to be married in a few months. I wanted to be educated. I thought I'd get my share of the loot, clear out to Chicago, and go to school! Then, after getting educated, I'd come back and get married and be a big man in the community! Can you imagine a more mixed-up combination of ideals and wrong reasoning than that?

"Well—I've told you what happened.

"While I was in jail at Enterprise waiting to plead guilty, my mother came to see me. She was very religious. She told me she was praying for me, and that she knew I'd come out all right. But—you know what I thought? I'm ashamed of it—it shows how low I was. I thought, 'She's just mistaken. She looks at things the way most people do. But I'm smart. I'll do a better job next time—and I won't get caught!'

"The time did come, long years after, though, when she was able to say, 'Dave, I'm proud of you now. I knew you were good at heart.'

"THE night before I went to the State Penitentiary to serve my sentence, an old French sheepman dropped in. Peter Beaudoin—*Be-dan*, we pronounced it. He said he'd come because he felt sorry for my mother. 'You've got to straighten up, Dave,' he said. 'That nice woman deserves a better son than you are.'

"Well, I told him I was going to take my medicine, and then go straight. But what I really thought was, 'I'll be nice to this fellow. When I get out, he'll give me a job—and then I'll look around.'

"I'd been in jail so long, waiting for the county sessions to begin, that it didn't mean much to me when the prison doors closed behind me at Salem.

"But prison was awful. That first night I heard men sobbing all around me in their cells.

"The next day a man was flogged—tied to a post and whipped unmercifully because he'd broken some rule. Prisons weren't like they are today.

"I've seen men lose their minds worrying over the long years ahead of them. Then maybe they'd be flogged because they couldn't control themselves!

"I was put in the iron foundry, pouring hot iron for stoves we were making. A contractor paid the state for our labor, and sold the stoves outside.

"The foundry was hot, dark, and dirty—filled with soot and smoke. We worked with nothing on but a pair of pants.

"In my own mind, due to Fitzhugh's influence, I'd lined myself up with the criminal element of society, so, boylike, I picked up the worst men in prison as m associates.

"My breakfast for years consisted a plate of cold beans, a slice of cold bre and some water. Terrible! How I hat everything and everybody—except t good mother and my fine, true swe heart. Their letters were the only brig things in my life. But even they did change my attitude. A man has to do th for himself, you know.

"We prisoners always dreaded to accused of breaking a rule. It me certain and awful punishment—whet we were guilty or not. One day a gu noticed my trigger finger was gone. 'H did you get that, Tucker?' he ask pointing at the old wound.

"'By not minding my own busine I said without thinking. I really me just that. But he thought I was be sarcastic.

"'For that,' he said, 'you can "sti out" tonight.' To 'stand out' meant step out of line when your name called, so whatever you had done could reported to the warden, who would de on your punishment. The warden wa fine old fellow, but awfully severe.

"THAT night I stood out, and wh had said was reported.

"'What's your answer, Tucker?' warden asked; and I told him what I in mind.

"He began to grin. 'I think that pretty good, fair answer,' he said—an me go.

"That was the first smile I had there in three years.

"But it wasn't until a year later the great change came over me.

"I had never taken a really square at myself until one day when I was in bull-ring. That was where they mar us, for exercise, an hour before and hour after dinner.

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Cold Facts *from* 3576 families on the advertising of FRIGIDAIRE

"If you have an electric refrigerator, did two or more members of the family influence its purchase?"

"Which magazine is the favorite with your family as a whole?"

...were two of the questions asked.

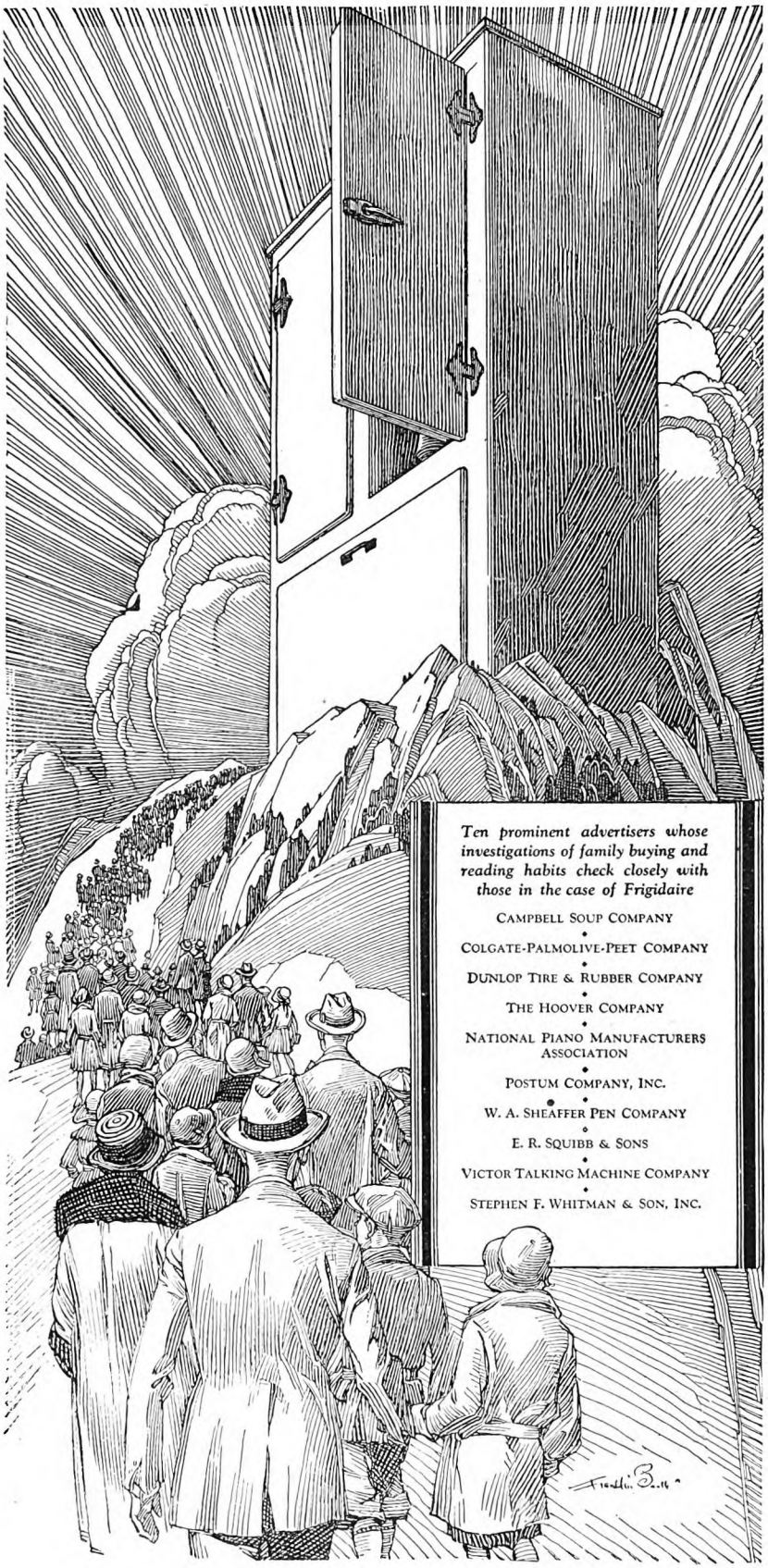
THE answer to the first question proved to be an emphatic "Yes." For 63% of the answers said that *two or more* members of the family contributed advice and opinions before an electric refrigerator was bought.

And for the second question, one magazine got more votes than all the other magazines combined. 51% of the replies said that The American Magazine was the all-family favorite. If only one magazine could come into the home, The American Magazine would be the choice.

Many similar surveys have been made recently, for such widely differing products as tires, toothpaste, pianos, fountain pens, and candy. A number of large national advertisers, advertising agencies, research groups and universities conducted them.

In every investigation the same two fundamental facts were proven: *First,* that buying today is governed by the opinions of the *whole family,* even in many cases where the purchase involved is highly personal. *Second,* that in The American Magazine national advertisers can reach the whole family in 2,200,000 homes, *at one advertising cost.*

Write or telephone us for facts and figures on various surveys that prove these points.



THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

The American Magazine

First with all the FAMILY

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Not *in the* Headlines

PERSONS who today may seem plain and ordinary as they tread the well-beaten paths they have followed all of their lives, tomorrow may be of absorbing interest. It is not that their names may be flashed across the country to appear in the headlines of great newspapers, but that they may have seized upon an unexpected opportunity to do a brave deed or perform a kind or useful act that will endear them to the people who live about them. Because this interest in fellow beings is so typically American, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE relates some of the outstanding incidents that have come to its attention.

Most of the story of the life of Helen Dennings had been centered about the Sacred Heart School in West Fifty-first Street, New York. She was born in the parish and went to school there all through her childhood. Two years ago she was graduated with honors and engaged to become a teacher in the same institution. On her way to school one morning she saw two of her smallest boy pupils dart in front of a flying truck. Dashing after them, she pushed them to safety, but herself was caught by the heavy vehicle. The whole neighborhood paid tribute to the memory of the teacher.

Louis Berel's sand-lot baseball experience as a youngster stood his seven-weeks-old son in good stead in New York recently, and since then he has been receiving the warmest congratulations of his neighbors in Jamaica, Long Island. Berel's car, in which he, with his wife and baby and Mrs. Berel's brother, was riding, collided with another car and overturned. The baby was thrown from Mrs. Berel's arms high into the air. Although caught by the overturning car, Berel reached into the air and effected a flying catch that saved the child. All other occupants of the machine were hurt, but the baby escaped without a scratch because of its father's presence of mind.

The blind of Birmingham, Alabama, soon will be able to go about as if they had eyes when the campaign of Mrs. Kate Greenlaw, executive secretary of the Birmingham Association for the Blind, is fully in operation. She has induced philanthropic (*Continued on page 178*)

"A man had gone insane a few minutes before—plumb nuts from thinking about his lost years. Men were mumbling to themselves. Some were praying; some were cussing, and some were just babbling, while they marched around and around. All at once I found myself babbling too.

"I LOOKED over those miserable men, and then it came to me I was just a headstrong, miserable wretch myself.

"'Dave, you darn' fool,' I said to myself. 'Think of those two women outside there, pulling for you. Look at Minnie—risking her reputation by liking you and holding onto you when everybody else is against you. She thinks more of you and puts you up higher than you put yourself. And your mother praying for you—and what are you doing to help her and Minnie while they try to help you? Not a darn' thing!

"'And what brought you here, anyway? What brought all these miserable men here? You brought yourself here! And they brought themselves here. You didn't know better, huh? You were young, and— That's all lies. Any kid knows the difference between right and wrong. You did!'

"When all this soaked in, I began to feel different. I could see Minnie and Mother pulling for me, and I said, 'Dave, you aren't going to disappoint the two best friends you've got! You start over from here.'

"It all happened in a minute. Even that old prison looked different. I felt different deep down inside. I *was* different.

"The next day I dropped the tough characters I had been associating with and picked out better men. Even in prison you can pick your associates.

"The first new friend I made was a man who had been a school-teacher, a really fine man. I already knew how to read a little. He helped me to learn more words, from newspapers. Before, I had followed all crime stories closely, figuring out where a job had slipped, or what had made it successful. Now I quit reading all such stories and began to think on worthwhile things. I read about farming and cattle markets—things I already had knowledge of.

"It wasn't long before the warden sent for me—and I didn't know what for, but after I had been with him a minute I knew everything was all right.

"'Dave,' he said, 'what's got into you?'

"'Why, warden?' I asked him.

"'Something has changed you,' he said. 'You're different. You seem actually happy. What is it, anyway?'

"I told him about that moment in the bull-ring.

"'Oh,' he said, 'so prison has reformed you?'

"'No,' I said, 'I have reformed myself.' And that was true.

"'Well,' he said, 'that's good. I believe you, Dave, and from now on you're going to get along better. I'll help you. Come down here in the morning.'

"The next morning he took me to the tailor shop, and got me a good suit of citizen's clothes—and a hat. A hat! I hadn't worn one in four years. I laid aside my stripes. You can't imagine how good that new suit felt.

"He put me in charge of the barns and livestock—just where I wanted to be.

"A day or two later, he said, 'Dave, hitch up. I'm going to send you to town for the mail.'

"Gee, I was happy. Twice a day after that I went to town for the mail, with no one to watch me. Never once did I think of running away.

"THE remaining four years went twice as fast as the first four, and on September 1, 1902, I was released.

"The warden let me out early and had me to his house for breakfast. 'Dave,' he said, 'you are right with yourself, and that's the first step toward getting reëstablished. You'll have some disagreeable experiences—but hang onto yourself, and you'll make it.'

"As a parting act a guard loaned me five dollars, and I had twenty dollars I had borrowed from my brother.

"I took the boat to Portland, Oregon, and from there, by train and stage, went to Lewiston, Idaho. I couldn't seem to get a job. I 'didn't look right' to people, I guess.

"My money ran down to a couple of dollars, and a stage-line owner finally offered me a job. But while I was talking to him, three fellows I had known in Joseph passed by and recognized me. The next morning when I showed up, the stage-line man said, 'I've changed my mind. Guess I won't need you.'

"It was then wintertime in that northern state. I had no overcoat. I struck out across country—I didn't know where to.

"I WALKED all day and all night. The next day at noon I had covered fifty or sixty miles and had come to a fork in the road. I remember the day, the 7th of October. Though it was winter, the sun was hot, and I sat down under a tree and studied those two roads.

"One led off up a creek; the other led to Enterprise, where I had been in jail, and to Joseph. Down one was my old home; down the other—a place where I could lose myself forever.

"I wanted to go home. Sitting under that tree I said a little prayer, not a fancy one, but something like this: 'God, I am afraid to go back there! You know I am right, and I know it—but the people hate me. I want to be loved and respected. Please help me decide which way to go.'

"I heard a noise, and looked up. It was a freight wagon coming down the road, pulled by a ten-horse team.

"I went right on talking to myself—but it didn't sound like me; it sounded like somebody scolding me. 'Dave,' I said, 'Joseph is where you lost your reputation, and there's where you'll find it! Get up, you coward! Get up!'

"But I couldn't move.

"The freight wagon come along about two minutes later, and the freighter leaned over and hollered and asked me if I wanted a ride.

"'Which way?' I said.

"'To Joseph, Oregon,' he said.

"Then I could get up!"

But Tucker did not go right into Joseph. "When I looked down on the lights of the town a night or two later," he said, "and saw the river and the snow-capped mountains and other things I knew so well, I was afraid again.

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"Let Youth Cherish Sleep"

Bulwer-Lytton

Genuine CURLED HAIR does mean *Everything*

All night, the peacefully restorative slumber of Youth . . . All day, endless youth-like energy . . . Of all the factors which this may involve, none is more clearly important than the matter of mattresses and upholstery.

. . . From the standpoint of utmost restfulness there can be no choice but genuine Curled Hair, to sleep on, and to sit on. Nothing else assures that same easy, firm buoyancy; that same ability to conform perfectly, and to return gently and completely to its original contour!

. . . From the standpoint of sound economy there can be no choice but genuine Curled Hair. It is available in very moderately priced mattresses and furniture, and in the best-built motor cars. It has never been known to deteriorate. It certifies character and style, for this *permanent* material would hardly be used in flimsy products.

. . . From the standpoint of hygiene there can be no choice but genuine Curled Hair—sterile, non-absorbent, self-ventilating and readily renovated.

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NOT IN THE HEADLINES

(Continued from page 176)

persons of the city to make possible the importation of German shepherd dogs, which have recently become invaluable aids to sightless people, among them Senator Thomas Schall, of Minnesota. They are trained, not merely to lead blind masters, but to direct their footsteps and indicate direction to be taken. Not only the dogs, but the blind themselves, must undergo a period of training before they can work together properly. The dogs will not work with blind beggars, a fact which influenced Mrs. Greenlaw in her campaign, since her organization discourages begging and promotes methods tending to make the blind self-supporting.

Phil Hollis, a sheep herder near Enterprise, Oregon, is being held up in that part of the country as an example of pure grit. While on the mountain range, his right foot was badly burned in a camp fire, but instead of leaving his flock to scatter and suffer the dangers of the mountains, he remained with them for three days until his employer arrived and rushed him to the nearest town for treatment.

If the matter were left to the school children of Greenwood, Arkansas, the late E. S. Alexander, lawyer and real estate dealer, probably would be elected unanimously as the town's greatest hero. Alexander left $30,000 to the public schools of Greenwood, with the understanding that spanking is never to take place in them. His will set forth that adults are protected against corporal abuse and that children should be protected as well. He also said that so long as children cannot be spanked by strangers in the streets, permitting them to be spanked in schools is a relic of barbarism. Alexander had planned to leave his money to the schools of another town but changed his mind when he heard that spanking was practiced there.

Soaring aloft two thousand feet, Mechanic Harold Swank, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, saved his own life and that of Pilot Henry Noll by crawling out of the cockpit and repairing the landing gear of their airplane with his belt. The landing apparatus had been damaged in taking off and another plane was sent up to warn the flyers. The temporary repairs held until the plane landed.

"I dropped off the wagon outside town and turned down a road to the ranch of Peter Beaudoin, the Frenchman. I remembered a promise of help he had made me when I was in jail.

"Peter studied my face a long time, and finally said, 'I guess you've changed, Dave. But the best I can do for you is a job herding sheep. I can only pay you—'

"'Never mind the pay,' I said.

"I stayed with him five years. The first year I never left the ranch. Pete paid me enough so that I could pay back my brother the $375 he had loaned me while I was in prison, and to buy a suit of clothes. I had to go to town to get the suit.

"When I walked down the streets I had left years before, only a few people nodded to me or answered my nod. One man I met face to face turned away, and twisted up his mouth like he had tasted something bitter.

"I WENT back to the ranch and stayed there for months. People would come out and invite the other boys to dances and picnics and socials, and never say a word to me. I'd rather die than go through that again!

"And all the time my sweetheart, bless her, was willing to marry me! But I wanted to wait until I had a name to give her.

"The second year Beaudoin made me foreman over ten sheep camps, and paid me $1,500. I just naturally knew sheep and cattle, you understand.

"The third year he did something I can never thank him enough for. He sent me to Elgin with eleven thousand head of sheep to deliver to a buyer. I collected $38,000 for them.

"At the bank in Elgin I handed the money to a man who had been an associate of the men in the bank at Joseph. He knew all about me.

"'What do you want to do with this?' he asked.

"'Put it here to the credit of Peter Beaudoin,' I said. 'Just receipt me for it.'

"When he saw how much it was, his eyes almost popped out. But he was grinning at me when he handed me the receipt.

"He must have told about that, for it wasn't long before people in the valley began to treat me different.

"But I stayed on the ranch. I put my pay into a small band of sheep. The fourth year, I bought a little ranch. By the fifth I owned two thousand head of sheep and was worth about $8,000.

"By that time my credit was good. People were friendly to me. I felt that I had cleared my name. I asked Minnie if she would marry me.

"We went up to Lewiston, during the state fair, and were married there on the wedding date we had set thirteen years before."

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker live now on the great Tucker ranch near Joseph. They have three children, Harley, twenty-one, who is known as one of the most expert young farmers in the Wallowa Valley; Hester, twenty, who is a college graduate; and Harmon, seventeen, a student in the big gray schoolhouse that overlooks Joseph from a hilltop.

Besides being vice president of the bank at Joseph—the bank that he robbed in his youth—Tucker is also director of a 9,000-acre irrigation district and a member of the school board. He has been on the school board for fifteen years—and all the yearning he ever had for an education goes into his work on behalf of the school children in his district.

His holdings have grown steadily for years. Last year he gave his oldest boy a birthday present of six hundred and forty acres and one hundred head of fine cattle.

When he bought his second ranch, soon after he was married, he needed $9,800 to close the deal.

"It was one hundred and sixty acres adjoining mine," he said. "I had $7,000 coming on some sheep, but didn't have $9,800 cash. There was danger I couldn't close the deal in time to save the place for myself.

"I said to my wife, 'I'm going down to Joseph and get that money.' I went to the president of the bank.

"'When could you ever pay back so much cash?' he asked me.

"'In four months,' I said. You see, I knew about that $7,000 coming from the sheep.

"He wanted to think it over an hour. An hour later I met him on the street.

"'Well?' I said.

"'Dave,' he said, 'you've got a good look in your eye. I'm going to let you have that money.' So he did.

"I paid it back in *three* months. That's always been my custom—to pay off a debt quicker than I say I will."

IT IS easy to pick up, in Joseph, stories of Dave Tucker's ethical methods in business. One time he had contracted to sell one hundred head of choice hogs for nine cents a pound. Not a cent had been paid on the deal. When he delivered the hogs, the price had gone up to twelve and one-half cents. Some farmers, in the same situation, because they were not legally bound, backed out on the deal and made new deals at the higher price. Tucker delivered his hogs on schedule and took nine cents a pound.

But, another time, the situation was reversed. A man had contracted to buy hogs from Tucker at seven cents a pound. Before he could take delivery, the market had slumped to five and one-half cents.

"I'm working on a narrow margin, and it'll break me," the buyer declared. "Can't you hold them another week?"

"Sure," said Tucker. "Or we'll cancel the deal—or I'll let you have 'em for the five and one-half cents."

The latter proposition was accepted.

"I was better fixed than he was, and could stand it," Tucker told his friend who criticized him for "not looking after himself." "What's the good of strength if you don't use it?"

During the last few minutes of our chat Tucker said:

"You know, my experience proves—in both directions—something I think a man should never forget, and that is an old old saying: *A man is known by his deeds.*

"And, another good rule: Tend to your own business. If you do, you'll have plenty to do—and people will see that you are doing things. And they'll help you when you need help."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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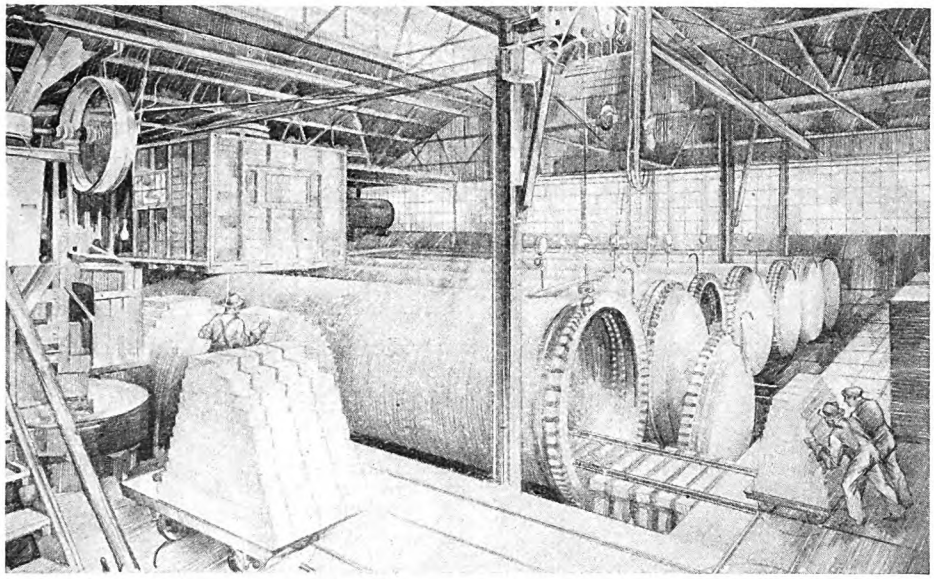
Here J-M Insulations SAVE $6,679.24 *each year*

When an investment of $3400 pays 196% dividends annually, *can you afford to be without Johns-Manville insulation service?*



In the Paramount Brick Works, J-M Insulation saves more than 30% of the fuel formerly used. Installation applied by The Asbestos Construction Co., New York—Johns-Manville Approved Installation Contractors.

THE Paramount Brick Works of Brooklyn spent $3400 for Johns-Manville Insulations. The saving on this investment is $6,679.24 each year, or an annual dividend of 196% in cash.

In your own plant, if you make any use whatever of heat, you may be able to effect as large or even larger savings by following the advice of a J-M Insulation Engineer. It makes no difference how you use heat, whether for power, drying, special processes, or heating, modern insulation practice and the intelligent recommendations of Johns-Manville engineers can save you money and improve the operation of your plant.

This Investment Pays 196%

The Paramount Brick Works is one of the two largest makers of sand-lime brick. Their Brooklyn plant has a capacity of 300,000 bricks per day. The bricks are cured in eight large steam curing cylinders, sixty-four feet long and about seven feet in diameter.

These cylinders are heated by steam at a pressure of 150 pounds. Formerly there were large heat losses by radiation. The cylinders were insulated with Johns-Manville 85% Magnesia, covered with a layer of asbestos cement. *The reduction in fuel costs alone due to this J-M insulation is 30.4%.* The total cost of the insulation was saved in about six months. Allowing for interest, depreciation and maintenance, this insulating job is paying the Paramount Brick Works 196% annually on the investment.

Large as is the return on this insulation investment, it is not remarkable. No matter how heat is used Johns-Manville can help in handling it more economically.

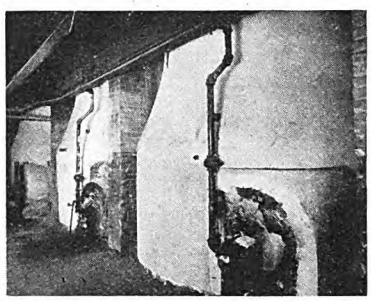
And for Old Equipment

It is not only on new equipment and in new plants that insulation works its wonders. In many cases old furnaces and kilns which have been in use ten to twenty years have been brought up to a much higher point of efficiency by the recommendations of J-M Engineers.

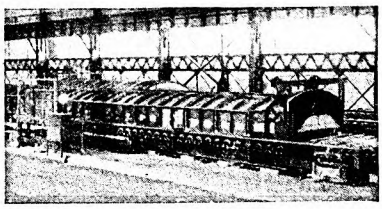
Johns-Manville is a name which represents the highest standards in service to industry. And J-M products are famous for outstanding quality and service on roofing of all types, brake lining, packings, and scores of other products for industrial and general use.

A J-M Insulation Engineer will gladly inspect your plant and make recommendations without obligation to you.

J-M Insulations Reduce Costs in Old or New Equipment



The Geo. W. Prentiss Co. of Holyoke, Mass., greatly improved the efficiency of an old furnace by insulating it outside with Johns-Manville Superex, 85% Magnesia and No. 302 Cement.



Thorough insulation with J-M Superex assures uniformity of product and lower fuel consumption in this new type Kathner Normalizing Furnace.

Johns-Manville

INDUSTRIAL INSULATIONS

For all temperatures from 400° below zero to 2500° above zero

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto
(*Branches in all large cities*)

☐ Please have a J-M Insulation Engineer call.
☐ I am interested in knowing how J-M Insulations might save money in our plant.

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Company 1 5-9

Address .....

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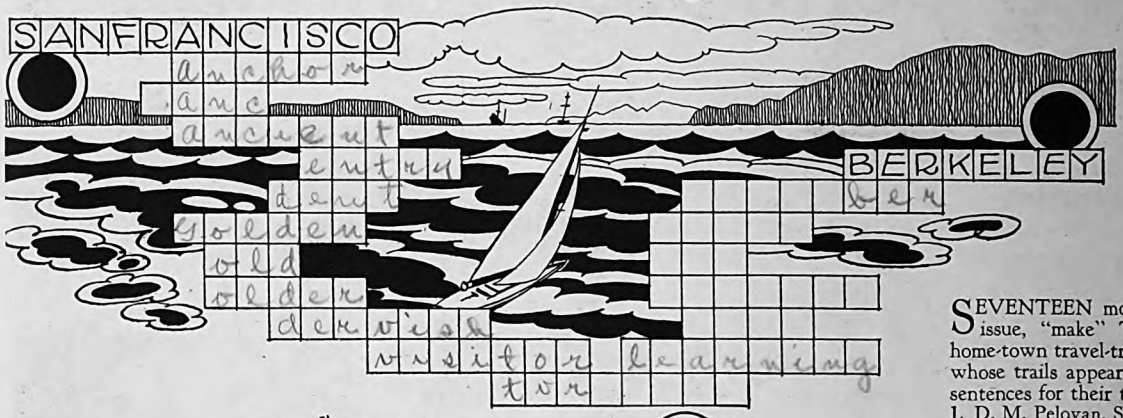
The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

Travel Trails

By ARTHUR EBENHACK and LOREN STOUT

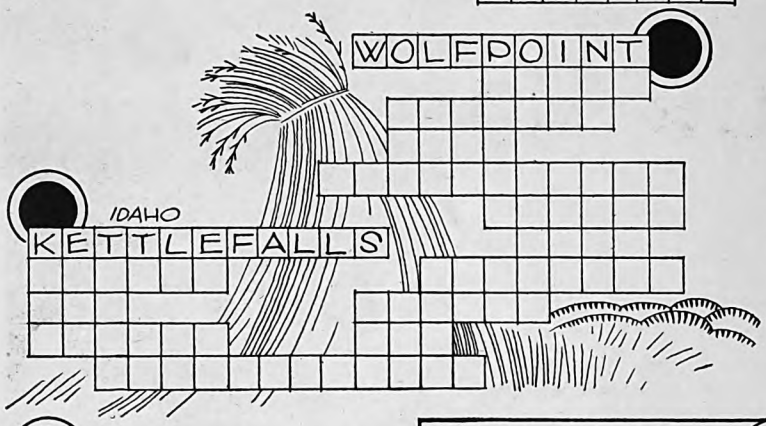
Chamber of Commerce Home-Town Trails*



*See page 151 for solutions of the August Travel Trails and announcements concerning future and *Chamber of Commerce Home-Town Trails*

SEVENTEEN more home-towns, with this issue, "make" THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE home-town travel-trail map. The prize-winners, whose trails appear on this page, and the clue sentences for their trails are:

1. D. M. Peloyan, San Francisco, Calif.
2. Mrs. C. L. Marshall, Wolf Point, Mont.
3. Louise Healy, Pocatello, Idaho
4. G. Perry, Medford, Ore.
5. Louise Le Patourel, Wilmington, Del.
6. Mrs. V. L. Ezell, Pascagoula, Miss.
7. Eugene Mason, age 11, Punta Gorda, British Honduras
8. Mrs. Stirling McCall, Cuban American College, Havana, Cuba



CLUE SENTENCES

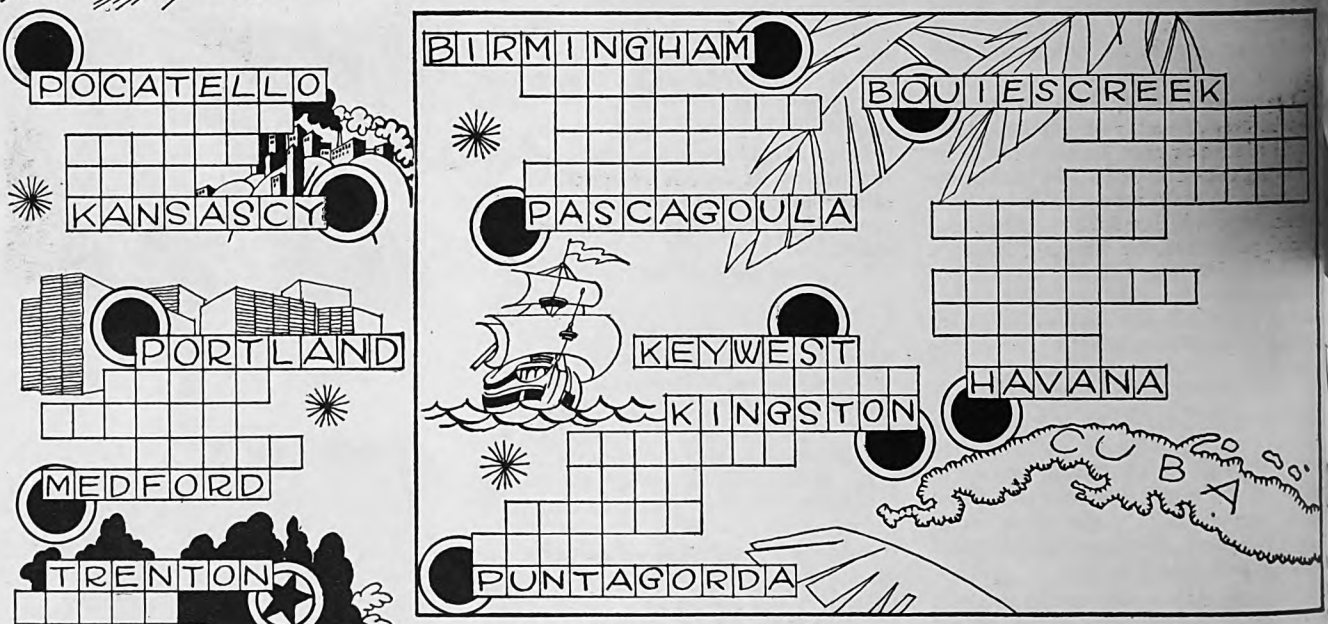
SAN FRANCISCO TO BERKELEY—Drop anchor inside of Golden Gate. Every visitor should see our ancient missions and seat of learning.

WOLF POINT TO KETTLE FALLS—In Wolf Point the American farmer gets appropriate prices for his wheat rich in protein.

BOUIES CREEK, N. C., TO HAVANA, CUBA—The bracelet was the prize for the winner of the race.

WILMINGTON TO TRENTON—Picnic on the banks of the Brandywine.

*Indicates trails published without clue sentences.



PATENT APPLIED FOR

HOW TO FOLLOW A TRAVEL TRAIL

Each word must have exactly the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must have three consecutive letters that travel straight down (or up) through the same three letters in the word below (or above); and the word before the destination must also have three consecutive letters that travel into the same three letters of the destination, as illustrated by this sample trail solved for you.

The clue sentence with each trail contains a few of the words which can be used as legs of the journey. Proper names are not allowed in solving a trail, unless included in its clue sentence. A word cannot be used twice in the same trail. The solutions of the trails on this page will be published in next month's AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Every stroke of your brush makes dreams come true

Fresh beauty blossoms beneath your hand as Berrycraft Quick Drying Enamel flows smoothly from the brush. It's fun to restore the charm of old or worn things with this revolutionary new enamel that dries to recoat while you're out at tea. Berrycraft is made by Berry Brothers, manufacturers of finishes famous for their high quality since 1858. It is long-wearing, waterproof and free from unpleasant odor. You can cover large surfaces of any kind—walls, woodwork, furniture or metal—and leave no brush marks or laps. Choose from 10 lovely colors that will make your fingers tingle for a paint brush. Ask your dealer for this remarkable finish or write for our attractive new folder that will suggest modern color combinations for your home.

Berrycraft Enamel is produced by the maker of Liquid Granite Varnish, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.

BERRY BROTHERS
Varnishes Enamels Lacquers
Detroit, Michigan *Walkerville, Ont.*

Principal Foreign Agencies: London, S. E. 15, Hatcham Road at Old Kent Road; Paris, 54 Rue de Paris, Charenton; Berlin, Ober Wallstrasse 20; Turin, 16 Via Goito.

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SCHOOL STARTS NOW!

Now as never before they Need Your Help

Times have changed. This is a different world than it was when you went to school. Teachers are busier. Classes are bigger. And in an age when children need *more* help, they actually get *less*. They begin to slip in school. Then they slip out of school. Then they are gone—goodness knows where!

It isn't just by accident that over fifty thousand teachers and three hundred and fifty thousand mothers have found a new way of helping their children to help themselves toward better grades in their classes and prouder leadership amongst their friends in school. The help they have selected for this purpose is

COMPTON'S
Pictured Encyclopedia for Children

Here is something that will make them so happy and successful in their school work you will just be amazed. For here is a whole encyclopedia written and pictured from beginning to end for children alone. Just think of it. Here is the only complete set of reference works in encyclopedic form that children have ever had, written and pictured in terms of their own understanding. Children love it. Their school work thrives on it. And we have now arranged so that you can have the whole ten volumes in your home for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

Free Sample Section

Mail this coupon now, and our Educational Advisor will send you a free, sample Pictured Section, taken right out of the Encyclopedia itself. And then you will see for yourself what a wonderful help it is to struggling children in crowded schools in this busy age. She will also send you free a quite wonderful "Questionario Game" which measures the general knowledge of any child of any age.

Here is the coupon. Mail it now. And you will see something for children that has never been done before in the past six thousand years.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

My Model Husband is Driving Me Frantic

WEDDING bells. Happy honeymoon. Then children. The wife gets burdened down with housekeeping cares. The husband, finding his wife no longer the fresh and dainty little bit of femininity that he married, begins to lose interest in her. He casts a wistful eye in the direction of some unscrupulous charmer—and perhaps a wistful arm around her sinuous form. The wife, still madly in love with him, gets frantic. Then a wise friend whispers a big idea in her ear. And suddenly the wife appears in a new frock, her erstwhile stringy hair neatly bobbed, her careworn face smoothed out by the magic of cosmetics. The husband gasps and leaves his light-o'-love, realizing that he still loves his wife. And she, after carrying out a pose of indifference long enough to be convincing, magnanimously takes him back into her favor. Curtain.

I'd be rich if I had a dollar for every time I've seen a variation on this theme at the movies. Why must it always be the wife who gets sloppy? Anyone would think that the husbands always remained as charming as they are in their courting days.

They don't, and I'm willing to offer mine in proof of the statement. I like him, too. But sometimes he drives me furious.

I told Tom when I finally consented to marry him that if he ever became like some other husbands I had observed, I would surely divorce him.

Since then I've learned that I didn't begin to realize before I married how terrible it is to swap a perfect lover for just an ordinary husband. I suppose he is no worse than the ordinary, although sometimes I am convinced that he is the most selfish, sloppy brute in the world.

JUST as in that movie theme, everything went swimmingly in the first year or so of our married life. Tom was a perfect dear, always eager to do the little things that make all the difference to a woman—holding open the door, helping me on with my coat, escorting me across the street: things that are not anywhere near as hard work as the housework, in which the wife doesn't expect help from her husband, but which show that he is attentive and trying to please her. Then, too, he took pride in his appearance during that period. He knew that I hated fatness, baldness, carelessness of dress, and all those other things that go with being "settled down." He exercised regularly to keep in trim, and he took pains to keep his hair from falling out—and if it did fall out, in spite of his efforts, he was careful to brush the fallen hairs from his coat.

Nowadays, heaven knows, I don't see any hairs on his coat, for the simple reason that almost the only times I ever catch a glimpse of his coat is when he is pulling it on as he dashes through the front door on his way to work, and when he is pulling it off as he straggles in again at night. I long ago gave up even asking him to wear a coat to the dinner table (unless there is company present, in which case he doesn't have to be asked) because I can put up with his shirt-sleeves better than with his growls and sulks.

THE point is that he is an entirely different man from the Tom I married. I suppose some people would consider him a very good husband and father. He provides well for us and is fond of the two children. He doesn't play around with other women or indulge in riotous living. He is sober and industrious—and settled down.

And that is what breaks my heart. No quite ten years have we been married, and yet he begins to look—and act—as if he were fifty. He has a paunch—justly ugly word!—and a bald spot. When I first noticed that he was neglecting his exercise and not paying any more attention to his scalp, I used to remind him about it. He would say, "Yeah," and keep on reading his newspaper. After a while he began to get angry if I prodded him, and I gave it up.

As for those little attentions which he knew so well how to give in the courtship and honeymoon days—well, nowadays he claps his hat on his head in the living room, teeters irritatingly until I get my coat and hat on and adjusted, precedes me through the door, walks about three paces ahead of me on the sidewalk, and bawls me out like a taxi-driver if I fail to keep up with him in a dodging dash across the street.

I may be unreasonable, but I confess that I get particularly angry when Tom proves that he still knows how to be charming—because that only happens when we are in the company of other people. Then, quite unconsciously, Tom will shine in all the little social graces even to the point of being courteous to me! What I hate about it is the inevitable conclusion that he is more interested in making a good impression with the most casual visitor than with me. How many times, in the old days, did he tell me that nobody in the world mattered but me!

Sometimes I am tempted to take my cue from that poor, hackneyed old movie theme and try to stir him up by using a decoy lover. But somehow I can't work myself up to the point of doing it. I think it would work, but it would hurt poor Tom frightfully.

I hope he reads this, and applies it to himself. Only, I hope that he doesn't suspect it was I who wrote it. B. A.

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Bill (*breathlessly*): *"Nan, I've been taken into the sales department!"*

Nan (*very happy*): *"What was it you said, young man, about scrubbed hands and clean shirts not counting?"*

Real cleanliness gives him a better *chance!*

Wives know. Husbands in many ways are still little boys. They're frequently careless about details that are really important. The matter of personal appearance, for instance.

Many a man has been helped to a bigger job by extra cleanliness of the all-around and every-morning kind.

Thousands are held back, on the other hand, because they don't see their half-clean hands and "slightly soiled" collars and shirts as others see them.

Is there anything finer (or more practical) that wives may do, or mothers with grown-up sons, than to encourage a more *cordial* attention to cleanliness among their men folks?... in the shrewd little ways that only wives and mothers can manage?

Send him forth in "shining armor"

Business *is* a battle now-a-days, and our warrior needs every advantage he can muster. No two-day shirts and no family imposed feeling that he can't have a fresh one, every morning.

Clean socks, of course, and handkerchiefs. And clean underwear to go with that on-top-of-the-world feeling that he gets in the bath. Nothing adds more to the morning's store of self-confidence and self-respect.

When he's tired out and cross

For real cleansing, the hot bath naturally is best. For sleeplessness, however, and to soothe tired nerves, the tepid bath is recommended . . . first a good lathering and then a good "soak".

Here's something else to do, when you're particularly anxious that his sleep should be refreshing: put clean sheets on the bed. Is there anything more welcome to the tired, distracted body?... that *induces* sleep more surely?

Keeping him happy . . . at home

Business usually takes a man "out and around" more than a woman. He meets more people, men and women. He goes more places, most of them cheerfully clean. Is it any wonder then, that he is a bit disheartened when he comes home to a house with dingy curtains?... or finds you in untidy clothes?

Clever wives have found a direct relation between a schedule that keeps woodwork clean all over the house, curtains fresh, kitchens scrubbed, bathrooms spotless (and wives themselves pretty, by dinner-time)... and husbands who truly *enjoy* being at home.

It makes friends everywhere

That is true. Real cleanliness *makes friends everywhere.* And for *everyone.*

It makes friends for mother . . . nice people she otherwise might never meet; for brother and sister, friends among their school and playmates; for father, business friends . . . works every day to help him get ahead.

It becomes more *important* every day, as living becomes more crowded.

Yes. It's worth striving for, *real cleanliness*, because it improves our health and happiness in so many ways.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

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Index of Products Advertised

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Page

A. 1. Sauce 161
Absorbine, Jr. 138
American Landscape School 161
American Products 163
American School 161
American Correspondence School of Law 148
American School of Photography 162
American Telephone and Telegraph Company 95
"Art-Point" Studios 162
Associated Curled Hair Industries 177
Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers 183
Atwater Kent Radios 131

Barbasol 154
Bassick "NoMar" Rests and Casters . . 108
Berrycraft Quick Drying Enamel 181
Blackstone Institute 160
Blue-Jay Bunion & Callus Plasters. . . . 146
Bogue Institute 167
Buescher Band Instruments 162
Buick and Marquette Automobiles . . . 109
Burgess Batteries and Lights 133

Campbell Co., Wm. 157, 161
Campbell's Soups 79
Capitol Candy School 145
Central States Manufacturing Co. . . 160, 167
Champion Spark Plugs 118
Chevrolet Automobiles 80
Chicago School of Nursing 162
Chrysler Motors. 86
Coca-Cola . . . . . 3d Cover
Cody School of English, Sherwin 134
Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream 90
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream 93
Colonial Greeting Cards 147
Columbia University Home Study Courses 115
Comptometer 139
Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia 182
Congoleum Rugs . . . . . 2d Cover
Conn Band Instruments 145
Coyne Electrical School 170
Cream of Wheat 92
Cunard Travel Club 157
Cunningham Radio Tubes 163

Dentyne Chewing Gum 144
Directory of Schools . . 4, 5, 6, 7, 164, 165
Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils 150

Ediphone, The 143
Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, Dr. . . 186
Eno's Effervescent Saline 171
Esterbrook Pens 163
Evans & Co., Victor J. 144

Farm & Fireside 128

Page

Federal School of Commercial Designing 167
Feuchtinger, Eugene 160
Fireside Industries 151
Fleischmann's Yeast 102, 103
Franklin Automobiles 123
Frigidaire 101

General Electric Refrigerators 110
General Dual-Balloon Tires. . . . 4th Cover
General Motors 135
Gets-It 160
Gillette Safety Razors 185
Glover's Imperial Scalp Remedies 157
Grape-Nuts 120

Health Extension Bureau 156
Hertel Co., John A. 159
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 129
Hoffman Vacuum Valves 104
Home Correspondence School 149
Homeland Tailoring Co. 140
Hoosier Institute 162

Industrial Dallas, Inc. 152
Instant Postum 100
International Accountants Society . 160, 163
International Correspondence Schools . . 111
Iron Clad Hosiery 112
Iver Johnson Arms and Cycle Works . . 143
Ivory Soap 10

Johns-Manville Asbestos Insulation . . . 179
Junior Classics 172

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee 155
Kelvinator Refrigerators 116
Ken-L-Ration 167
Kriss-Kross Stropper 148

La Salle Extension University . 124, 156, 160
LePage's Glue 151
Lewis Hotel Training Schools 147
Listerine 97
Listerine Shaving Cream 94
Listerine Tooth Paste 8

Marlboro Cigarettes 169
Martini & Rossi Vermouth 148
Massaway Laboratories 166
Matthews Cruisers 151
Menhenitt Co., The 163
Mennen Shaving Cream 98
Mentor Magazine 173
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company . 91
Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator . 96
Mobiloil 89
Modern Kitchenware 163
Murine 161

Page

National Art School 162
National City Co. 145
National Radio Institute 160
New Departure Ball Bearings 99
Newspaper Institute 122
Nonspi 160

Oakland Motor Car Co. 105
Olson Rugs 132

Page-Davis School of Advertising 161
Pal Supporters 15
Palmer Institute of Authorship 16
Palmolive Shaving Cream 8
Parker Duofold Pens 1
Pebeco Tooth Paste 14
Pepsodent Tooth Paste 11
Pines Winterfronts. 10
Plymouth Motor Corporation 8
Post's Bran Flakes 11
Price & Co., Ed. V. 13
Process Corporation 16
Pyrozide Tooth Powder 16

Ragsdale, W. Hillyer 162, 16
Resinol Soap 1
Rocky Ford Cigars 1

Scholl's Zino-pads, Dr. 1
Schwer, Charley C. 1
Sergeant's Dog Medicines 1
Simoniz Company 1
Speedwriting 1
Spur Ties 1
Squibb's Dental Cream 1
Stephenson Laboratory. 1
Sterno Canned Heat 1
Straus & Co., S. W. 1
Studebaker Automobiles 1

Tower Manufacturing Corp. 1

"U. S." Raynsters 1
Universal Aviation Schools 1
University Extension Conservatory . . . 1

Victor-Radio . . . . . .

Waltham Art Publishers . . . . . .
Westclox . . . . . .
West's Tooth Brushes and Tooth Paste, Dr.
Whitman's Chocolates . . . . . .
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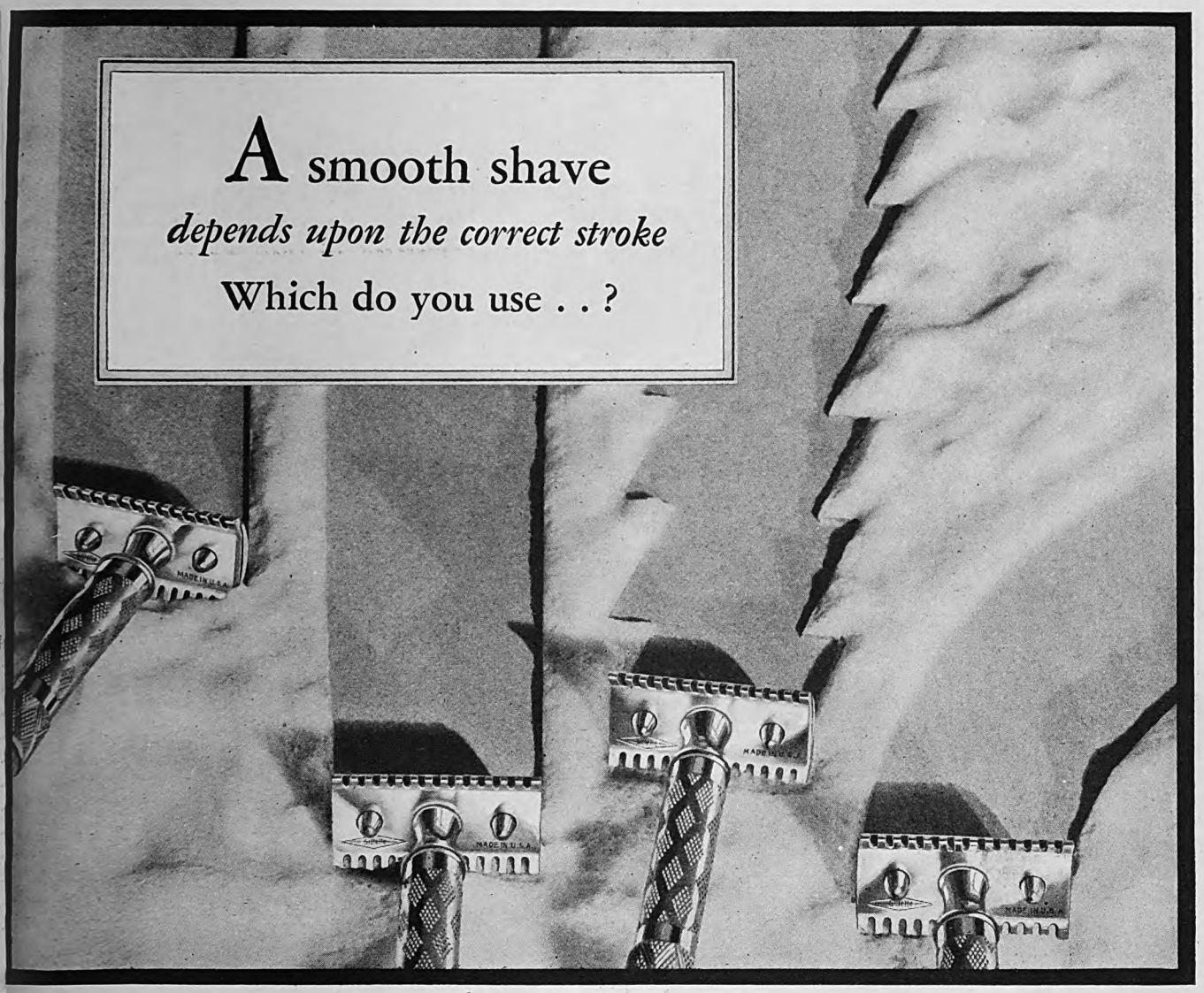

EIGHT out of ten American men shave with a Gillette Razor, and probably not more than half of them use the correct diagonal stroke shown at the extreme left.

But they all judge a shave by its face value, and they find the value *there*, in every Gillette blade, no matter what stroke they happen to use. Gillette has put it there — designed the blade to meet all possible changing conditions.

In the past ten years the Gillette plant has invested $12,000,000 in blade improvements alone. Today the work is done by amazingly skilful machines—adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. And the product of these machines is tested and re-tested by a long line of inspectors who get a bonus for every blade they discard.

Tomorrow morning slip a fresh Gillette Blade into its holder. Lather well and use the correct diagonal stroke. Let the world's best blade in the world's best razor give you the best of all possible shaves. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette.

This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

Gillette

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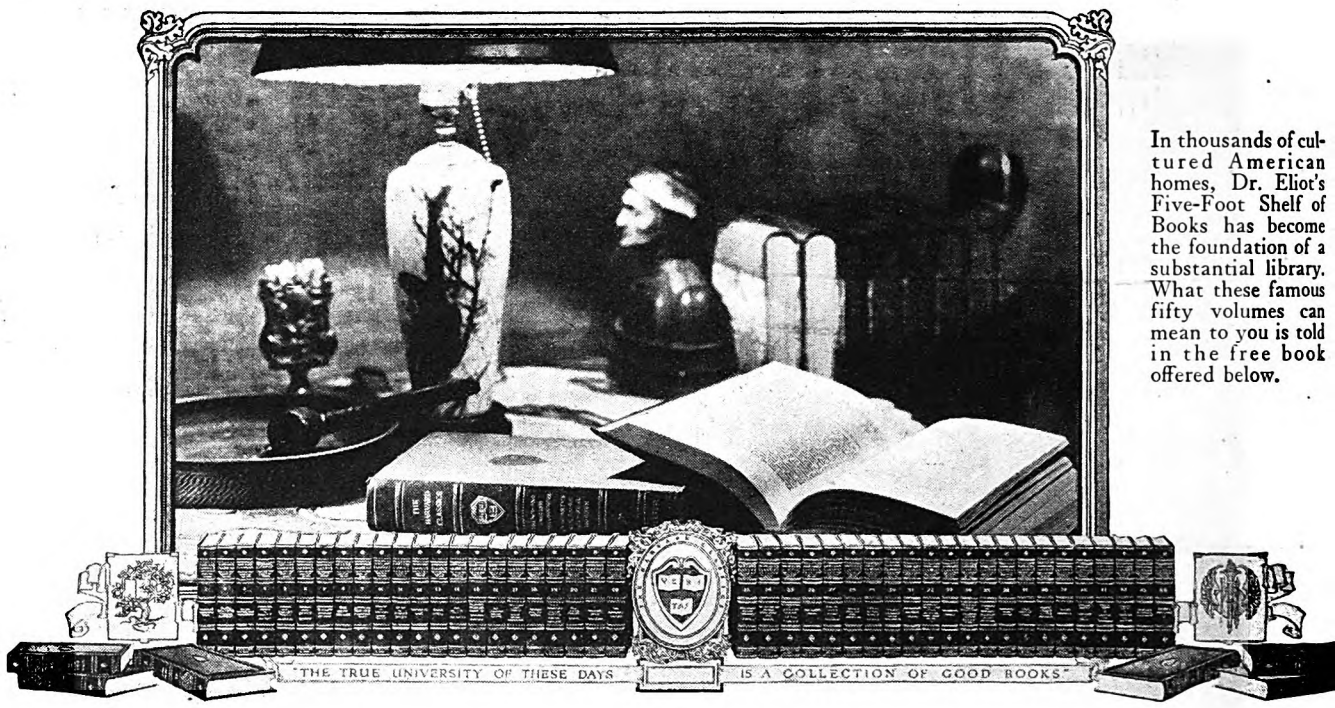

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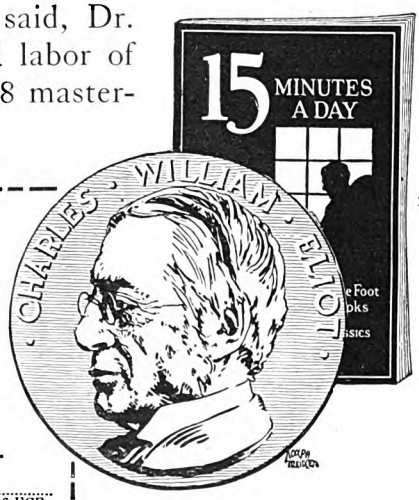

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By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

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The American Magazine

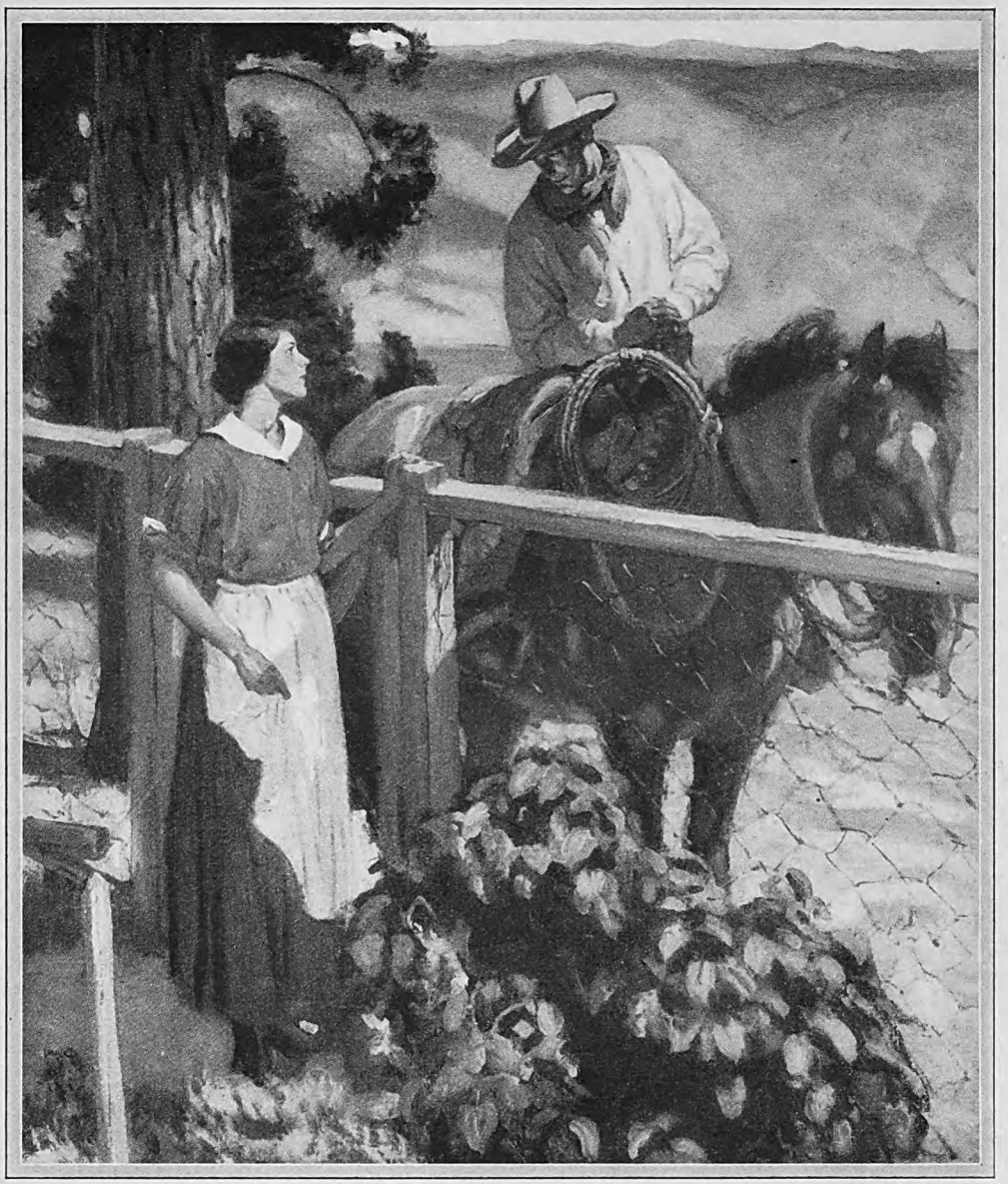
MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

Beginning

PETER B. KYNE'S *Epic Novel*

of the Feud between Forlorn Valley and

The



"The Hensley apology is accepted," she cried in a clear, ringing voice. "And you may keep your check"

Outlaws of Eden

Illustrated by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

WHEN Ranceford Kershaw came out of the post office at Valley Center, his daughter, Lorraine, seated at the wheel of the Kershaw car at the curb, saw instantly that he had received some mail of a disturbing nature. His head was bowed a little, as from a blow, and in his tread there was a lag that bespoke an inhibition greater than that induced by the bullet that had shattered his hip many years before.

When he reached the car he leaned against the front door, his arms outspread along the top of it; then slowly his head came down until his face was hidden; and thus he stood for more than a minute. He shivered faintly, and a sigh, half pain, half despair, escaped him.

His daughter watched him with something of the alert, professional concern of a trained nurse who, realizing her patient's danger, forbears exhibiting excitement in the presence of an event which, to her, has grown commonplace. Only, in Lorry Kershaw's eyes, profound affection and pity showed.

She knew her father suffered from angina pectoris, and two doctors had told her a long time ago that she must be prepared to lose him suddenly. They had

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She spurred her horse in beside him and slipped her soft hand into his, so rough and calloused. Thus they looked upon their heritage

told her, too, of the devastating pain and the even more devastating fear of imminent dissolution which is the portion of those who suffer from this incurable disease; and they had warned her against exhibiting the slightest excitement or concern during one of his infrequent attacks, since that would merely add to the grief and worry of her father and, perhaps, hasten the end.

SO THE girl waited patiently until he raised his face and smiled at her a trifle sheepishly. "That was a real twister," he gasped. "I figgered I was a goner for sure."

"Well, I didn't," the girl assured him calmly. "I've seen you in worse fix, so I didn't worry about you."

Ranceford Kershaw shook his head. "I don't think I could stand another like that one, Lorry."

"Nonsense. About ninety years hence, old settler, you'll have to be killed to abate a public nuisance."

"You ain't sympathetic," he protested, with a show of irritation. But the girl knew he was secretly pleased; that her comradely, almost masculine badinage, her apparent refusal to accept seriously his own gloomy view of the situation, helped materially to allay his excitement and the resultant furious pounding of his heart.

"Too bad about you, isn't it?" Lorry jeered. "You know very well the doctor's orders are to avoid excitement and to cultivate a placid outlook upon life, at its worst. Nevertheless, the instant you receive bad news you selfishly hoard it." She put her hand on his shoulder. "Don't you know that bad news split between us doesn't occupy nearly so much valuable space in that stifled breast of yours? Must you remain a silent, self-centered, furtive old hill-billy all of your days? I declare I'm worn out striving to civilize you. Now, you climb into this car, Rance Kershaw, and cease your nonsense."

He admonished her with a trembling forefinger. "Honor thy father—"

"The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose," she interrupted.

Rance Kershaw grinned at his daughter lovingly. He relished being bullied by her, for he was fully aware of her reason for bullying him; aware that under her calm, debonair exterior there were tears and terror. When she bullied him, he found in her action evidence that when his summons came she would bear it bravely; it proved her a Kershaw.

Rance Kershaw was not a learned man, and had he possessed aught of philosophy, his life would have been far happier than it had been. But he did possess another virtue—one that in all times has made smoother for men the rocky roads they have had to travel. He was brave. Nothing worried him, nothing defeated him, now—save the problem of what was going to happen to this sweet, wistful, understanding daughter when she should find herself facing the world alone. Yet, the knowledge that she, too, was courageous helped assuage this lone worry.

He climbed laboriously into his seat beside her. Immediately Lorry took from her purse a small bag of tobacco and a brown cigarette paper; with masculine skill rolled him a cigarette, thrust it into his mouth, and held the cigar lighter to it. He puffed on it gratefully. It was strictly against his doctor's orders to do this, and Lorry knew it; but she also knew that in moments of excitement a cigarette exercised a soothing influence on him, besides including them both in a delicious little act of deceit and disobedience. She had discovered something Rance Kershaw's not too skillful country doctor had never learned—to wit, the value of mental therapy.

THEY drove in silence for about two miles. Then her father said: "You were right, darling. I found a real jolt waiting for me in the post office. The Valley Center Bank has bought our mortgage from the Savings Bank of Gold Run an' Babson's called it."

"Was he firm in his demand?"

"As cold as a polar bear's tail. Got to pay up in five days or the bank'll enter suit to foreclose."

"Yes, that *was* quite a shock," Lorry agreed, "but it might be worse. We have a year in which to redeem the ranch, and in that time we may be able to refund our mortgage."

"I doubt that, sweetheart. A cattle

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ranch is the last piece o' collateral a bank cares to loan on nowadays."

"Well, we'll try. One is never out until he's counted out, Dad."

"We'll be counted out thirty days after the suit is filed. Nate Tichenor is a Hensley, and the last of the Hensley clan, no matter what his name happens to be, and it's his chance to get even with the Kershaws at last. He'll close in on us and take the cattle as soon as he hears Babson has filed suit. And after that has happened it wouldn't be worth while tryin' to refund the ranch mortgage. A cattle ranch without cattle on it is a liability. We couldn't even pay the taxes and interest, honey, to hold it until better times and sell it."

"STILL, we're not downhearted," the girl protested. "There *is* a way out. We have two thousand head of feeders that aren't mortgaged to Nate Tichenor, and we can get twenty dollars a head for them. As I see it, if we sell them now, we can escape with forty thousand dollars, but if we hold them to put more fat on them, Babson or Nate Tichenor will attach them to help cover a deficiency judgment. We can't protect ourselves, so Babson will buy in the ranch and Nate Tichenor will buy in the cattle at the sheriff's sale and at their own price. They're the sort that would do it, even though the present collateral is more than ample to cover their loans.

"Now, forty thousand dollars can be made to earn five per cent net. That's two thousand a year. And I have a high-school teacher's certificate that can never be revoked, because I secured it in the University of California. I can earn three thousand dollars a year teaching school—and on five thousand a year you and I can live the life of Reilly. Not a worry in life, old-timer!"

"You can live the life of Reilly on it, honey, but I shall not. It will kill me to give up Eden Valley—an' you know why."

"It would have been a blessing if our family had never seen Eden Valley," the girl cried passionately. "It's been paid for in blood and tears and heartbreak and social ostracism, and all we have to show for the years is a private cemetery filled with Kershaw women who died heartbroken and Kershaw men who passed away with their boots on. And now the Hensleys have triumphed over us!"

"They've got two more in their cemetery than we have, Lorry."

"But they haven't any debts—and after fighting seventy-two years to own all of Eden Valley, they'll win at last. Nate Tichenor *must* have money enough to buy in our ranch at the sheriff's sale. Well, he's earned his victory. If anybody is to get our part of Eden Valley, I hope it will be Nate Tichenor."

"You're mighty forgivin' of an enemy," her father chided.

"At least, one should respect a powerful, implacable, unyielding enemy, Dad. The Hensleys were always worthy of the Kershaw steel." Ensued a long silence. Then: "I wonder what sort of man Nate Tichenor has turned out to be, Dad?"

"I dunno, Lorry. I wouldn't attempt to figger even a half-breed Hensley. His father, folks do say, was a right peaceable, fair man, an' when he married Angie Hensley he wrote me, enclosin' his photograph, an' advisin' me that marryin' into the Hensley family didn't mean he'd married into the Hensley-Kershaw feud. He suggested that if an' when we met I could pass him the time o' day without gettin' a bullet in answer. I took him at his word—an' he kept it.

"But his son was raised a Hensley. He went armed after his fifteenth birthday. I figgered him an' your brother Owen would shoot it out some day, which was why I never sent Owen to the high school at Valley Center. At seventeen the principal discovered Nate Tichenor wore a forty-five in a shoulder holster, an' ordered him to leave it home thereafter. Young Tichenor wouldn't do it, so they hove him out o' high school. An' they do say he was the smartest boy in the county. I allers kep' out o' his way; not that I was afraid o' the pup, but because I didn't want no triflin' with a boy—an' you never can tell what a boy will take a notion to do. We were two ahead o' the Hensleys."

"He's been gone from Eden Valley since the war," Lorry mused. "Nine years of life outside may have civilized him. I hope so. You've got to admit, Dad, he hasn't been an importunate creditor."

"He don't have to be. He's got us where the hair is short, an' the longer he holds off, the more interest'll accumulate an' the more cattle he'll have to levy on for his deficiency jedgment. He's smart. He don't figger to do no halfway job bustin' us."

"Well, you wouldn't do a halfway job were our situations reversed."

Her father nodded confirmation to this charge. While he could have taken considerable pleasure in killing Nate Tichenor, he was not a hypocrite. He even preferred to kill in the open when possible.

"Well, whatever happens to us, it will be worth while," the girl finally suggested, "provided it ends this senseless, bloody feud."

"The feud ended," Ranceford Kershaw replied, "when your brother was killed in France. The last Hensley I tangled with put me out of the runnin'. A man so crippled he can't walk a mile or set a horse has got to wait for his enemies to come to him."

THE car had climbed a low ridge and debouched into Eden Valley. Presently the road turned at right angles straight up the floor of the valley. Three miles of this and they were passing a cluster of buildings set among some scattered sugar pines in the meadow about a quarter of a mile to the left of the road. A lateral road led from a gate on the main highway down to these buildings which constituted the headquarters of the Hensley ranch. Since 1919, when Angie Tichenor, the last of the Hensleys, had died, while her son was with the army in France, the Hensley headquarters had been deserted, the ranch itself having been leased, through an agent, to Ranceford Kershaw.

For thirty years before that Ranceford Kershaw had never passed that gate without keeping a wary eye on the Hensley headquarters. And, since the habit of thirty years may not be broken in seven, he gazed upon the buildings now—and started as he saw a column of smoke issuing from the chimney of the low, rambling, bungalow-type ranch house. Lorry saw the smoke also, and instantly stopped the car.

"It'll be too late to dispose of them two thousand feeders now," her father told her. "Nate Tichenor's back. Him an' Babson are in cahoots. They'll strike together. Ah, poor Lorry—my poor little girl. Sorry, honey—so sorry—"

He sighed deeply and lurched over against her; his head fell on her shoulder. She set the brake, moved a little in her seat, put her right arm around his neck to steady him and with her left tilted his face upward toward hers and kissed him. For a few seconds his dimming glance met hers with a look of love unutterable; wracked by excruciating pain, nevertheless his high courage was equal to the effort of a smile; and then the light went out of his eyes and his heaving breast was stilled forever.

For a long time she had

ALICE DUER MILLER'S name, signed to a story, is an invitation to every reader who likes a sparkling style, a swiftly moving narrative, an utterly charming people. Perhaps you do not *actually* read her stories faster than you usually read the same number of words—but you are carried so smoothly into the very heart of the story that you *seem* to have cut minutes from your reading time.

This is particularly true of "Age of Indiscretion," Mrs. Miller's latest serial, which begins in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for November. It is not a story of the wild young generation, but of the most captivating great-grandmother in modern fiction.

"Grandmamma *dear!*" is the despair of her more staid descendants, but she engineers their destinies just the same—including their love affairs. And the story of her escapades is one to chuckle over, to follow with breathless interest, and to remember!

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known that some day he would leave her thus—suddenly, awkwardly. . . . After a while her thumb pressed the button in the center of the steering wheel and a series of raucous, long-drawn shrieks from the motor horn, punctuated by short, insistent, staccato toots, went pealing across the fields.

The Kershaw pride was in the dust at last. The last of the Kershaws was appealing to the last of the enemy for help!

FOR two hundred years the Kershaws had not been able, with patient submission, to tolerate more than a modicum of civilization. The first progenitor in America arrived with Lord Baltimore; thereafter, each generation moved at least one state farther west; one might have traced the hegira of the tribe by its headstones, albeit many a Kershaw never found a grave at all. They were hunters, trappers, soldiers, and cattlemen; except for the purpose of raising sufficient grain and vegetables to provide for their personal necessities, no Kershaw had ever put plow to earth, for they were too wild, too restless, too adventurous, and too eagerly inquisitive to remain long enough in one spot to reclaim a farm from the wilderness. Before them always the prairies stretched, and beyond the prairies the mountains called to them to come and there live their own lives under their own laws.

When Robin Kershaw, at the age of twenty-two, came home from the Mexican War, he discovered that during his absence his father's ranch in northern Texas had been raided by Comanche Indians, his family slaughtered, and the cattle stolen or dead in a drought. Reflecting that for two hundred years the majority of Kershaw males had been denied the privilege of dying peacefully in bed, and with the *post bellum* restlessness that comes to all active service soldiers upon him, Robin Kershaw longed with a great longing for some new land where he might round out his life in peace, profit, and solitude.

So he rode with Frémont to California and, when gold was discovered, was among the first to stake a claim in the Sierra foothills. Before the snow flew in the winter of '52, he had amassed a fortune of half a million dollars—and it was time to be moving on. From the Merced River to the Klamath, California was crowded!

He was now twenty-eight years old and he could afford to marry and move on to the solitude the Kershaws called peace. The land hunger was gnawing at his heart as it had gnawed at the hearts of his ancestors; the flame of the pioneering spirit still flamed as high in him as it had in the first Kershaw; he liked the cattle business and he had in him in full measure the ancient, primitive urge for free grass and free water.

SO HE married a Juno who had walked to California beside a covered wagon in '49, and with her rode up into northeastern California and cast about for a spot where the Kershaw Odyssey should end. For end it must, since the Pacific Ocean barred further peregrination westward and no American Kershaw save the original had ever sailed salt water.

On a day in the early spring of 1853 he drove his three pack mules out of the timber onto a bald spot on the crest of what is now known as the Goose Nest Range, and saw, three thousand feet below him, the land of his heart's desire. Its glory burst upon him so suddenly that for more than five minutes he did not speak.

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When he did, he said simply: "That's it."

The two-hundred-year pilgrimage was at an end!

"Lovely—and lonely," the girl beside him murmured, and, with that instinct of domestic comradeship, of marital fealty inherent in those bred to the wilderness, she spurred her horse in beside him and slipped her soft hand into his, so rough and calloused. Thus they looked upon their heritage.

IT WAS a wide, elliptical valley into which he gazed; Kershaw estimated it should contain nearly one hundred thousand acres. It was, in reality, a vast mountain meadow where wild timothy and sweet clover grew knee-high; and that it was largely subirrigated from the melting snow of the surrounding mountains Kershaw was assured, for in spots the country showed a deeper, softer green than elsewhere. He estimated that it could not be more than twenty-five hundred feet above sea level, for here it was late in February and yet the floor of the valley was free of snow . . . no trouble to winter cattle there . . . he could cut sufficient wild hay to insure bringing them out in the spring strong and fat . . . and strong, fat cattle meant an eighty per cent calf crop.

Occasional sugar and white pines studded the valley; an irregular streak of willow, alder, and sycamore marked a large stream that meandered down its approximate center; above the dark blue of sugar and white pine timber on the sides of the encircling hills a coronet of snow appeared. . . . Paradise lying there, serene and smiling, in the silence of the ages.

After a long, searching, wistful contemplation of the scene below him, Robin Kershaw said: "We'll call it Eden Valley." Then he clattered off down the mountainside, following the hogback above a cañon through which ran a creek that he concluded must be the headwaters of the one that meandered through the wide valley below. Through the stately pines the blue jays flitted and cried raucously; hawks, buzzards, and golden eagles circled in the azure sky above. Although the sun shone warmly, there was a tang of winter in the air and it set to beating highly the hearts of these two youthful pioneers in a lonely land. Like all of their kind, however, they exulted in silence; only the very gross hold speech in a cathedral.

They slid down through the talus and pine needles at last into the beginnings of Eden Valley—a cañon about a quarter of a mile wide and four miles long. Through the center of it the creek raced. Far up in the mountains it had been a brook, but as the little lateral streams flowed into it, their own volume of flow vastly augmented by the melting snow, it had gathered size, until here it overflowed its banks and spread out over the bed of the cañon.

KERSHAW rode his horse out into the brown, whirling waters until they lapped his stirrups, then turned back and joined his wife on the high ground along the foot of the hills.

"A creek in the summer and fall, but a good-sized river in the winter and spring, Lorry," he announced. "It increases in size as it runs down the main valley; there's bound to be a lot of tributaries tumbling down from the hills on both sides. There'll be no dry years in this country, Lorry; and there'll always be a world of water for summer irrigation. Lordy me, the wild hay I'll cut down yonder!"

(*Continued on page 157*)

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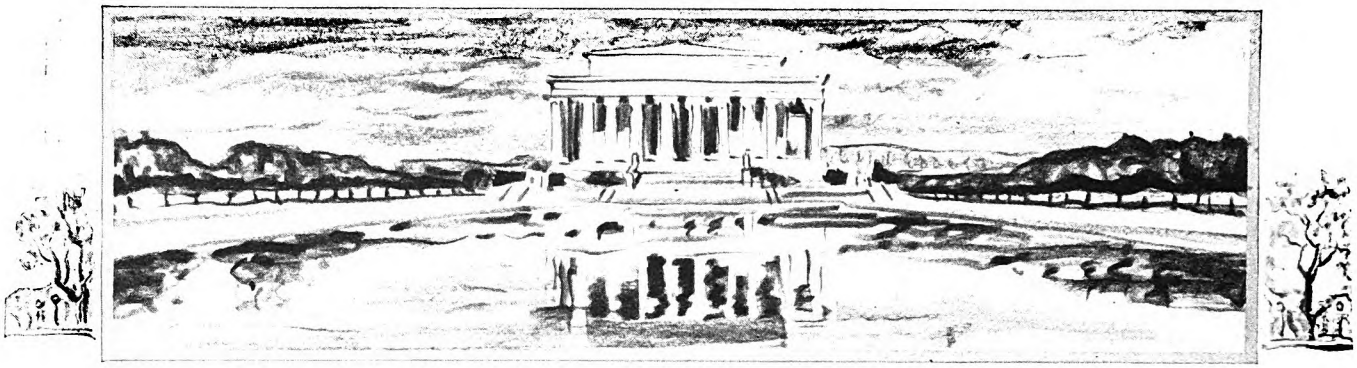

How I Spent My DAYS at the White

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DORIS ULMANN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

By Mrs. CALVIN COOLIDGE

ALL my life I have done my best work in the early morning hours. As a schoolgirl with home work to be prepared, I can remember saying that I could do more work in half an hour before breakfast than in an hour after supper. Perhaps this is a New England trait.

After the President left the house in the morning to begin his work for the day, I busied myself with various household duties, often to the accompaniment of music from the radio or phonograph, in which my canaries joined. Some flowers were always sent up to me from the flower room in the west wing, and these I arranged in vases or bowls about my own room and the west sitting-room. Flowers in the other rooms were arranged by the man in whose care the grounds and gardens of the White House were placed.

The west sitting-room might have been called the general sitting-room, for there we gathered before luncheon and dinner were announced and there were the newspapers and magazines on a long table at one side. Family pictures hung on the walls and comfortable overstuffed chairs and sofas full of honorable years were conveniently placed about the room.

My secretary arrived at nine o'clock and opened and sorted the mail. It was easily classified and fell under the following general heads: Personal, requests to be received, requests for donations and articles for bazaars, requests for photographs and autographs, requests for assistance of various sorts, invitations to be present at meetings or ceremonies of one kind or another, and letters from persons of unsound mind which were turned over to the Secret Service.

I must tell the story of one letter which went into the files. I am one of fifteen women belonging to the same college fraternity who have kept in circulation a round-robin letter since the summer of 1915, when our biennial convention was held in Berkeley, California. It makes the rounds quite regularly once in three months and travels from coast to coast.

Anyone who has ever seen a round robin knows what it looks like, for they all have the same general appearance. Each contributor writes on paper of different size and color, some letters are written by hand, others are typewritten, and altogether they present a strange appearance to one unaccustomed to them. In August of 1926, this round robin was reported missing for the first time, and inquiries were sent out. Each member was asked to make diligent search for the lost letter. Not until all the others had reported did they appeal to me. Unable to locate it in my own files, I asked the Secret Service to have a look in theirs and, sure enough, there was the bird, looking very much bedraggled, duly numbered in blue and marked, "Seemingly silly letters"—and all written by college graduates of some years' standing!

Personal letters I took charge of and I answered many of them myself. A letter in my handwriting will never have any commercial value—they are too numerous. A large portion of the other letters were answered by my secretary, sometimes after consultation with me, often not.

AS a usual thing I took a brisk walk during the forenoon. One of my favorite walks was around the reflecting basin in front of the Lincoln Memorial, but this walk I enjoyed most in the late afternoon, when the sun was setting over Arlington and a rose-lavender haze hung over the river.

Sometimes my walk took me to the shopping district and I visited some of the stores to make personal selection of various articles of which I stood in need. One such visit, made soon after my husband became President, had as its objective the purchase of a hat. My secretary accompanied me. We entered the shop and a young saleswoman came forward to inquire as to our wishes. I described such a hat as I required and she brought two or three from one of the cases. Putting them down on the table before me, she looked at me closely and said, "My, but you look like Mrs. Coolidge!" I smiled pleasantly but uninterestedly. She brought two or three more hats and put them down. "Did anyone ever tell you before that you look like Mrs. Coolidge?" she asked. "Yes," I replied simply, with never a smile. I made my selection and prepared to depart, signaling my secretary to give her the address, and we all had a little laugh together.

Delegations, groups, and some individuals were given appointments to be received at twelve noon, and if arrangements had been made for a picture, the party was assembled at the foot of one of the flights of stone steps leading down from the south portico to the flagging below. The iron railing with its entwining Virginia creeper made an ever-pleasing back-

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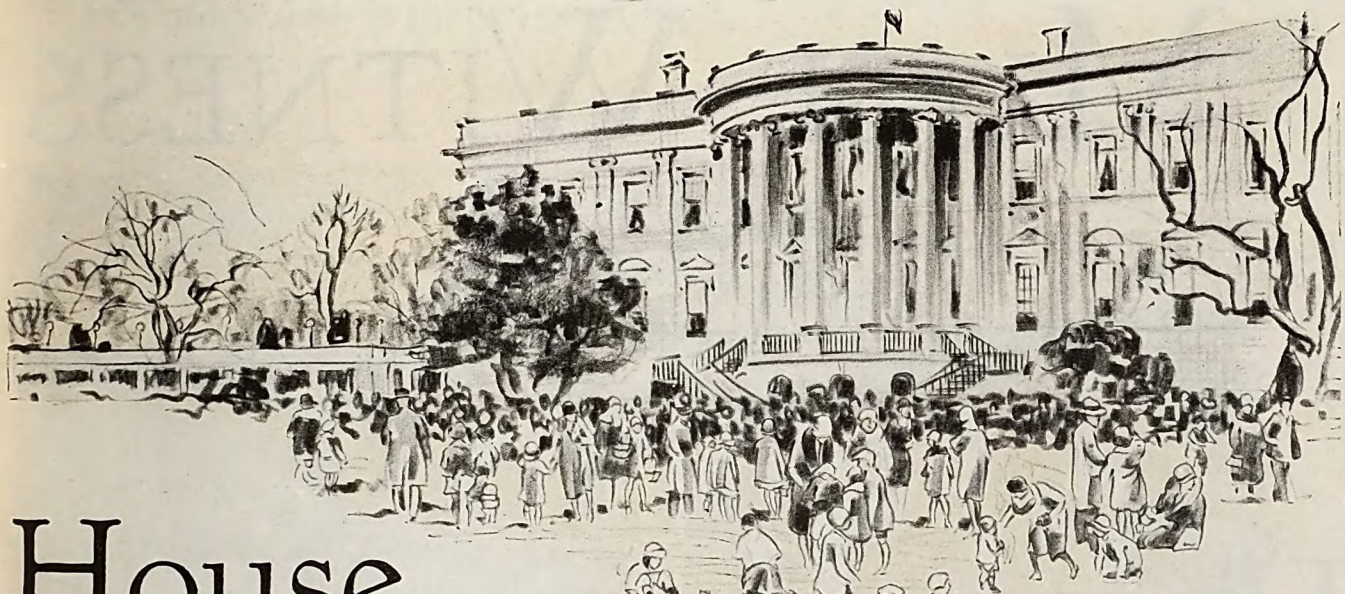

House

DRAWINGS BY JOSEPH W. GOLINKIN

ground, and at times a fragrant one as well.

When the social season was in full swing, I received at tea twice a week, usually on Mondays and Fridays. These groups were limited to twenty-five preferably, to thirty at the outside, and were made up of those who had made requests to be received. This seemed a strange custom to me when I first went to Washington, but when explained to me, I could see that it had been established wisely. It is obvious that when we wish to call upon the wife of the President we cannot go up and ring the front doorbell and ask if the First Lady is in. We therefore leave a note written either to her personally or to her secretary, asking if we may have the honor of being received. An engraved card is then sent to us stating the day and hour at which we may call. If we are visiting in Washington and wish to call upon the Mistress of the White House, it is proper to leave cards at the door, together with a note asking whether we may be received. If we are strangers and unknown to the President's wife, we must ask our hostess or some friend to make the request for us.

I received in the Red parlor, with an aide making the introductions and a friend pouring out tea at a table in one corner. Sometimes I had smaller groups of twelve or fifteen, and then I had a low table placed opposite the open fire and, after receiving my guests, sat down and poured their tea.

IN ORDER to show that upsets occur in a Presidential household as well as in any other, I shall relate the story of two. At intervals the wives of the members of the President's Cabinet came to have tea with me. I usually asked them to come to the library, on the second floor. This room is directly over the Blue Room and is of the same size and shape. Upon the occasion of which I write, we were busily talking over all our cups of tea when I noticed one of the ladies tucking her tea napkin into her bag. I made a mental note that I would tell her before she left, in order to spare her the embarrassment of finding it after she reached home.

A few minutes later, the lady with the bag was speaking, and the

(*Cont'd on page 138*)

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FROM WIDE WORLD

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MUTE WITNESS

By HAROLD TITUS

Illustrated by
E. F. WARD

They got Chetham up. Yes, he had talked with McIver back in the woodlot that afternoon, but had not seen him go away

HAD it not been for his little white setter, he could have come into town at any ordinary time and attracted no notice at all, because he was of that quiet, unobtrusive sort, belonging to backgrounds.

Surely, coming as he did in the midst of the resort real estate boom, he would have commanded only the mildest sort of wonder as to his identity and business if he had been alone. But he was not alone; he had his Jill, and few saw them without taking a second look.

At that, the attention was almost entirely for the dog until, observing that the pup was with an outsider, we thought casually he was probably another speculator looking for likely pieces of lake frontage to option—because, just then, almost all transients were scrambling for desirable locations.

No, Ned Chetham was not the kind to stir much curiosity. Even after the frontage excitement died down he was identified generally as Jill's owner; and although he had lived here two years, it was not until his arrest that he was really known or talked about.

Jill was a little thing, almost frail, you'd think, until you saw her in action, but built on God's own pattern for the breed. Her set-up would catch the eye of a bird-dog man every time, but her appeal extended away past the elect. She was white; twenty feet off, she seemed to be pure white; close up, you could see tiny lemon tickings on her ears and chops, but that was all the color she bore. Her coat had luster like a fine Oriental rug, and, even as a puppy, she was feathering out beautifully.

She was shy as a country girl and kept at Chetham's feet continually. When he stood for a while, she would sit on his shoes and lean against his shins, ears hanging back to accentuate that expression of extreme sensitiveness; and now and again she would turn those soulful brown eyes and gaze into his face, as if to assure herself that the one being who mattered was still close by.

When Ned was on the go, Jill was ever close at heel—sniffing at one of his hands occasionally, much as a child will at intervals touch the garment of a beloved parent. Such beauty and adoration in a dog compel the eye and stir the emotions of many sorts of people. Certainly everyone in the town was stirred by Jill.

"Dog collars?" Hessel had asked in response to Ned's query when the newcomer walked into his store for the first time. "I carry 'em but don't know whether I've got one fancy enough for *that* dog! Looks like a certified check to me."

This, as he was taking down a box of collars.

"Bet a dozen folks have noticed her and asked me who you were." The stranger did not respond, and so, as he spread his

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A story with a thrill for everyone who has ever loved a dog

stock on the counter, Hessel asked, "Going to locate up here with us?"

Ned looked at him briefly then, as if to determine whether this were just nosiness or genuine, hospitable interest.

"Yes; I bought kind of a farm," he explained, with a half smile. "The old Radebush place, I guess it's called."

"Oh, sure. Great view from up there!"

The other nodded. "I'll say!" You naturally liked his smile and his deep, gentle voice. Hessel went on, making conversation.

"And lots of birds in the hills behind you!"

"Birds galore!" Ned spoke from the heart, then, and glanced down at the dog.

"Little girl pretty good on 'em?"

"She shows some promise," the boy answered, with that repression which indicated that he voiced only a small fraction of what he believed.

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Radebush farm, eh? He couldn't be in on the frontage thing, then, because the place was too far back, situated at the head of a valley which fell off to a bay between two big promontories jutting into Lake Michigan. It had been worked only casually the last few years; the buildings were run down and only a remnant of the once thriving cherry orchard was left. But the stranger didn't look like a farmer, either. Perhaps he was this, perhaps that. But decent looking; nice smile. . . . And what a dog; *what* a dog!

A few nights later Ned was back in the hardware store; he had no buying errand and it was evident that he had walked the three miles to sit with that gang and listen to its talk. He came again and again, exceptionally quiet at first, gradually growing a trifle more communicative, never asserting himself, always amiable, kindly, and modest. He had tolerance for the opinions of others, and, when asked for his, would state them simply, frankly, and in a manner that made even disagreement wholly disarming. We came to like him immensely; anyone would have who knew him. It certainly was a shock when they brought him in, charged with murder.

BITS of his story had come out in the course of the two years. He had grown up as a bird-dog handler, and finally, after years of effort, had bred the pup which he and his father before him had looked for and dreamed of.

"There's no money in dogs," he said once. "A funny satisfaction is what you get. What you accomplish is all your own; it comes out of you. About once in so often a handler who really loves 'em gets a dog that he feels is the best ever put down in a field trial. Then . . . and then"—blushing like a bashful boy making a confession—"nothing else counts for anything!"

His flush and the tremor in his voice told it all! He thought he had the makings of a champion in Jill; he had given up everything else to develop her; he had found a place where she could have seclusion and plenty of birds, and where he could wrangle out a living for himself while he brought her up. All his hopes and ambitions were concentrated in the future of the trig little bitch.

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"I want you to describe just how this defendant came out of the woods after the shot you claim you heard fired," said Metcalf

He stayed close to his place that first winter, and came to town only when necessary, walking in with that clinker of a setter at his heels, and soaking up the companionship in Hessel's as gratefully as a chilled man will soak up heat. Travelers along his road were few, but for them all he had a wave and a greeting at the least; if they stopped he always took time for a bit of visiting. A nice, human young fellow!

"The old orchard's no bonanza!" he had laughed after his first cherries were off. "But then, after the country gets over its frontage boom, sightly locations ought to be worth good money."

THE excitement of the previous fall had flattened, and a good many people were getting a bad reaction to their former enthusiasm. McIver and Buckwith, our leading realtors, were hard hit, and that is the only misfortune which has bearing here, because if their affairs had gone right Lynn McIver might be alive today. He had faith in future development and wanted to hang on. Buckwith, older and more cautious, was of another mind; and so they dissolved partnership, in all friendliness, and set out to solve their problems, each in his own way.

"Tough for McIver," Ned Chetham had said when the matter was talked over in Hessel's. "Don't know Buckwith so well; anyhow, he's no family. Mac's right, though; this stuff'll all be worth money some day!"

"Would *you* sell out?" someone asked.

"Sure! I've never made any money; time I did. Pretty soon I'll have to quit living just for dogs, even for as good a one as Jill."

Hearing her name, the setter looked up into his face, eyes filled with worship and admiration.

"How's she coming along, Ned?" Hessel asked.

Chetham gave his modest smile, but his eye gleamed brightly.

"Drop out some afternoon and see for yourself."

So, in October, when it was legal to work dogs on game, though the shooting was not yet open, Hessel went out to watch Jill perform. He said it was something beyond words. He had never seen a dog with such qualities: nose, speed, tractability, judgment, and style. She positively had everything a dog could hope to have, he declared, and Hessel was no novice, either.

"And he's going to let me shoot over her!" he said, tickled as a boy at some much-cherished prospect.

Ned had promised that, but he never made good. It was one of the things remembered and raked up after his arrest. He came to town a week after shooting began, and stopped in the hardware store.

"Well, how's she go?" Hessel asked, all primed to be given the word to come out for a day with the dog.

"Oh, so-so. She's got a lot to learn."

"Don't expect too much from her this year."

Ned gave an odd laugh for a boy in his twenties. "Don't worry!" His words were strangely bitter, too.

"She acted like a wonder when I saw her."

"She sure did."

BUT something had happened to Ned. He was definitely changed. He still smiled, but with his lips and not with his eyes, if you get the difference. He came in less frequently, and was as silent as he had been on his arrival. Not even dog talk would draw him out, and when people praised or questioned him about Jill he seemed downright morose. Yet he had an even greater affection for the dog, and was forever holding her head in his lap and stroking her ears. A queerly moody fellow, for certain.

Ned's chance to cash in on the resort value of his place came suddenly. He could double his money, but still this was not so much as he (*Continued on page 191*)

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The LOW-DOWN on

An Interview with

WOOD ENGRAVINGS BY HOWARD MC CORMICK

"I'm strong for honest ballyhoo," says William Wrigley, Jr., in this clear-cut and sparkling interview, "but you can't be both a liar and a successful salesman."—A collection of red-hot tips from a human dynamo

MANY men who are worth not over five hundred dollars at the moment this is printed will be millionaires in less than five years. That prediction involves no risk. It will happen. Who they are, by name, I do not know. But I know *what* they are. They are salesmen.

Fortunes are made nowadays in a third of the time it took when I was younger. They are still being made by selling. And two selling opportunities grow today where one used to grow.

If I were a young man with no other special leanings, I should certainly try to learn to sell.

The art of salesmanship can be stated in five words: *Believing something, and convincing others.* That is easy to say. But selling is not easy. A salesman has to master himself; he has to know human nature and like people; he has to be able to stand up and take it on the jaw; he has to stick when they call him a fool for sticking; he has to work hard, late, and long. Success is not easy. But it is worth the price.

I have been selling since I was nine years old. Nothing is so much fun to me as business. I do not expect to do anything but work as long as I can stand up. I am sixty-seven, according to the calendar, and from the present outlook I am going to be standing up for many years.

Almost sixty years of selling! You cannot condense a lifetime into four thousand words. But a few points in my experience stand out. A few lessons in selling I certainly did learn, and learned hard. I could pull a wise face, but I prefer to tell the story "between folks," as it happened.

My father was in the soap business. He had a partner, and the partner had a son. This lad was several years older than I, but he was not much good—too lazy, I guess. They sent him to the street market with a basket of soap to sell. He came back in a couple of hours and said he couldn't sell any. My father jeered.

"I believe Willy could do better than that," he said.

I was Willy; and I was nine.

THEY gave me a basket with a dozen bars of soap, and sent me to the same market. Probably they did not expect much to happen. But for me it was the beginning of things.

The street market in those days was a famous institution in Philadelphia. There were booths down the center, and crowds milled along, marketing as they went. I walked among the crowds with my basket of soap, and kept a sharp lookout for possible buyers. I do not know whether it was instinct or whether I picked up the knowledge that day. Anyhow, I soon realized that people would not buy from me merely because I was a two-bits tad peddling soap. I hit on the scheme of sighting some likely customer and sticking to her like a bur. I would dodge in and out at her heels, not asking her once to buy, but asking her a dozen times. As a result, I quickly sold my first basketful, and went back for more.

I remember one old Quaker lady. I trailed her almost the length of the block.

"No, no!" she said. "Run along now; I don't want any."

But I palavered good-naturedly and stayed with her, and finally she said, "Oh, well!"—and agreed to take a ten-cent bar. As she was digging into her pocketbook, she made this remark:

"Thee will be a very rich man some day, sonny."

That street market in Philadelphia taught me lesson number one: *Don't let*

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Salesmanship

WILLIAM WRIGLEY, Jr.

By NEIL M. CLARK

them lose you. Sticking is one of the big things in salesmanship—one of the biggest. Nearly all buyers say "No!" at first. Real salesmen stick until the buyer has used up his last "No!"

Many and many an incident confirmed this. I became a full-fledged long-pants traveling salesman when I was thirteen. That may seem an odd age for a traveling salesman. But I would not stay in school; I hated working a paddle in my father's factory; and I convinced him I was big for my age and could earn more for him outside than in. He was wise, and enough of a gambler to say, "Go ahead!"

I tackled my first merchant with the resolve of selling him an order of soap if it took a week. He was located in West Chester, Pennsylvania. He put me off, and put me off, but finally broke down; he admitted he would either have to give me an order or kill me, and he didn't want to kill me. The amount of that order was one dollar and eighty cents.

Every man who ever made good with me as a salesman has been a sticker. Some were unlikely material at the start. Many years after these first experiences, when we were selling chewing gum around the world, I had a chauffeur who got into some mix-up at the house and had to be fired. I knew he was obstinate as a mule.

"The thing for you to do," I told him, "is sell goods."

I gave him a job. He talked the language of the little merchant. They never could lose him. He made good. I have known him to work till nine o'clock without supper, completing some small sale.

THERE was another lesson I learned early. I learned it from Caleb Thornton. Caleb was a Quaker.

It was a rainy day when I first called at Caleb's store, and he had a clerk busy carrying fifty-pound sacks of flour from the back part of the store to the front, arranging them in a neat pile.

"All done!" the man said presently.

"Very well," replied Caleb; "now thee may carry them all back and pile them where thee found them."

The man immediately got red around the collar. He wanted to know what was the sense of doing that.

"It's a rainy day," said Caleb, "and there are no customers. I am keeping thee busy. Whether there is any sense in it or not, I pay thee thy wages, and can tell thee to do what I please."

"I'll quit before I'll carry all that flour back," said the clerk. "You can't make a jackass out of me."

He put on his coat, collected his wages, and left. I don't know but I sympathized with him. But Caleb turned to me, quietly smiling, and made his point.

"What good does it do a *poor* man," he said, "to get mad?"

I saw the point; and it was the second thing I learned and never forgot: *Don't let them rile you.* As long as I sold goods, I never got mad at a customer and showed it.

Except once—in a little town in Pennsylvania. The merchant was half drunk. He called me a liar, a particular kind of liar—and meant it. He was big; I was a boy, but husky. I hauled off and hit him as hard as I could.

IT WAS a grand fight. When I left, my coat was torn in two halves down the middle of the back. But his store—

I went to the local justice of the peace.

"Tough for you!" he said. "I know him; when he's drunk, he's mean. But he is one of the city fathers here. My advice to you is to climb onto the first thing on wheels going out of town."

I did. After dark, I sneaked back for my grips.

That was the only time such a thing happened. And it did not pay. I never saw that merchant again; never got an order out of him. And to this day, whenever I ride through that town, I get mad.

A salesman can lose his temper as often as he pleases. He can get as mad as a red-headed rooster. He can have the joy and satisfaction of telling customers to go to hell—*if he doesn't want to sell them any goods.*

Many a man became my good friend and a customer simply because I would not take offense. There was a wild Irishman, I remember, whose main joy in life, it seemed, was to scare salesmen half to death; and he insulted those he couldn't scare.

"You young whippersnapper," he snarled at me, "don't you know there's a danged sight more *out*side of your head than there is *in* it?"

He said it with (*Continued on page 124*)

Ditch Your Patter—and Clinch Your Sales!

"EVERY human being is a sample: the only one of his kind," says Mr. Wrigley. "Anybody who starts to sell with any other notion is due to have his eyes opened or lose his pants. No patent plan will sell everybody. Standardized patter shows a lack of imagination. One of the biggest things you've got to learn is: Don't treat them all alike."

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"Their Strength

By BRUCE

BY AN unusual chain of circumstances I have been permitted to watch the careers of three men who were born in the same town, attended the same public schools, and entered business within a few years of each other. They represent such easily recognizable types that every reader will be able to match them in his own acquaintanceship, and thus will have the satisfaction of agreeing graciously or disagreeing violently with the conclusions I shall draw.

I. F. JORDAN HUGHES

F. JORDAN HUGHES got his name into the papers for the first time when he was nine years old. Accepting a dare from the older boys, he shinnied up the roof of the schoolhouse and hoisted a dead cat to the top of the flagpole. He descended amid triumphant applause, only to fall ignominiously into the hands of the law as represented by Constable Lew Peggle. The resulting chastisement at the hands of Peggle, and later at home, did not dampen the spirits of young Jordan. He had tasted the thrill of being up high where people could look at him, and the experience set the pattern of his later life.

In school his record was spotty. Mathematics and Latin, which require a considerable degree of concentration, are not showy subjects, and he barely passed them. But in history, which deals with the lives of men who have contrived to make themselves conspicuous, he was a star. Also in public speaking. From the evening when he stood on the platform of the First Baptist Church and recited,

> "You would hardly expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage,"

to a night last winter when I saw him tickle the fancy of a crowd in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, all his life he has had an easy and agreeable power over the crowd.

He was handsome, and the girls made a fuss over him. He played on both the baseball and football teams. Other players who practiced more conscientiously won the games, but he managed usually to pull off at least one spectacular play, and his wisecracks from the field were heard on the side lines and circulated throughout the surrounding towns. He was a marked man long before he finished high school, and it was said that four colleges had sent emissaries to visit him.

Jordan had been seen on athletic fields in different parts of his state, and his picture had been in the papers. At the high school graduation, the class prophet, looking far into the future, pictured a national crisis, a war in which all the world should be combined against the United States, and in the hour of desperation a brilliant young leader leaping forth to rally the nation to victory. The brilliant young leader was none other than F. Jordan.

Opinion in the home town was divided. Some of the wise old men who gathered for their Saturday night game of checkers in the club rooms over the firehouse shook their heads. "He's a quick starter," they said. "He doesn't finish anything." These gray-bearded pessimists were decidedly in the minority.

JORDAN chose a large university. The entering class consisted of several hundred green boys and girls, and he was the only one whose name they had ever heard, so they elected him class president. That put his picture into the newspapers again. He made a half-hearted attempt at the football eleven, but the boys who had practiced more conscientiously in high school and smoked less, and spent fewer evenings at parties, beat him out. Jordan laughed off his disappointment, which was not deep. As assistant cheer leader, he was a much more conspicuous figure than he would have been as a player. Small wonder that Nettie Henderson fell for him. Nettie's father had made four million dollars in the steel business. There were some jealous souls who believed that Jordan was not unaware of this fact.

His classroom work was mediocre, and in the spring of his junior year the Dean informed him that unless he did some tutoring in the summer he could not come back. Jordan promised faithfully, but in August came the European war. Perhaps Jordan remembered the words of the high

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was to Sit Still"

A story of two brilliant men—and of one who knew how to wait for Opportunity

BARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

PETER A. JONES

school prophet; perhaps he saw an easy way out of his scholastic difficulties. More probably he responded to his natural instinct for adventure and publicity. At any rate, he jumped into the ambulance service and was one of the first Americans to have an active part on the field.

When it was clear that the United States would be drawn in, Jordan came back to Plattsburg, was commissioned a lieutenant, assigned as an instructor in one of the camps and rapidly promoted. He never did get abroad again. At twenty-five he was a major—handsome, polished, a hero. And he and Nettie were married. Old man Henderson, who liked him without altogether trusting him, gave them a beautiful house as a wedding present, and put Jordan to work in a steel mill. In the home town they read the reports of the wedding, saw the pictures of the house, and freely predicted that Jordan would outshine Charley Schwab.

Jordan emerged quickly out of the mill into the sales force, and was presently giving expensive dinners and entertaining big buyers. One day a vice president of a railroad said: "You're wasting your time in the steel business. Come to Chicago. We need a man like you to develop our freight business." So Jordan and Nettie sold the pretty house and were presently established in an expensive apartment on Chicago's North Shore. They joined clubs; they were invited to dinners and gave dinners in return; and, while their expenses were always just a little behind their income, F. Jordan was getting business for the railroad, and the future was rosy.

At some party or other he met a bank president, and presently F. Jordan was assistant secretary of one of the Chicago banks. The new work took him often to New York. Sometimes Nettie went with him; oftener she could not, for they had one youngster and were soon to have another. The home town heard rumors that he had been seen in a night club accompanied by a sparkling blonde, and that he and Nettie were not entirely happy. The rumors thickened, and when divorce came, only the very deaf old people in the town were surprised.

From this point the career of F. Jordan Hughes can be brought rapidly down to date. He married the blond young lady, and they established themselves in New York, where for a time he represented the Chicago bank. Presently he formed a friendship with the head of a manufacturing concern, and the home town heard that he had been made sales manager and was being sent to Europe twice a year. Later he was back in banking as a junior partner. After two years, he managed to borrow enough money to buy a seat on the Stock Exchange and establish a small business of his own under the name of F. Jordan Hughes and Company. The home-town paper carried a long story, written from facts furnished by F. Jordan himself.

The home town still believes in F. Jordan, still expects, if he stays in banking, that he will some day own most of New York.

II. NATHANIEL H. MASON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE MASON was named by his mother, the president of the Woman's Literary Club, and was dedicated by her to literature and oratory. He was a few years younger than F. Jordan and not nearly so handsome; moreover, he had less physical strength and hence less self-assurance. Whereas F. Jordan expressed himself in action, Nathaniel turned naturally to writing or talk. The year that F. Jordan was captain of the football team, Nathaniel was sub-editor of the high school paper. When F. Jordan was getting his name in print at the university, Nathaniel was one of the members of the high school debating team which defeated the team from the next town on the subject, "RESOLVED: That the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors should be abolished by an amendment to the Federal Constitution." It was a very good debate, and one of the judges, in complimenting Nathaniel afterwards, said: "You ought to be a lawyer."

"I'm going to be a writer," Nathaniel answered.

"Well, you can be both," said the well-meaning old gentleman. "Look at the records of literature. Many of the great writers have been trained for the law."

Nathaniel repeated the conversation at home. His mother regarded it as treason, but his father took a different view. Being a practical man, he looked on literature as a precarious means of livelihood and said he would feel more comfortable if the boy was in a good, solid profession.

NATHANIEL'S career in college was not so spectacular as F. Jordan's, but it justified the pride of the home town. He was on the staff of the daily paper, contributed some lyrics to the class play, and delivered the principal oration at commencement. When the United States entered the war, he left law school for Plattsburg and was commissioned. On his very first day at the front, he was wounded in the leg; not a serious hurt, but serious enough to incapacitate him for active service and to give him a very distinguished limp for life.

In the hospital he met Madeline Forbes, of the Y. M. C. A., the daughter of a Pennsylvania lawyer, and when the war was over they were married. Nathaniel finished his law course and hung up his shingle in an Ohio county seat. Two years later he ran for county prosecutor but was defeated; the next year he was elected to the legislature. He made some good speeches and contributed reports of the sessions to one of the principal newspapers in the state. Among all the new members, he was the only one who stood out. The home town predicted that he would one day be governor.

Perhaps he will be, for he is still in his thirties, but some of the wise old fellows at the checkers club have their doubts. They say that the trouble with Nathaniel is that he has too much talent—a curious complaint. They say that his versatility is his own worst foe. Thus, after two years in the legislature, he surprised everybody by refusing (*Continued on page 77*)

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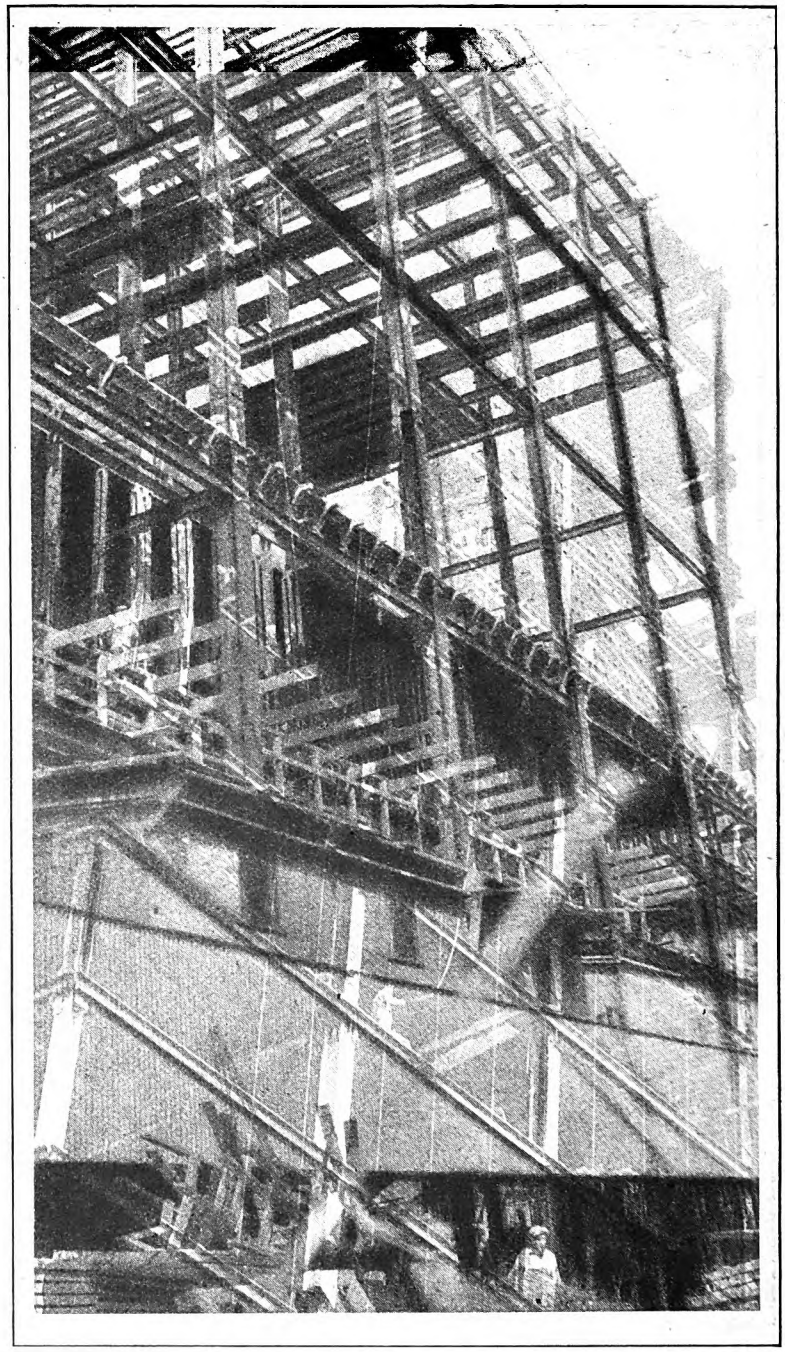
The Magic Island

By WILL IRWIN

Photographs by BERT CLARK THAYER



NEXT, perhaps, to Merlin, Prospero was the most famous magician of history. He lived on an enchanted island. From its fens and bogs, its caves and forests, he could, by a sentence and a gesture, transform it into a phantasmagoria of cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces. He and his wizardry might have escaped general attention had not William Shakespeare—himself by way of being a magician—divined it all in that last great vision of his which he called "The Tempest." For two hundred years now—or ever since scholarship began trying to suck the juices out of our ever-living poet—pundits have been writing folio volumes about the identity of Prospero's island.

AND, all these years, the island where Prospero summoned spirits from the vasty deep has lain right under the noses of the pundits and savants. Some of them have worked and speculated on its very soil. I, who do not profess to be a scholar, but only a very simple man, have discovered it; with confidence I announce my discovery.

That magic island, by far the most wonderful in the world, lies in 40° 42′ 43″ North latitude and 74° 0′ 3″ West longitude. It is no mere soil-sprinkled shelf of rock, as some have imagined it, but a region of breadth and substance. To be exact, it is thirteen miles long, and, taking the average of its charming convolutions, about two miles wide. The scholars, reading into Shakespeare what he did not mean, have inferred that it lay somewhere in mid-ocean. The fact is that a continent guards it, as such a priceless jewel should be guarded. A river, somewhat like the Rhine but more majestic, divides it on one side from the mainland, and an arm of the sea, bubbling at high tide over treacherous shoals and dangerous reefs, bounds it on the other.

In 1610 or thereabout, when Shakespeare saw the island in his vision, no civilized man save Prospero and the famous crew which he enchanted had as yet set a booted foot on its shores. The roving and impermanent inhabitants were all Calibans—they dressed in skins and lived for the day on nuts and berries or the products of their crude hunting. They had scarcely scratched the fertile soil of their island; virtually, it lay under the brisk, blue sky of the North Atlantic as virgin as if man, the destroyer, had never looked upon it.

From a wide and sandy shore at its southern, or seaward, apex, it rose to hills which, on its northern stretch, became precipitous ridges of hard, violet-gray rock. Everywhere fresh water, that life-giver of our planet, mirrored the sky in lily-dotted ponds or tumbled in lacy white cataracts over the cliffs. Wherever vegetation could catch a roothold, the soil was thick-clothed with forests of beech and maple and that white birch which is itself a virginal enchantment.

These forests did not cast a dense and sinister shade like those of the tropical jungles, but an aura of screened and softened light, meet for the trafficking and revels of Prospero's sprites. They broke, here and there, into gracious little meadows, all tender green and burnished gold in spring, what with the new grass and blooming buttercups.

NO REAL Paradise is monotonous, and this island had a winter which dusted its innumerable leaves with snow, froze its ponds into crystal, a summer which tossed vivid color. But its most glorious season was autumn, when the air lay as pregnantly still as the Peace of God and the maples flamed like an army with banners, and a haze that ran the scale of all purple tints from deep mauve to pale-gray violet crept in from the sea. Then came the wild fowl. Migrating from summer feeding-grounds of the Arctic, their unstable hordes stopped always for a rest on Prospero's island. The ponds and little lakes bubbled with the conversation of wild ducks. Kindly gray ganders, leading their

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wedge-formed flocks, careened and dropped whenever its violet cliffs came into sight above the horizon. And the blazing forests grew soft with the cooing of wild doves. Prosaic settlers who saw this island in its primeval state remembered to record that the airy flocks seemed at moments to screen the sun. The birds knew the magic which provided them here with a safe haven.

So it was when Prospero, having married off his only daughter and regained his kingdom, renounced magic. Right here let me proclaim another discovery. Shakespeare, in recording these events, did not play quite fair with his audience and his public. In Act V, Scene I, he makes Prospero bury his wand certain fathoms in the earth, drown his book, and retire to a legitimate line of business. What he does not tell us is that Prospero, before performing this act of resignation, laid upon his island an everlasting, indelible charm. It had been a magic land; it would remain fay and bewitched until its cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces—at which Prospero hinted in Act IV, Scene I—should, with the great globe itself, dissolve and leave not a rack behind.

It will vanish some day; Prospero has told us that. But now, more than three hundred years later, the charm is working full force. The island is all an enchantment, a vision. He sees that best who approaches it from the ocean. Just as the waters of the great river begin to make oily swirls in the sea waves, he beholds on the forward horizon an exhalation of wavy

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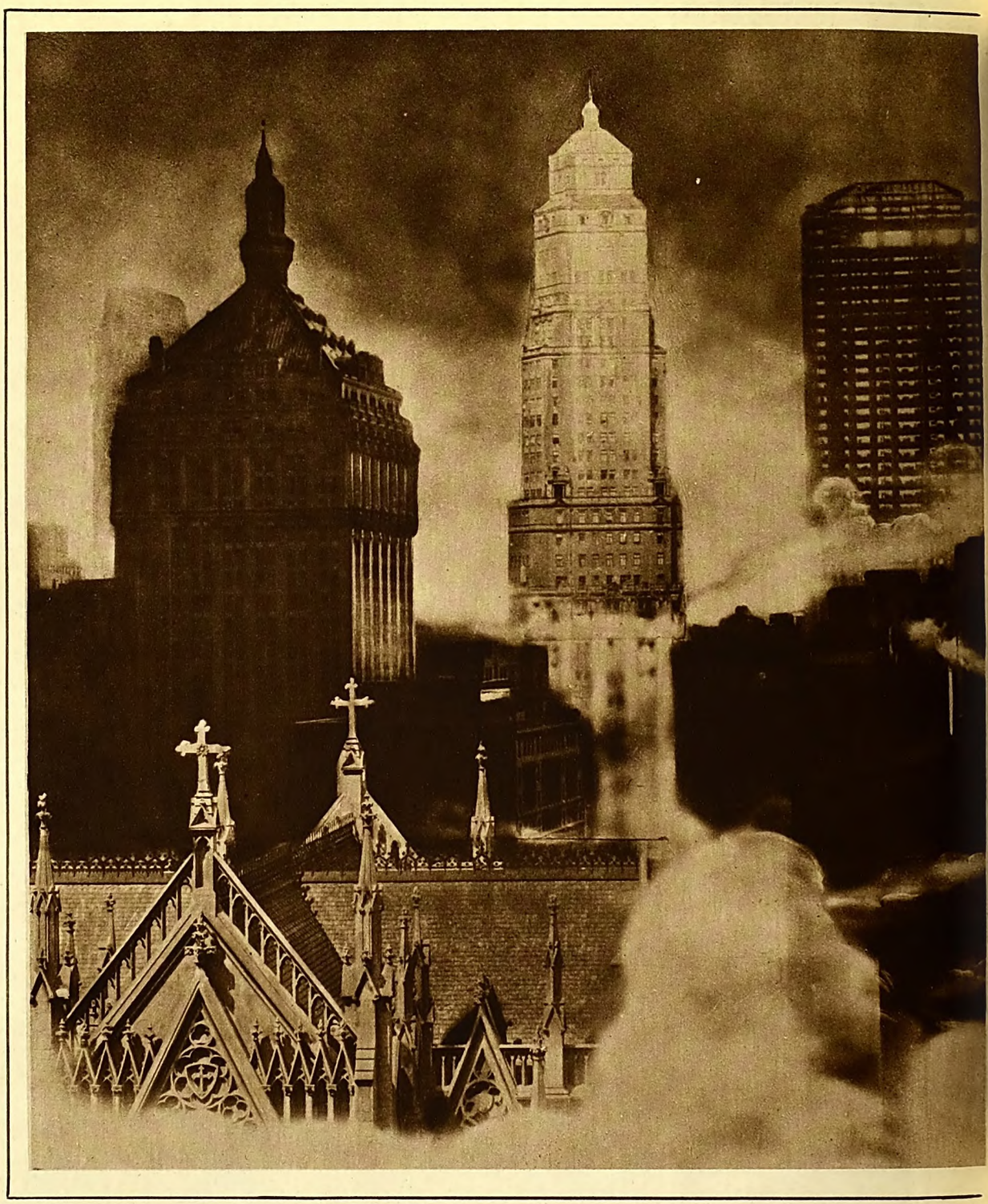

On the forward horizon of the island one sees an exhalation of wavy violet mist. Are those forms behind it? Geometric shapes? Or is it just a mirage? Look! . . . Now there are breaks in the clouds; a dome, a

violet mist. Are those forms behind it? Geometrical shapes, high and perpendicular? Or is it just a mirage?

Then, to his vision there breaks above that cloud a dome or pinnacle or airy balcony, too high-placed for the work of man. And now the dim shapes resolve themselves, with nearer approach, into towers. Are they separate? They seem at first a palace so great that the king might here house all his subjects; a structure whose design changes and shifts at the whim of the haze. Now, plainly, they are separate towers, too airily high for the creation of man. They rise above the starboard beam, blinding the heavens from one quarter, making the gigantic stacks of the liner seem child's whistles by comparison. Their nearer heights glare with a million windows; and minor spells rise at their summits like an Aztec altar, away up there in the dizzy empyrean, lifting a plume of incense from a serried stack; a dizzily placed balcony; oriel windows in which, you are convinced, your glass would show a fairy princess receiving attention from the gods of the bright air. Magic, just pure magic!

Nor does this promise of enchantment disappoint the visitor who dares its elfin strand and steps ashore. Full thirteen miles, from the point of the island to that thread of fresh water which cuts it off from the mainland to north, magic keeps breaking out in ranges and cliffs and titanic groups; and always the skyward reaches flash human glimpses, warm and inviting—recessed balconies, painted loggias, even gardens which draw their dew from intimate touch with the clouds. Once, looking skyward from an earthly stance, I marked a reddish dot amidst the greenery of an eagle's garden up there. It resolved itself into the head of an indig-

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, an airy balcony appears. They first parts of a palace so great that ight here house all of his subjects; a whose design changes and shifts but disappears at the mist's whim

d nervous cow. How did she get Magic, of course. . . .

t sunlight is as inimical to magic radio. Of days, the enchantment island works most strongly when a-mists veil the light; and night ut the elfin essence of it full force. d there, the summits of these airy become miracles of pleated light. res and *flèches* and ornamented cornices glow with a strange, soft, unearthly inner fire, like emanations of radium.

By some magician's formula, I mounted once to the pinnacle of a dark tower; stood some fifty stories, as unenchanted mortals reckon architectural heights, aboveground. Below me lay a strange world dipping into dark hollows, rising into shaded crags. And everywhere the phenomenon of the lighted towers slashed the vista with untwinkling fire.

No sound except a kind of dull stirring rose to those heights; no human figure blotted the radiance; you would have sworn that this land was desert or that the inhabitants lay entranced.

And this fact alone proves that it is all abracadabra, chimera, mirage: the great bulks change form, color, and substance month by month, week by week, almost day by day. Once, not so long ago, an author wrote a book about this island. When he came to correct his proofs, he marked four venerable landmarks of whose description he was not sure, and visited them to refresh his memory. Two of them were no longer there. Presto, pouf! In their place rose two ornamented towers of forty stories. The inhabitants—who, being under an enchantment themselves, regard a magic world as quite the ordinary thing—no sooner fix their affections on a landmark than it is gone;

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Only magic could bring such changes! Yesterday a landmark stood here; now there is a great hole. Tomorrow a vast tower will arise

and with the fickleness of the fay, they resort to another charmer. When first a spell brought me thither, there lay, down among the towers of the lower island, a hostelry to which all good inhabitants went at least once a year. There, over a dish of clam chowder so subtly blended that mere man could not have made it of his own powers, the leading citizens passed half the gossip of the island. I departed for a visit to the prosaic world of reality; when I returned, the Astor House had changed to a cloud-capped tower of thirty sheer stories.

The fickle inhabitants then fixed their affections upon the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I pause here to say parenthetically that magic deals in numbers; all wizards draw cabalistic figures like heavenly sevens and irreducible twos on the edges of their circles. And in this spirit the citizens instead of calling their streets Canyon Lane or West Gorge or Tower Street designate them simply by numbers. Well the Fifth Avenue Hotel disappeared faded into airy mist.

Next time I left the island, it was still there, the agora and rialto for the sociable; when I returned, it was a swollen bulk which imitated stone and steel

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On went the cavaliers to a great, red emanation of Prospero's wand calling itself the Waldorf-Astoria. Never on caravan route of the Syrian crescent or pilgrim route of merry Old England was there a hostelry so specially romantic, so infused with the color of life. Now I hear that magic is breaking out at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue; that when I return from my vacation, the Waldorf-Astoria will have left not a rack behind.

THEY are at home with miracles, these fay folk who inhabit the magic island; they accept these unsubstantial pageants as realities, take them for granted. In my time among them, I have visited an unfrequented district of the northern ridges and found it just a collection of huts fringing a cliff. Another visit, six months later, and those cliffs had sprouted tall towers. I have known for twenty years a colony of old, sober, bread-and-butter houses fringing that estuary of the sea which bounds the island to eastward. Last week I visited it again. It had blossomed into a city of the air; dwellings that disputed the domain of the eagle, buff cornices that seemed to grow from Orion. Not only that; where, a year before, were just three-story-and-basement houses, now stretched gardens in the midst of whose greenery—in a year, mind you—appeared tall trees. I even beheld a group of the enchanted and enchanting inhabitants brandishing putters on a miniature golf course.

As for those inhabitants themselves—their ways and manners and customs—Shakespeare, could he return and behold the result of his conspiracy with Prospero, would use them for the chorus in one of his celebrated mad scenes. It is the fruit of Prospero's wand, of course. For example, though they may dwell so high in the air, many of them choose to live their lives underground. Beneath the heaven-piercing towers of the lower island, they have burrowed stage by stage. One may buy a dinner, clothe himself from skin to surcoat, have his beard razed, satisfy, in short, every necessity or indulgence of life save that for lodging alone, in these troglodyte caves; and emerge only to go to bed. They are always plugging little coins into little slits and taking from mysterious adjacent recesses the substances by which they live. In fact, they have been nicknamed "the slot pluggers." A coin in a slot, and they are free to travel at the speed of Ariel in monstrous moles of underground carriages. A coin in a slot, and they are provided with a substance which keeps them exercising their jaws—some kind of enchantment, doubtless. A coin in a slot, and out pops a gentleman's handkerchief or a lady's kerchief. A coin in a slot, and, presto! there appears an unsubstantial meal. Some of the islanders live on nothing else than these airy viands.

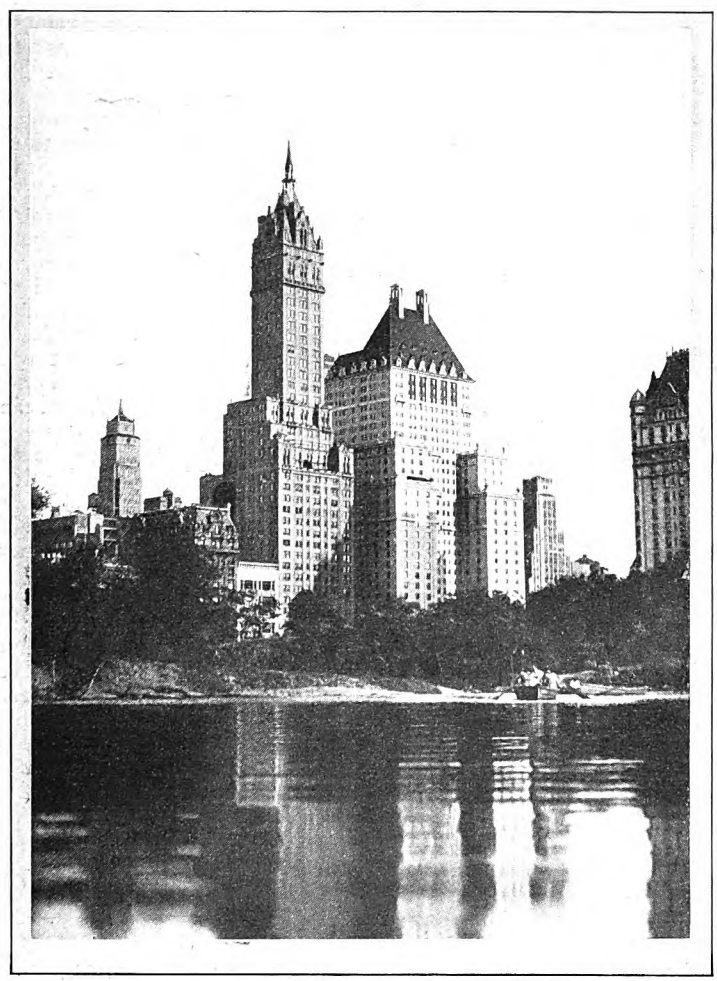
They take magic quite as a matter of course. Many and many a time I have seen an inured inhabitant of the island pause before some spot toward which he had been steering his nervous course, take one look, and remark casually, "It isn't here any more." Then his gaze will travel upward until his neck creaks on its hinges, and he will add, just as casually, "Why, they've put up a skyscraper. I never noticed that before." Yet they gather in hordes to watch minor miracles, like a man demonstrating a fluid that sharpens knives, a cement which supports a hundred-pound weight. I saw, of late, a great crowd gathered on a street corner and the town-watch coming to break it up. When I plunged in like the rest and got to the kernel of the affair, it was only a plumber cooling glittering hot solder by pouring it in pools onto the pavement. And, all that while, a forty-story structure was rising, with that magnificent clatter which the process makes, from the street-line at our backs. But the islanders never so much as looked at that. They have grown so inured to the greater magics and so oblivious of them that they get recreation out of the minutely commonplace.

THOSE same inhabitants are of no one stock and breed. As wide as the world run the tentacles of this spell; it reaches to all climes, draws all races. A man who has long dwelt on the island called on me yesterday. As he started to take up his hat he paused and put up his back hair with three hairpins; for he is an Iroquois Indian and maintains the sartorial habit of his tribe. Rolling through the crowds on Fifth Avenue, a linguist identifies through the chatter Parisian French, Provençal French, Gumbo French, Canadian French, Castilian Spanish, Chilean Spanish, Mexican Spanish, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Pennsylvania Dutch, Venetian Italian, Neapolitan Italian, a dozen varieties of Slavonic speech, together with rootstocks and dialects beyond his ken; and all spoken by persons who in dress and manner conform to the uniformity of the islanders.

WITH them these races have brought a touch, at least, of all their customs. Traditionally, there are a dozen fanes on the island where, in the noon-hour of any week day, Catholics may hear Mass or Protestants preaching. But, also, any Friday the muezzin calls to prayer from a window far above Washington Street; and the Oriental need walk but a few blocks from that site to bow before a Buddhist shrine. Also, I have a friend whose high-hung office window looks down on the flat roofs of some old houses. Every autumn day at sunset he sees people come through the scuttle. They wear strange regalia; and, turning their faces to the sun, they perform some rite which involves much bowing and marching. Sun-worshipers of some kind, he conjectures. He has never taken the pains to find out exactly what they are. But neither, odds-on, have their neighbors of the flat above or below. If one tried to run down every hint of strangeness on the magic island, he would have no time to do anything else.

All these aliens from the world of reality have come with their hands full of gifts. Nothing that touches the human plan, except the primitive struggle with untamed nature, but can be found at the expense of a little searching. I stepped last winter into the lobby of a prosaic office. Enter an Italian office boy some sixteen years old, carrying a pair of dueling foils. Myself, I had not fenced for twenty-five years; but the old enthusiasm struck me all of a sudden. "Give me one of them!" I ordered. Gravely, he handed over a foil and came to salute. For two minutes we fenced recklessly over chairs and desks. Then youth was served; he pinked me in the forearm. "*Touché!*" I exclaimed, saluting. "Is the Boss in?" Subsequently I asked him how many fencing clubs there were on the island. "Six that I know of," he replied.

What is your little squirrel track of intellectual interest? Uncut first editions? The island has a club dedicated to that sole interest! Ships' models? There are twenty first-class collections, all open, on some term or other, to the true enthusiast. The most alluring of them specializes in bone-and-ivory specimens and (*Continued on page 166*)



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The Young MAN *who*

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON

Illustrated by

"I prophesy," said Crane, "that within six months you will be glad to accept a million dollars less than I am offering"

CRANE and Keith, lumbermen on a very large scale indeed, had been lifelong enemies of Scattergood Baines. In his beginnings, Crane, who was the active head of the firm, had tried to crush him; as he grew, Crane had done all in his power to impede his progress. Even today, when opportunity occurred, Scattergood found that firm meddling in his affairs. Probably the old hardware merchant would have missed them, for they had become a sort of habit.

There had come a period of years during which the warfare was quiescent. Crane was aging, and perhaps less aggressive. Then, Scattergood heard, young Crane had climbed in the business. He was an able young man, according to stories, and the concern was stirred to new life and activity. It was no longer content to run along in comparative placidity, wealthy and powerful. The new blood was all for expansion, and the only way it could expand with profit and efficiency was up the Coldriver Valley. And, as all men know, Coldriver Valley was Scattergood Baines' especial principality.

There had been vague rumblings of young Crane's activity, but no overt acts. Then, suddenly, of a summer morning, young Crane got off the train and walked to Scattergood's store, where he found the old man sitting on his piazza gazing at the always interesting activities of Coldriver.

The chair, especially reinforced to sustain Scattergood's bulk, creaked as he sat upright to regard his visitor, whom he knew by sight. A nice-looking young man, Scattergood thought, able, brainy, perhaps a trifle excited over his own success and importance; but by no means negligible.

"GOOD morning, Mr. Baines," said Crane. "I've come up to talk business."

"Set," said Scattergood, "and talk it to your heart's content."

Crane took a seat on the step, below the level of Scattergood's eye, and assumed a look of mature sternness and gravity.

"I am now," he said, "the virtual head of Crane and Keith. Father is in Europe, and things are left in my hands."

"Look like capable hands," said Scattergood.

"This," said the young man, "is an age of expansion. A firm cannot stand still. It must grow or decline."

"Seems as though I heard that some'eres before. Hain't sure, but it's got a familiar ring to it."

"We," said Crane, "have been standing still. I was not satisfied. I've been urging expansion, and at last the older men have consented to my carrying out my plans."

"Hope ye have good luck," said Scattergood.

"Luck," said the young man, "has nothing to do with it. I have planned efficiently. I know where I'm going, and I'm prepared for everything."

"Most folks is," said Scattergood, "till it commences to rain, and then the's a leak in the roof, and they go scurryin' around for pans to set on the floor to ketch the leak."

"My roof," said Crane, "is water-tight."

"Glad to hear it. But you better keep a bundle of shingles handy."

"I imagine," said Crane smoothly, "you are reaching an age where retirement tempts you."

"It's funny what folks imagine sometimes."

"So I have come to offer you an opportunity. Crane and Keith would like to confer with you on the subject of taking over your holdings in Coldriver Valley—mills, timber, railroad

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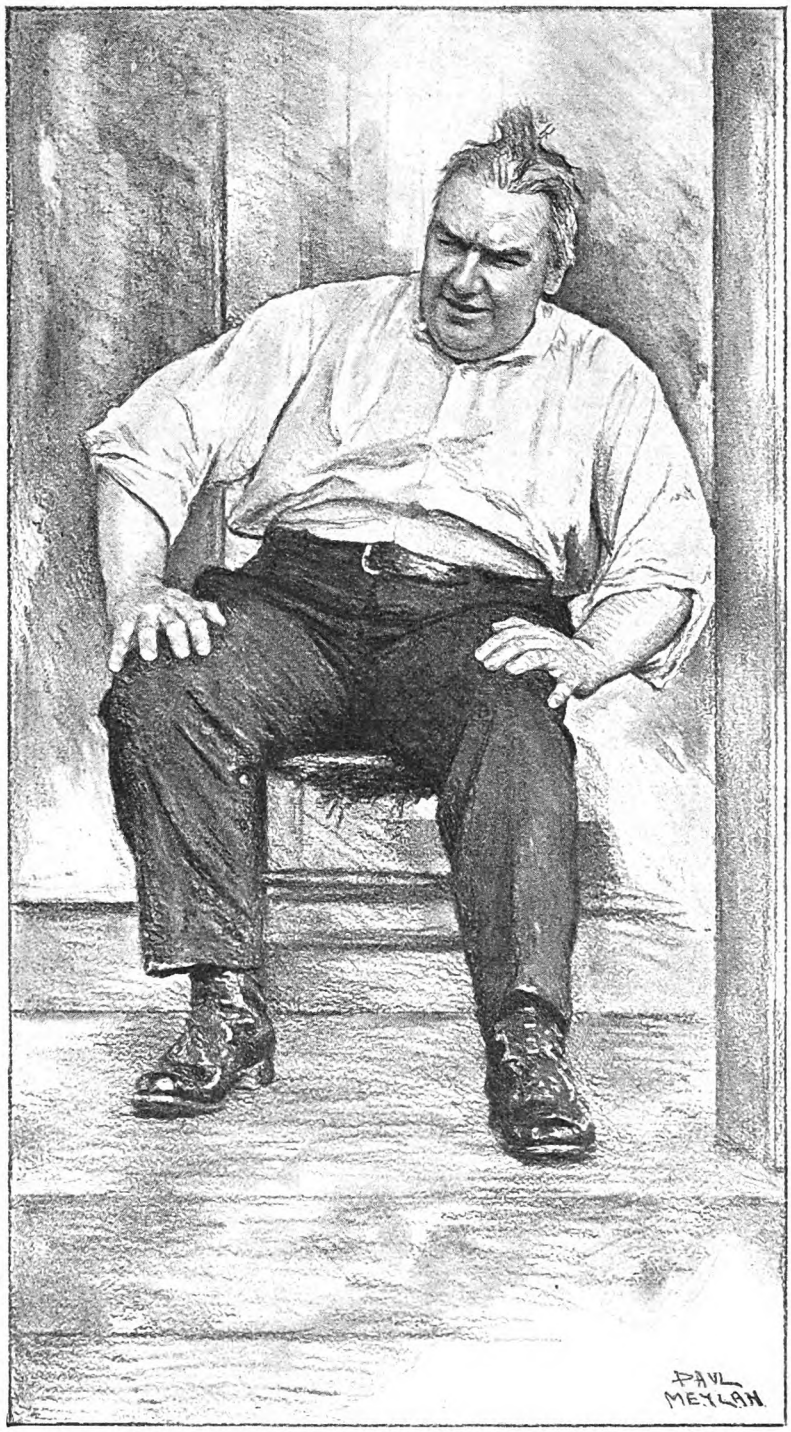
was Prepared *for* EVERYTHING

A SCATTERGOOD STORY

KELLAND

PAUL MEYLAN



"Dunno's I been in a good war fur quite a spell," said Scattergood. "I guess mebbe, young feller, you better turn loose your dog"

rights, and whatever other property you own."

"Um. . . . Includin' this here hardware store?"

"We would be willing," said Crane, with a smile, "to include that in the transaction."

"Offerin' me a partnership?"

"No. I want to buy. I want to combine under one management and ownership the timber and mills of this locality, as well as the water power. Does the idea appeal to you?"

"Prob'ly," said Scattergood, "you figger on a lot of financin'. Bonds and stock to be sold to the public, and all sich?"

"We propose to form a new corporation to take over the holdings of Crane and Keith, yourself, and certain others. A certain amount of stock will be offered to the public. That end of the matter is provided for."

"Um. . . . Be ye a married man, young feller?"

"Not yet," said Crane, with the first touch of boyishness he had exhibited. "But I am to be married in September."

"Hope ye got you a good gal."

"Very good and very lovely," said Crane, and something in his voice as he spoke made Scattergood like him a trifle better than before.

"Runnin' a fam'ly is quite an undertakin'," said Scattergood. "Mebbe you better put off this here expansion till ye see if it don't take up more of your time 'n what ye kin spare."

CRANE wrenched the conversation back to the original subject.

"I've checked up on your holdings. Roughly, you have in this valley a hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of timber, worth, say, twelve dollars an acre; making a million and a half dollars."

"Ye kin do arithmetic," said Scattergood.

"Your mills, the three of them, I figure as going concerns, to be worth around half a million, and I believe the tax commission valued your railroad at four hundred thousand."

"So they did."

"Besides which are your dam and boom companies and other sundries—river rights, water-power sites and the like—say a couple of hundred thousand."

"Looks like I was perty well off," said Scattergood. "How about the hardware store, eh? What figger you set on that?"

Crane laughed. "Oh, say five thousand dollars," he said. "But, to get down to business: According to my figures, which are reasonably fair, your holdings are worth, say, two million six hundred thousand. And here's my proposition: We'll take them, lock, stock, and barrel, and give you a million and a half in cash and a million and a half in the seven per cent preferred stock of the new corporation. A clear profit to you of around four hundred thousand."

"Includin' the hardware store?" asked Scattergood.

"Including that," said Crane.

"Now, I tell ye," said Scattergood. "I might sell, but it's got to be everythin'. Won't omit nothin'. Clean sweep. Ye can't buy part and leave part. So I tell ye what. I'll sell ye all my holdin's in timber and mills and the like fur your three million; but then we come to this here store. Fur that I'll take a million extry."

"You're joking!" exclaimed Crane.

"Nary joke. One million round, hard dollars fur the store."

"Why, that's just plain crazy."

"Not from my p'int of view," said Scattergood. "This here store's my first business. It's the first grip I got onto life. I've allus had it and allus run it. Seems like it's about the most

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important thing the' is. I set here and the folks come along. I git pleasure out of sellin' a pound of nails or a jackknife. Occupies my mind, like. No, I wouldn't part with jest this front piazza to set on for less'n a million dollars."

"I suppose," said Crane darkly, "this is your eccentric way of refusing my offer."

"Hain't refusin' nothin'. I'm jest statin'. Ye kin take it or leave it."

"But, won't you listen to reason? Four hundred thousand profit is—"

"WHAT," asked Scattergood, "would I do with it? Kin I spend it? Kin I commence to spend what I got now? Most of the money I made I made fur the pleasure of makin' it. I enj'yed managin' and contrivin'. Mebbe you won't credit it, young feller, but Mandy 'n me has lived comfortable all these years on less 'n what this here hardware store earns. We don't need no more. Why, the' never was a year I didn't lay by suthin out of the earn n's of this store. Yes, sir, we've kind of pertended it was all we had, and we've laid by out of it enough to care fur our old age. All the rest was kind of extry, and didn't mean nothin' special. It was just like all that there timber and whatnot wasn't real at all.'

"But," exclaimed Crane, impressed in spite of himself, "you've made big money out of this and that. Your mills have made as high as a quarter of a million in good years."

"Better'n that."

"For goodness' sake, Mr. Baines, what have you done with it?"

"Oh," said Scattergood, "jest put it here'n' there."

Crane found himself face to face with something he could not understand, and until his very sane young mind put it down to eccentricity—or even insanity—he was nonplused. Scattergood regarded him soberly, but with eyes that twinkled.

"W-al?" he asked.

"Is this your last word? Am I to understand you refuse definitely to deal with me?"

"Seems as though," said Scattergood.

The young man arose, frowning. "No man can stand in the way of progress," he said.

"Depends on what progress is," said Scattergood.

"Your holdings are essential to my plans, and to an efficient reorganization of the lumber industry in the East. I had hoped to do business with you in a friendly way—a manner profitable to both of us."

"Too bad ye can't," said Scattergood.

"I prophesy," said Crane, "that within six months you will be glad to accept a million dollars less than I am offering."

"Um . . . kind of reminds me of your pa. He used to flare up and talk so. Kind of threatenin' like. Dunno's I been in a good war fur quite a spell. I guess mebbe, young feller, you better turn loose your dog."

"You may depend upon it—I shall," said Crane.

JOHNNY BONES, senator, and for years Scattergood's lawyer, was home from Washington, and Scattergood ambled across the square to see him.

"Johnny," he said, "old times is comin' back. Crane and Keith has come to life ag'in."

"Old Crane's kitten, I suppose," said Johnny.

"Him," said Scattergood. "He's got to feelin' perty sizable for his bigness. Looks like he can't rest content till he's kind of busted loose and chopped down the front steps with a hatchet."

"What's on his mind?"

"He aims to buy me out," said Scattergood, "and if he can't buy, he calc'lates on forcin' me to sell. Offered me three millions."

"How does he size up?"

"Capable," said Scattergood, "but he acts like he's been readin' a book."

"What sort of book?"

"About one of these here ruthless captains of industry you hear about, that goes around crushin' whatever gits in their way. Smart boy, I figger, and maybe he comes under the head of crusher. Can't tell till he tries."

"Didn't say how he was goin' about it?"

"Jest let off a kind of a gen'al threat," said Scattergood.

"AND what do you propose to do?"

"W-al, I don't propose to git crushed," said Scattergood amiably, "and I ain't figgerin' to sell out. I don't want no price-cuttin' war. Looks like you 'n' me's got to take steps, Johnny."

"For instance?" Johnny asked.

"What we been doin' with our surplus?" Scattergood asked.

"Putting it in waterworks and electric lighting companies around the state, mostly grouped in the south. You started that years ago, when you got the idea that water-power development was going to have so much to do with the future of the country."

"C'rrect," said Scattergood. "And, as I figger it, we own kind of a sizable chunk. Scattered around, kind of. Um. . . . Combine 'em, Johnny, combine 'em. Git up a holdin'comp'ny and collect 'em all under one head. I hain't appearin' in it. Hide me as complete as ye kin."

"Done," said Johnny.

"And," said Scattergood, "you better tie up all my Coldriver Valley holdin's in another corporation. Kind of group 'em so they kin be swung as a single club."

"Easy," said Johnny.

"G'-by," said Scattergood, with his usual abruptness.

"G'-by, Mr. Baines."

The practical results of these two combinations were, first, The Coldriver Company, owned by Scattergood Baines, and the Mountain Water and Electric Company, in which Scattergood Baines' name did not appear at all. Forty-eight per cent of the stock in this latter concern was held by a gentleman in Boston named Middleton, as trustee.

The balance appeared on the stock books of the company as scattering, in small blocks, held by scores of stockholders in the original companies. To all intents and purposes, a concentration of forty-eight per (*Continued on page 169*)

Young Crane sagged. He was humiliated, beaten, and felt himself to be disgraced

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What Do You Say To Yourself?

It's what the inner voices say that matters most—Do you talk yourself into gloom and cynicism, or into action and happiness? Either is easy

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ONE of the family, lost in reverie and asked what he is doing, will probably respond, "I was only talking to myself." He tosses it lightly off, but, in fact, few things in life are so important. All the while, save when we are unconscious, an inner conversation is going on. Each of us is not one, but two—"I" and "Me"—and with endless persistence these two confer. No man can escape this self-communion.

Obviously, what goes on in this inner conversation is crucially important. It is bad enough for man and wife to live together, confer, argue, and plan together, if they do it with mutual irritation and rancor. But at least man and wife can move into separate rooms, or even separate houses, and at a pinch divorce is possible. No man, however, can be divorced from himself. Indissolubly attached to himself he has, willy-nilly, to go on living with himself, counseling, debating, quarreling, or peacefully conferring with himself, day after day saying to himself things which make or unmake his life.

This subject is fascinating to any student of personal problems who, like myself, holds confessional conferences with many individuals. Constantly the trail of their trouble runs back to the ways in which they have been talking to themselves. Their difficulty is a domestic wrangle inside the household of their own souls. They quarrel with themselves, berate themselves, say mean and enfeebling things to themselves, and in general let their inward conversation fall to such levels that it often blasts their characters, spoils their careers, and issues in disorders to which psychiatrical jargon gives long Greek names.

What I should like to do in this paper is to extend to the readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE the sort of self-examination that I often suggest to individuals. When you are alone with yourself, how do you talk with yourself? What sort of things are you habitually saying to yourself? In what tone of quarrelsomeness, fear, anxiety, hate, hope, or confidence is your inner conversation pitched? The value of this article will altogether depend upon the honesty with which, as we proceed, the readers of it face such questions about themselves.

Let us get at this matter by noting first how influential talk is. We commonly regard it merely as a means of expression. What is in us, we think, gets out by ways of speech; the tongue is a sluiceway through which the ideas, affections, and purposes that spring up within us are channeled into the world. This, however, is not the whole truth. What we say to ourselves is not simply expressive; it is creative. It does things to us. As a man habitually talks to himself, so he is.

This power of words is evident in history. The development of language was one of the most important events in the story of the race. Among the differences that mark man off from the animals, language is always put high in the list.

By language, man's accumulating heritage of thought and experience could be handed down from one generation to another.

By language, the insights of the wise could be made the common property of the many.

By language, individual isolation could be overcome in conscious coöperation.

WORDS are not little things; the progress of mankind has depended on them. Abolish words and the race would be done for.

To come closer home, we see the power of words in our business and social life. We begin to be wary of propaganda, and we are right. Words are mighty. They arouse us, inflame us, dominate us, guide and misguide us. Someone said that if he could write a nation's ballads he would not care who made its laws. What shall be said, then, of the man who writes the nation's advertisements? They direct the thoughts and create the desires of whole populations.

No wonder the New Testament calls the tongue a "rudder." Our speech steers us. It does not simply convey what is in us; it guides and controls us. It is much more than the ship's flag, advertising what we already are; it is the helm of the ship, directing the course we shall take.

Recall phrases like "Remember the Maine!" or "Make the world safe for democracy!" We have seen such words sway the entire nation. They kindled the hearts of millions. They accumulated power by repetition, and so, far from merely expressing the nation's will, they molded and forged it.

There is a phrase in one of the new translations of the Epistle of James which is pat to the facts of history: "The tongue is a small member of the body, but it can boast of great exploits."

OUR concern in this article is with the individual aspects of the matter. Most people do scant justice to the immense importance of this inward conversation which never stops.

Repeatedly in my confessional conferences, for example, I run upon the results of talking to oneself cynically. What's the use? What difference does it make? What does life amount to, anyway? The game isn't worth the candle.—Everyone knows how easy it is to drop into this sort of self-communion. We all are tempted to fall into it occasionally, but some encourage it until, completely victimized, they greet themselves in the morning and salute themselves at night with cynical remarks about people, circumstances, life in general, and, finally, about themselves.

The results are disastrous. Such a man thinks he is "only talking to himself." As a matter of fact, he is fairly murdering himself, and in time the process will land him where it landed a famous friend of Horace Walpole's, who wrote: "I fear nothings, I speak nothings, I take interest in nothing, and from nothing to nothing I fare onward to the moment close at hand when I shall become nothing."

That woman had been talking to herself.

Where do these fed-up lives come from, cursed with ennui, tedium, boredom, and saying, "What does anything matter"? Some may answer that life, often terrifically hard, crushes the spirit out of many people. The plain fact is, however, that some of the most (*Continued on page 90*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCEAU

How BUSINESS As Revealed by the New President

Executives do not just happen — they are made, and the process usually takes a long time. Take the case of Frederick Beers, who has just been graduated from the National Biscuit Company's school of experience to the presidency of that tremendous organization. Mr. Beers is a Yale man, native to Connecticut, and he got his first job with the National Biscuit Company through a help-wanted advertisement in a New York newspaper.

A FEW months ago the directors of the National Biscuit Company, one of the largest of the world's food manufacturing establishments, elected a new president. That event in itself, perhaps, was not of more than passing interest, but the fact that Frederick Beers was chosen is of singular import.

Almost thirty years ago those in control of this huge enterprise, which operates sixty-four baking plants and gives employment to 30,000 men and women, decided that business leadership could be developed in men of promise by definitely regulated training. It was a radical, untried theory.

Such a course the company proceeded to establish. It was one of the first, if not the first, of its kind in the country. The objects of the training prescribed were three: First, to eliminate the unfit; second, to develop those qualities that are most demanded in a leader; and third, to school the men in the business with a thoroughness that did not overlook even the most trivial details of routine.

It was a Spartan training, a Spartan school. The only rewards were those earned by practical results. The only textbooks were men, machines, and materials.

Frederick Beers is a product of this school—the first among its graduates in his company to attain the presidential seat. Unless I am in error, he is also the first among the heads of our larger corporations who, without any other interest in his company than his job, was definitely trained for leadership by it.

TODAY it is an accepted policy of industry to give heed to the training of new leaders. Man-training has become one of the major concerns of scores of great companies wherein it is recognized that no business is any stronger than its management and that the development of future leaders can't be left safely to chance. Executive schools under company direction have become a rule of the day and hundreds of their graduates are even now behind managerial desks "in line" for the presidency.

In view of this unmistakable trend, the directors of the National Biscuit Company, when they elected Frederick Beers, inaugurated what promises to be a new period in the higher management of business—the period of the company-trained man.

An Eastern business man recently received a letter from his son in the West that read something like this:

> Dear Dad: You sent me out here to get what you called "executive training" and they have put me to loading cement at $3.00 a day. All I've done for a month is to lift heavy sacks of cement onto motor trucks in company with laborers who can't even speak English. The job may be good for the muscle, but for the life of me I can't make out what it has to do with executive training. The dumbest "bohunk" on the payroll has brains enough to load cement.

Mr. Beers smiled at mention of this letter. It was just such a letter as he might have written twenty-six years ago.

Beers was born in New Haven, Connecticut, on December 18, 1880. His father, Henry Augustin Beers, was a noted scholar, who, for thirty-six years, was professor of English Literature at Yale University. Eight children were in the family, of whom Fred Beers was the fourth.

The family lived in an atmosphere of books, of democratic rule and easy camaraderie. Professor Beers belonged to the Elizabethan Club, wrote verse and weighty prose volumes on literary topics, and took long hikes with his youngsters in the country. He knew nothing of business. The practical strain in the family was contributed by the mother, who had been Mary Heaton, of Kentucky.

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An Interview by WILLIAM S. DUTTON

LEADERS *Are* Made

Fine Story of FREDERICK BEERS of the National Biscuit Company

Young Fred resembled his mother. He was small, slight of build, blue-eyed, and quiet. If a door stuck, it was he who planed it to the proper size. If a swing was to be made, it was he who was its builder. He liked tools, machines, the workshop, woods and metals, manual work.

"I liked to make things," he explained.

WHEN it came time for him to enter Yale, as both his father and elder brother had done before him, it was a career in business that he hoped for, not science or scholarship. Frankly, he often wondered whether college, after all, wasn't a waste of time for a young fellow who wanted to get on in the world. In 1902 he was graduated, and glad of it. So, to work!

To work at what? Young Beers did not know. He tried reporting for a commercial agency in New Haven at nine dollars a week, but quit at the end of the second week. There was nothing constructive, in a manual sense, about the work—he wasn't "producing" anything, save words and figures on paper. His father, puzzled, tried again and succeeded in placing his son as a salesman with a lamp factory in New York City. The pay this time was ten dollars a week, but at the end of another two weeks Beers was again out of a job—"fired" by the boss, for fighting.

"Fighting over what?" I asked.

"Another salesman called me a liar," Mr. Beers admitted. "I was just a hot-headed kid."

After the fight, Beers, jobless, walked to his rented room on Twenty-third Street, sore both in body and in spirit. Seated on the edge of his bed, while he held a cold wet towel over a bruised optic, he concluded, all things considered, that he had better not appeal to his father. He went out presently and bought a newspaper noted for the length of its "help-wanted" columns. For the first time in his life he was strictly and solely dependent upon himself.

He knew no trade, no profession. He had no references of the kind that employers usually demand, and his personal fortune at the end of a frugal lunch amounted to exactly three dollars. Therefore, as he scanned the want-ads, he sought for an address that was within reasonable walking distance. The nature of the work offered, the wages, were considerations secondary to saving carfare.

That year, it happened, the National Biscuit Company was erecting a new bakery on Fifteenth Street, near Ninth Avenue. Also, on that day it happened that the builders advertised for a timekeeper. Furthermore, it happened that, among several hundred advertised, this job was the nearest to Beers' Twenty-third Street room. Next morning Fred Beers, graduate of Yale, reported for work as timekeeper on the bakery construction job, at wages of ten dollars a week.

He kept the "time" of workmen, inspected the concrete mixtures to see that they were up to specifications, retraced blueprints, and did whatever other odd jobs came to him. Winter settled down over the city. There are few places more lacking in luxuries than a building job in winter; and Timekeeper Beers was merely an odd-job man, an ex-schoolboy without a trade. What if his feet were wet and his fingers frozen?—Who cared?

But he was growing fascinated, nevertheless. The workmen on the new building job ate their noon meal in an operating baking plant of the company near by. Here it was warm and clean, a shop of pleasant odors, filled with marvelous, clanking, intricate machines. Young Beers watched the machines take great wads of dough, roll them out into perfect paper-like sheets, cut these up into countless thousands of precisely uniform pieces, which presently, with the regularity of a ticking clock, would be taken from the huge ovens in the form of evenly-browned biscuits or cakes. This was "making things"—what he had always yearned to do.

"Maybe I can get you on, as a student," a friend he had made in the baking department suggested. "Then, if you make good, they'll teach you the business. Stick around."

Beers stuck around.

The month of May came, and Beers donned a white uniform and went to work as a "peeler" in the bakery, wages as before, ten dollars per week. He was confident, cocky, happy.

"I was like most young college men starting work," he told me. "I expected to walk right through all competition and in a year or two be behind an executive desk."

The peeler in a modern biscuit plant is a mechanical man. As fast as the machine deposits thin sheets of unbaked biscuits on a table, the peeler must transfer them to the oven shelves, which are swung on a huge reel. Simultaneously, the baked biscuits must be removed from the oven's ever-revolving shelves. Two peelers feed the oven and three others remove the baked biscuits.

BEERS toiled like an automaton in the oven's hot breath. No pause, not a wasted move, no slowing up. His arms ached, his head swam in the heat, but on clanked the machine, on jerked the oven shelves, to be emptied and refilled. Machines had become his master.

"At the end of two weeks," he said, "I told myself that I had learned the job as thoroughly as man could learn it. At the end of two months (*Continued on page 154*)

The Course of True Growth Never Runs Smooth

"AT intervals of a year or two, regularly, over a period of eighteen years, I was so discouraged, disappointed, and totally disgusted with my job that I had to fight back, for weeks at a time, the impulse to quit and get into another business," declares Mr. Beers.

And then he added:

"I've learned this—that the ability to perform one fine piece of work and the will to overcome one discouragement won't make an executive. Neither will two fine strokes, nor two discouragements. Results must be achieved, not once, twice, but time on time ceaselessly, and an endless array of setbacks and disappointments must be overcome. It's like battering down a wall with a hammer: No single blow will do it, but the cumulative effect of many blows will. You've got to hit, hit, hit, until you hit like you walk, by habit."

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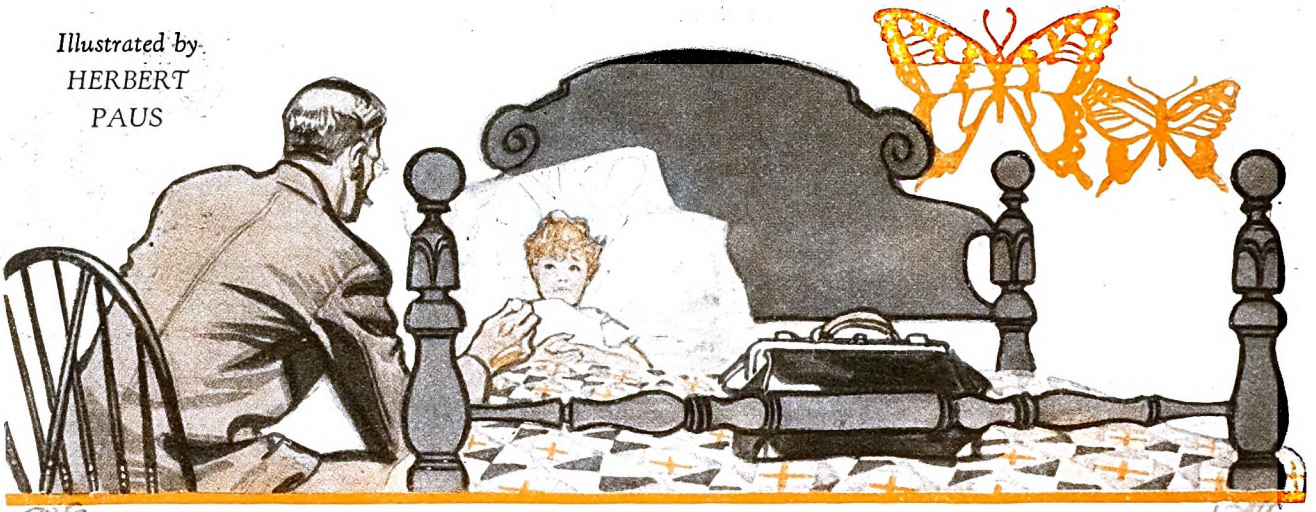
Illustrated by HERBERT PAUS



CORN LADIES

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO

"I ALWAYS feel so sorry for a hotel child," Susan Elisabeth heard someone say; and the lady was looking right at her own small self.

Susan thought and thought about the strange remark; that night, when Aunt Louise was putting out the light, she asked, "Am I a hotel's child?"

Aunt Louise almost always looked a little bit scared about something. That was the way she looked when she said, "Why, of course not, Susan! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

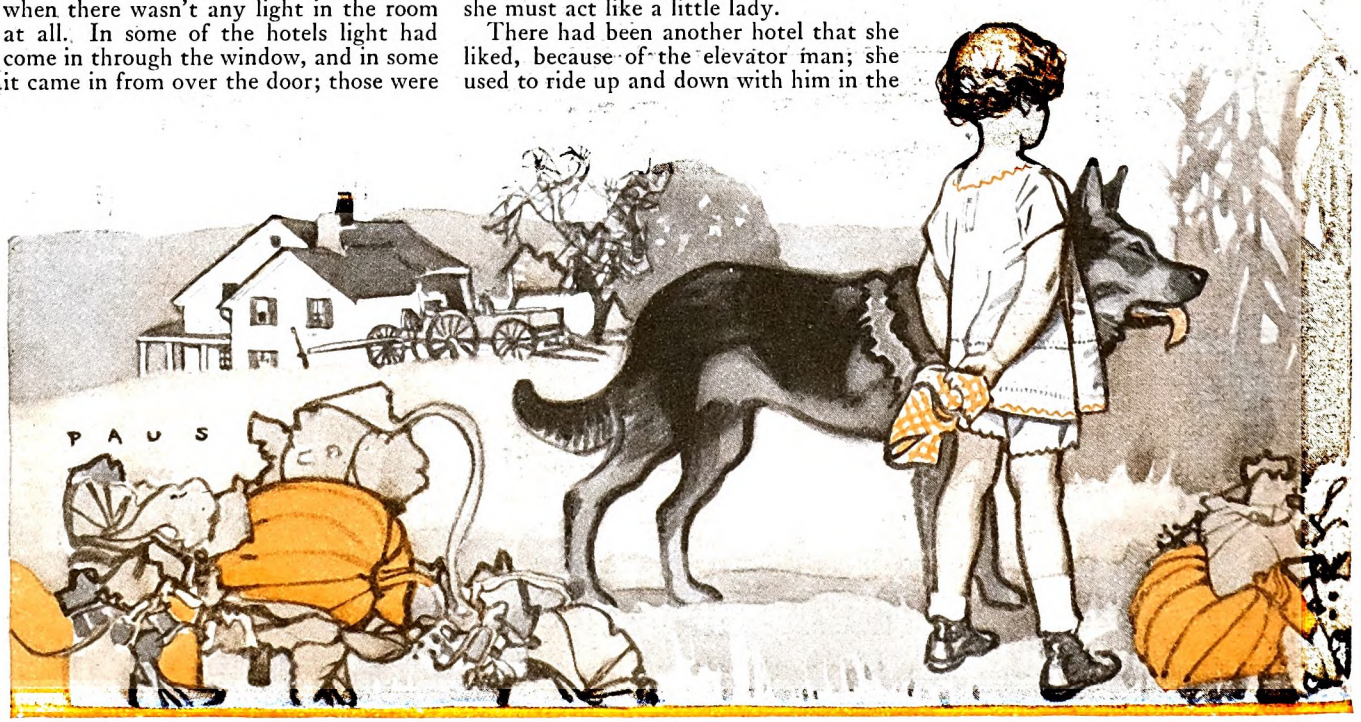
"I did," Susan told her; but Aunt Louise only put out the light and went down to dinner, and all Susan could do was to lie there and think about it some more.

It was just a little bit hard to go to sleep when there wasn't any light in the room at all. In some of the hotels light had come in through the window, and in some it came in from over the door; those were not quite so bad as the ones where no light came in at all, like this one. It was always harder to make-believe—or remember—when it was very dark; but tonight she was just thinking, anyway. It wasn't so very nice to think that you might be a hotel's child. . . .

There had been such a lot of hotels. Some were big and some were little; some were by the seashore and some were in cities, like this one. They never stayed in any very long. Susan wished they could have stayed in the ones by the seashore a little longer; maybe she could have made castles and caves and things in the sand, too, if it hadn't been that you might get diseases from those foreign children, and if she hadn't had to walk along holding Aunt Louise's hand and remembering that she must act like a little lady.

There had been another hotel that she liked, because of the elevator man; she used to ride up and down with him in the afternoons when people were mostly taking a nap; but one day Grandmamma woke up sooner, and after that the elevator man could only wink at her. Except for the way the room was all dark at night, the hotel they were in now was pretty nice, too. There was a park outside, and Grandmamma let her have a good time looking out of the window at the other little children at play and all the babies in

"Is that a giant's sword you've got in your hand?" asked Susan



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the baby carriages along the walks.

She was doing that the very next morning; for the moment she wasn't caring about being a hotel's child or not. Suddenly, she turned from the window, and hugged her tummy tight and bent over, the way she often did when something was very funny or very exciting.

"Why, I remember!" she cried, and laughed aloud, so that Grandmamma and Aunt Louise both looked at her quickly. "I remember—it's not make-believe, it's *remember!* My mother used to run with me over the grass, too!"

Aunt Louise gasped and looked quickly at Grandmamma, and Grandmamma dropped her knitting in her lap and sat up even straighter.

"YOU have no mother, Susan," said Aunt Louise, "and it's very naughty to make-believe."

"Quite right," said Grandmamma. "Making-believe is not remembering, Susan. It is lying. Lying."

Susan breathed hard through her nose; her under lip trembled. "But I *do* remember—" she began.

"That will do, Susan," said Grandmamma. "You do not remember. You have no mother. You never had one—not a real mother"

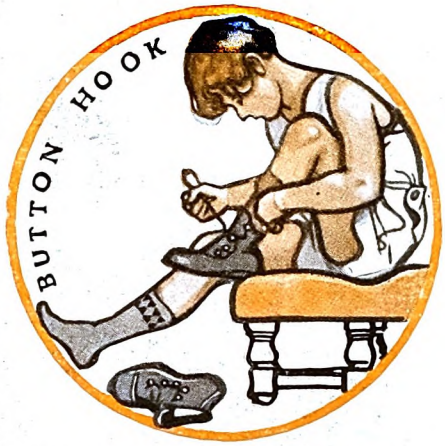
So then Susan knew. She wasn't like other little children. And making-believe and remembering were all mixed up; and, somehow, naughty.

After that it was even harder to get to sleep than it had been before. Until then she had always been able to whisper to herself, "I remember a fairy, a beautiful, beautiful fairy. Her cheeks are rose-red and her hands are snow-white, and her hair is all goldy. I remember a grea-a-at big room, and ever'n-ever so many things to play with. I remember hold-me-in-your-lap, and tell-it-again, and fairies and giants and everything. I remember—a ice-cream-place on the back of your neck . . . and—daddies, and—and mothers, and everything . . . I—remember. . . ."

And then it would be morning. But now making-believe wasn't remembering; neither one would come close any more, nor do any good to the dark. . . .

"There is nothing the matter with Susan, nothing whatever," said Grandmamma, a week or two later. "Every child loses its appetite now and again. She needs a change of air."

So they went to another hotel, and another. One day Susan felt so hot that she had to cry, and after a while the doctor came. He made her stick out her tongue, and he held her wrist; he put a white thing in her mouth—but she didn't care. After that he came every day. Sometimes he brought her a peckermint, and sometimes he brought her a funny picture, and sometimes he told her a story; she liked him, and began to look for his coming.



One day, when she was sitting up against the pillows, he said, "Now, you can't have this peckermint unless you laugh! No, not that way—you must laugh out loud. Come on, now, old lady—out loud! Then maybe a butterfly will come!"

Her eyes opened wide. "Why?" she asked.

"Oh—didn't you know about that?" asked the doctor. "Whenever a fairy laughs, a butterfly is born. So make believe you're a fairy and laugh out loud—come on, now!"

She stared at him a moment, her face quivering; then she hid her face against the pillow. "But I don't want to make-believe," she cried. "I want to remember . . ."

The doctor took her right out of bed, and wrapped a blanket about her, and held her in his lap, and asked her questions; they talked quite a while.

When she was back in bed again, sucking the peckermint, he said to Grandmamma, "Then take the child back to her father. I tell you, madam, this child is starving, starving—for her father, I think."

Grandmamma was holding her head very stiffly; there were little red spots in her cheeks. "I do not need any advice in regard to bringing up my own grandchild," said she. "And a child of that age cannot possibly be grieving for someone she has not seen for three years. Nevertheless, I shall be taking her back to America soon, since my son is returning from Guatemala."

A WHILE after that they went on a boat; and then, all-of-a-sudden, there was Daddy. At least, that's what he said he was: he seemed to know her. He lifted her high above his head, and he kissed her and called her my-own-little-girl and my-baby; it was queer, but she liked it—and she liked him, too. She put her face up against his neck and began to cry.

"She's so thin, Mother, so pale and thin," Daddy said, holding her close.

And said Grandmamma, "All growing children are thin. There is nothing whatever the matter with Susan. Haven't I brought up two of my own?"

They went on a train; but it was nicer than the other ones, because Daddy held her on his lap.

"Will the room be dark?" she whispered. "In the hotel, I mean."

He held her still tighter. "There will never be any more hotels," he said.

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For a moment the little corn lady just held her breath. Then she caught Susan close to her breast

"Some day we'll have a house in town, but now we are going to my Aunt Julie's, in the country. Aunt Julie hasn't seen you for more than three years—how do you like being almost six?"

"I like this more better," said she, and presently went to sleep there, held close in his arms.

THE next thing she knew, Daddy was telling her to wake up; and the next thing, there they were at Aunt Julie's.

"And now we'll get some roses in your cheeks," said Daddy.

She looked all around for the roses, but she didn't see any. She saw Aunt Julie, who had white hair like Grandmamma's; but she was fatter and a good deal more smiley. And then all-of-a-sudden, Bruce was there. Of course, she didn't know it was Bruce, at first; she thought it was a great, big, wild bear. He rushed at Daddy and yelped and jumped around; she would have been even more frightened than she was if Daddy hadn't been laughing—nobody would laugh at a really wild bear.

"Old dog—old dog . . ." Daddy was saying, holding Bruce down by the collar, thumping him, ruffling his ears. "Old dog—down with you—down! Bless you, Aunt Julie, for keeping him all this time. Here's the baby, Bruce—don't you remember the baby?"

And although she had to scrunch up her shoulder before she could do it, Susan put her hand on Bruce's head, as Daddy told her to; and after that Bruce wanted to stay with her all the time. She was pretty glad about Bruce. . . .

In fact, she found that she liked Aunt Julie's a good deal better than she had liked any of the hotels. Aunt Julie knew some fairy stories, and her lap was nice.

"Stuff and nonsense," she said to Grandmamma. "How can you spoil a child? And how do you know there are not any fairies? You always did think yourself infallible, Sue."

Then there was Callie, in the kitchen. Often she gave Susan cookies, or bread and butter and brown sugar—a piece for each hand and one for Bruce, too. And of course there was always Bruce. Bruce was always there, ready to play, ready to make-believe; whatever she told him, he always thought so, too. But the best thing of all was that she could go walking, if Bruce was with her, without having to remember that she was a little lady, without having to hold onto anyone's hand.

SO, THE very first time that Daddy came out from town, he said, "Why, I do believe you're getting those roses in your cheeks, Susan Elisabeth!"

He was at the breakfast table, and Susan had come down rather late because of the buttonhook. For quite a long time she had been able to manage the buttons around her waist; if that one in the middle of the back didn't want to go through the buttonhole, it didn't much matter, because her dress covered it, and they stayed up anyway. For quite a long while she had been able to do the one behind the back of her neck, too. But it was only lately that she had been able to do her shoes; and that morning the buttonhook hadn't behaved very well.

First it wiggled and kicked, and the button wasn't in it at all; then it became a giant's staff that he hooked little children with; and then it turned into that thing in the shepherd's hand when he watched the flocks by night all seated on the ground. So, if it hadn't been for Bruce, she might not have remembered about breakfast at all; but Bruce had sneaked into the house, and came bursting into the room and rolled her right over.

"WHY, you're an old, wild hippytonomus!" she cried; and Bruce kissed her, and ran to the door and wagged his tail, looking over his shoulder. That was how she remembered.

"Please send that dog out of the room," said Grandmamma. "You are late again, Susan."

But Daddy's arm had been out for her, and he had said that about the roses. "I met a great, big, wild hippytonomus," she said, laughing up at him.

Daddy chuckled. "You don't mean it!" he cried, and she nodded and laughed some more.

"He kissed me," she told him further, but Grandmamma leaned towards her.

"What was that you said, Susan?" she asked. She had to repeat the question before Susan answered.

She bent her head; suddenly she knew that she had been naughty again. "I said I—met a—wild hippytonomus," she murmured.

"And did you?" Grandmamma asked again.

Susan had to breathe hard through her nose. "Maybe he was a—a—tame one," said she.

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"Answer me correctly, Susan. Did you meet a hippopotamus?"

Daddy pushed back his chair, and Aunt Julie said, "Oh, for goodness' sake, Sue!"

"Answer me, Susan," said Grandmamma.

"N-no, ma'am," said Susan, and swallowed, her under lip trembling. "It was—only—Bruce."

"So you have lied again, Susan," said Grandmamma. "Now, get into your chair and eat your oatmeal, dear."

"Really, Mother," said Daddy. "A little child's imagination . . ."

"I never overemphasize the importance of comparatively small things, Tom dear," said Grandmamma. "But if training and environment are to succeed against the dangers of inheritance . . . ! You have not opened your napkin, Susan."

Susan opened her napkin; but the oatmeal was all hard and shiny on top.

"Nothing that Susan may have inherited from Betty could possibly hurt her, Mother," said Daddy, "if that's what you mean. And what harm can there be in a child's imagining . . ."

"If I am to have the training of my own grandchild," said Grandmamma, "I must ask you to believe that I know what is best. But, of course, if my son presumes to question my judgment—!"

SHE got up from the table and left the room. Aunt Louise looked scareder than usual, and Daddy had three winkles in between his eyebrows, and his mouth was shut tight as tight.

"Even if she is my own sister, I've got to say that she has always been like that," said Aunt Julie. "I just ask you, Tom, if there isn't an excuse for anybody who ran away from her!"

Aunt Louise said, "Oh—oh," and began to cry, and Daddy got up and went out. Susan knew something was wrong; her chin was quivering and she felt all lumpy inside.

"You poor baby," said Aunt Julie. "Here—put some sugar on your oatmeal. Get it down the red lane, lambie, and then run out and play with Bruce. Maybe you'll find he's a wild lion, this time."

Susan did not feel very much like playing with lions; she didn't feel much like playing at all. But when Bruce wiggled and rubbed up against her, and wanted to go for a walk, her feet just went with him—so what could she do? Down by the barn they stopped to watch some chickens. A little farther on, Bruce thought there was something down in a hole; he dug and dug at it, and when he had to sneeze the dirt off his nose, Susan laughed aloud. Then he dashed off down a road they hadn't discovered before, and looked over his shoulder and asked her to come along too.

They came to a place that was all tall green, and a man was there, cutting the tall green down. He smiled at them and shoved his hat off his forehead.

"Why, where did you come from, little sister?" he asked.

She smiled back at him. "Oh—just anywhere!"

"That's pretty far off, ain't it?" he asked again.

"It's from Aunt Julie's," she explained.

"Do tell," said the man. "Well, I never! Ain't been there long, have ye?"

"We came on a boat," said Susan, "and this morning I met a great, big, wild hippytonomus, and he kissed me. Is that a giant's sword you've got in your hand?"

"Well, I dare say it might be, if it wasn't a corn-knife," said he. "You see, I'm cutting down all this corn, to make corn ladies out of it."

"Oh," said Susan; and after a moment asked, "Are they—are they pretty?"

"Well, they always look good to me," said he. "There'll be rows and rows of 'em, with their-skirts-spread-out and feathers-in-their-hair."

"Oooooh! I wish I could see them," said Susan. "Do they talk? I wish I could hear them!"

The man scratched his nose. "Well, now, maybe you can," said he. "You look to me as if you see a good many things and hear a good many things that lots o' folks can't."

"Like fairies! Are corn ladies fairies?"

"Sure," said he. "Good fairies, at that."

THEY talked some more. He told her about some little pigs he had, and she told him about the elevator man, and he showed her that he could wink, too, and they laughed together. She told him her name, and he said his name was King.

Her eyes got round, at that; she looked at him more closely. "Oh," she said politely. "Is there—is there a queen, too?"

He laughed again, and said there was, as you might say. "She sits in the parlor, eating bread and honey," he added, and chuckled again. He even showed her the white house, 'way off across the field, where he and the queen lived; there were clothes hanging on the line—she could see them; but he said the blackbirds were mostly crows, the durned things. So her nose was safe; but talking that way about honey made her remember lunch—and, of course, she remembered her manners, too.

"Well," she said, "I've had a very nice time. I hope I'll come again."

"Do," said the king, his eyes twinkling. "Come see the (*Continued on page 113*)

They were all four in the field again, sitting in the shade of a tall corn lady

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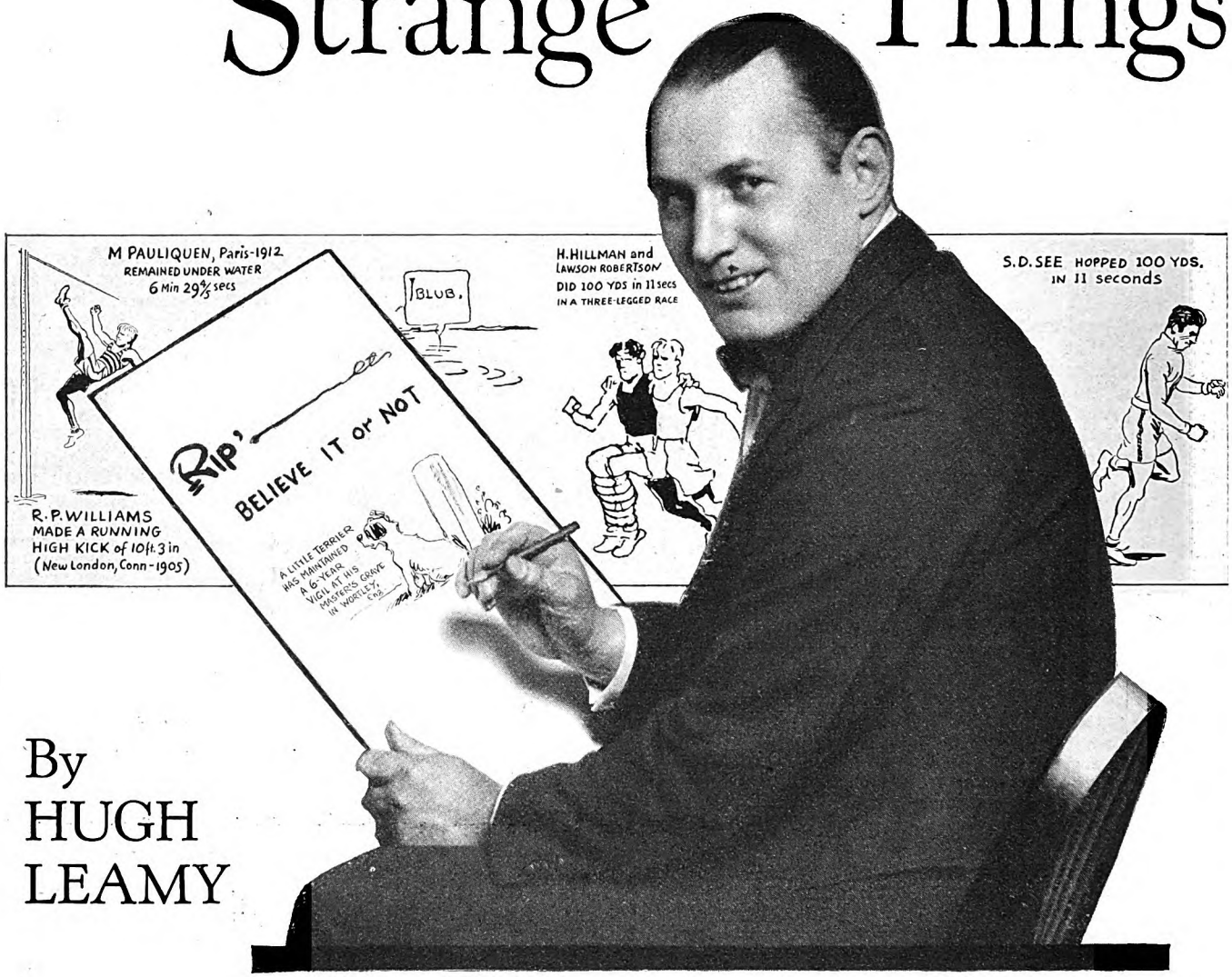
Believe it or not

Strange Things



By
HUGH
LEAMY

ONE day in 1905, in New London, Connecticut, an athlete by the name of R. P. Williams made a running high kick of ten feet three inches, thereby hanging up something of a record for other young athletes to kick at. But this achievement, while it doubtless brought considerable satisfaction to Mr. Williams and thrilled his onlookers, caused no commotion at all in a brisk and busy world. However, several years later it proved of inestimable importance to a harried young sports cartoonist who sat frowning over his drawing board one evening in the office of the old New York Globe.

There is no more miserable person in all the world than a cartoonist, barren of ideas, glaring at a blank sheet of drawing paper before him—a sheet which he must enhance with something intended to charm and amuse his public on the morrow.

Robert Leroy Ripley on this evening in 1921 had covered one sheet of paper with meaningless designs, had beaten himself three times in a row playing noughts and crosses, and had hurled a book at an impish office boy. At this juncture, the cartoonist tore the first sheet from the board, disclosing another whose fresh cleanliness was only an annoying challenge. He gazed idly round the room as men will who should be at work but can't get started. He allowed himself the luxury of toying with the warming idea of tossing drawing board and all out of the window. It might hit someone; it might—delightful vision—even hit one of those entertainment-hungry readers.

Fascinating but impractical!

Then he glanced at the indirect-light globe over his head. Wouldn't it be fun to kick *that* to smithereens? Maybe if you stood on a desk—one well-directed kick. Kick—wasn't there a guy who could have kicked it right from the floor? Let's see, what was that fellow's name? He remembered now—it was Williams.

Idly he sketched in one corner of the sheet a picture of the athlete straining for the bar. Then he recalled other unusual feats: the man who had walked backwards across the continent; Ed Lamy, who broad-jumped twenty-five feet seven inches on skates; a Monsieur Pauliquen, who remained under water six minutes and twenty-nine and four-fifths seconds. These and other gentlemen of unique, if comparatively valueless, attainments he sketched. When the sheet was finished, he titled it "Chumps and Champs" and passed it along, with some misgivings, to the editor.

"Yeah," said that executive, "good enough. Though hardly what you could call a cartoon. And I don't like the title."

RIP (no one calls him Robert—and Leroy is out of the question) scratched out the original title and penciled in "Believe It Or Not" instead. That evening he started on a fascinating trail which was to lead him into at least sixty-eight different countries in search of material; a trail which was going to make him famous as the author-illustrator of at least one best-selling book; and, finally, a trail which would eventually make him joyously used to being called a liar.

"Believe It Or Not" took hold at once. Globe readers wrote in about it. Some of them asked for more; a few of them challenged some of Ripley's facts, and were speedily furnished with proof. Rip began serving up the feature regularly. At first, he depended entirely upon athletics and

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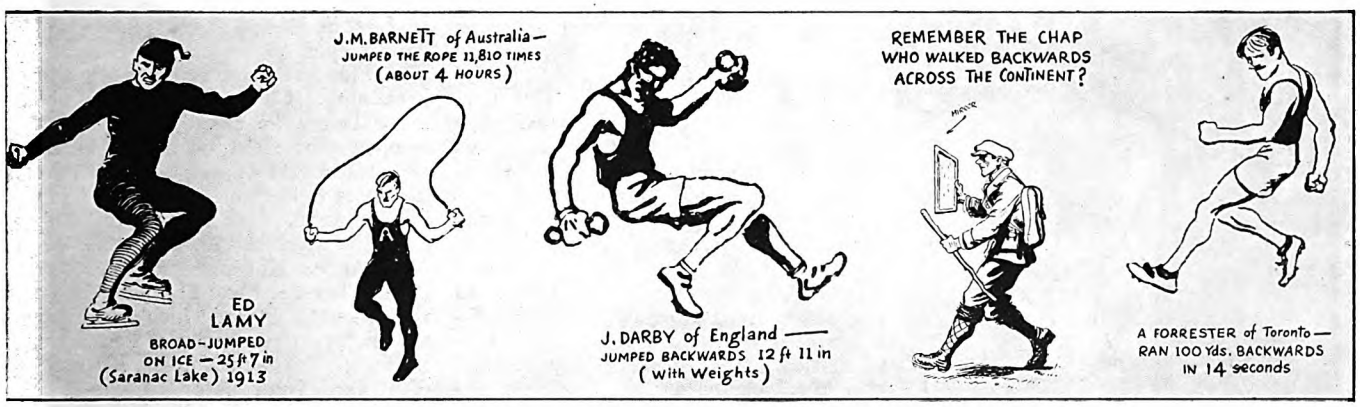
Under *the* Sun

are commonplace to Ripley, the famous cartoonist, who cashes in on weird, amazing, and freakish slices of life



Robert L. Ripley and some of the first "Believe It Or Not" cartoons he made

sports as sources of the unusual, but in time he came to include other imagination-tickling items, such as Paul Hubert, of Bordeaux, who was convicted of murdering himself, or the fork-tongued fräulein of Frankfort, who had two tongues but could not speak.

Now, in addition to turning out his daily feature, which appears in more than one hundred newspapers, Rip is assembling material for his second Believe It Or Not book, and he prepares a drawing regularly for a weekly magazine. And, on top of all this, he speaks on the radio occasionally and has made some talking movies.

When you consider that each Ripley drawing is made up of several items, all of them startling or unusual, and that he receives one hundred thousand letters a year, it is small wonder that he has to maintain a staff of three assistants who are kept busy, checking up on statements, answering correspondence, or translating items from foreign publications.

RIPLEY has a job that pays him well for being curious. He pokes into odd corners of the world, he delves into musty old volumes. Most of his material he gathers himself, and he has gone halfway across the world and back to verify some facts. But this is not always necessary.

"The unusual is often just around the corner," he will tell you. "You and I can take a stroll from the Battery to Central Park, and by the time it's finished, I may have material for several B. I. O. N's. The chances are, you will not have noticed the things I noticed because you are not trained to observe as I have trained myself to do.

"Of course, I do get suggestions and contributions from readers. Often, in good faith, they will send me in some facts that I have already printed. Sometimes their material is too local to be of national interest, or else they have failed to verify it. I have never paid for these ideas except on one occasion. This time a man sent me a suggestion which had to do with the sum of one million dollars. I've forgotten exactly what it was, but I remember that I offered to pay him for it. He would accept only a check for ten cents, which he had framed so that he could prove to his friends that he once received ten cents for a million-dollar idea."

Most people are afraid of being made to appear ignorant or stupid. That's one of the things Ripley has learned from his overflowing mail box. But when a popular favorite is talked about, the letter writers blossom out.

"When I asserted that Lindbergh was the sixty-seventh man to make a non-stop flight across the Atlantic Ocean, you should have seen the deluge of mail that poured in. Five thousand people indignantly wrote me to demand why I had made such a statement. They were all sure they were right. And not only that, but many of them resented a slur on the glory of Lindbergh—which, needless to say, wasn't intended.

"To this day, despite the fact that the explanation appears in my book and that the newspapers have given considerable publicity to it, I still receive letters asking, 'How come?' A few people remember Alcock and Brown but want to know who the other sixty-four were. They forget that in 1919 the British dirigible R-34, with thirty-one men aboard, crossed from Scotland to America and returned; and that in 1924, the German ZR-3 (now the Los Angeles) flew from Friedrichshafen, Germany, to Lakehurst, New Jersey, with thirty-three men."

RIPLEY'S mail is a pretty good indication of what interests people most. Of course, much of what he prints doesn't call for any inquiries, or precipitate any discussion. For instance, you probably feel the same way I do about the gentleman in Dedham, Massachusetts, by the name of Albert J. Smith. Mr. Smith is a one-armed paper hanger and he has had the hives. When Ripley printed that, it amused a lot of folks who, naturally, didn't write in about it. But how they remembered it!

You can't go out for a quiet evening of bridge, or cribbage, or tossing cards in a hat, nowadays, but what some wag will begin:

"Say, did you know that in Dedham, Massachusetts—"

Sometimes you can stop them there, but most of them go right on, regardless, and tell you about it again.

People are most interested in themselves and the things close to them. That's why tales of large families are always interesting. Thus, Mrs. Bernard Scheinberg, who died at fifty-six after having given birth to sixty-nine children, has a certain fascination for parents who are just about dizzy trying to keep their little broods of two and three youngsters clothed and amused and educated.

The startling and horrifying always shocks folks into (*Continued on page 186*)

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The Vikings of the

They threw themselves and accomplished

*By O. E. Rölvaag

AS I look out over American history I see certain facts stand boldly against the sky line. Were I asked to point to the two most vital chapters, unhesitatingly I should answer: The Westward Movement and Immigration.

You will remember that in 1790, the year of our first census, the total white population of the United States numbered a little better than 3,000,000 souls. This population lived along the Atlantic seaboard, from northern Maine and down into Florida. West of the Alleghenies and the Appalachians stretched a vast no-man's land far into the sunset's glow and beyond, little known except by hunters and a few daring adventurers. That's only one hundred and thirty-nine years ago! Do we realize what has happened? I think not.

Let me tell you a story:

Ninety-six years ago Cleng Pierson, the pathfinder of Norwegian immigration to America, started out on foot from the shore of Lake Ontario in the State of New York to hunt for a suitable location for a Norwegian colony. Eight years previous, on the shores of that lake, he had located the first band of Norwegians in America. But the soil there was sandy and, besides, hard to clear; and, little by little, Cleng Pierson came to realize that this place was no Promised Land.

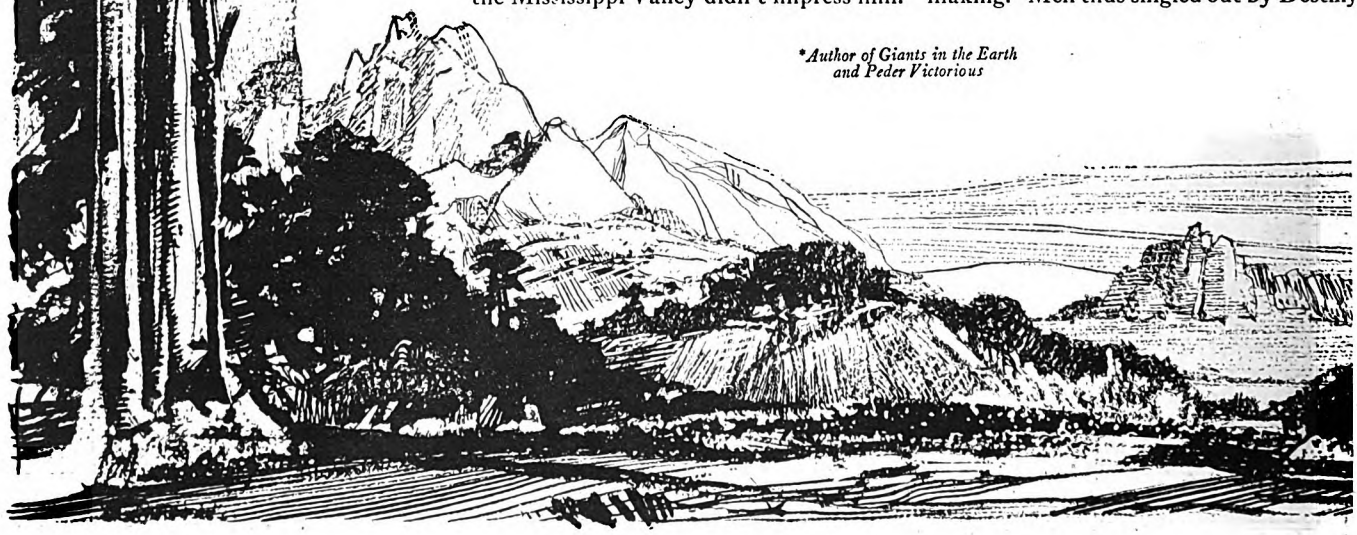
In the summer of 1833 we find him on the trail to Sunset Land. He is walking, and alone. One fine day he trudges into the city of Chicago. Chicago in 1833—a few scattered huts and shanties. The magnificence of the great metropolis of the Mississippi Valley didn't impress him. In fact, he looked at the place with disdainful eyes.

Not far away a great body of water lay beckoning. Cleng Pierson had been a sailor before he came to America. No wonder that sight of Lake Michigan's clear water cast its spell upon him. Walking down to the shore, he began to follow it northward. One evening toward sundown he strolled into the great city of Milwaukee. Nothing imposing to greet his eye here, either. The place had only three houses, one of which stood empty; the other two were occupied by the Juneau brothers. "What will I find if I continue northward from here?" Cleng Pierson asked. "Nothing but woods from here to the end of the world," was the answer.

CLENG PIERSON left southern Wisconsin, a greatly disappointed man. Would he never find the Promised Land? Where was he to look for it? From Milwaukee he struck out south and in a westerly direction, over the low, wide-bosomed prairies of northern Illinois. Of roads there was not even a trace. For days he walked, his eye spying and searching, like some lonely sea gull crossing an ocean.

No human habitation anywhere, not even a wigwam. Picture to yourself this solitary figure plodding on! The tall grass of the prairie lands tires his feet; the rays of the hot sun seem to seek him out; at times a crashing thunderstorm punctures the strange silence. What is he thinking of as he sits there at night, alone by his camp fire? What does he want in this alien wilderness? The man must be mad beyond redemption! Not the faintest inkling did he have of the history he was making. Men thus singled out by Destiny

*Author of Giants in the Earth and Peder Victorious



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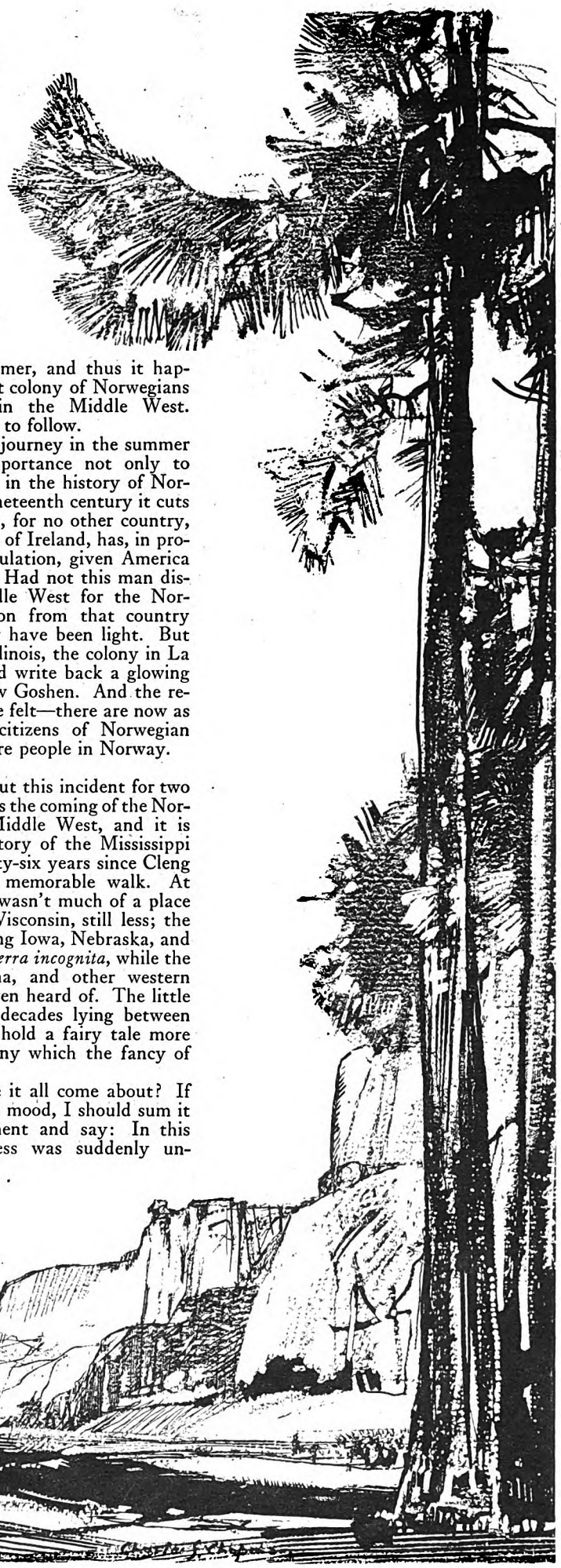
Middle West

blindly into the Impossible the Unbelievable

Illustrated by
CHARLES S. CHAPMAN



for some great purpose seldom do have.

Often, later in life, Cleng Pierson stated that this was the worst trip he ever made, though he made many arduous ones. Late one evening, after weeks of tramping, he trudged into a country that seemed different. Was it only the twilight that was fooling him? For several days he had had no food to speak of. Utterly exhausted, he flung himself down by a tree and fell asleep.

THERE is a story; it is beautiful, and I like to tell it. As he lay there that night under the starlit sky he had a vision: In his dream he saw a picture—a whole settlement, well built up . . . fine dwellings . . . red-painted barns . . . waving fields of golden grain. Close by him he saw a church, from which he heard clearly the old, stately hymns sung in the churches of Norway.

So far the legend. When he awoke in the morning, the pleasantest sight that had ever struck his eye greeted him. The endless reaches of flat, low prairie were gone; instead had come a gently rolling country; it seemed to lie high; in several places grew thickets of trees, natural groves for shelter. He found creeks, too. To the westward he came upon a river, the banks of which were richly wooded. The place where he now stood surveying the new Kingdom is about one quarter of a mile southwest of the little town of Norway in La Salle County, Illinois.

One fine day late in the fall of the same year Cleng Pierson came walking back to the little colony on Lake Ontario. The story he told was so marvelous that by far the greater number concluded to pull up stakes and move to Illinois. This they did the following summer, and thus it happened that the first colony of Norwegians was established in the Middle West. Many others were to follow.

Cleng Pierson's journey in the summer of 1833 is of importance not only to American history; in the history of Norway during the nineteenth century it cuts a far bigger swath, for no other country, with the exception of Ireland, has, in proportion to its population, given America so many citizens. Had not this man discovered the Middle West for the Norwegians, emigration from that country would presumably have been light. But after moving to Illinois, the colony in La Salle County could write back a glowing account of the new Goshen. And the result was soon to be felt—there are now as many American citizens of Norwegian descent as there are people in Norway.

I HAVE told about this incident for two reasons: It marks the coming of the Norwegians to the Middle West, and it is typical of the history of the Mississippi Valley. It is ninety-six years since Cleng Pierson took his memorable walk. At that time Illinois wasn't much of a place except in area; Wisconsin, still less; the territory comprising Iowa, Nebraska, and Minnesota was a *terra incognita*, while the Dakotas, Montana, and other western states were not even heard of. The little better than nine decades lying between us and that time hold a fairy tale more marvelous than any which the fancy of man has spun.

What has made it all come about? If I were in a poetic mood, I should sum it up in one statement and say: In this trackless wilderness was suddenly un-

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loosed the thousand-year hunger of the poor after human happiness—and that's how it was done. And then, perhaps, I should add: Nothing seemed to affect the folks of those days. They threw themselves blindly into the Impossible and accomplished the Unbelievable. If anyone succumbed in the struggle, and that happened often, another would come and take his place. Youth was in the race; the Unknown, the Untried, the Unheard-of, was in the air; people caught it, were intoxicated by it, threw themselves away and laughed at the cost. Of course, it was possible out here! There was no such thing as the impossible any more. Not since the day man first took up his struggle has the human race known such faith and a like confidence—once more the race had been made young!

In all previous history there is nothing comparable to what happened here during the first half of the nineteenth century. Mankind had witnessed great migrations before. Whole tribes had pulled up stakes and set out in search of happier hunting grounds and richer spoils. History has recorded how vast hordes of people have broken loose from their ancient moorings and flung themselves upon other nations for conquest, like, for example, the Huns in the fourth century and the invasion of the restless Teutons in the fifth, pouring south and west with irresistible force and fury, seeking new homes in the crumbling Roman Empire; and the Saracens in the eighth century, the Scandinavians in the ninth, the Hungarians in the tenth, the Mongols in the thirteenth, are striking examples of whole nations and races suddenly starting to migrate.

How different these phenomena from what happened now! About the year 1800, or a little earlier, a magic word sprang up in the consciousness of the Nordics—"America!" The idea back of it held a strange enchantment and cast a peculiar spell. And the word seemed to have volcanic power; the nations of Northern Europe began to rock; wave upon wave washed across the Atlantic, inundating the lands on this side. Not for conquest. Not intent upon spoils. But to do mighty deeds and build for a greater human happiness! Walt Whitman has immortalized the attitude in his marching song of the pioneer, thus:

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

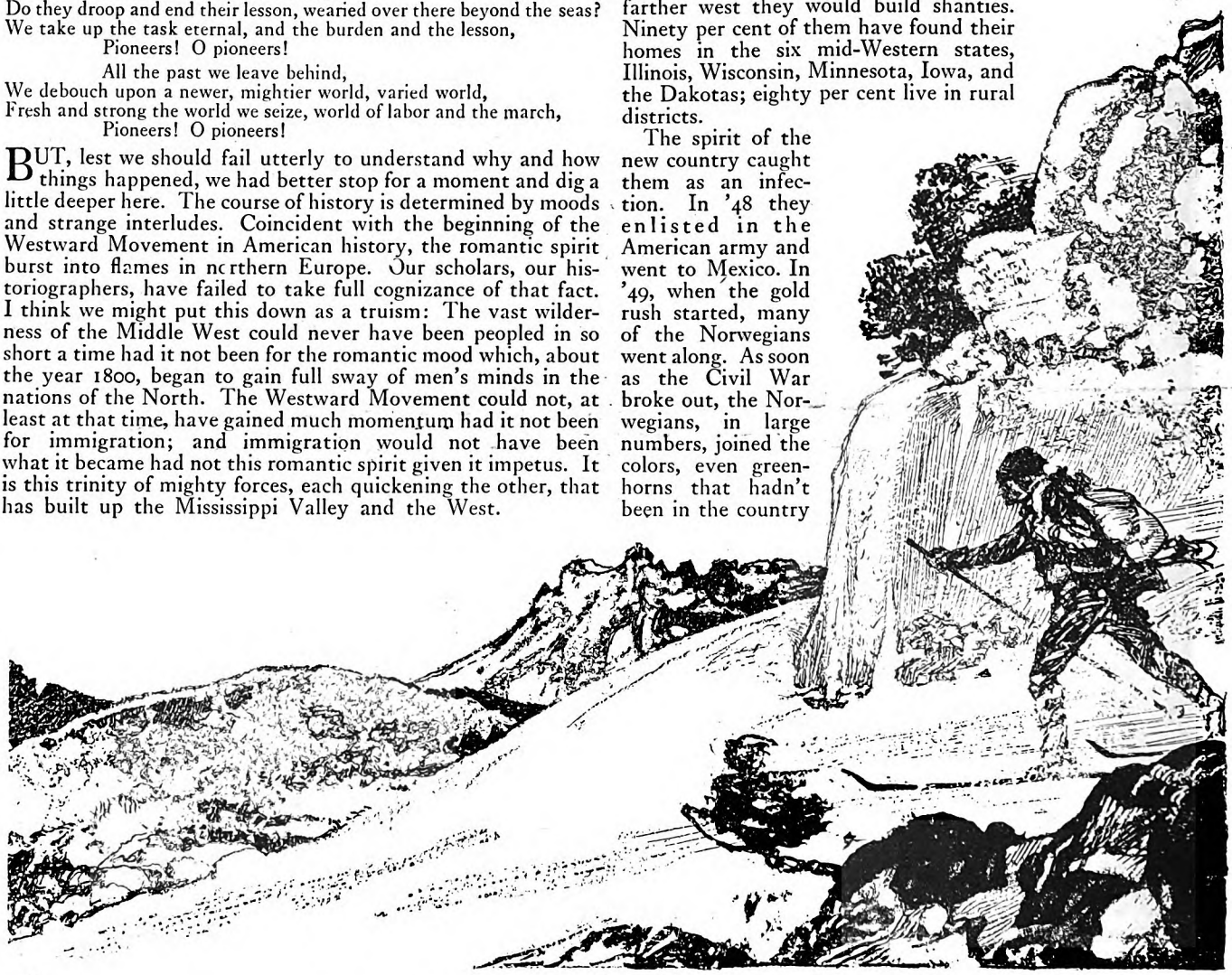
BUT, lest we should fail utterly to understand why and how things happened, we had better stop for a moment and dig a little deeper here. The course of history is determined by moods and strange interludes. Coincident with the beginning of the Westward Movement in American history, the romantic spirit burst into flames in northern Europe. Our scholars, our historiographers, have failed to take full cognizance of that fact. I think we might put this down as a truism: The vast wilderness of the Middle West could never have been peopled in so short a time had it not been for the romantic mood which, about the year 1800, began to gain full sway of men's minds in the nations of the North. The Westward Movement could not, at least at that time, have gained much momentum had it not been for immigration; and immigration would not have been what it became had not this romantic spirit given it impetus. It is this trinity of mighty forces, each quickening the other, that has built up the Mississippi Valley and the West.

Norwegian history records two swarming periods of its people. The first, known as the Viking Age, occurred during the ninth century and the early decades of the tenth. The other took place in the nineteenth century. It was the romantic spirit which rekindled the restless instinct of the race. And just as in times of old the course had lain westward—to England, Scotland, Iceland, to the Western Isles, to Greenland, and even to America, so now, too, the course was westerly.

BY THE early 40's emigration, for Norway, began to assume alarming proportions; something must be done about it. And so ministers of the Gospel preached strong sermons against it; one bishop issued proclamations; the government sent out warnings; and the newspapers would tell fearful stories of how the immigrants fared over here. It happened, too, though the instances are few, that travelers came over here to investigate, returned, and spoke words of caution. Beware of what you do . . . look before you leap . . . don't throw your lives away foolishly! All to no purpose. Year after year the wave swelled and rolled on, irresistibly.

And no sooner had the newcomer landed than he would hie west where the others had preceded him. In southern Wisconsin they built log houses and cleared cut-over land. On the open plains farther west they would build sod houses and dugouts, and break prairie. Later on and yet farther west they would build shanties. Ninety per cent of them have found their homes in the six mid-Western states, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and the Dakotas; eighty per cent live in rural districts.

The spirit of the new country caught them as an infection. In '48 they enlisted in the American army and went to Mexico. In '49, when the gold rush started, many of the Norwegians went along. As soon as the Civil War broke out, the Norwegians, in large numbers, joined the colors, even greenhorns that hadn't been in the country



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over a month. Certainly . . . slavery must be blotted out . . . anyone could understand that. Whoever heard of slavery in a free country? Come on, boys!—No, I am not overstating the case. Don't you know the story of the Fifteenth Wisconsin?

Pioneer history sounds like tales from the Arabian Nights. But so far we know only part of the history; that of the non-English-speaking immigrant remains yet, very largely, to be heard. Unbelievable things happened. Divine comedies; unspeakable tragedies; deeds of valor and daring that surpass anything we know of from the days of knighthood.—I am testifying for the Norwegians; the Viking spirit was certainly not extinct.

The first white man to settle in the district which is now being served by the pleasant little city of Argyle, Wisconsin, was a Norwegian newcomer. In 1844 he settled there and built himself a log house. When the gold rush for California began, he was one of the first to go. Then he did an unbelievable thing. He reasoned like this: California is a wilderness; hence, with so many people flocking thither, there must be great scarcity in food products; why not capitalize that need? And so he went to work and bought up a big herd of milk cows which he drove clear across the continent. Some trip, to be sure! How would you like to drive a herd of cows from Wisconsin to California even now when the country is built up? He had figured correctly—there was milk famine among the gold diggers. For a while he did a fine business. Later he sold his herd and went to work as teamster with a big trading company.

Once, while on a trip up in the mountains, he was attacked by a band of desperadoes, who stripped him of all he had—about $1,200. A long while the man brooded over his ill fate. It wasn't only the loss he had sustained which troubled him, but the raw wantonness, the lawless effrontery of that gang! At last he was seized by a fit of berserker rage. Flinging all caution to the winds, he, alone and unarmed, went up in the mountains to hunt for the robbers. Having found them, he stepped right up to the leader; and, looking him straight in the eye, he spoke coldly: "You remember, don't you, that some time ago you borrowed $1,200 from me? I thought, perhaps, that you had forgotten my address. . . . I am here to get the money!" The leader stared, flabbergasted. Never had he seen such intense power emanate from the eye of a man. Grabbing a bag of gold dust, containing about $1,500, the robber flung it at the man, saying, "You are a cool one, all right; take that and begone!" Without a word, the man took the bag and left, not once looking back.

Did you ever hear the story of Snowshoe Thompson, who for twenty years carried the United States mail across the Sierras? If not, I invite you to listen. When a boy of ten, John Thompson came to America, from the mountain district of Telemarken, Norway, where his family had lived for generations. In '51, when he was twenty-four years old, he and several other Norwegians went to California to seek their fortunes. John Thompson didn't find his, and so he quit digging and began to farm. In '55 the authorities of California advertised for someone to carry the mail back and forth across the mountains during the winter. The advertisement caused much amusement, because the Sierras during winter—well, no fool, however crazy, would care to tackle the job.

Only one applicant showed up, a light-haired giant of a Norwegian; that man was John Thompson, and he got the job. He made himself a pair of skis—heavy, clumsy things they were, weighing no less than twenty-five pounds. The distance, about ninety miles, which he had to cover stretched from Hangtown, California, to Carson Valley, Nevada; the whole region was an inhospitable wilderness, with not a human habitation to be found. The eastward journey, being the steepest, was the hardest to make, and would take him three days; but for the return trip, the precipices of the Sierras making dandy ski-slides, he would need only two!

FOR more than twenty winters this man formed the only connecting link between California and the East. And he never failed. His story reads like some grotesque tale from Old Norse mythology. To him, a trip across the inhospitable mountain region, in the dead of winter, with storms howling and blizzards raging, held no terror; the trips had to be made, he had taken the job, and anyway—the scenery was grand!

On his trips he carried no other baggage than the mail bag, which would weigh from sixty to one hundred pounds; not a blanket to roll into at night, not even an overcoat to protect him from the piercing cold. His food consisted of crackers and a piece of dry bread; these he would munch while gliding across the snowfields, then pick up a handful of snow with which to quench his thirst. At night he would kindle a fire and go to sleep by it, peacefully and without fear, as if he had lain snugly in his own bed at home. But on nights when blizzards raged, he would find some exposed rock which the storm swept clean, and pace up and down on it until morning broke and the storm subsided.

On his journeys he saved the life of many a man who, foolhardily, had tried to cross the wilderness and had lost his way. Once he came upon a rickety cabin, in which he found a man with both feet frozen. For several days, this ill-fated human creature had had no other food than (*Continued on page 83*)

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The Drift Fence

PART VII

A HEAVY breath escaped Slinger Dunn as he removed his gaze from the twitching Jocelyn to Molly, and then to the bound Traft. His battered face was scarcely recognizable, but his eyes were wide open.

"'Pears like I didn't get heah none too soon," he drawled.

"Slinger! Just—in time," gasped Jim.

Molly sat up dazedly, her hair disordered, blood on her chin and nerveless hands. "Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—" she moaned.

"Air you hurted, Molly?" asked Dunn.

She stared wildly. "*Arch!*" she cried, in recognition. "Is he—daid?"

"Wal, I reckon, onless he wears a big watch in his breast pocket."

Molly got shakily to her feet and ran unevenly to Jim, where she fell, still game, still proof against the collapse that had taken her strength.

"Cut—this—rope," she whispered huskily, plucking at Jim's bonds.

Dunn, with a wary glance at the back of the cabin, dropped a knife in front of Molly.

"Jim—did he—hit you?" she asked fearfully, as she freed his hands.

"No. But I sure know what a bullet sounds like. . . . Let me have the knife . . . Molly!"

Jim severed the knotted rope and got up, lifting Molly with him, which action assured her that he was uninjured.

"Oh—thank Heaven!" she cried, sinking against him. "Jim—Jim! I thought—he'd hit you."

Jim held her tight, and probably no other moment of his life could ever equal that one. Following it, he became aware of Dunn sheathing his gun. Then Slinger addressed his sister:

"Molly, you was shore fightin' thet skunk, an' I needn't ask if he got the best of you. But Seth, heah, an' Sam—did they stand around an' let thet hombre bulldog you?"

The moment was critical and Molly reacted to it as might have been expected from Slinger Dunn's sister. If Jim had had the impulse to check her, he suppressed it.

"They shore did," she cried, lifting her pale face from Jim's arm. "An' what is wuss, Arch, they *believed* him . . . believed I'd got thick with him an' come up heah, a willin' hussy. . . . I agreed to give in to Jocelyn—if he saved Jim's life. No use lyin'—I'd have done it. . . . But I never trusted him. I lay back there in the stall—listenin' an' watchin'. An' pretty soon I knew his game. . . . Arch, I was most crazy. I prayed—an' I peeped out through a chink between the logs. An' I saw you comin' under the pines! . . . *Oh!* Then I had to brace an' keep Jocelyn off his guard—till you—could get heah."

"Wal, I reckon it's aboot good fer Jim Traft thet you *air* Slinger Dunn's sister," drawled Dunn.

"I got to the corner by the stall—leaned over quick—an' bored him—when he was tryin' to shift the rifle round"

"Good and fine and wonderful," declared Jim fervently. "I'm thanking God she *is* Molly Dunn of the Cibeque!"

"Thet squares you with me, Jim Traft," replied Slinger gruffly. "Take her away from the cabin. . . . An' wash the blood offen her."

JIM was not loath to lead Molly away, half supporting her in his arm. He lifted her across the brook and led her on, across the open, grassy flat and up the first gentle slope to a pine tree, where a fragrant brown mat, and shade, invited a stop.

"This is far enough," he said, letting her down. "I'll run back—"

"Don't leave me. There'll be a fight," she cried, clinging to h m.

"But only to the brook to wet my scarf. . . . You're all bloody."

"Then hurry."

Jim made short work of the trip down to the brook, and while soaking his silken scarf, he heard a loud, angry protest from Haverly in the cabin and the cold ring of Slinger's voice. He ran back to Molly. She was spitting like an angry cat.

"I bit him, Jim, I bit him! I'd have chewed him to pieces. . . . But now it's over, I'm sick—sick with the taste an' smell an' sight of his blood."

And as she spat out, she did look sick.

"Never mind, darling. Your biting saved my life. . . . My Heaven, how wonderful you were—how I love you!" And he kissed her passionately, stained lips and chin and hands.

Evidently this treatment effectually checked her nausea.

"Oh—Jim—somebody'll see," she whispered.

"Who cares?—But let me scrub you clean," laughed Jim, and he did scrub her mouth, inside and outside, and nearly washed the skin off her chin, and likewise the little strong, brown hands.

"There goes one. Slinger's let him off. Look," said Molly.

"That's Matty," replied Jim, recognizing the tall member of Seth's outfit. He was in a hurry, and, snatching up a saddle and bridle, he strode off up the park, looking back over his shoulder. "He didn't seem a bad sort of fellow"

"I'm glad. Slinger is terrible when he's—like you saw him. . . . Oh, but wasn't Hack Jocelyn the dastardliest—?"

"Sweetheart, don't think of him," entreated Jim.

"But he's daid! An' Slinger killed him—all on my account."

"No, not all. Some on mine, and some on his own. . . . Honey, did you really mean you'd accepted me—when you threw it up to Jocelyn—that we were engaged?"

"Yes, Jim—but you cain't make love to me now. I tell you, Slinger will *kill* Seth Haverly, an' like as not Sam too."

"I'm afraid, but I hope not," declared Jim. "All the same, Molly Dunn, while they're palavering I *can* make love to you."

"FUNNY tenderfoot from Mizzourie you are—I guess not. Oh—Jim—" She was surrendering to his arm, when suddenly she started up. "Look! Another leavin'—"

"That's the cook. Fletch, they called him," said Jim, watching the man, who lost no time imitating Matty's example in making tracks from the cabin, burdened by his saddle.

"Hart Merriwell's left, besides Seth an' Sam. Slinger will let Hart go. Now, you watch."

Presently Jim espied Merriwell coming out, in no great hurry, but instead of strid-

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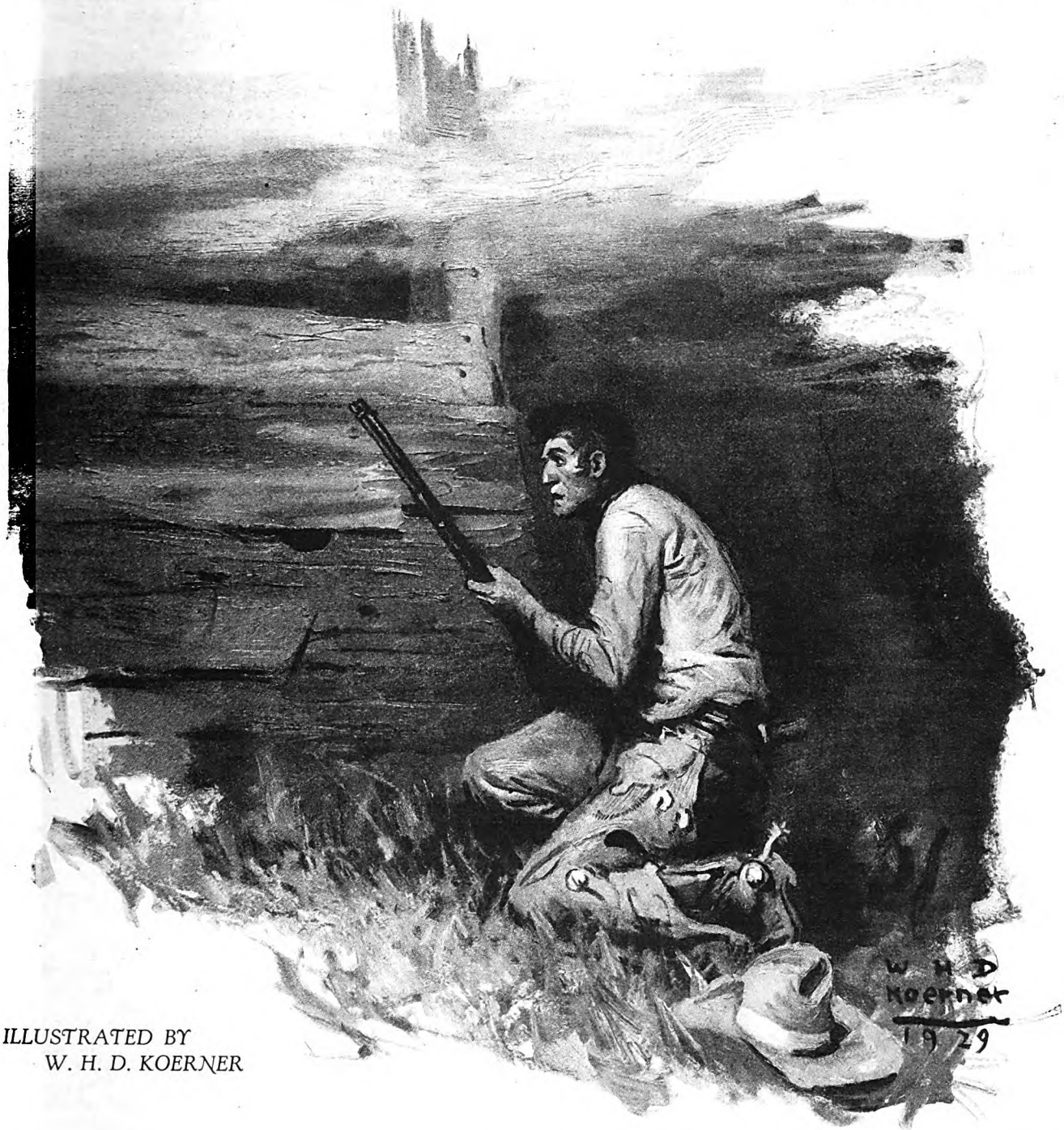
ZANE GREY'S *Smashing New Serial*



ILLUSTRATED BY
W. H. D. KOERNER

ing away, he slipped round to the back of the cabin and peered through a chink.

"Well, there must be somethin' up," declared Jim anxiously.

"Listen— That's Slinger shoutin'," rejoined Molly.

Jim did distinguish Slinger's voice, with its high, ringing note, but only the sound carried so far. What meaning he could attach to the harangue he had to supply himself. But as Slinger kept on, it was no great task to imagine the storm of violent backwoods profanity with which he was berating the brothers who had betrayed him.

"Just like I heahed once at a dance," said Molly, with a sigh. "There!" She jerked spasmodically at the crack of a gun, and, clapping her hands over her ears, she sagged against Jim.

"Gosh!— That didn't sound like Slinger's gun!" ejaculated Jim, and all his being seemed suspended upon his hearing. *Bang!* "That *was* Slinger's," he went on huskily, tightening an arm round Molly.

SHOTS followed, three or four, so swiftly as to be hardly separated. Then again came the heavy boom and a volley of lighter reports. There was a pause that might have been a suspension of hostilities. Jim dared believe it was over. Then followed loud reports, a heavy one—more of the sharp rifle shots—another heavy, and quickly the boom. Silence! Smoke drifted out of the cabin, showing blue against the green pines. Hart Merriwell, who had evidently run off, appeared, coming slowly back, halting, waiting, then approaching again. But there were no more shots.

"All—daid!" whispered Molly, lifting her head. She must have been able to hear the shots even with her ears covered.

"I—I'm afraid so," replied Jim, huskily. "I see Merriwell coming back. . . . There. He's going in. . . . Molly, I'll go too. I'll come back—if—if—" He

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squeezed her hand, and, getting up, he ran down the slope, leaped the brook, and soon reached the cabin.

The interior was still smoky. Jim saw one of the men huddled in a heap. Then, on the other side, he espied Merriwell kneeling beside Slinger, whom he had propped up.

"Is he—alive yet?" called Jim breathlessly, and he ran in.

"Hullo. Shore, Slinger's alive, but shot all up," replied Merriwell. "Help me carry him out of this smoke."

They lifted the bleeding, broken body and carried it out to the shady side of the cabin, where they laid it on a blanket. While Jim lifted Slinger's head, Merriwell placed a saddle under it.

"Reckon you'll—cash in, Slinger, ole pard," he said, gulping. "Anythin' I can do?"

"Where's—Molly?" asked Dunn faintly.

"She's across the brook. I'll call her," replied Jim, and he got up to go round the cabin. Molly was coming. She had seen them carry her brother out. Jim went out to meet her.

"Molly, he's alive. He asked for you."

He had to run to keep up with her.

"Oh, Arch!" burst out Molly, dropping on her knees. "Are you—bad hurt?"

"Wal, Molly, I ain't hurt a-tall—but I reckon—I'm done fer," he said feebly.

"Oh, cain't we do anythin'?" cried Molly.

"YOU don't happen—to have some—whisky?" asked Slinger.

"There's some here," said Jim, leaping up. "Where did I see it? . . . Jocelyn had two or three bottles." Jim ran to the saddlebags, and, procuring a flask, he rushed back. Dunn took a stiff drink.

"Wal, Jim Traft, you're lucky—thet you're not layin' around heah full of bullet holes," he said in a stronger voice, not devoid of humor. "I was fer killin' you myself—till Molly made me—a promise."

"What promise?"

"Molly, air you goin' to keep it?"

"Yes, Arch," replied Molly, as she bent over him, her bright tears falling.

"Good! Reckon thet'll be aboot all," said Slinger with satisfaction.

"Molly, dear, tell me the promise," rejoined Jim earnestly.

"Jim, he was shore set on killin' you. I begged him not to. An' he said he'd let you off—if I—I would make you ask me again—to marry you—an' take you up. . . . So I promised."

Jim took Dunn's limp hand. "Slinger, she'd never have had to make me. I'd have kept asking till doomsday."

"Ahuh. Then you're powerful fond of my kid sister. . . . Wal, I cain't thank Gawd fer much—but I do fer thet."

"Oh, let's *do* somethin'," burst out Molly, in desperation. "Hart, where's he shot bad? Where's the worst?"

"Lord, he's shot bad all over," declared Merriwell.

"Jim, I tell you bullet holes are nothin' to Slinger Dunn. He's not bleedin' at the lungs, because he'd be spittin' blood. This cut on his haid isn't bad. His left arm is broke. There's a hole in his right shoulder. . . . Heah, low down is the bad one. . . . Oh, my Heavens!— But let's tie it tight."

The practical Molly prompted the stricken men to get busy and do what was possible for the wounded one. Jim believed the gunshot in the abdomen would have killed any ordinary man. It had gone clear through. They padded that and bound it up. He had another dangerous wound in the hip, which, according to Merriwell, like the hole in his abdomen, had been made with a rifle.

WHILE they washed and dressed his wounds, as best they could with limited means, Slinger talked:

"Sam throwed fust on me, when I was keepin' two eyes on Seth. An' he got me thet crack in the belly. It keeled me over, or the fight'd been short an' sweet. . . . I nailed Sam. Then Seth showed his true color at last. He dove fer the stall an' began shootin' from behind. He had a Colt an' a forty-four Winchester. An' he shore pumped lead into me. . . . I sent a couple through the stall. Hit him, fer he cussed hard. But he come back at me. Then I flopped over along the wall where he couldn't see me onless he come out. He'd used up all his shells fer the Colt. Anyway, he didn't take risk to load, an' stuck to the rifle. Reckon thet beat him. I got to the corner by the stall—leaned over quick—an' bored him—when he was tryin' to shift the rifle round."

Beyond a slight huskiness, Dunn's voice did not depart radically from a tone of ordinary conversation. There was no trace of emotion unless the mere fact of his lengthy recital of the story of the fray was one. He had a remarkable vitality. Jim knew that in case of injury, especially from gunshots, next to the wound itself, the most perilous thing was the shock to the consciousness. This probably had not occurred in Dunn at all.

"Now, Merriwell, what more is to be done?" queried Jim.

"I reckon nuthin', onless he wants us to pray. How aboot it, Slinger?"

"Nope," was the laconic reply. He lay still, with closed eyes, a limp and ghastly sight. Molly sat beside him, supporting his head.

"I heah hosses," suddenly spoke up Dunn, opening his eyes.

They all listened, and Jim shook his head.

"You ain't close enough to the ground. I shore heah hosses," added Dunn.

Merriwell got up to walk out away from the cabin.

"Bunch of cowboys comin'," he said excitedly. "Reckon I'd better make myself scarce."

Jim joined him. "No need to run, Merriwell. That's Curly Prentiss and some of my outfit."

"By gum! An' they've ketched Matty an' Fletch," ejaculated the other.

So it appeared to be, and presently Jim made certain of it. Curly rode down the slope, followed by Bud and Lonestar and Jackson Way, who had in tow the late fleeing members of the Cibeque.

Curly threw his bridle and made one sweep of his long leg, then slid to the ground. A blue flash of keen eyes took in the situation.

"Howdy, boss. Mawnin', Miss Molly," he said, and lifted his sombrero from his bright hair. Then he bent his gaze upon the prostrate Dunn.

"Prentiss, you're a little late in the day," said Dunn. "But I'm recommendin' you let Matty an' Fletch go. I did. . . . It was Jocelyn an' Seth an' Sam. Take a look in the cabin."

Curly did as he was bidden, returning promptly, a queer, cold look in his eyes.

"Wal, Slinger, it shore was a good job. But I'm sorry they got you."

"Wal, I ain't cashed yet, an' if I do, it shore won't be owin' to Seth or Jocelyn. Sam's the one who bored me. I wasn't lookin' fer it from him."

Bud Chalfack and the other cowboys came riding down, to halt before the group.

"Dog-gone, Jim, if it ain't fine to see you on yore feet," said Bud heartily. "How do, Molly. . . . Somebody tell me what's come off."

Whereupon Jim briefly related the circumstances leading up to the stop at this cabin, the wrangle over the conditions of the ransom, the blackguard conduct of Jocelyn, and the several fights that succeeded. If Jim emphasized anything, it was the wit and courage and ferocity of Molly.

"Dog-gone me!" burst out Bud, with worshipful eyes on the girl. "Molly, I always knowed you was the sweetest an' wonderfullest little devil in Arizonie, but now I jest haf to take off my hat to you."

And he did it, quite gallantly.

CURLY'S encomium was directed at Jim. "You lucky son-of-a-gun! To come out heah an' steal her from us!" He threw off his gloves and knelt by Slinger. "Tell me jest where he's shot."

Molly and Merriwell together gave him the desired information. Curly got up, decisive though grave. "Mebbe he's a chance. You cain't kill some fellars. . . . Jack, ride to Flag an' fetch back the doctor. He can drive a buckboard clear to Cottonwood. You lead an extra saddle hoss, an' then come rustlin' across country. . . . Holliday, you an' Bud go back to camp an' pack some of our outfit over heah. Fetch the boss' pack, an' don't fergit everythin' to make Miss Molly comfortable. . . . Boss, do you want to hold these Cibeque men heah? I reckon if we let them go they'll haid Flick off with that ransom money. An' we shore don't want to lose thet."

"Hold them, then, till Flick comes back," replied Jim. "You and I can take turns on guard."

"Wal, Traft," spoke up Matty, "if you'd like to know, we're so darn glad the way things hev come off thet we won't need watchin'!"

Slinger Dunn sank into a pallid, insensible state that Jim believed was the coma preceding death. Molly, too, succumbed to a fear that every moment would be his last. But the hours passed; the three prisoners played cards and made no trouble whatever; Curly and Jim erected a tarpaulin shelter

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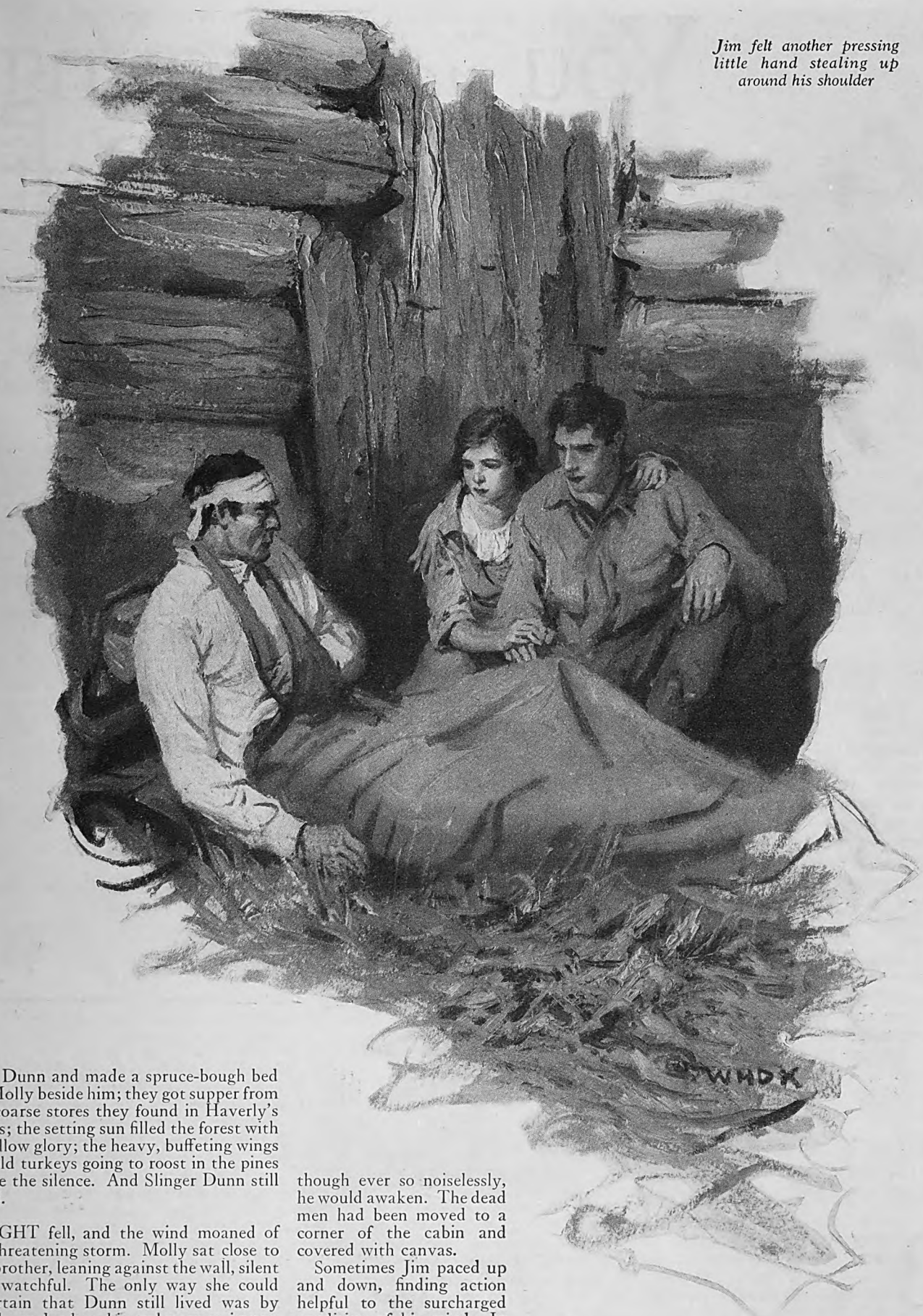

Jim felt another pressing little hand stealing up around his shoulder

over Dunn and made a spruce-bough bed for Molly beside him; they got supper from the coarse stores they found in Haverly's packs; the setting sun filled the forest with a mellow glory; the heavy, buffeting wings of wild turkeys going to roost in the pines broke the silence. And Slinger Dunn still lived.

NIGHT fell, and the wind moaned of threatening storm. Molly sat close to her brother, leaning against the wall, silent and watchful. The only way she could ascertain that Dunn still lived was by touch, and when his pulse grew imperceptible and his hands cold, she laid her head on his breast to listen to his heart.

Jim stayed with her, and seldom left her, except to replenish the fire and take a look at the inside of the cabin, where the prisoners slept. Curly lay across the opening, and every time Jim stepped near, though ever so noiselessly, he would awaken. The dead men had been moved to a corner of the cabin and covered with canvas.

Sometimes Jim paced up and down, finding action helpful to the surcharged condition of his mind. In the dead of night there in that lonely forest he came to a full appreciation of Molly's sterling worth and to a deep respect for the primitive life that had developed her. Many things considered by civilized people as necessary were merely superficial. Molly had the great qualities to overflowing—virtue, courage, and love.

When he would approach her, as he did often, and sink down on one knee to peer at the pale Slinger, Molly would take hold of him. By the firelight he could see the big eyes, black as night, rest upon him with a glance that (*Continued on page 145*)

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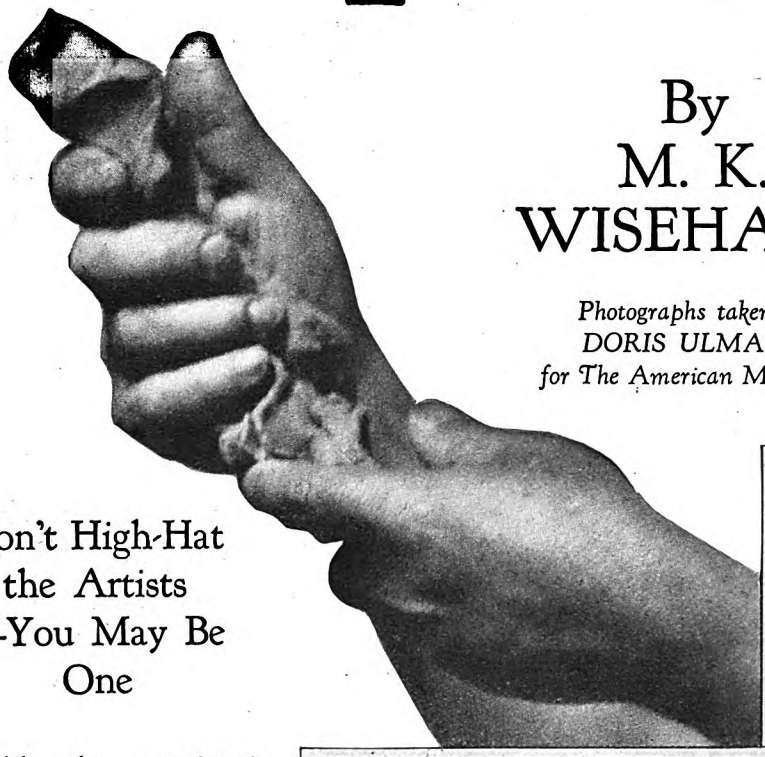
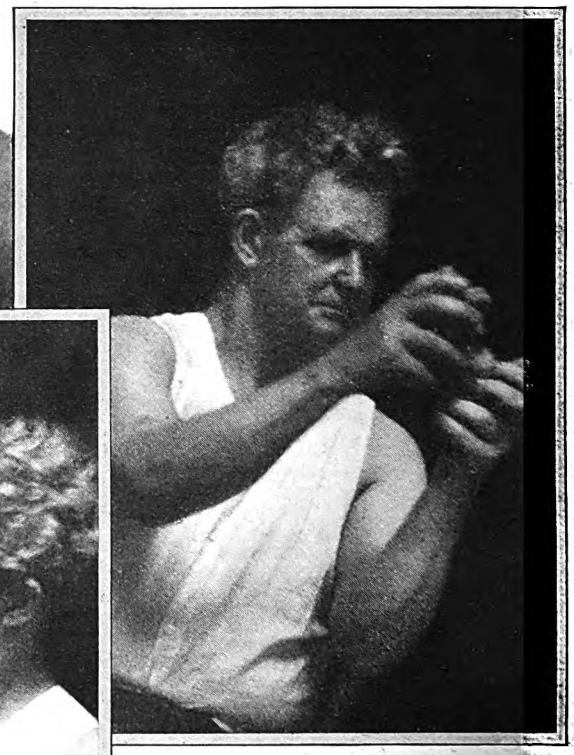
You *may be* young —But If you

The Story of Taxidermist

By M. K. WISEHART

Photographs taken by DORIS ULMANN for The American Magazine





Don't High-Hat the Artists —You May Be One

Ah, these artists! Dreamy, impractical fellows, blundering aimlessly through life.

Do you think so?

Read this story. Read how this artist studied, how he worked, how he stuck to his guns in the face of every discouragement, how he packed every last minute full of doing.

As a matter of fact, you and I are artists, too, if we are worth our salt. Unless we have the artist's passion for perfection and his graceful finish in performance, we are not likely to amount to much. I've seen office boys and paper hangers and teamsters who were artists.

Each of us can gain that joyous feeling of achievement which spurs us on with new zest to still larger victories. THE EDITOR.

BACK in 1875, in Kankakee, Illinois, there was a lively, six-year-old boy, who was known to everybody as Georgie Barnard. He was the son of the Presbyterian minister. With round, ruddy cheeks and black, curly hair, with an eager disposition and a quick reach toward life, he inspired the particular affection of a retired English sea captain, who lived next door to the parsonage.

A strong and dominating personality, this sea dog was filled with experiences gathered throughout the world. And the preacher's boy was thirsty for all that the captain had to tell—among other things, the story of the albatross and how it soared and soared, and never settled on the water.

"Here, take this book," said the captain one day, when showing the boy his collection of birds, birds' eggs, minerals, and butterflies. "It's time you began to learn something!"

The book was Dana's work on conchology. From it the youngster learned the story of the sea shells and acquired a smattering of geology.

Under the tutelage of the wise captain, Georgie's schooling continued with trips to the great Kankakee swamps, forty miles distant.

ONE day Georgie shot and killed a rail-bird. Having removed the skin, with the intention of stuffing it, he was entranced to see the marvelous way the muscles were laid upon the skeleton. He was not satisfied to stuff the skin. He obtained clay and made a model of the form. Later this model was cast in plaster, and the skin of the rail-bird was fitted over it.

Thus, at the age of nine, having devised a method of mounting which was later to be re-discovered and improved upon for use in our natural history museums, Georgie became an expert taxidermist. When he was twelve years old, he reckoned up the total number of birds and animals which he had mounted for others and for himself, and counted twelve hundred.

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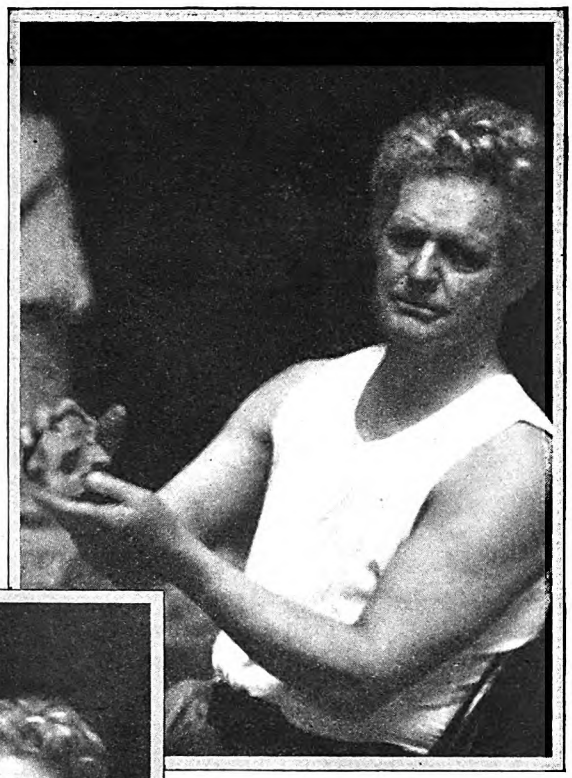
in Years— old *in* Hours

do not waste your time

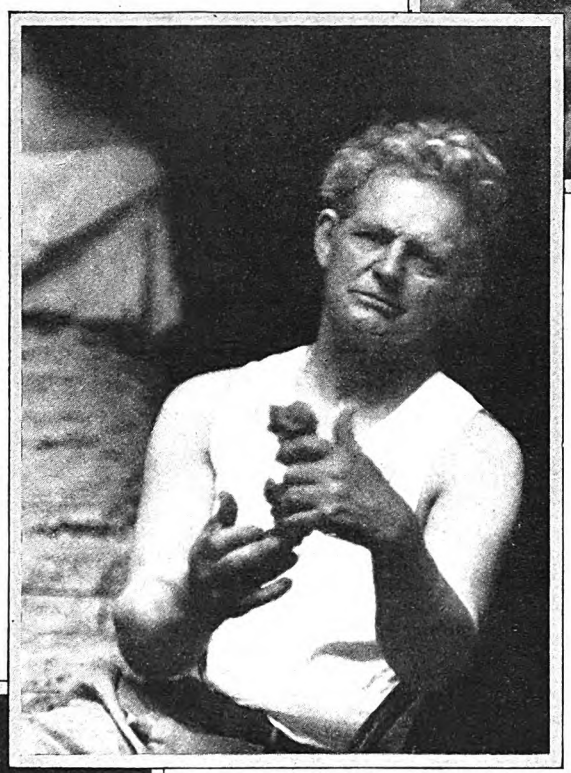
GEORGE GREY BARNARD, a boy who became a great sculptor

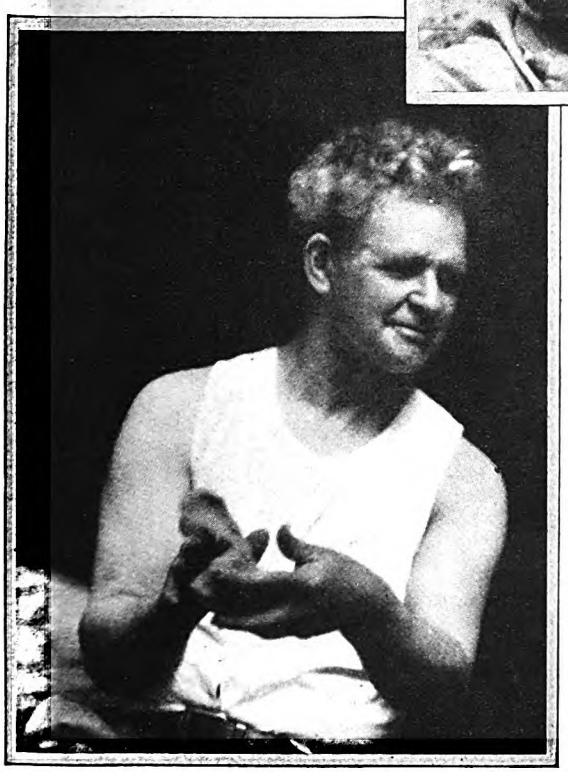


From Kankakee, the preacher's family moved to Muscatine, Iowa. To Muscatine one day came a visitor from Chicago, a former American ambassador to Rome. On beholding Georgie's collection of mounted specimens and examining the plaster casts over which the skins were laid, the one-time ambassador exclaimed to the boy's father:

"Your son was born a sculptor! These casts of birds and animals are more beautiful *without* the skins than with them on!"

SUBSEQUENTLY, from Chicago, came a gift from the man who had recognized Georgie's genius. It was a reproduction of "The Dying Gladiator." As best he could, Georgie copied this in clay. No more dead birds, dead skulls, dead skeletons for him! He learned to love the human form. He made busts of his sisters. He wanted to study to be a sculptor!





And today he is a sculptor. His name and fame have rung throughout the United States and Europe. Art critics of half a dozen European countries have compared his work with that of Phidias and Michelangelo. He is the creator of more than a hundred magnificent figures, life-size (or larger), among them "The Two Natures," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the bronze portrait statue of Abraham Lincoln in Cincinnati, and another in Manchester, England; the "Hewer," the "Rising Woman," and "Adam and Eve," all three on the John D. Rockefeller estate at Tarrytown, New York.

Recently, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, I stood before two marble groups for which the name of George Grey Barnard is perhaps best known. They are called "The Broken Laws" and "The Unbroken Laws." Consisting of thirty-four life-size figures, they are mounted on either side of the steps leading to the main entrance of the Pennsylvania capitol. In the foreground you see two symbols. One is humanity *pausing*—dominated by the influence of past error. The other is humanity *advancing*—inspired by the gospel of work and brotherhood. With what supreme art these symbols are contrasted! What a world of allegory! What miracles of light and shade and tones and overtones!

In 1910, when Theodore Roosevelt was in Paris and went to the Grand Palais expressly to see these two groups, then on exhibition there, he could not restrain his enthusiasm. Before an assemblage of European critics and other notables, he described the effect they had upon him; and then he added:

"These groups realize in stone an ideal that should be kept before the generations to come! As an American, I am proud of this work! Proud! Proud! Proud!"

NOT long ago, before the log fire in the huge chimney nook of his home in Fort Washington Avenue, New York, I was talking with the man who created these groups. A stocky figure with leonine head and dark grizzled hair that brushes back from a lofty forehead, he is sixty years old and in his prime. Today, with tremendous vitality, enthusiasm, and power, he is at work on the crowning achievement of his career, a great memorial in stone, an epic depicting the age-old struggle of the human race and its victory through the spirit.

But it is not the story of this great work that I have to (*Continued on page 96*)

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How WILD THINGS

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

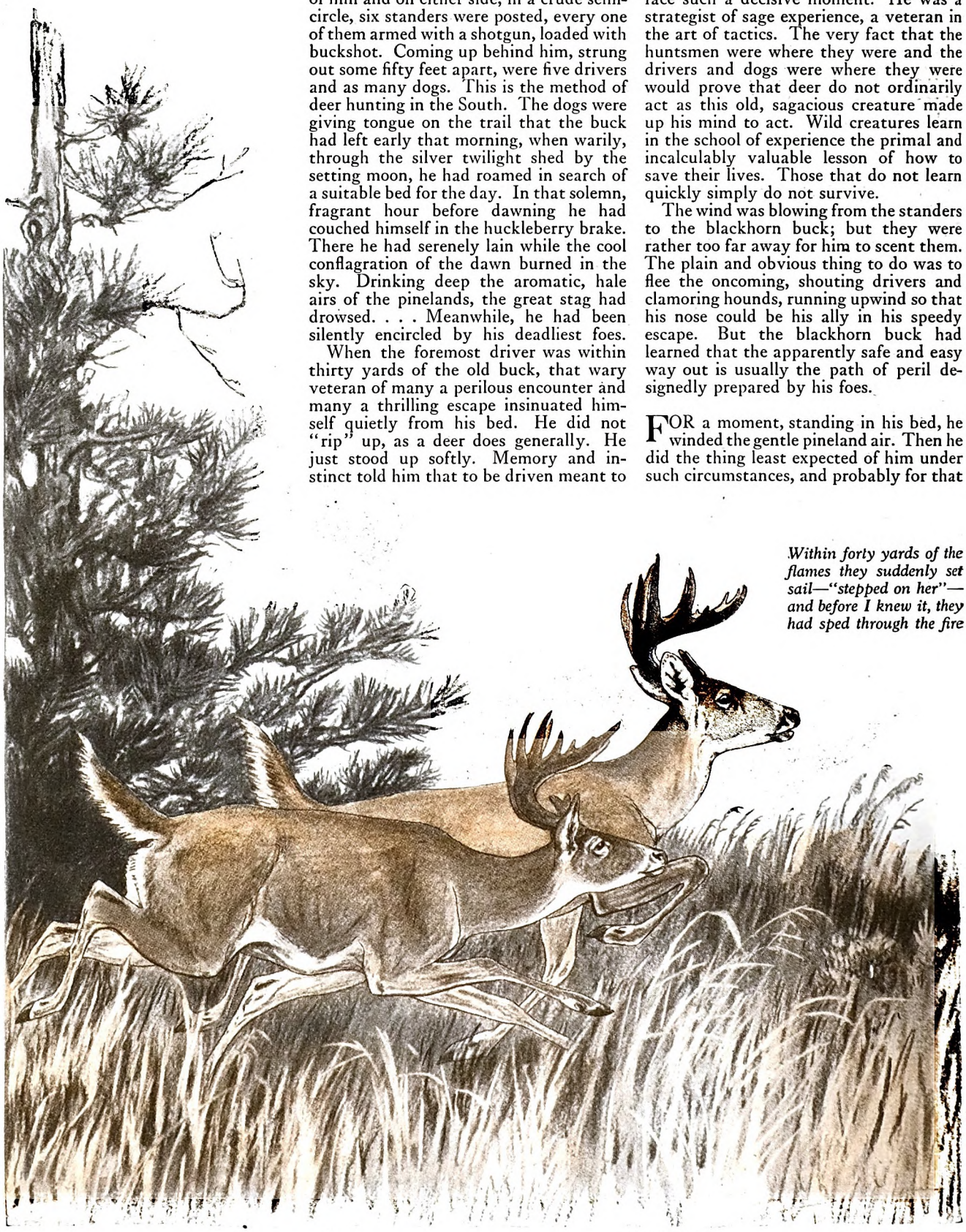
THE great blackhorn buck was lying in a small islet of bushes not bigger than a dinner table in the wide sea of broom sedge in the pinelands. Directly in front of him and on either side, in a crude semicircle, six standers were posted, every one of them armed with a shotgun, loaded with buckshot. Coming up behind him, strung out some fifty feet apart, were five drivers and as many dogs. This is the method of deer hunting in the South. The dogs were giving tongue on the trail that the buck had left early that morning, when warily, through the silver twilight shed by the setting moon, he had roamed in search of a suitable bed for the day. In that solemn, fragrant hour before dawning he had couched himself in the huckleberry brake. There he had serenely lain while the cool conflagration of the dawn burned in the sky. Drinking deep the aromatic, hale airs of the pinelands, the great stag had drowsed. . . . Meanwhile, he had been silently encircled by his deadliest foes.

When the foremost driver was within thirty yards of the old buck, that wary veteran of many a perilous encounter and many a thrilling escape insinuated himself quietly from his bed. He did not "rip" up, as a deer does generally. He just stood up softly. Memory and instinct told him that to be driven meant to run the chance of being killed. His superb speed could now avail him nothing.

Yet, in this fearful dilemma, the old stag was not at a loss. In his long life in the wilds he had often been called upon to face such a decisive moment. He was a strategist of sage experience, a veteran in the art of tactics. The very fact that the huntsmen were where they were and the drivers and dogs were where they were would prove that deer do not ordinarily act as this old, sagacious creature made up his mind to act. Wild creatures learn in the school of experience the primal and incalculably valuable lesson of how to save their lives. Those that do not learn quickly simply do not survive.

The wind was blowing from the standers to the blackhorn buck; but they were rather too far away for him to scent them. The plain and obvious thing to do was to flee the oncoming, shouting drivers and clamoring hounds, running upwind so that his nose could be his ally in his speedy escape. But the blackhorn buck had learned that the apparently safe and easy way out is usually the path of peril designedly prepared by his foes.

FOR a moment, standing in his bed, he winded the gentle pineland air. Then he did the thing least expected of him under such circumstances, and probably for that



Within forty yards of the flames they suddenly set sail—"stepped on her"—and before I knew it, they had sped through the fire

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Act *in* Emergencies

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

very reason the safest. He ran straight back toward the drivers. Memory probably reminded him that drivers do not usually carry guns. One of the drivers, a negro, was mounted on a very large, snow-white horse—really a spectacular object in those quiet-colored woods. Yet it was toward this driver and his mount that the regal stag directed his course. Men, dogs, and horses tried to turn the heroic fugitive. But he had set his heart on gaining the deep fastness of a wild river-swamp; and he never changed his direction, never altered his stride. He won his safety by as bold and gallant a maneuver as the greenwood ever saw. There was about it a superb uncertainty—wayward, sagacious, splendid.

NOT infrequently our wild brother is called upon to meet what is perhaps the most tremendously dramatic of all emergencies—wild fire. Because I have often been obliged to fight forest fires, many opportunities have been afforded me to watch the behavior of wild creatures at such momentous conjunctures. Unless the conflagration comes suddenly at night, or is of the leaping and rushing sort, all birds are comparatively safe. They just speed away ahead of the flames. Some predatory birds, like hawks, are attracted by fires; they haunt their flaring edges to catch bewildered little fugitives.

As would probably be the case with human beings, the degree of fright in wild things in a forest fire depends on their experience and on the character of the fire. I once saw a young buck feeding quietly at twilight with a glimmering semicircle of flames crackling within fifty yards of him. On another occasion, walking up to an old stag at sunset, I was amazed to see him head straight into the dense smoke of a great fire raging just ahead of us. When he reached the oncoming line of flames, I saw him make a spectacular leap. Then he disappeared into the rolling smoke-clouds. He had probably learned from experience that, in those woods with which he was familiar, a good jump would take him over the worst of the fire and to safety beyond.

More interesting was the behavior of three deer that I watched one afternoon. A wicked fire was roaring through a broom-sedge field that lay between an old, abandoned rice field and the woods. Fanned by a squally east wind, the flames tossed in red triumph, while a pall of dark smoke rolled westward toward the forest. I was trying to keep the flames from making a bonfire of my best fence. While thus engaged, I saw these three deer come out of the woods and begin to pick their way, single file, through the stormy, beleaguered field *toward* the fire. Every one of the adventurers was an old stag. Deer of less experience would not, I am sure, have so acted. But an old buck seems to know that safety is not on this side of an advancing fire, but on the other. In this case the fire would surely sweep through their woodland haunts. Knowing it, they decided to have the inconvenience over. I stopped my work to watch carefully their behavior. Their approach was wary and strategic. When within forty yards of the flames they suddenly set sail—"stepped on her"—and before I knew it, they had sped through the fiercely roaring fire.

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Just how smart these deer were I did not discover until later, when I followed their tracks beyond the fire. They had crossed the burned place and had then gone far out on an old bank in the deserted rice field—a marshy place where there was abundant food, and likewise a place in which no fire could ever come. Astute old adventurers, shrewd estimators of chances, keen rememberers of certain places in which certain dangers were not to be dreaded!

THE expression "a bird with a broken wing" is supposed to typify a peculiarly helpless helplessness. Yet such a bird often recovers; and that it is sometimes enabled once more to travel by the aërial route, we can be assured from observation. Many a time I have seen a bird with a wing obviously knit take the air. There was a wild gobbler of my acquaintance that illustrates what I mean.

Very elusive, indeed, was our acquaintance; in terms of romance, my friend had hardly given me reason "to hope." Yet I saw him often. He came first across the river in a time of flood, and, finding on the plantation food in abundance and unusual quiet, he made up his mind that he liked the place. A master of the business of evasion, he kept his presence well disguised, but at last I knew him to be a resident. I used to see him walking with an alien grace beneath the live oaks in the pasture, and sometimes winging to roost in a big cypress on the river bank. But one day, driving in some stock, I saw the great bird struggling in a patch of shrubbery near the road. I pulled in my horse to watch him. He got loose, but clearly he showed that what had fouled him with the bush had been a broken wing. This was broken below the elbow. Some pineland poacher had been after him and had hailed him with leaden speech—with the result described.

I was interested to see whether this gobbler would recover the use of his wing. For some weeks I tried to keep the pasture quiet so that he would stay there, though I went myself a good many times to try to observe him. As there were many foxes, I feared that one would get him at night. Undoubtedly this very thing would have happened but for a small, interesting deceit practiced by the turkey. Finding that he could no longer fly to roost, yet dreading to remain on the ground, he exercised his native wit to enable him to escape those perils which come with the darkness.

One twilight, down in the pasture prowling about, I heard a footfall among the leaves under the sparkleberry bushes. It was so still there in the dim, goblin twilight that I could have heard the flit of a fairy's wing or an elfin chuckle from a knob-headed gnome. Subsiding on an old pine log, I had the satisfaction, a few minutes later, of watching his highness come stalking along. A wild turkey's air conveys a strange mixture of regality and furtiveness, a certain aspect of hunted majesty. Here he came, with great deliberateness, and his glistening black eyes were inspecting with some longing the huge oaks and the towering yellow pines, safely upon the boughs of which he had often roosted. There was something pathetic in the manner in which he looked at those trees. I could see him very distinctly, and he was in plain sight when he executed his maneuver which showed that he had the outwitting of Sir Reynard in mind.

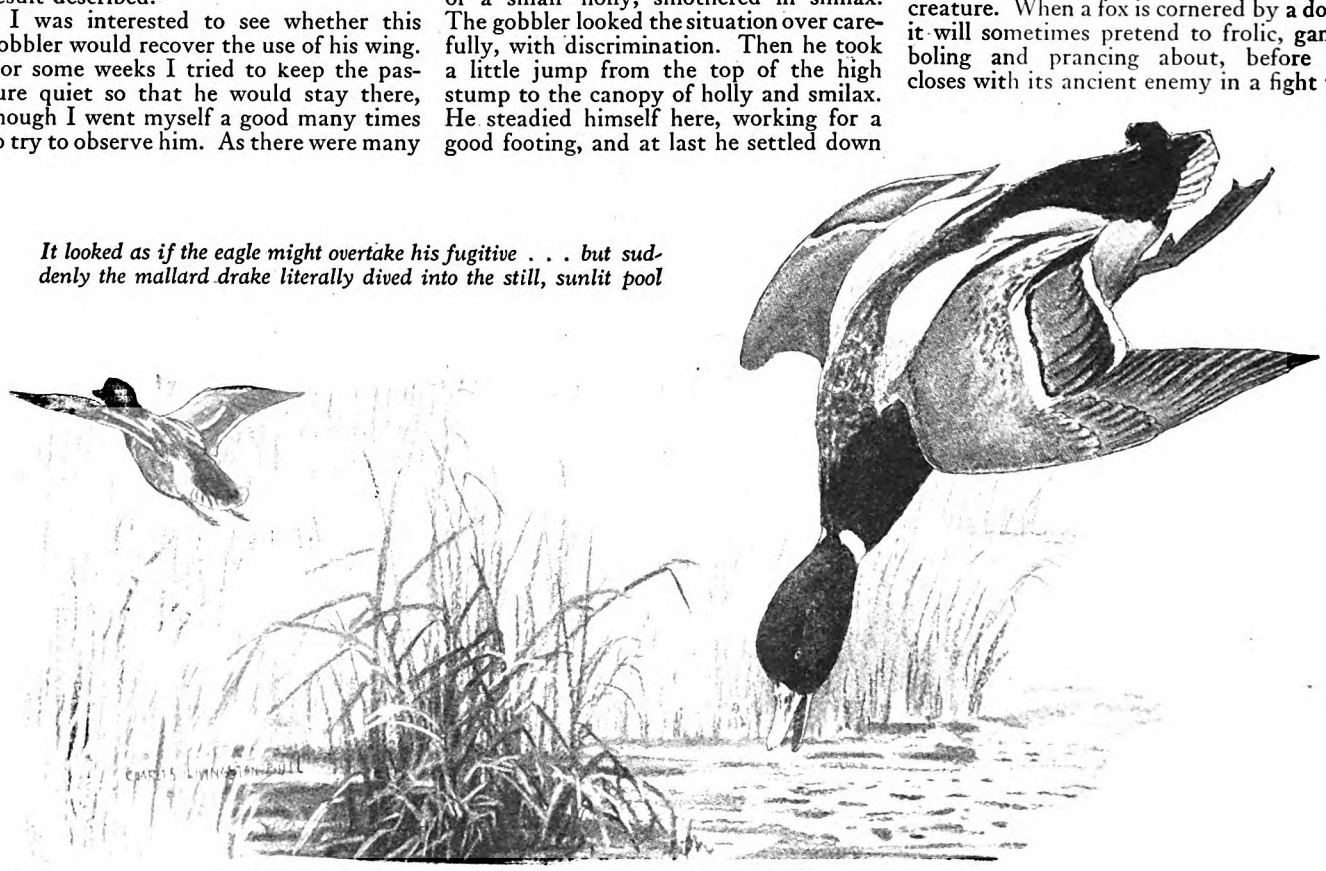
ABOUT a hundred yards from where I was sitting, there was a hurricane-thrown tree, a big pine that had been snapped off some twenty feet from the ground. The stump and bole were still joined by certain broad bands of stripped and shattered wood. The turkey came to this faded, dry tree top. He stepped in. A moment or two later I saw him, with great precision, walk up the incline. He followed this to the very top. But he did not stop there. About three feet away was the crest of a small holly, smothered in smilax. The gobbler looked the situation over carefully, with discrimination. Then he took a little jump from the top of the high stump to the canopy of holly and smilax. He steadied himself here, working for a good footing, and at last he settled down

on this place as a roost, assured, as he had a right to be, that he was safe from foxes. When he made his little leap I could see that he used one wing more than the other to lighten his weight; but the wounded one was evidently healing.

A MONTH later I saw him go to roost by the standard route. Apparently he had fully recovered the use of his wing. But the knitting of the bones must have been a crooked affair; for, whereas a turkey—even a ponderous one—makes little noise as a rule in taking the roost, this one set up a curious racket, the misshapen wing threshing the air wildly. Nevertheless, it did the work, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him alight, after his effort, on a live oak limb some forty feet from the ground. Capable of such a rise, he could defy the whole race of foxes.

Occasionally, with extraordinary intelligence and quaintness, a wild thing will strike a pose in order to escape danger. It is well known that the Iroquois, doubting the sanity of a white pioneer who manifested unusual bravery, would often not molest him. Sheer dauntlessness sometimes puzzled them. In the same manner, playfulness will often baffle a predatory creature. When a fox is cornered by a dog, it will sometimes pretend to frolic, gamboling and prancing about, before it closes with its ancient enemy in a fight to

It looked as if the eagle might overtake his fugitive . . . but suddenly the mallard drake literally dived into the still, sunlit pool



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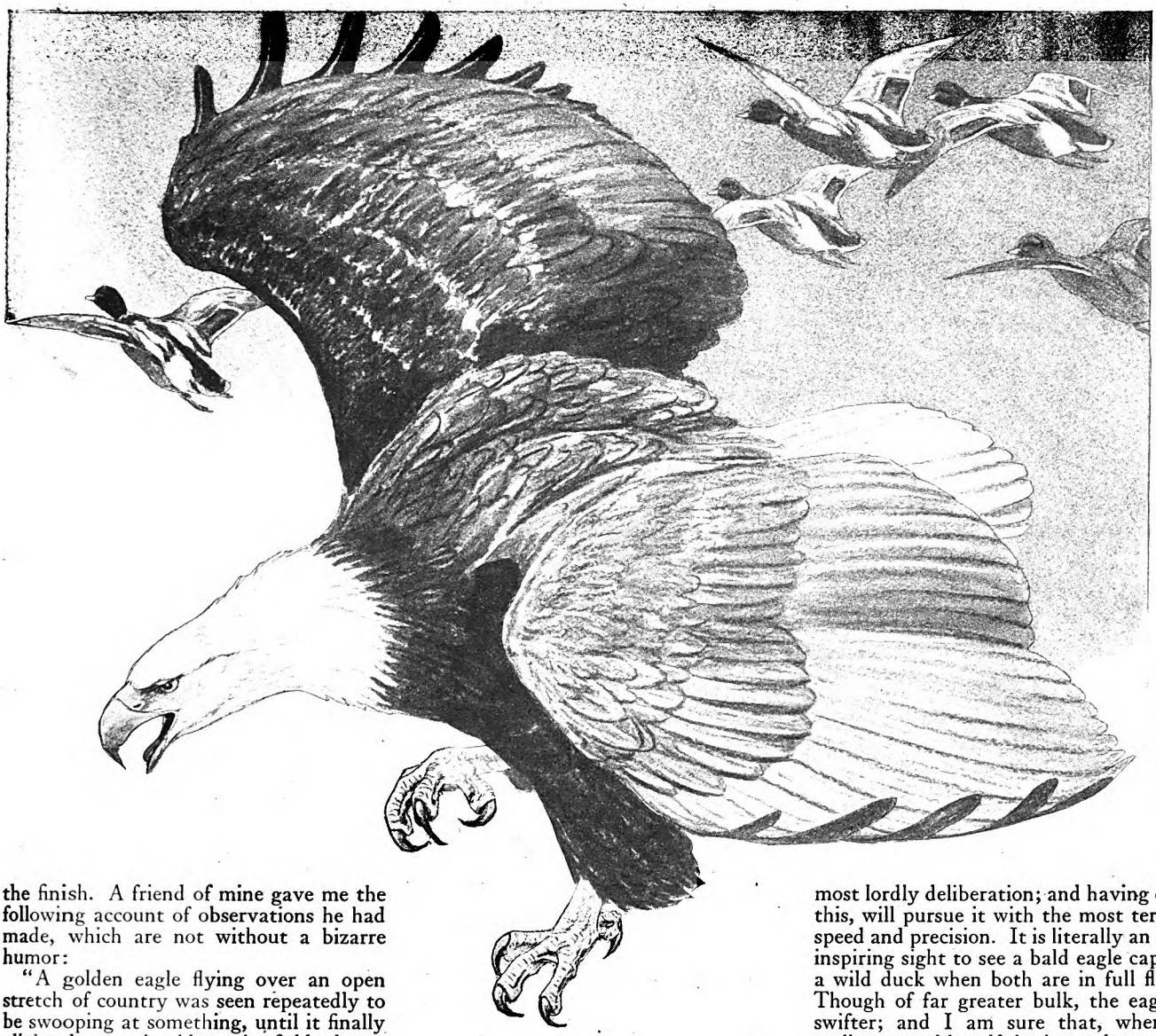

the finish. A friend of mine gave me the following account of observations he had made, which are not without a bizarre humor:

"A golden eagle flying over an open stretch of country was seen repeatedly to be swooping at something, until it finally alighted on a boulder. As field glasses were brought to bear, it was seen that a large fox was the object of the eagle's attentions, and the animal was now walking round and round the boulder close up against it, with its tail brushed out and extended vertically in the air. The eagle was seen to peck again and again at the tail as it came within reach, at which the fox would instantly drop it, then raise it again. Clearly the eagle was much mystified. When this had gone on for some time, the eagle flew off and alighted in the heather some distance away, at which the fox began to approach with the most playful antics, circling round the great bird until the latter eventually made off in disgust. Here was an elemental plea of insanity. Usually, when an eagle attacks a fox, there is little hope for Reynard unless suitable cover is at hand; but this fox, knowing that it was in deadly peril, managed, by feigning playfulness, to deceive the lordly marauder."

The fox, facing death, made himself ridiculous, impossible. It was by precisely such behavior that King David once saved his life.

ONE morning, far down the Santee River, and on the west side of the stream, I had put out a few duck decoys for point-shooting. In the river mouth, a mile to the eastward, there was a vast concourse of ducks. These were "rafted"; that is, they formed one solid army (or navy) of ducks, a mile wide and half a mile long. This mighty raft drifted delightedly seaward on the warm tide. The early sunlight flooded the scene. A myrtle-scented breeze swept sweetly over the waters and the waste marshes. I settled down in my blind, knowing that on such a morning the shooting would be poor, but satisfied that the sport would be quite wonderful, for I could watch the wild fowl.

Suddenly, however, the seaward horizon was blackened, and a roar that drowned the rolling of the surf broke thunderously over the lonely river. The stupendous raft of ducks was breaking up. Flocks of ten, of thirty, of a hundred, of five hundred, of a thousand, came hurrying past me. Thousands swarmed into the warm, still skies. The heavens were alive with the hurrying throngs, all of which seemed distracted. Something had electrified that vast concourse of drowsing, happy wild fowl. Of course, I knew it was an eagle. But I really did not expect a visitation from him.

Yet here the black tyrant came, head-on for me; and before him wildly dashed his selected victim. It was a mallard drake.

Though there may be thousands of ducks within his fatal grasp, the bald eagle will always select his prey with the most lordly deliberation; and having done this, will pursue it with the most terrible speed and precision. It is literally an awe-inspiring sight to see a bald eagle capture a wild duck when both are in full flight. Though of far greater bulk, the eagle is swifter; and I am sure that, when he really exerts himself, he is not less graceful on the wing than the fleet and beautiful wild fowl. And now this eagle and this wild fowl were coming straight for me, tearing along at terrific speed. The duck was flying perhaps thirty feet from the water, and not far out from the bank of the river. The eagle swept after him on mighty pinions. It looked to me as if he might overtake his fugitive almost over my head. But a wild thing can as often escape by craft as by speed.

JUST down the river from my blind there was a warm little cove where the tide was slack. I could see through the fringe of intervening reeds and down into this placid estuary. Over the top of this the fleeing mallard drake sped. But suddenly he literally dived into the still, sunlit pool. I watched for him to come up, but he did not. The eagle's powerful momentum carried him clear across the pool, and he passed me, his great wings making the air throb. Beyond me he turned violently and angrily, plainly chagrined that his prey had dodged him. Then, as if too proud to go poking about in marshes for his breakfast, he beat his way off majestically over the broad river.

Studying the surface of the pool carefully, presently I saw a green head emerge among the thin rushes on the far margin; and there was the old drake, with little more than his (*Continued on page 136*)

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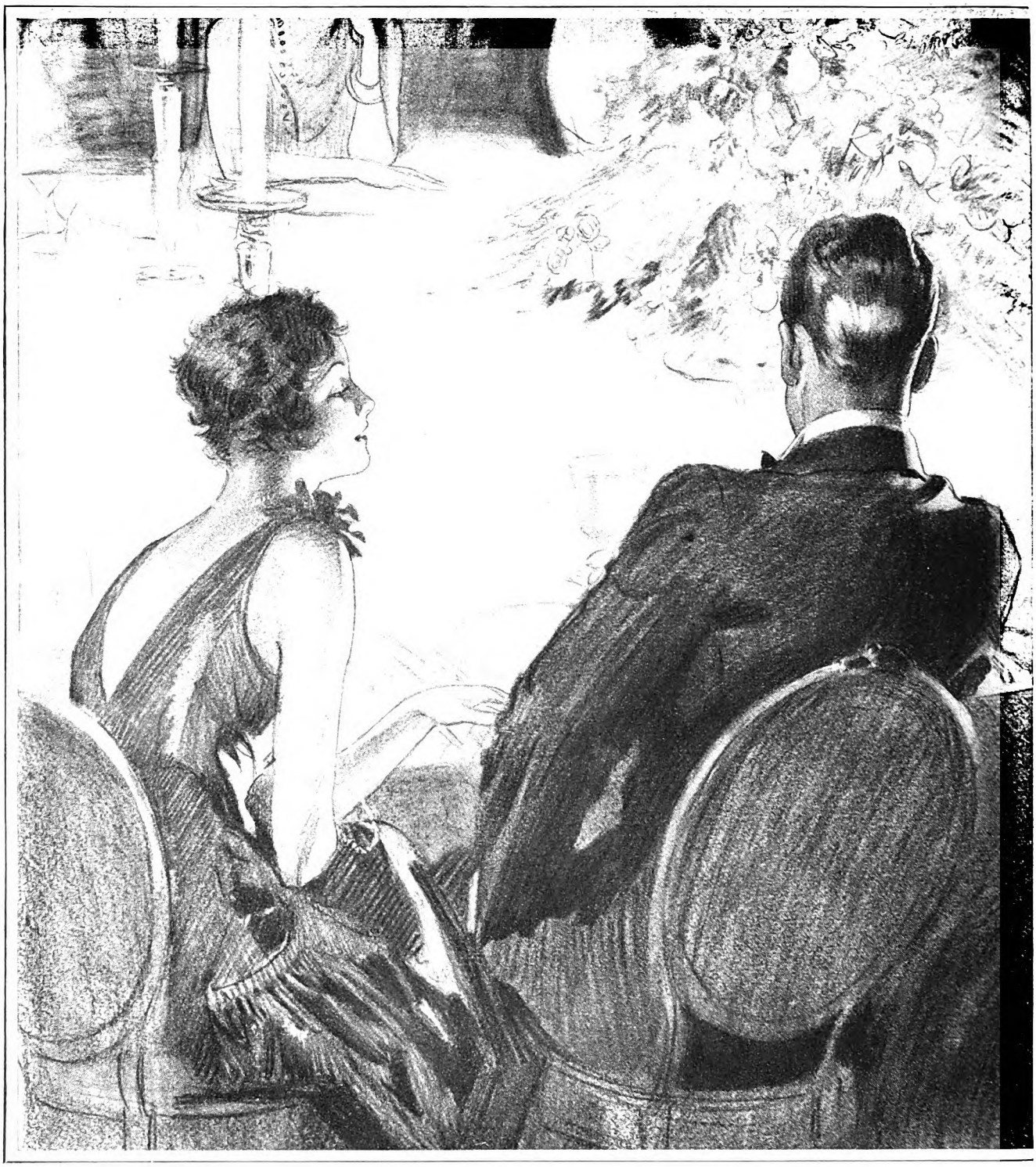

Illustrated by
PERCY E. ANDERSON

The Perpetual

ELLA, the second maid, entering the room early that morning, interrupted the most momentous meditations of Lydia Lincoln's life.

"Good morning, Miss Lydia," the girl said, "I hope your cold is better." Without waiting for an answer, she hastened on: "Mrs. Crandall is on the phone. She wants to know if you can come to the dinner she's giving for Miss Doris just before the dance tonight. She told me to tell you an Italian prince and princess would be there, and a French count and countess, and—" Apparently none of the titles had impressed Ella; after all, titled visitors were not uncommon in Crofton. But the third name was pronounced almost with awe: "—and Mr. Harperly Hoyle."

An eleventh-hour invitation. Which of the town's beauties had fallen ill? Lydia wondered. Not one of them would give up the chance of meeting Harperly Hoyle if she were able to crawl. For days, Mrs. Crandall's dinner and dance had precipitated feverish conjecture in the exclusive, wealthy little community. As if that invitation had put the bite into the momentous meditations, Lydia's mind snapped like a trap to resolution.

"I've lost my voice, Ella," she whispered. "Tell Mrs. Crandall that my cold

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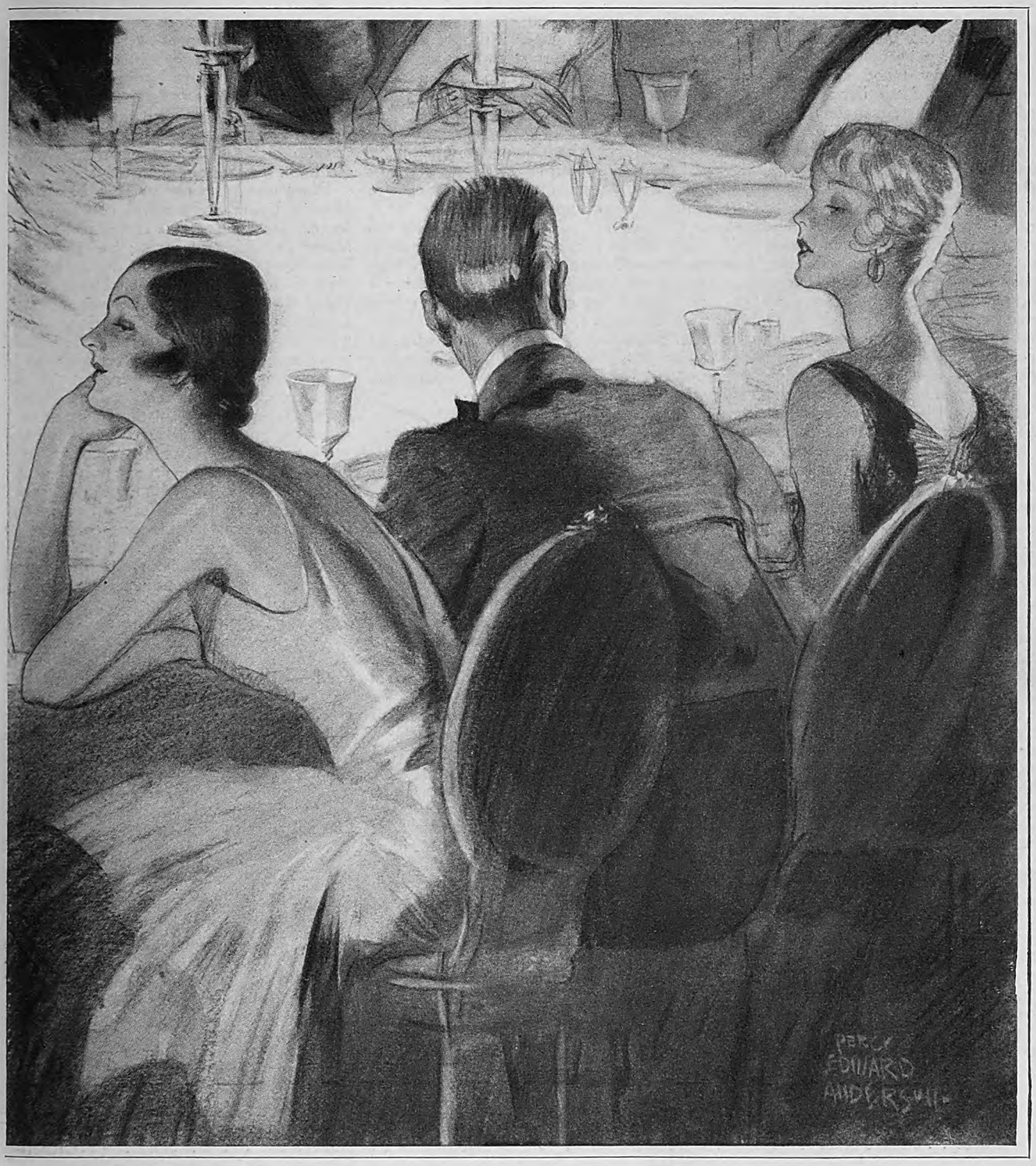

Substitute

By
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

has turned into laryngitis and that I cannot speak above a whisper."

Ella departed. She returned presently. "Mrs. Crandall says you *must* come, Miss Lydia. She says you'll save her life just by being there, even if you don't say *one* word."

"All right, Ella!" Lydia whispered with resignation. "Tell her I'll come."

Lydia lay in bed most of the morning, looking at her life by the light of her resolution. Now that she had made up her mind, she felt strangely light and gay; she wondered that she hadn't long ago come to this decision. It was manifest destiny. She was a woman without a financial future. With Mrs. Lincoln's death, the annuity which supported her and Lydia split three ways. Lydia could live on her share—if you called it living. But Lydia did not call it living.

Lydia was—and always had been—without matrimonial prospect. She must establish herself in business. Antiques she knew better than anything else in the world. And, rummaging among Lincoln attics, she would find enough stuff to set her up. The kindly relatives would sell rejected ancestral loot for a song. Eliza Lincoln had offered her a beautiful maple highboy cheap; had even suggested that she buy it by installments, ten dollars a month

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"I'll send Cousin Eliza a check for the first payment the moment I get up," Lydia decided.

Her light, gay mood lasted all day. She spent much of it in her room, since it was difficult to sustain a conversation in whispers. As the evening drew near, she was amused to find that her elation had flowed into a sense of triumph, a kind of superiority. Only yesterday she would have been delighted to be a guest, on any terms, at an affair of the Crandalls'. But the Great Resolution had changed all that. She was going into business. She was going to devote herself to her work.

Having dressed for dinner, she examined her face in the light of the future. It hadn't been at all a good face for a débutante. The too-long nose, the nondescript gray eyes, the palish, indifferent skin, had ruined her matrimonial chances. But they would help her as a shopkeeper. Imagine a shopkeeper with a passionate, full-lipped mouth or with alluring, exotic eyes! Beauty would wreck any business—men would always be trying to flirt.

On the other hand, she was not hideous. Her teeth were good enough; and her dark hair, with its deep-red ferment, was beautiful—yes, really beautiful. Her figure was slim too; long hours of gardening took care of that. None of those points would hurt her in business.

She was wearing for the first time a white chiffon dress—a gown that her Cousin Alison had sent her. Unlike most of Cousin Alison's middle-aged cast-offs, it was really becoming. The iconoclastic idea came to her that sumptuous materials, combined in the simplicity she loved, would make all the difference in the world in her looks. She could carry off jewels, too. She conceded to herself, even in this moment of a cynical stock-taking, a certain distinction.

IT WAS a big dinner. In order to avoid having to whisper indefinitely, Lydia managed to be late enough. The instant she arrived, the procession started for the dining-room. Eddie Farry took her in. At one end of the long table, high-busted and majestic, towered Mrs. Crandall, the prince on her right and the count on her left. At the other end, high-chested and majestic, as if he were a masculine reflection of his wife, towered Mr. Crandall, the princess on his right and the countess on his left. Between these trios on both sides ran a file of nubile lads and maidens.

But where . . .where was Harperly Hoyle?

Lydia's eye, speeding from Eddie Farry all the way around the long oval table, failed to find him until . . . why, Mrs. Crandall had placed her at Harperly Hoyle's right! Doris Crandall was, of course, on the other side. It was certainly kind of Mrs. Crandall, Lydia thought, to give her half the man who was her real guest of honor.

And then suddenly . . . Of course, Mrs. Crandall had placed her there because she could only whisper. Doris would get a flying start of the entire husband-hunting Crofton gang. Well, perhaps if she were the mother of Doris—and the only heir to fifty millions presented himself . . .

But a silvery point continued to fret Lydia's gray eyes and a deep flush to bring unexpected velvet to her cheeks. She felt the Great Resolution snapping sparks of defiance into her mood. When, having devoted himself a proper interval to Doris, Hoyle turned to her, she whispered, "You don't have to talk to me at all, Mr. Hoyle. I've got a slight case of laryngitis, and as you see—or hear—no voice!"

Mr. Hoyle raised his eyebrows.

"Offensive pup!" Lydia thought viciously. "I hate him on sight and I'm going to show him that I do."

"Moreover"—she succeeded, after obvious effort, in raising her voice to a half-whisper—"there is another reason why you don't have to talk to me. Today I abandoned for good the search for love and the hunt for a husband. Not only, Mr. Hoyle, are you just as safe with me as you would be in your club, but it won't make any difference in my young life whether you talk to me or not."

AGAIN Mr. Hoyle raised his eyebrows. He looked like all the pictures Lydia had seen of him. Ugly. Every line about him too long; slim, broad-shouldered body, too long; slim, blond-featured face, too long; capable hands, too long! The newspapers were always trying to make him out America's leading tightwad. But Lydia had always believed that he was only a very rich man who preferred to live simply. Now she decided that neither theory was correct; he was merely stupid.

"Why are you abandoning the hunt for a husband?" Hoyle inquired, without a change of expression.

"Having burned all my bridges behind me, I'm ready to admit everything. Frankly, I've been a complete failure. I haven't the looks to pull it off."

Mr. Hoyle trained his impassive blue eyes straight upon her. "I don't know about that," he said encouragingly. "Of course, your face has its faults. Perhaps your nose is a little too long, but . . ."

"I like that!" Lydia responded with heat. "Your own nose isn't so hot!"

"What!" Mr. Hoyle exclaimed in an indignant tone. "Don't you like my nose?"

"I hate it! I hate it almost as much as I hate my own."

"Incredible! But I was going to add that your hair is beautiful."

"If you mention my hair, I'll murder you. That's what they always say about girls who have no particular looks—'Oh, but she has such beautiful hair!' If they've said it about me once, they've said it a thousand times! But as long as you have tried—though misguidedly—to console me, I will say that, although your nose is a bunker, you have a good chin."

"If you mention my chin I'll murder *you*. The magazines which print articles about me—proving me a combination of all the least alluring Christian virtues—invariably mention the strength of my chin."

"And even your chin is like a rock," Lydia countered viciously, in her half-whisper. "It doesn't mean a darn thing! I read in a newspaper the other day that chinlessness proves only that the bones failed to soak up an important element somewhere along the line of growth—vitamins or television or something. In spite of your chin, I bet you haven't an atom of character."

"I have too! See here, woman, if you won't grant me beauty, you've got to leave me character. Why, I have oodles of character. I'm simply rotten with it."

Doris claimed Hoyle's attention at this moment. Eddie Farry's good-natured fat face oscillated toward Lydia.

"You don't have to talk to me, Eddie," Lydia whispered. "With this throat, it's a relief not to have to speak."

Eddie's head flashed back to Gloria Gorham, his latest inamorata.

Doris was certainly making hay with Hoyle. Lydia ate a whole course in silence. She let her gaze travel pleasantly about the table, enjoying her freedom. The Great Resolution had done marvels for her. It had struck off shackles, opened doors. Just yesterday she would have fought to maintain a conversation—even with moneyless, inoffensive Eddie. And now she didn't care if she never spoke to a man again as long as she lived.

Crofton, she reflected, had much to offer Harperly Hoyle in the way of marriageable material. Every girl at the table was, in the snobbish sense, better born than he; and everyone but herself, rich and beautiful. Lydia's eye sped down the line . . . Gloria Gorham, what a fragile, sea-maiden blonde—cold as a statue of enchanted ice . . . Jacqueline Macy—what a luscious, poppy-warm brunette—and how conscienceless a lover-and husband-snatcher . . . Barbara Beatty, elfin, slim brown thing—and the most accomplished necker in town . . . Rosamund Ellis, ivory-fleshed and jade-eyed—with three broken engagements to her credit . . . Doris, with her provocative brown lashes, her staccato dimples—and her complete lack of brains.

AFTER a long interval, Hoyle turned to Lydia again. "Well, let the looks lay!" He admitted her to truce. "Have you any accomplishments?"

"I can dig," Lydia admitted.

"Dig! *Dig!* You interest me strangely. I'm looking for a wife who can dig. What do you dig?"

"Dirt—soil—earth! I've got a garden!"

"My wife's got to dig gold!"

"You've come to the right camp. There isn't a girl in Crofton who couldn't—at the touch of a wedding ring—turn into the grandest little gold-digger you've ever met!"

"I don't mean what you mean," Hoyle explained leisurely. "I'm taking an expedition down to Yucatan in a few months to excavate Mayan ruins. I want to scoop up a collection of those lovely gold objects the Mayans made. Parenthetically, I think I'm going to spend the rest of my life being an amateur archæologist. You see, if I had a wife who could dig, she would save me the wages of one laborer."

"Well, my answer is, *no*—tightwad! I wouldn't marry you under any circumstances. Digging for my board and keep under a tropical sun!"

"Now, just wait a moment. It wouldn't be half so hard as you think. You probably dig in skirts. You ought to wear pants. I'll send you a pair of dungarees tomorrow. Now, don't get offended. I've given every woman-gardener I know a pair of dungarees."

"I'll be delighted to get them."

"What do you raise in your garden?"

"Asparagus, strawberries—and all the flowers in the world."

"What are you substituting for the search for love (*Continued on page 179*)

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IF YOU ASK ME:

The Surest Way to Keep a Good Man Down is to Tie Him Down

I WAS talking today with an old war horse in the newspaper business, a keen, kindly philosopher who heads one of the biggest syndicates in the country. His mellow wisdom is an antidote for most of the ills of the workaday world.

"I wish you'd have dinner with me and a member of my staff tonight," he remarked. "I want you to meet this chap. He's one of my ablest and most interesting editors. . . .

"Funny thing is, I haven't seen him for weeks. But I'll be able to reach him. Every day he gets me on the telephone.

"There was a time when his habits of absenting himself used to irritate me. He would appear at the office every other once in a while. Always, however, when I was ready to jump on him, I'd remember some smashing good piece of work he'd done. And I'd lay off. Presently I came to realize that his tendency to roam, coupled with his vision and his nose for 'copy,' was extremely valuable to the organization.

"As the result of watching this man work, I've decided that too many business men are chained to their desks. Of course, there are jobs that a man can't handle without being at his desk all the time. Just the same, too many men, out of habit, get it into their heads that their offices are the *only* places where they can serve their organizations. Many a man wears a cow-path between his office and his home, when he ought to be outside a good part of the day meeting people with different viewpoints and getting new ideas. A good man who is delivering the goods should be permitted to come and go as he pleases—provided that he has his work so arranged that his absence from the office will not upset the machinery.

"This prize nomad of mine brings in oodles of suggestions. When we want to establish a contact with some man of importance and are figuring out the best way to do it, nine times out of ten it turns out that our roving co-worker has been to a ball game with him or played billiards with him, or visited at his home, or hobnobbed with him at the office. And the contact comes through on greased wheels with satisfying results.

"Suppose my associate had remained chained to his desk. He'd have settled into a routine groove, operated perfunctorily, and never risen from the heap. It's a wise man who can analyze his job and figure out how much time he should spend at his desk and how much time he should spend outside, picking up new slants and escaping the shut-in viewpoint that most desk-men have."

THERE'S sound sense in these observations of my philosopher friend. The world is made up of human beings. The more of them we know and the better we know them—the more chances we have to take them apart and see how they operate—the more successfully we can handle any job from selling alarm clocks to teaching philosophy.

John M. Siddall, former editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, was a genius for cashing in on contacts. If he stopped at a stand to have his shoes shined, by the time the operation was finished he'd know the bootblack inside out. He would have discovered how much money he made, where and how he lived, whether he planned to stay a bootblack all his life, what he did in his off hours, whether he went to church, what he thought of the city administration, and what kind of people he liked best. And it was a good bet that John Siddall would get some idea for an article out of the exchange of ideas.

Naturally, it's no use to knock around unless you're genuinely interested in human beings, their habits, their hopes, and their performances. Some people can go to a baseball game and bring back nothing but the box score. They forget that they have had a red-hot chance to study human nature with the lid off.

Several years ago, a party of "dudes" from the East were on a train that ran up to the Grand Canyon. On the trip from Williams they had got into a stiff poker game—and this seemed so important that not one of them was willing to "cash in" and walk a few hundred yards for a sight of what is probably the greatest natural wonder in the world. That type of mind wouldn't be of much use chained to a desk or anywhere else.

"The blind or the purblind man 'travels from Dan to Beersheba, and finds it all barren.'" But if you have eyes that really see and ears that really hear, why not give them a little longer leash?

Merle Crowell

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She turned and faced him bravely. Raggedly she said, "On the contrary, according to Jessie, your job as a caretaker is only just commencing"

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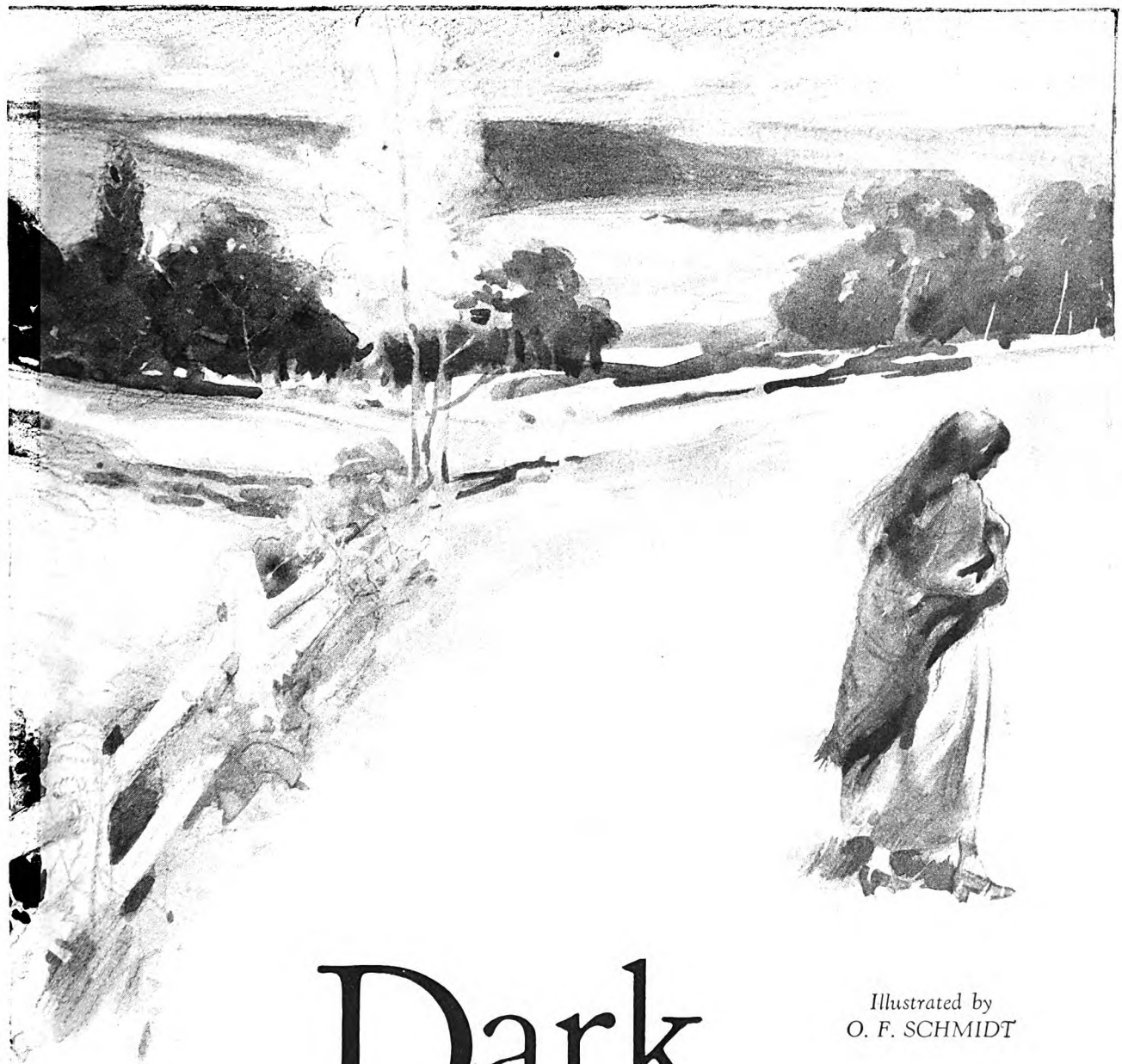

Illustrated by
O. F. SCHMIDT

Dark HAPPINESS

By
WILLIAM
DUDLEY
PELLEY

A remarkable story of the strange happenings in the House of Cravenside

LAST INSTALLMENT

THEY took LaFlemme down to the yard—and the highroad. Fainter and fainter grew his cries of protestation, terror, and ungovernable anger. Two of the villagers went back to the pasture to keep vigil with their friends. The chauffeur went with them. Irene and Jessie, and Katrina and Forsythe, were left on the premises. The hilltop quieted.

Jessie stood with head bent forward, left hand cupping her eyes, right still clutching the blanket at her chest, till the foolish boy's cries could no longer be heard. Silent she stood, and motionless.

"I don't see why you bother with him," Irene said sympathetically. "Anyone with his lack of mental balance belongs in an asylum."

Jessie raised her head. The lantern on the rough box-table lighted the scene.

"You've got no proof he's unbalanced, Mrs. Cravenside."

"No proof! After the events of this night—?"

"After all, what's mental unbalance? Just because Sammie don't act like the run o' folks, proves nothing. A lot o' people might come here from Mars and call us all crazy, 'cos we don't act like the run o' folks *there*. It's queer, this notion that if a majority o' persons has a certain sense, or lack of it, that majority makes everything all right."

"Well, it's pretty plain to be seen, Jessie Barnes, that in this case his aberrations—whether or not approved by the majority—have cost a man his life!"

"You think so? You think Sammie's responsible for what's happened tonight? Not at all, Mrs. Cravenside. That's why I'll see him through it. He was just an

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instrument, that's all, just an instrument!"

"An instrument for what?"

"Oh, you folks who think that things just happen hit or miss, any old fashion! Don't you know that if things happened hit or miss, any old fashion, there couldn't be any world as we know it?"

"No—I'm not quite that enlightened, Jessie Barnes."

"Jessie," cried Forsythe, "in the name of all that's holy, tell us what you know and have this riddle explained!—about Donald's presence up here, I mean."

"Let's go somewheres that I can sit down. I've got to think—get my bearings—learn from Donald, if I can, how much I should say."

"Learn from Donald! How can you do that? He's dead."

Jessie straightened. Her antenna hand reached out. She turned toward the cleated "stairs."

"We'll go into the house," Irene suggested.

"Yes," said Jessie, starting down first. "The blind will lead the *blind*, so to speak."

They got into the sitting-room. Irene drew the curtains and closed all the doors.

"Jessie Barnes," she begged, "if you know how my husband disappeared in his own house that night eight months ago—how he got up here—what he's been doing and why—?"

"Is that all you care? Just to know a bit o' myst'ry that's so simple you're going to be angry when you learn?"

"Angry? Why should I be angry? And it's not 'all I care' . . . but the mystery—its solution—of course has a bearing on my attitude toward Donald's memory."

IN a big, threadbare chair the blind woman sat, erect, immobile, the blanket almost covering her. And the strength in her masklike face was awesome. On the sofa before her, Irene sank nervously, the shock of this dénouement still tragic in her eyes. She made a place beside her for Forsythe. . . .

"You quarreled with Donald the night he—disappeared," Jessie said finally. "You'd spoken right sharp to him, hadn't you? Oh, you didn't mean to do it. I know, I know. They're the saddest words in the world—'I didn't mean to do it'—*because they're so true!*"

"I don't know how well you knew my husband, Jessie Barnes, before he married me—"

"He was one o' the dearest friends I've ever had, Mrs. Cravenside. We went to school together—grew up together. When Pa scuttled out, Don helped me with Ashley—money, I mean—to see him through the courts."

"Ah! So that's it? I might have—known. Would to God you'd married him. I don't say that in rancor. I say it in tenderness, even with him—being brought in—from that pasture—at this moment—"

"Yes, yes. I know that too."

"I don't know why *I* married him. We—we didn't belong together. I was young—he was kind to me in a foreign country and he seemed to have money—it was one of those strange affairs that we sometimes can't explain."

"No," agreed Jessie, "not when we're *blind*. But never mind that now."

"I soon saw my mistake—that I'd

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Soon the cabman was pounding on the door and then came the police

blundered frightfully—that I'd let him blunder also—"

"I think he blundered, as you call it, trying to forget. You see, I sent him away. He wanted to marry *me*. But I wouldn't let him when I learned 'bout my eyes."

"SO THAT'S why he came back," cried Forsythe. "To you, Jessie Barnes?"

"No, not at all." She addressed Irene. "You scolded him that night o' his leaving. He was late from his work and it meant happiness for you to go somewheres and hear music. You didn't mean it—no. But it cut him deep. He knew he was always to be like he was, only maybe get worse. He told me all about it. He poured it all out to me when he came up here to—to end himself—"

"To *what?*" cried her auditors.

"Yes," nodded Jessie. "I'm getting it from him already, to tell you—everything."

"You're getting it from him!" They shifted uneasily.

"Wait! Your man started out to the theater with you, and you looked back and saw he'd left some lights on upstairs. You spoke to him sharp on that score too. And it—it sort o' broke his spirit for the moment. He started back to shut those lights off and you got into your cab. You saw those lights go off abovestairs. But—your husband never came out. You're sure, o' course, he went into your house?"

"I distinctly heard the door close. I told that to the officers."

"And the myst'ry that turned a whole city bottom-up, 'cording as I got it, warn't any deeper than the fact that—well, somehow a plate had come off a light-switch and left two wires naked."

"What on earth are you saying?" In puzzled stupefaction Irene glanced at John, then back at the speaker. "No plate was missing from our hall light-switch—if that's the one you mean."

"Not in your house, maybe. But how 'bout next door?"

"*NEXT DOOR!*"

"Donald told me there were four houses in that block, all joined together, like the houses in Philadelphia—although I've never been there. And their front doors looked alike. Don said he walked past his own steps thinking of his troubles, went up the next flight, found the door open, and gave it a push. It let him into a hallway exactly like his own. Excepting it warn't furnished!"

Irene stared glassily, her lips dropped open. . . .

"That next door, being in an empty house, was warped or something—or the latch hadn't caught when the caretaker last come out. And when Donald tried his keys and found it so, it only made him worse. He decided he was getting so bad he'd forgot to lock his own house. He went groping inside with his ring of keys looped over his thumb. And he found the light-switch—but broken, he told me—in the very same place as in his own hall."

"Go on!" cried Irene hoarsely.

"I don't understand much 'bout electricity. But two live wires were exposed and those metal keys dangling from his gloved thumb made a—made a—"

"Short circuit?" put in Forsythe.

"That's it. That's what he called it. They 'blew out a fuse'—I remember he said that, whatever it means."

"SHE'S right," Irene said raggedly. "That section of buildings was old. It had been re-wired with one fuse-box serving four residences and four different meters. I recall the fuss made later that night when people came home and found their lights out. And I thought—Donald—had somehow (*Continued on page 182*)

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Can You Solve *this* Mysterious

This is a photograph of the scene at the moment when Mr. X, struck by the bullet from an unidentified firearm, collapsed on the sidewalk of the small town in which he lived

The evidence is circumstantial but conclusive—when you get the right man, you'll KNOW *you've got him!*

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS

MR. X fell dead, struck by a bullet, just as a photograph was being taken, in the street of a suburban town. No sound was heard. The fatal missile came from a distance. The photograph is reproduced above.

Investigation revealed that eight men, picnicking in an undeveloped wooded park about a mile from town that afternoon, had each fired a shot from a long-range rifle, brought along by one of the men. These shots had been fired at various times, from noon until 4:30 or 5 P. M., as the picnickers rambled over the park. One member of the party had brought along a camera, and, as a souvenir of the picnic, each man was snapped as he fired into the air or at an imaginary squirrel in the trees.

It was charged that all the shooters were guilty of inexcusable carelessness, and that one had committed involuntary homicide. But which one?

The film of eight snapshots, when developed, gave the answer. They were shown to Dr. Goodrich, the well-known criminologist, and he pointed to one of them and said:

"That picture shows the fatal shot being fired. The men in the other pictures are clearly exculpated."

His subsequent explanation of how the identification was made was seen at once to be unequivocal and convincing.

The photographs are reproduced on the opposite page. Look at them carefully, in comparison with the picture on this page, and see if you can make the identification. No guesswork is involved. The clue is clearly visible and requires no expert knowledge for its interpretation. Yet Dr. Goodrich's evidence, based on this clue alone, was accepted as having the force of a scientific demonstration.

The questions, then, are: (1) Which man fired the fatal shot? (2) How do you know? Write down your answer, stating what clue determined your decision. Then turn to page 88 and see whether you and Dr. Goodrich agree.

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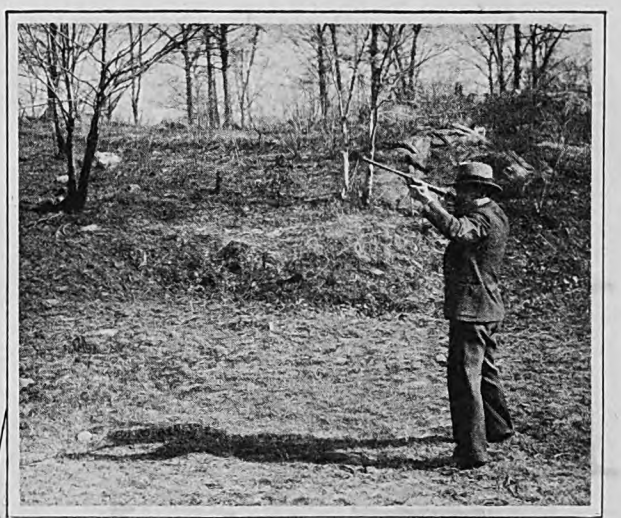
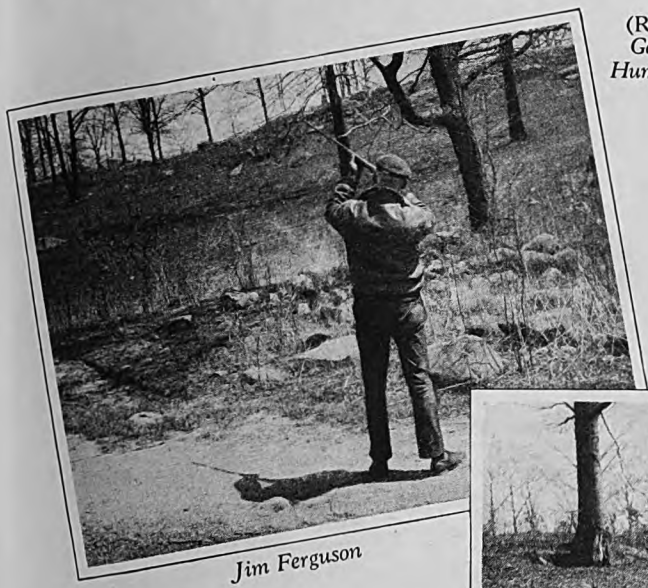
¶ Which One *of* these Eight Men Fired *the* Fatal Shot?

Homicide?



(Right) *George Humphrey*



Jim Ferguson

William Gleason

The pictures on this page are laid out in exactly the same manner in which they were laid out on Doctor Goodrich's desk, without any reference to sequence or the time at which the shots were fired. The reader, therefore, starts with the same handicap as the doctor had in trying to discover who fired the fatal shot.

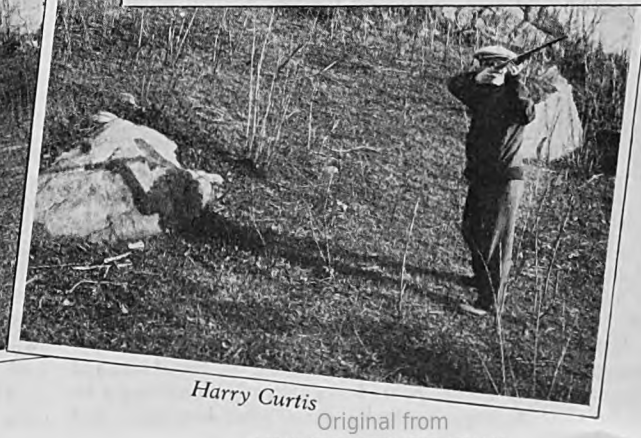
Tom Denby

Turn to page 88 for the solution of this puzzle

(Above) *Albert Smith*

(Above) *Adolph Brown*

Frank Hodge



Harry Curtis

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A wise and tender story of the depths that underlie the sullen flippancies of youth

Broken Faith

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Illustrated by JOHN M. CLEMENT

PEOPLE turned to look at Sonia when she entered the car. Her voice sounded clear and high: "*Pardon* me! Is this seat occupied?"

"No," said Philip curtly, and she sat down beside him.

He knew that people were looking at her, and his face grew hot, with the self-consciousness of eighteen, as if he were somehow responsible; he opened his newspaper and pretended to read. She stirred restlessly, with a little clink of bracelets; she opened and shut her purse with a snap, and a faint perfume arose. And presently he was obliged to look at her. He caught a glimpse of a vivid little painted face in profile, a face of strange, foreign beauty. He looked away hastily, somehow disquieted.

She dropped her purse at his feet, and he had to pick it up for her.

"Oh! *Thank* you!" she said, in that clear, artificial voice, and her eyes looked into his—solemn black eyes that belied her insincere smile.

"I'm always dropping that thing," she said. "The strap's broken. I wonder—do you think it could be fixed?"

"Let's see . . ." he muttered, and took the purse from her. It was a long, flat one of imitation snakeskin, and perfume rose from it; he hated it. But the strap was easy enough to refasten. He did that and handed the purse back to her, and her fingers touched his, slender fingers with rouged, pointed nails. He hated them, too. He hated her to sit beside him.

"Oh, thanks!" she cried. "That's *awfully* nice of you! Do you want to see this paper?"

"No, thanks," he said, despising the sensational paper she offered.

"I hate to read on the train," she went on. "I mean, I like to look at the people, and the scenery, an' all. I use my eyes *enough*, all day in the liberry."

"You're in a library?" he asked.

"Yes!" she answered, with evident pride. "It's kind of a charity liberry. I mean, some ladies have got up this kind of cafeteria and rest-room for working girls, and there's a free liberry with it. I give out the books and they ask me what's good, an' all. I'm just crazy for books."

He did not believe that, and it annoyed him.

"I don't get any time for reading," he said scornfully.

She was silent for a moment.

"I've seen you on this train before," she said softly.

His face grew scarlet; he turned away, and in the darkened window he saw reflected his neat, boyish head. Sometimes he had thought that perhaps he really was "good-looking," but never, in his most exalted moments, could he have imagined the charm he had for this girl.

She had seen him, had watched him for weeks, with an interest that she herself could scarcely understand. She knew only that in his blunt-featured young face, in his sulky gray eyes, in his walk, in the clothes he wore, she saw her ideal. She had made up her mind that she must speak to him, and now she had; and he was even more wonderful than she had imagined, even his sulkiness was wonderful; it showed how superior he was, how fastidious. Her heart beat fast, her throat felt dry.

"I'VE just *got* to make him like me!" she thought. "Maybe I'll never get another chance."

She played with the bracelets on her arm.

"You live out in Denbrook, don't you?" she asked. "I thought I saw you get on the train there once."

As if she did not know where he lived! Time after time, on a Sunday afternoon, she had walked past his house, looking with a sort of awe at its solid dignity; she knew what kind of curtains there were at the windows, she knew what business his father was in, she knew all his family by sight.

"Yes," he answered briefly.

His tone was certainly not encouraging. But she would not give up; the vital energy and perseverance that had got her a

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He stopped, because of that look on her face which he could not understand

job in a "liberry," that had enabled her to rise, as she had, from squalor, from ignorance, to this daintiness, these comparative heights, sustained her now, in her moment of opportunity.

"Well, it's a pretty place," she said. "But I want to travel."

He glanced at her then, for he too wanted to travel.

"I wanna go to Egypt," she said.

He was impressed. He had never thought of that; he had imagined nothing more exotic than Paris.

"What do you want to go there for?" he asked patronizingly.

"Oh, those old tombs an' all!" she cried. "I've read a lot o' books. . . . The things they've found there!"

Her eagerness carried her away. She forgot that artificial smile, she even forgot a little her carefully acquired speech, and spoke now with a faint trace of foreign accent. She was transformed; her dark eyes glowed.

"Oh, things must of bin so wonderful in olden times!" she said. "So different from like it is now!"

He could not help being a little impressed by this. For he, too, had often felt that—felt a dim, unquiet longing for something different, some life that was not like this. It might well be "olden times" that he longed for; perhaps things *had* been "wonderful" then.

"But Egypt . . ." he said. "Never cared much for *that*. No, India is the place for *me*, all right."

Then he began to tell her about India, as known to him, a land of debonair and reckless soldiers and native intrigues. His ignorance was astonishing, and he had none of her fine enthusiasm; he talked in a defiant, cocksure fashion. But she listened to him as if he uttered pearls of wisdom.

"Oh! I'd rather go to India, too!" she cried. "Oh! That must be wonderful!"

SHE was sincere. Whatever he liked must be the best, because he himself was so "wonderful." His intonation, his way of pronouncing words, fascinated her; she never took her eyes from his face.

"Oh! I *love* to hear you talk!" she said, with a great sigh of content.

His face flushed; he frowned, and fell silent. But there was a curious warmth in his heart. Not before in his life had anyone "loved to hear him talk." On the contrary!

As they approached Denbrook he rose, and with a curt "good-by," squeezed past her and went out on the platform. He wasn't going to be seen getting off the train with that girl.

"But she's not so bad . . ." he thought. "Nice sort of kid—in a way."

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His train reached Denbrook at 6:18, and he could, and he ought to, be home by 6:30, which was the hour for dinner—if he went briskly.

He did not go briskly, though. The sun had just gone down, in a tranquil sky, and the neat suburban streets looked changed, very lovely to him. On someone's lawn a clumsy puppy was playing, and he stopped to look at it; he went leisurely, happy for the breeze that blew in his face, for the bright, calm sky, for all the peace of this hour; the only hour of the day when he was alone.

"I bet things used to be different—in the olden times," he thought.

The sight of his own home pleased him this evening; a solid stone house on a well-kept lawn.

"It's—nice," he thought. "But some day, if I build a place of my own, I'll have little sort of towers at the sides."

HE CROSSED the lawn and entered the house; from the hall he could see the family all at the dinner table.

"Late again!" said his father.

"Only ten minutes!" said Philip sulkily.

"But by the time you've washed—" said his mother. "Can't you *try* to hurry a little, Philip? It's very inconsiderate of you . . . I can't imagine how you can always take so long just to wash and brush your hair—"

"And this morning you left the hot water running," said his sister. "Of course, *you* didn't care. You'd had all the hot water *you* wanted."

"Oh, Lord!" said Philip, with a scowl.

"Please try to hurry!" said his mother. "And don't throw your towel on the floor."

"I never throw it on the floor. It just slips down from that darned old rack—"

"You might spare five minutes of your valuable time to put a nail in that rack, my boy," said his father. "But I suppose that's too much to expect, when you've never even troubled to mend that shutter in your room. The next high wind, it'll break loose. If it smashes the window, you'll pay for it, out of your own pocket."

"Do hurry!" said his mother.

Throwing his hat on the hall table, Philip went upstairs, slammed the door of his room, and locked it.

"I'm darn sick of this!" he said to himself. "I feel like getting out of here."

But he had said that before, and had not gone. He washed, and as he brushed his hair, he looked at himself critically in the glass. There was something wrong with him and he could not find out what it was. The head cashier had called him "dense;" his father called him ungrateful and lazy, his mother said he was inconsiderate. He denied all these things scornfully, but in his heart was a secret fear that perhaps they were true. Everyone was disappointed in him; everything he did was somehow wrong.

"All right! Some day I'll show 'em!" he thought.

He decided that probably he would go to India. This was a new idea and singularly pleasing.

"Get a little plantation, or something," he thought, "and a good little horse . . . I bet I'd make a good rider . . ."

There was a loud banging at his door.

"*Can't* you come down?" cried his sister. "Elsa wants to go out, and you're just keeping everything back."

"Let her go out!" he shouted. "Let her go to Hades! Let me alone!"

He heard her running downstairs, and in a moment he followed her.

"See here, my boy," said his father, "there'll be no more of this. I won't have you swearing—"

"I didn't swear!"

"Yes, you did!" said his sister.

"Mind your own business!" said Philip.

"Philip! While you're under my roof, you'll speak civilly to your sister, d'you understand? And you'll come to your meals on time or—"

"I don't care if I have any dinner or not."

"If you lived in a boarding-house—" said his mother.

"If you had to pay for your meals, you'd appreciate them a little more," said his father.

"Well, *don't* I pay board?" cried Philip.

"Oh, Philip!" said his mother. "How can you—"

"See here!" said his father. "None of this!"

Philip pushed back his plate and rose, so abruptly that he knocked over his chair, and went out of the room; out of the house. He wanted only to get away; he did not realize that the rejected dinner, the overturned chair, gave so unfortunate an appearance of violence. To his mother he seemed reckless, desperate; she thought he might do something dangerous.

But he did not know anything to do. He strolled down to the village and had a plate of ice cream in the drug store; he bought cigarettes and smoked too many as he strolled through the streets, looking at the lighted windows of other people's houses, imagining that they all had lives different from his, and somehow much better. He thought of that girl on the train.

"Rather nice," he said to himself loftily.

BY TEN O'CLOCK he was very hungry, and he went home, entered the house quietly, and went to the ice box. There was cold beef there that appealed to him; he made himself a monster sandwich, and, sitting down on the kitchen table, began to eat ravenously.

"Well, I suppose I'll see her again tomorrow," he thought, and felt very happy.

"Oh, Philip!" said his mother's voice.

She was standing in the doorway, and he saw tears in her eyes. But he did not know what to say to her, and he kept on eating, downcast, flushed, and uncomfortable.

"Where have you been, my boy?"

"Nowhere," he answered.

She came to him; put her arms about his shoulders.

"Won't you tell me, my own dear boy?" she asked unsteadily. "I've been so worried all evening."

The emotion in her voice, the tears in her eyes, exasperated and hurt him.

"I just took a walk!" he cried, in despair.

"Oh, Philip!" she said sorrowfully.

He knew she was disappointed, and his heart rebelled. There she stood, waiting for a confession, for him to say he was sorry—and he hadn't done anything to confess.

She drew away from him.

"If you'd eat your meals at the proper time," she said, "instead of . . . Elsa wanted that cold beef for lunch tomorrow. It's very inconsiderate of you, Philip."

"All right!" he said, with his mouth full. "'Night, Mother."

She kissed him sadly and went away, and in a moment he too left the kitchen and went up to his own room.

"I wish they'd let me alone!" he thought. "Gosh! Can't I eat when I feel like it? Can't I go out for a walk, just till ten o'clock, without all this? It—it makes me *sick!*"

For he still turned, by the profound instinct of his heart, to these people, his own people, for understanding and help. Once they had understood; when he was a child, they had had infinite indulgence for him, his stumbling, his blunders, and he could not realize that that indulgence was withdrawn. He was eighteen now; he was tall, he could earn some sort of living for himself; he had that cocksure air of independence. But in his heart there was so little assurance. He could not be what they wanted him to be; he did not know yet what he was, where he was going, what he desired. He was bewildered, and angry, and astray.

"I don't care!" he said to himself.

HE SAW Sonia on the train the next day. She did not think he was "dense," or clumsy, or inconsiderate. She thought he was wonderful; he saw that in her face.

"Do you ever go down to the beach, nights?" she asked.

"Sometimes," he answered.

He thought of the times he had strolled down there alone, of the other fellows he had seen there with girls, of the strange, glamorous happiness which everyone else in the world seemed to possess, except himself.

"I gen'rally go down by the pier," she said, "about half past eight."

He met her there that evening. In the starlight her face was pale, she moved with a little clink of bracelets. There by the dark sea she was beautiful, mysterious, gentle. They talked together in subdued voices, with long, long pauses. He told her that, in his office, he was allowed only three-quarters of an hour for lunch, and she was warmly indignant. He told her what he liked, and what he did not like, and she treasured every word.

"Well . . ." she said at last. "I got to be home by half pas' ten, or there's such a row. . . ."

He could not imagine a home like hers, he could not imagine the sort of "row" she meant, but he was sorry for her, stirred to a protecting pity he had never known before.

"That's a darn shame!" he exclaimed.

He said nothing about meeting her again, but they came back on the train together the next day. And in the evening he went to the pier and she was there.

She was in the shadow, only a little white shadow herself; she held out her hand in greeting, and as he took it a tremor ran through him. She was different now, strange and wonderful, with her warm little hand, her clinking bracelets, her soft, husky voice.

He did not think of love-making, though. He was very young for his years; he was uncertain, confused, full of a hundred vague distrusts and ideals. He was dissatisfied with his life, but he had no idea of what he wanted.

But she knew what she wanted. She wanted him. He was perfect in her eyes—

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"Philip—my boy—suppose we go home—talk this over, eh?"

he, with his fastidious reserves, his sulky superiority. Since childhood she had dreamed of someone like him.

He offered to see her home, but she refused vehemently. She said good night and walked off, and all the way she felt sobs swelling her throat. She was terribly happy, and terribly frightened and sad. It did not seem possible that he could like her. If he knew what her home was like, her family . . . ! He saw only what she had made of herself, a pretty, well-dressed girl who worked in a "liberry," and read books. And she thought that if he learned of her magnificent (*Continued on page 173*)

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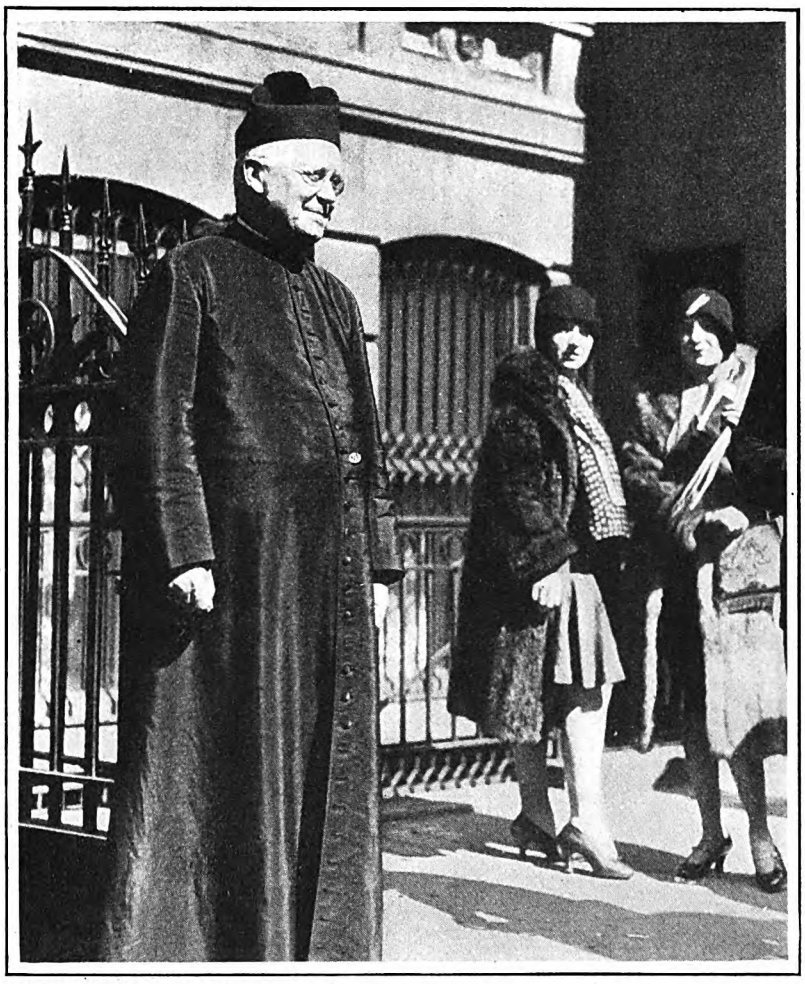

PHOTOGRAPH BY CULVER SERVICE, N. Y.

Father Leonard—the actors' priest, shepherd, and father confessor—who has made the little gray chapel of St. Malachy a vital part of the theatrical life of Broadway

A Priest *whose* Parish *is the* Great White Way

JUST a few steps west of Broadway, between Forty-second and Fiftieth Streets, in the very midst of the dazzling glow of a million lights which the whole world calls the "Great White Way"—there, in the very heart of the theatrical district of New York City, is the little gray chapel of St. Malachy's. You would pass it and never even notice that gray stone, stolid, weather-beaten front packed in so humbly between all the others. And you would never notice, unless you *looked* for it, the placard against its stone wall which says "Actors' Chapel." More than one hundred of the greatest theaters in the world are within short walking distance of this small chapel, while apartment hotels and rooming-houses that spell "home" to the people of the stage crowd round its doors.

Thirty years ago, this part of New York, now ablaze at night with huge, lighted signs bearing the names of the world's great among stars, in drama, pictures, circus, vaudeville, musical comedy, was a section of genteel homes and trim window gardens. And the little chapel of St. Malachy's fitted in as naturally as any sanctuary along any shady lane of any village!

Then, year by year, came the inevitable changes. Tall buildings usurped the places of little ones, old family houses turned commercial and were divided into rooms with kitchenettes, to accommodate the people who played in the theaters that had magically appeared across the street, around the corner, and down the block. And the chapel of St. Malachy's suddenly found itself a little gray shadow in the carnival riot of a million lights, wailing saxophones, and tap-dancing feet. Christ *lost*, it seemed, in the crystal maze of the Great White Way! Must *Christ* move on before this rolling tide of Broadway? Must the little gray chapel make way for one more theater, one more hotel, one more frame of blazing light?

The young priest of that little chapel, Father Edward K. Leonard, day by day, his parish gone, his empty chapel left, could only pray and hope and hold fast to a determination that his beloved walls should *not* be the next to go! And out of those prayers came one day the inspiration that this great theatrical center had not come to crowd *out* the little gray chapel; it had come to gather *round* it! Then, instead of turning *away* from Broadway, Father Leonard reached out hands and joined *with* it! Instead of closing the doors of St. Malachy's, he opened them wider! And now, today, St. Malachy's, the actors' church, and Father Leonard, the actors' chaplain, stand alone in church and theater history. The only such in all the world! The little gray chapel of St. Malachy's is the theatrical profession's place to praise and to pray—to find extended always a hand of friendship, encouragement, help, and understanding.

From the softly lighted Grotto of Lourdes, which is at the right of the altar, the gentle hands of the Mother of Christ reach out to Catholic and non-Catholic alike, across a garden set in moss-covered rocks, which is a profusion, year in and out, of fresh flowers brought every day by the actors and actresses who are playing in theaters near by.

There is Mass every Sunday at twelve—an hour named in consideration of the profession for whom half the day is still night. When the hymns are sung, voices that have startled Metropolitan Opera House audiences mingle with voices that by night are setting rhythms for the world of jazz. A group of tired little chorus girls—a clown—a great star—a famous picture director—a Romeo whose love scenes have set the hearts of the whole world throbbing. There, quietly, intimately, Father Leonard talks to them about their problems, makes of his words a warp and woof which his becoming a part of the theatrical profession has taught him how to weave.

Father Leonard has become not only the actors' priest, their shepherd and father confessor, but so much a part of the theatrical life of the Rialto that no stage dinner or benefit or "clown night" is complete without him. Sharing their profession with *them*, he has taught the people of the theater to share faith, and prayer, and God with *him*.

After Sunday Mass, he is always at the door—greeting those just in from "the road"—saying good-by and giving his blessing to those about to go on tour. Any day, any hour, in the chapel, you will find a number of Broadway's distinguished stars, managers, playwrights.

The six-thousand-dollar marble altar is a gift of the entire profession. Mr. Albee,

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resident of the Keith Vaudeville Circuit, ut into the chapel the altar rail of Carrara marble. The sanctuary lamp is he gift of a vaudeville team. The statue f Our Lady in the grotto was placed there y a star of opera fame. The bronze easant child kneeling before the Virgin is gift of the mother of George M. Cohan.

Father Leonard's place in the hearts of e people of the stage is safe and sure. y seeking to understand and be *one* with em, he is surely and steadily putting to every hour of the life of Broadway mething of the Real and the True.

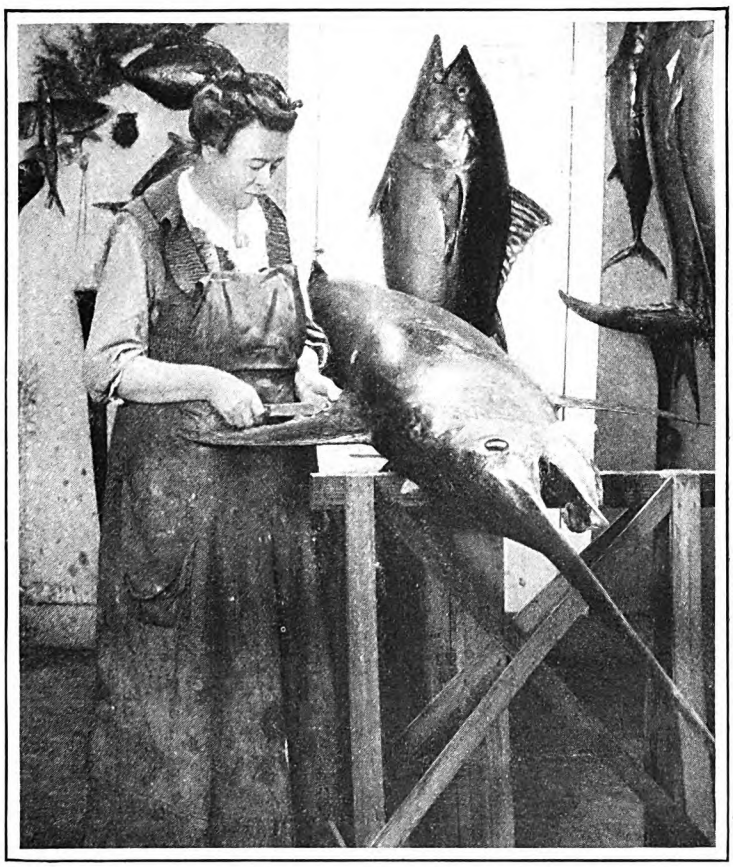
Father Leonard it was who held the nd of Rudolph Valentino when that idolized player of the screen passed over the border. St. Malachy's was the church before which thronged the thousands in their last tribute. In February of this year was said a special Mass for the brother of Ramon Navarro. Here Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was married to Joan Crawford. Quietly, simply, Father Leonard has made his church a living part of the theater, the theater a living part of his church.

Upon the night of his return, a short time ago, from a visit to Rome, in one of Broadway's largest theaters, stars, chorus, playwrights, producers, stage hands, gathered for a program of fifteen acts prepared by luminaries of stage and screen to demonstrate their joy and appreciation of Father Leonard's return, and to present a tangible expression of their feelings in the shape of a check of four figures.

Is it not a thought for you that amidst a storm of applause from more than a thousand men and women whose names are making theatrical history—there from the stage of a playhouse on Broadway—within a stone's throw of the white lights—a kindly, gentle, gray-haired priest says simply, his eyes filling with tears, "My dear flock—my dear children—I have come *home!*"

DIXIE WILLSON

A Story About Fish—But Not a Fish Story



Mrs. Emily Parker in her taxidermist shop. It was here she "stuffed" the largest fish ever landed by man—it weighed 2,200 pounds and was caught by Zane Grey. It can be seen by any skeptic in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York

T WAS a discouraging outlook that day sev- eral years ago when rs. Charles B. Parker's sband died suddenly d she was left alone in e world—a little world own on marine maps as atalina Island, off the uthern California coast. She was well past mid- e age and that's not an sy time of life to begin resh. After the funeral e walked from her resi- nce across her yard and to her husband's shop. his is what she saw: onsters of the deep of sizes, on walls, on bles, on shelves; weird lors, great glassy eyes aring, wicked teeth aming. It was like a ghtmare. But the fish, e materials, and her sband's reputation as a idermist were all she d to go on with.

Mr. Parker's work was exhibition in famous cht and sporting clubs d scientific museums all er the world. Mrs. rker had helped him th his work and had ined an insight into the intricacies of e craft—but, as she looked around her, e realized she had much to learn.

While she was pondering, her first cus- ner came in. He was Zane Grey, nous writer, traveler, and deep-sea herman.

"I am bringing in a 528-pound broad- l swordfish," he announced. "Do you nk you can work it up for me?"

"I'll try," Mrs. Parker promised.

Then she remembered her husband had vays told her, and other taxidermists d agreed with him, that a broadbill swordfish could *not* be mounted satisfactorily. There was too much oil in its scaleless skin; for this reason it would not keep.

Without warning she was up against her first big problem. (Did she let it down her? She did not.) After days of experiment and thought, she found a way to preserve the skin with varnish. How she did it is her valuable trade secret. This first job was a big success, and today many specimens of broadbill swordfish, stuffed by Mrs. Parker, hang in clubs, museums, and sportsmen's dens.

She has mounted hundreds of different kinds of fish: starfish, yellowtail, flying fish, barracuda, black bass weighing hundreds of pounds, many kinds of shark, dolphin, sting ray, albacore, sculpin—fish measuring from three inches in length to fourteen feet!

"The hardest thing to learn was how to paint them after I had them mounted," Mrs. Parker told me. Rather shy and retiring, she seemed to take pleasure in telling about her work, for she has the intense interest in it that is the trait of the true craftsman. "After a fish dries, it changes color. You must know where every stripe, band, dot, or patch of color goes—or you might create a fish that doesn't exist.

"In order to learn about colors, I studied specimens by the hour, both alive and dead; I read books about fishes and made pages of notes for reference. I had to learn how to blend colors, and even how to sketch, for in many fish the very details of the skin disappear when they are treated for mounting.

"For 'stuffing' the fish, as people call it, I use various materials: a composition I have worked out myself, plaster, cotton, cork—sometimes, in extra large fish, I even use gunny sacks.

"Supply houses furnish eyes for small fish, but for the large ones I have to make the eyes. For Zane Grey's big broadbill—it was twelve feet long over all—I got rounded paper weights, had them ground down flatter, and painted in the big pupils.

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"Fishes' eyes seem to have nothing to do with the size of their bodies at all; a little rock cod will have an eye as big as a calf's, while a sunfish that would fill a truck will have an eye no larger.

"Sometimes a customer will ask me to improve on nature. I recall one man whose wife insisted that a huge shark he had caught be done up in *rose-pink!* Imagine what a blob of color a twelve-foot rose-pink shark would make in a den.

"The most popular fish here for mounting are our flying fish, beautiful, purplish-blue creatures with fragile wings like something in a fairy story. Many collect these because they are beautiful additions to a collection, but not a few come in every summer to have flying fish made up so they can send them to skeptics back home and prove that such things do exist. One man last summer sent several to friends in Ireland.

"Heads and antlers of wild goat killed here on the Island are also popular with collectors. But"—she shook her head—"I draw the line at domestic animals, such as dogs and cats. I'm too tender-hearted.

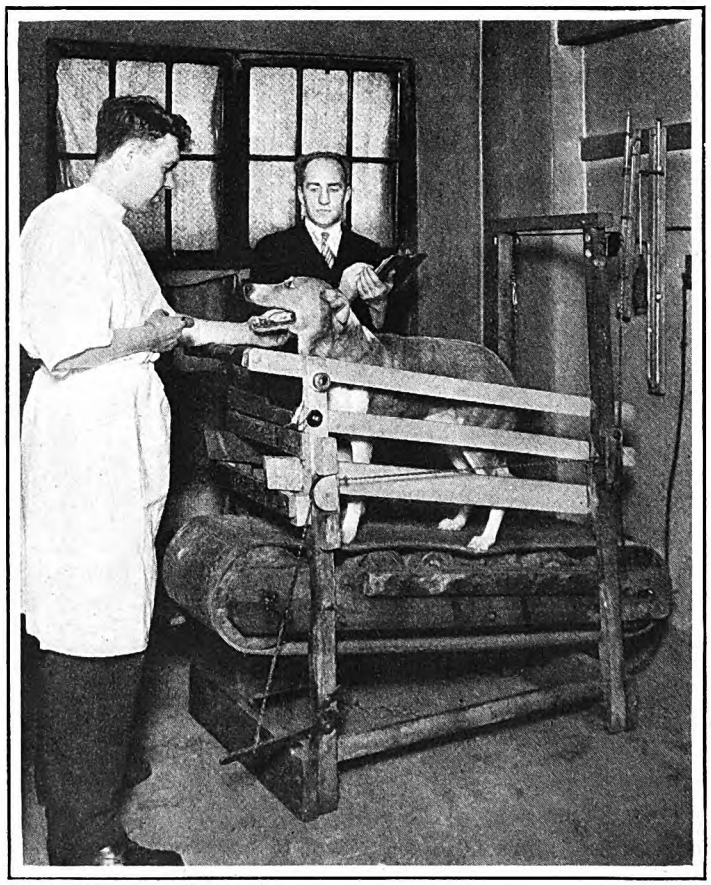
"The largest fish I ever handled was the Giant Mola or sunfish gaffed by Zane Grey on August 12, 1926. This fish weighed 2,200 pounds, and is the largest ever landed by man. What a job that was! Almost like stuffing an elephant. It took nearly every piece of filling material I had in the shop to round out that giant creature.

"When I got the fish completed, the next problem was to get it to the mainland. It was so big, we had to send it on a barge; there wasn't room on the regular boats. It measured twenty-four feet in width and length when boxed, its peculiar shape requiring extra space at inconvenient angles. It required thirty men, whom I commandeered off a street job here, to lift it to the truck that took it to the dock.

"That fish is now in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. My work is in Hamburg, London, Australia—and many other parts of the globe—but I am proudest of having worked on this 'biggest fish in the world.'"

MAGNER WHITE

Dogs Which Pinch-hit for Men



PHOTOGRAPH BY KAUFMANN & KAARY

Doctor Steinhaus with one of his canine athletes, from which he has learned much about the value of exercise to the human race

DR. ARTHUR H. STEINHAUS turns stray dogs into powerful athletes. In his laboratory on top of the Y.M.C.A. College in Chicago, he has trained scrawny curs to run miles uphill, morning after morning; on the other hand, he has kept a dog in perfect health for three years with no exercise whatever.

The object is science, not sport. Dr. Steinhaus is a specialist in the bodily effects of exercise.

"Since I cannot find men," he says, "who are willing to stay inactive for months or years, exercising only when I tell them to and doing numerous other things in a set way, I have to use dogs instead. They are perfect helpers and seem to enjoy it as much as we do.

"Our dogs, for the most part, are mongrels and stray curs. We take them in, clean them thoroughly, cure them of any minor diseases, feed them a scientific and plentiful diet, keep them warm and well, and train them to perform certain physical exercises which they delight in—while we observe what happens."

When I visited the Steinhaus laboratory, the dogs numbered eight. They did tricks and obeyed orders as few home-trained dogs do.

One bounded on the scales to have his weight taken, returned to his cage without orders, clawed the smooth steel door open, climbed in, and shut the door after him. Another jumped on a piece of apparatus and "begged" for the electricity to be turned on so that he might have his daily run. Another sprang up on a table, and lay without stirring while a strange contrivance was slipped over his nose and mouth to measure breathing. Some of the dogs have been under daily observation for over four years. Few human beings have had so complete a record of their affairs kept.

The prescribed exercise, for the most part, is running on a treadmill, electrically operated. The treadmill is slanted so that the dogs run uphill on a twenty-two per cent grade and at the rate of a mile in twelve minutes. Recently, Dr. Steinhaus has constructed a swimming pool to give the dogs another kind of exercise.

What have been the results of these curious experiments?

"One conclusion we feel sure of," said Dr. Steinhaus, "is that *exercise is one of the poorest possible ways for a fat person to reduce.*

"It is a very common notion that you can exercise and grow thin. A man flabby after a winter without exercise, promises to 'train it off' as soon as the golf season starts. The chances are all against his doing it.

"Of course, you can lose weight immediately after a lot of strenuous exercise. But what you lose is mostly water, not fat.

"Consider what it means to lose a pound of pure fat by means of exercise. To do it, you have to burn up more than four thousand calories. We know from experiments made in this country and Germany how much of different kinds of work or exercise the average man must do to burn up one hundred calories. He can do it by any one of the following means:

Sitting at a desk, writing and doing other mental work, for two hours and fifty minutes;

Walking a mile and one-half in twenty-nine minutes;

Standing at rest for three hours and forty minutes;

Trotting four fifths of a mile in seven minutes;

Laying 341 bricks, weighing 1,732 pounds.

"Well, you can figure it out for yourself how much exercise you would need to lose a single pound of pure fat.

"Naturally, too, if you exercise a great deal you get very hungry. It may interest you to know that if you indulged in a three-hundred-calorie ice-cream sundae, intending to (*Continued on page 132*)

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The soup for men who eat to win!

MEN with the success-habit eat wisely and well, both. They enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup regularly and they get from it a sparkle and zest, which tell in the day's work. All of the rich, tonic goodness. All of the famous tomato healthfulness. 12 cents a can.

21 CAMPBELL'S SOUPS TO GIVE VARIETY TO YOUR MEALS EVERY DAY

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

In less than eight months, over a MILLION *Six-Cylinder Chevrolets on the road!*

Since January first the Chevrolet Six has enjoyed the greatest nation wide approval ever accorded a new motor car in such a short period of time—already a million on the road! And the reasons for this overwhelming success are easy to understand! The Chevrolet Six actually sells *in the price range of the four*, yet it provides all the advantages of six-cylinder smoothness, power and acceleration, and the superiority in style, luxury and comfort of Bodies by Fisher—available in a variety of colors. See your Chevrolet dealer today and drive this remarkable six.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN · *Division of General Motors Corporation*

The Roadster, $525; The Phaeton, $525; The Coach, $595 The Coupe, $595; The Sport Coupe, $645; The Sedan, $675; The Imperial Sedan, $695.
All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

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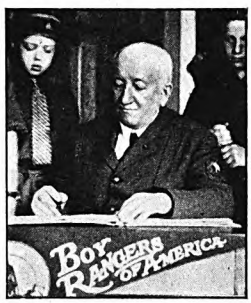
INTERESTING PEOPLE

His Work is Playing

EMERSON BROOKS is probably the only man in the world whose vocation is playing Indian with small boys.

In 1912 he saw boys from eight to twelve years of age looking on wistfully while Boy Scouts started off for the hike or the camp. He saw them turn away with tearful eyes after being refused admission to boys' organizations because they were too young.



"I felt it was up to me to do something," he said, "so I started 'The Boy Rangers of America.' I organized my first unit in the First Congregational Church of Montclair, N. J., and I organized it as an Indian tribe because playing Indian appeals to the dramatic instinct of every small boy. I was certain, too, that through this instinct I could lead a boy to high ideals and good habits by giving him a chance to become a brave, a hunter, and a warrior."

As soon as Brooks started playing Indian with his groups, other boys wanted to play, so he told them how to organize. He received so many requests for help in starting tribes of Rangers that finally he had to put his plans into print and make uniforms and insignia available in quantities.

Brooks is still the big chief of nearly a thousand tribes in forty-seven states and five foreign countries—an army of 18,000 Rangers.

"Have you—ah—no other business?" the interviewer asked. Brooks smiled and pointed to a frame of pictures of aluminum automobile bodies.

"I used to manufacture those things," he answered. "If I had kept on I expect that I would have been feeling the frost of my age; as it is, I am having a glorious Indian summer."

ARMSTRONG PERRY

"Their Strength Was to Sit Still"

(*Continued from page 25*)

a renomination, saying that he wanted to take a year off to finish a novel. He and Madeline scurried off to Europe, having borrowed a couple of thousand dollars from Mr. Forbes; and they had a lovely winter in an Italian cottage. The novel was published in due course. Some of the critics said it showed promise, and the home town praised it highly, but not many copies were sold.

Nathaniel came back to the old state as partner in a very good firm. He served a term in Congress, but was defeated for reëlection, partly because his opponent charged that he had spent most of his time in Washington working on a play. This may have been only a campaign lie; at least, if he did write a play, it has never been produced.

Nathaniel and Madeline have no children. They visit New York a couple of times a year, where they know some of the literary people. Occasionally he has an article in one of the high-brow magazines. The home town is divided. Some say that he will settle down to law and politics and make a great name as a statesman. Others claim that he will never be happy until he abandons the law and devotes himself to writing. The gray-bearded old fellows in the checkers club expect nothing. They think that Nathaniel has shown all he ever will show.

III. PETER A. JONES

THE house in which Peter A. Jones was born is just as unpretentious as his name, and stands on the wrong side of the railroad track. Peter's father has been the station agent for thirty years, and was a brakeman before that. The eldest of five children, Peter is seven years older than F. Jordan and three years older than Nathaniel. He is dark, of medium height, and entirely undistinguished. The first time the home town became at all conscious of him was when he set forth ringing front doorbells and asking, hat in hand: "Would you like to hire a boy to mow your lawn?" Peter also carried a newspaper route, but this was early in the morning before most people were up.

Nothing came easy for him, either in school or outside of it. He liked mathematics better than any other study, but his marks were never high, though he studied with great concentration. Sometimes his mother found him in his room with his head on the table, sound asleep. And she would touch him tenderly and persuade him to go to bed.

PETER was a good boy, but not at all promising. He never held a single honor in high school, and he finished two years in the university without having his name in any paper.

He would have graduated from the university if he had followed his mother's wish, but Peter had a very strong will and it was difficult to influence him when he had made up his mind. He decided that it was his duty to get to work and help the other four children with their education. Also, he had met a young lady named Anne Field; there was an understanding between them. She dropped out of the university when he did and went to teaching school. They were married when they were very young, and had no money at all. In the home town people said it was a foolhardy marriage.

The war found Peter employed as assistant cashier in the same big bank where he had started as a runner. The home town was disappointed that he did not get into the service; they wanted as many stars as possible on the community service flag. But no one mentioned the subject to Peter, for he was known to have a way of making people feel uncomfortable when they meddled in his personal affairs, and without saying anything either. In this case his mind was clear. They had a child two years old and were about to have another. His three younger brothers had all enlisted, and they needed all sorts of things. One of them had a wife, who went to stay with Peter. However much he might want to go, there wasn't a chance.

After the war there was a high school reunion in the home town, at which F. Jordan and Nathaniel were easily the heroes. Both of them made speeches, and, since they were sharing the honors, it was natural for them to sit down after the celebration for a little visit. They talked a great deal about themselves, and then they talked about the other folks, including Peter.

"Poor old Peter," said F. Jordan. "He's so loyal and so conscientious. He'll be stuck in that bank all his life."

"Yes," Nathaniel answered, "and there is no worse graveyard in business than a big city bank."

They were right. Peter has been stuck in that same bank. He has never been tempted into any other business, though there have been several offers, particularly in the last few years. His salary was small for a long time, and he lived in a cheap apartment of six rooms when F. Jordan was living in a grand house and driving a car and Nathaniel was beginning to be talked about as a rising young statesman.

BUT in the past three years there have been a series of rather startling developments in his bank. The chairman of the board died, and the president became chairman. Everybody was moved up a peg, including Peter, who was made cashier. Six months later the same thing happened again, and Peter became a vice president. Then his bank consolidated with another, to form one of the biggest banks in the country, and when the smoke cleared away, Peter shared with two other men the title of executive vice president. Just what that meant the home town did not know, but it seemed to carry a larger salary. At any rate, Peter and Anne moved out of their small apartment and built a house in the suburbs. Also, Peter's name began to be heard in the city. He was elected to boards of directors, and men said: "There's a very substantial citizen." But until he was forty, he was never in the papers.

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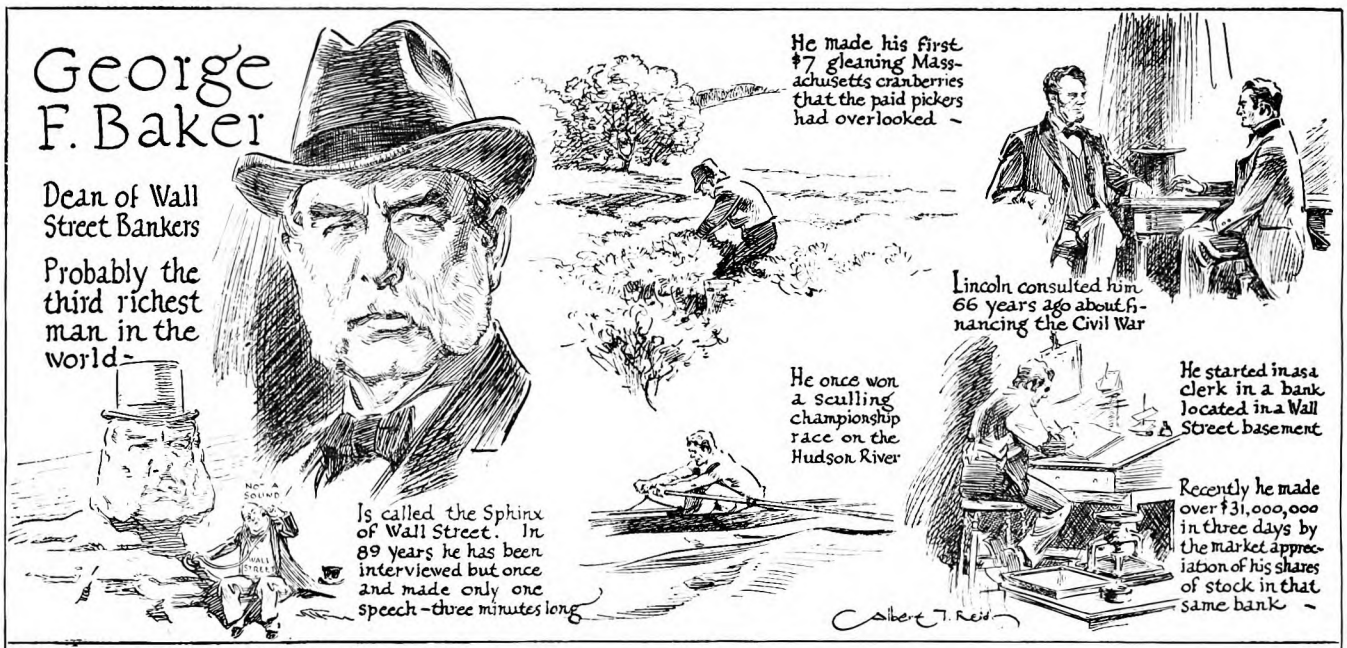

How They Got That Way

By Dale Carnegie and Albert T. Reid

SOME months ago there appeared in this magazine a piece entitled, WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH CHANGING YOU'RE THROUGH. It attempted to develop the truth that any man or institution which settles down into the rut of habit, in this fast-shifting world, will shortly pass out of the picture. The piece brought in many letters from young men, like this:

> I have read your article about the necessity of changing. I am sick of the job I now have and see no future in it. Could you help me in making a change?

THOSE young men missed the point of the story. The changes to which it referred are those which take place inside and not outside of oneself. Reading these letters, which came from all sorts of places, it seemed that there was a chance for another article emphasizing a different phase of the technique of living. And I thought at once of these three men—F. Jordan, Nathaniel, and Peter.

It is not fair, of course, to write *Finis* after any one of them, for they are all on the sunny side of fifty, and much may happen. Yet the chief elements of character are fixed in men before they reach forty, and it is probable that what these three men have been thus far, they will continue to be. That is decidedly the opinion of the wise old gentlemen of the home town.

"And Peter," they say, "good old Peter, you always know just where to find him. He'll go right along mowing his lawns. Do you remember how neat he used to leave the corners, and how he always trimmed up along the paths? He'll go right along doing a little more than he gets paid for. Every year they will load more work on him, and he will carry it. Wouldn't surprise us a bit to hear that he had become president of his bank, or Secretary of the Treasury, or anything."

These wise old fellows believe that this world is managed, not by geniuses, but by hard-working mediocrities.

The pages of history are full of encouragement along this line. Lord Kitchener had a hard time getting through school, and was rather a dull fellow all his life. He had just one point of strength: As a schoolboy he was good in mathematics; as a man he knew how to figure his own strength and weakness and to estimate his adversary correctly. While the brilliant H. G. Wells was telling the world that the allies would swamp Germany in sixty days, dull-witted Kitchener was saying that it would be a three years' war and demanding that England prepare on that basis.

Woolworth made a failure of his first three stores. Ford never laid up a cent until he was past forty. These men were just hard workers in a straight line, too tough to be easily discouraged; too single-minded to know that they were licked. This is not "Pollyanna" stuff. It is, I believe, the most completely provable fact in business that brilliance is more likely to be a curse than an asset, and that a hard-hitting mediocrity is almost certain to score over genius.

There are reasons for this which too few young people understand. For one thing, Time is working steadily on the side of youth. At the moment of birth, you are the youngest person in the United States; a year later there are between one and two million persons who are younger. By no effort on your part, by the mere process of staying alive, you have been pushed forward in the parade.

THE case of Peter Jones is typical of many others. For years he was "buried in the bank." While F. Jordan and Nathaniel were making larger incomes, traveling about, meeting interesting people, and enjoying life, he was plugging away at a small return. Then, quite suddenly, a couple of men died, a couple of others retired, and, presto, Peter Jones, who had been away back in the rear, found himself up near the front. Time had been working for him every day and every night.

And the whole country had been working for him. Few people realize the importance of this fact. Years ago a man who has since made a very great fortune by building and consolidating public utility companies, called one of his junior partners into his office.

"Do you want to know your chief weakness, Frank?" he asked. "You're too anxious to get rich. You think too much about it, and make too many penciled calculations on the backs of old envelopes. Every time one of our stocks goes up ten or fifteen points you jump to take your profit. You don't see me taking any profits. Do you want to know why? Because the growth of this country is going to exceed the biggest hopes of everybody. Stocks that are worth a hundred today will be worth a thousand before we die. I don't make my money with my brain; I make it by getting a good thing and sitting on it. The growth of the country does the rest."

AND the old gentleman was right, at that. For example, Peter's bank is twice as large as it was ten years ago, which gives him a position twice as important. The stock is worth ten times what it was ten years ago, and most of his fortune is in it. Without being bright, without trying to play the market, without doing anything except the day's work, he has succeeded. The whole country has been working for him.

It all comes down to this: If you will make a list of the characteristics which have most to do with business success, you will be compelled to write "Staying Power" first. There are a few F. Jordans at the top, brilliant personalities; there is an occasional talented Nathaniel; but there are thousands of Peters.

It was said of the old Egyptians that "their strength was to sit still." Opportunity, when it came to knock, had no difficulty in locating their address. They stayed in their place. And time, and the growth in the wealth of the country, and the birth of children, adding to the number of their customers—all these were working quietly, steadily, profitably in their behalf.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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They knew what they wanted

1000 men wrote the specifications—130 formulas were tried to meet these requirements. Now try the result for a week at our expense.

GENTLEMEN: Men were bitter at the shortcomings of old-fashioned shaving methods. So we set out to achieve the ultimate. First we asked 1000 typical citizens what were their ideals in a shaving preparation. *They* wrote the specifications.

Then our great laboratories set out to fulfill this enormous order. Time and again, 129 in all, we rejected our formulas—then came success. In a comparatively few years our shaving cream has become a leader.

Our method of introducing it has been unique. We do not ask you to buy. Rather we say "Wait! Try it first and see if you like it."

86% of men we find who try Palmolive Shaving Cream are suited so they never return to former methods. Now to you we say: *Let us send a week's free test to prove, on your own face, the satisfaction we have given millions.* Just mail the coupon. We think that we will win you.

5 *outstanding features*

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

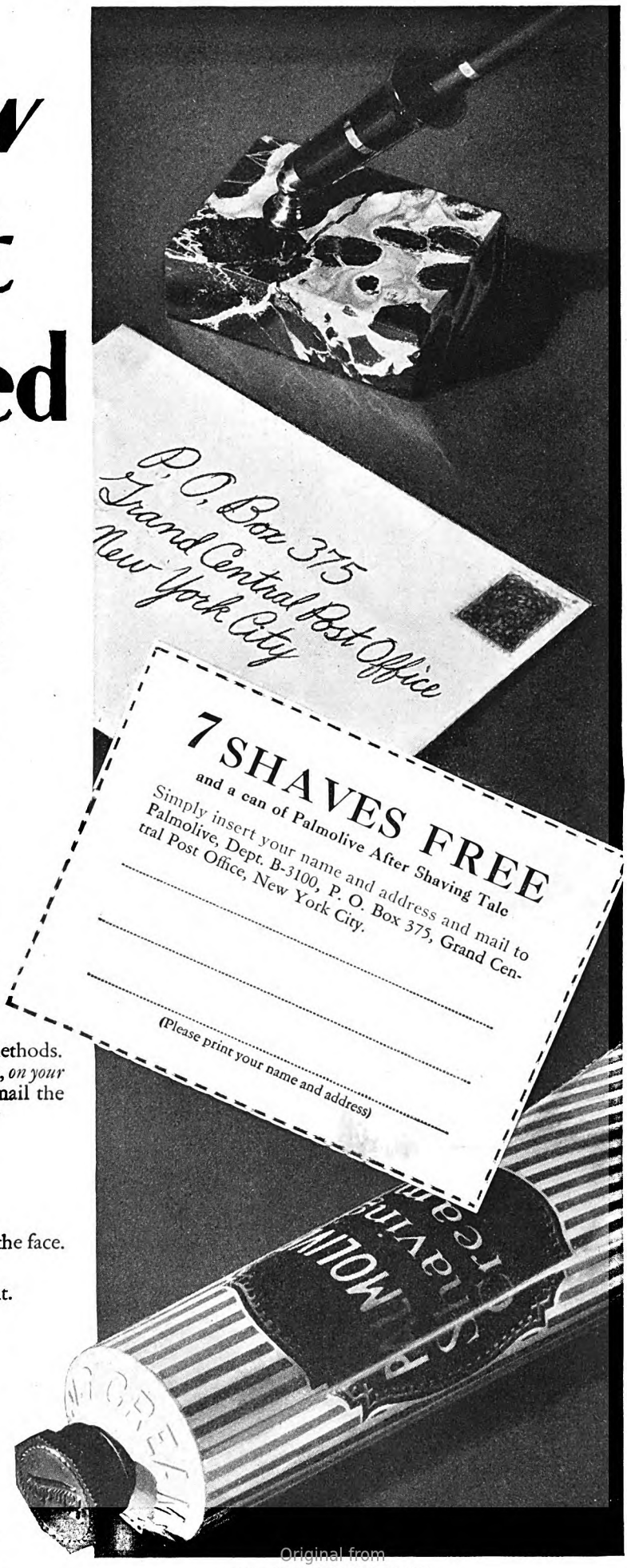
Now mail the coupon, please

Even though you are suited with your present method, *try* ours, please. We take the risk—not you. Just mail the coupon.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the Shaving Cream.

With the new unbreakable Bakelite top.



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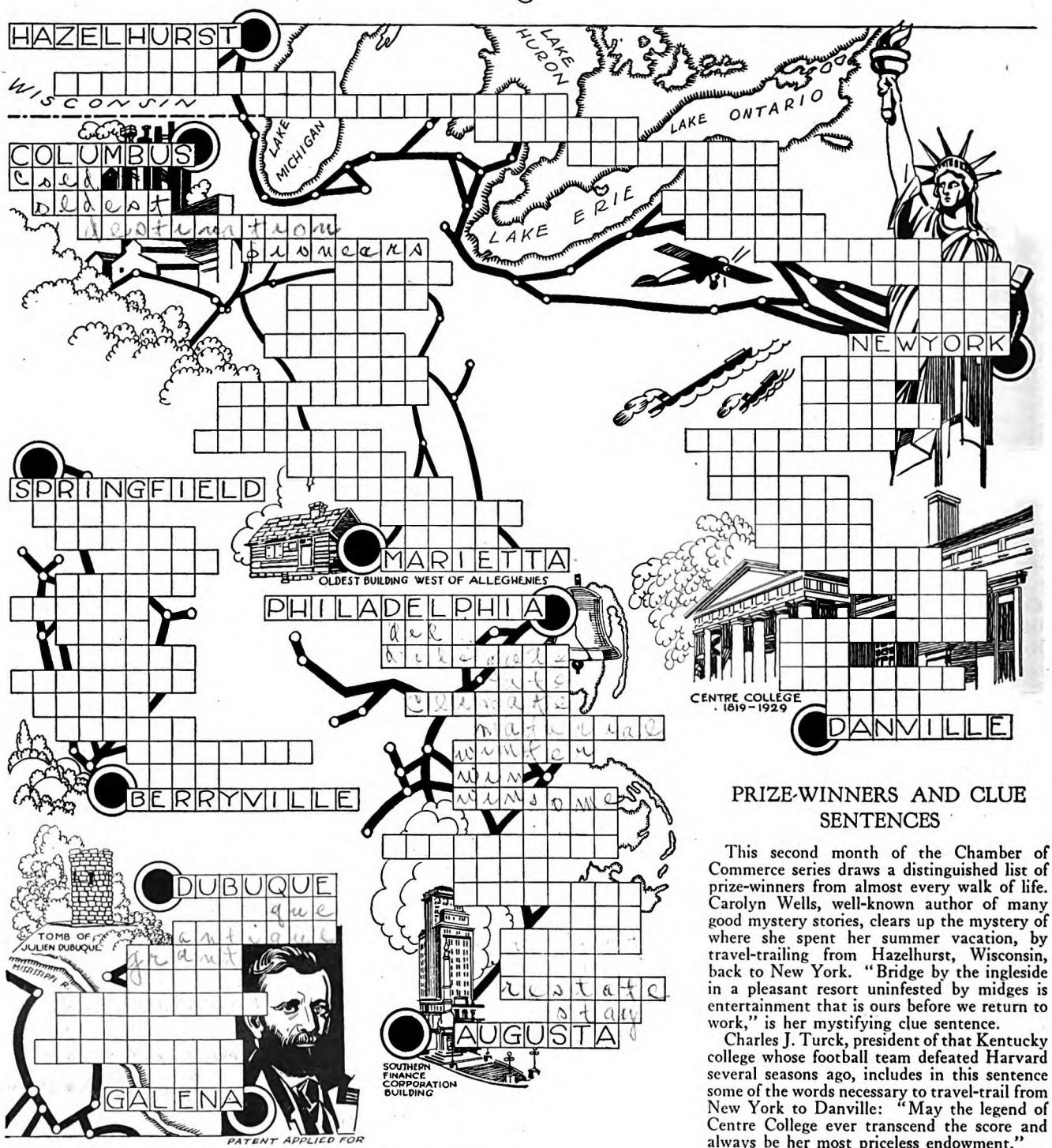
The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

Travel Trails

By ARTHUR EBENHACK and LOREN STOUT

Take Pleasant Trips Via Travel Trails



HOW TO FOLLOW A TRAVEL TRAIL

Each word must have exactly the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must have three consecutive letters that travel straight down (or up) through the same three letters in the word below (or above); and the word before the destination must also have three consecutive letters that travel into the same three letters of the destination, as illustrated by this sample trail solved for you.

The clue sentence with each trail contains a few of the words which can be used as legs of the journey. Proper names are not allowed in solving a trail, unless included in its clue sentence. A word cannot be used twice in the same trail. The solutions of these trails will be published in next month's issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

PRIZE-WINNERS AND CLUE SENTENCES

This second month of the Chamber of Commerce series draws a distinguished list of prize-winners from almost every walk of life. Carolyn Wells, well-known author of many good mystery stories, clears up the mystery of where she spent her summer vacation, by travel-trailing from Hazelhurst, Wisconsin, back to New York. "Bridge by the ingleside in a pleasant resort uninfested by midges is entertainment that is ours before we return to work," is her mystifying clue sentence.

Charles J. Turck, president of that Kentucky college whose football team defeated Harvard several seasons ago, includes in this sentence some of the words necessary to travel-trail from New York to Danville: "May the legend of Centre College ever transcend the score and always be her most priceless endowment."

Miss Edna M. Gray, Marietta, Ohio, says: "From Columbus, the capital of Ohio, along beautiful drives through the country where the earliest pioneers used to live in an enormous mound, have as your destination the oldest city in the Northwest Territory, where you will see the biggest elm tree in the United States and the oldest building west of the Alleghenies."

Mrs. C. E. Flowers, of the Chamber of Commerce, Augusta, Georgia, uses the following clue sentence to invite travel-trail fans from Philadelphia: "We restate that no passport is required of the delegate seeking a winter resort with a material change of climate."

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church in Berryville, (*Continued on page 134*)

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Chocolates that have won a definite place for themselves. Salmagundi is a special assortment selected by a critical lover of chocolates. Identified by the charming metal box with design by Mucha, the queenly figure shown above.

If you do not know Salmagundi, get acquainted at the nearest Whitman agency. The store that shows the Whitman sign receives Whitman's candies *direct* from the makers and guarantees satisfaction.

Whitman's Chocolates

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

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Delightful things happen, in your mouth, *when you use it*

THAT PROBABLY ACCOUNTS FOR THE SENSATIONAL SUCCESS AMERICA HAS GIVEN THIS MODERN TOOTH PASTE

HAVE you ever had your sleepy, morning mouth really waked in a way that is pleasant and lasting?

Or your tired night-time mouth soothed, cooled, made ready for good sleep? *Try it.*

Here is a modern tooth paste that actively does this—and other delightful things for your teeth, gums, and whole mouth—*each time you use it.*

New two-fold polishing

In DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste not one, but *two* gentle polishing agents are used. They do not scour—*cannot* scour. But, working together, they speedily restore the natural smooth brightness of the enamel.

The "flavor" is a careful blend—as definitely cooling and refreshing as a deep breath of fresh morning air. Smokers, particularly, rave about this lasting result. Children love it.

It is a *modern* tooth paste—perfected for hurried, modern users. So it works with uncommon speed. The combined results are complete, each time you brush teeth with it.

Many results in one

Count these other desirable results, which are now combined in DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste:

Instant neutralizing of acid conditions; real invigoration and protection for the gums (no coarse, harsh particles); *staining and sticky deposits dissolved and removed by purest and most costly vegetable cleansers; a generous and active cleansing foam that reaches and cleanses all the tiny crevices where most decay starts.*

A test may surprise you; may delight you. For this dentifrice is the result of modern knowledge. It is backed by the name and reputation—worth millions!—of the makers of the famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrush.

WITHOUT CHARGE, THIS

TEST

{large 25c tube; not a sample}

At your favorite store, today, you are entitled to the large 25c tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste, at no cost, with the purchase of a 50c DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. Try it, and judge by results. (This offer good in Canada, also.) The WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

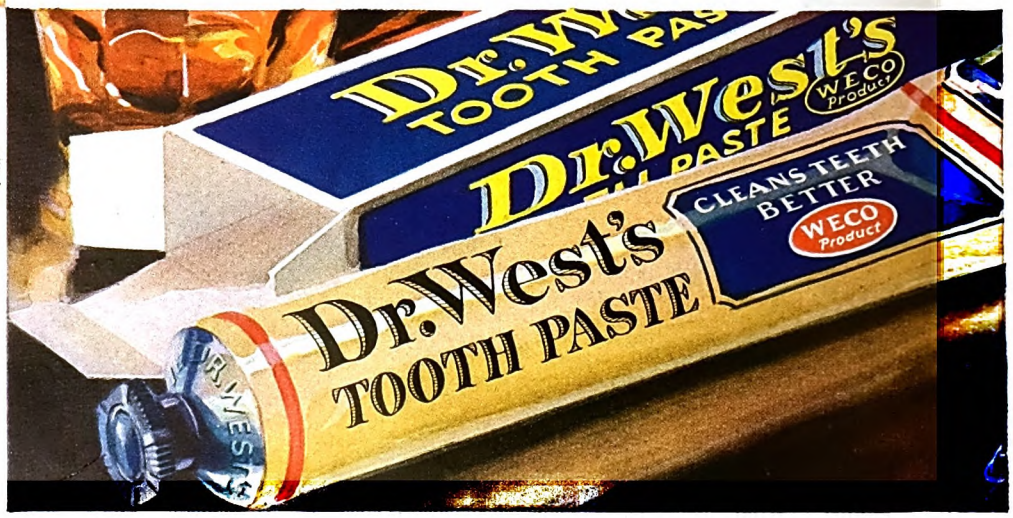
And this offers another way to make a test

FREE—20 BRUSHINGS
THE WESTERN COMPANY
402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* AM1029

© W. B. M. Co., 1929

There's no surer, better aid to WHITE TEETH *than the famous* DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush*



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The Great Tomorrow By Walter B. Pitkin

Polar Suburbs for the Frail

The Arctic has no germs. Dr. A. F. Kazansky, a geophysicist in Leningrad, has lately proved what explorers have long believed. Bacteria cannot live in the Far North. Fresh meat, left exposed for eight months, shows not a trace of rotting. Wild game carries no bacteria. The air and water are 100% clean bacteriologically. So it is now suggested by several scientists that people who are hypersensitive to various bacterial attacks might thrive in sanatoria and health colonies up near the Midnight Sun. Many other scientists have long been insisting that we have been neglecting the real estate and farming possibilities of the Arctic. If it also turns out to be a health resort, it may open up new vistas to the human race—especially when we consider that, with the new airplane travel, a man with delicate lungs might easily live in southern Greenland and yet keep in touch with business and friends down in warmer latitudes. Day by day the Zone of Solitude shrinks.

Future Plight of the Tourist

But as the Zone shrinks, the Globe Trotter shudders. Sad will be his lot in the Great Tomorrow! All dressed up and nowhere to go! Airplanes on the wings of the morning! Airplanes to the uttermost parts of the earth, on a schedule like the motorbuses! Television pictures of the latest horse race in New Zealand coming in at the same time as the latest avalanche in the Upper Himalayas and the current typhoon in China Sea! What will then be the use of going anywhere? A fellow can see and hear everything, as he sits at home. A few years ago the big steamship companies faced a similar problem. Excellent transportation had made the ordinary tourist countries commonplace. Round-the-world tours followed and in turn were supplanted by cruises to out-of-the-way places. Our optimist friends remark, at this juncture, that the Globe Trotter will still have the bulge on the stay-at-homes; for he can get the smells of Bombay streets and he can be cheated by taxicab drivers in Paris. But maybe television will deliver these luxuries too, in the Great Tomorrow!

The Vikings of the Middle West

(*Continued from page 47*)

flour, which he ate uncooked. When Thompson found him, he had decided to cut off both legs with an ax. Thompson told him that if he would leave the operation for a while longer, he would try to get help, and immediately set out for Genoa, Nevada. There he secured, first of all, six pairs of skis, and, next, six men to run on them. Late the following night they were in the cabin, and at once set to work making a sleigh. By the next sundown they had brought the man to Genoa. But the doctor was helpless—he had no chloroform. Again Thompson jumped on his skis, and he ran to Sacramento, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. In an incredibly short time he had returned with the necessary anæsthetic. The amputation was performed successfully and the man lived for many years afterwards.

Some day there will be a fine monument erected to the memory of Snowshoe Thompson. Not that his memory needs it! But the nation needs constantly to remind itself of the glorious strength it possessed in the days of its youth.

WHAT kind of people were these new Vikings that swarmed hither to settle upon the plains of the Mississippi Valley? Mainly, just common folks. In earthly belongings, a poor lot. Upon landing, they had an immigrant chest—oftentimes empty. But perhaps not so poor, after all. They had never known serfdom. They had not sold themselves in order to get across. From time immemorial they had been used to governing themselves. And because the spirit of freedom dwelt in them, they wanted land when they came. They could not live from hand to mouth as industrial workers, for that would be a form of serfdom. Hence, they took to the land. They became landowners in greater proportions than the immigrants of any other nationality.

By nature they were mystics, therefore deeply religious, but certainly—not saints! In the settlement in the Old Fatherland, the church had been the center around which their lives moved. Thither all had been brought for baptism; there they had all taken the sacred vow of confirmation. To the church they had had to go for blessings from on high when they were to be married; and when the last solemn hour struck they were carried thither for burial. High up in heaven God sat enthroned, watching all their important moves. They might cuss and swear, get gloriously drunk, and throw themselves wholeheartedly into a fight. But they rarely scoffed at things holy. God was a stern reality to most of them.

IN ANOTHER sense, too, the church was a part of their lives; to many it formed a social center. On Sundays, when services were held, both young and old would come for social purposes. Here they would discuss the news and exchange views on questions of the day. On the church commons they might even barter and sell their wares. After services, particularly in summertime, the young people would be in no great haste to hurry off home; they would linger a while to see who were present—there might even be some fun and better company on the way home. Many a young man went to church in order to meet—well, you know what I mean; seventy-five, fifty, years ago, the same custom prevailed where you or your folks came from.

No wonder that people thus brought up, upon leaving the old country, would bring the church with them; one would expect that. And the loneliness of an alien wilderness is likely to call forth whatever there is of religion in man. That such is the case is shown by what happened among the Norwegians after they came to this country—God couldn't be trifled with here either, and the settlement must have some kind of social center where people could meet.

Witness these incidents:

In 1839, Elling Eielsen, a lay preacher from Norway, arrived in La Salle County, Illinois, a sober man, zealous for the work of the Kingdom. In 1841, he built a home at Fox River, Illinois, fitting the upstairs portion for a meeting place. That upstairs meeting room is the first Norwegian place of worship in America. As he traveled up and down the settlements, admonishing and preaching, his soul filled with apprehension. What would become of his people in this new country? No church among them; no organized parochial instruction; no religious books for the children. Were they to be allowed to grow up as heathens? All around, alien peoples, practicing strange beliefs, were moving in. How would it all end? But what could he do? He was a poor man, a stranger in the land—he couldn't even speak the language.

Elling Eielsen's face looks hard; determination is written all over it. He was an extreme democrat, apprehensive of all kinds of popery, whether temporal or ecclesiastical. He feared but one enemy—sin!

In 1841, two years after his arrival, he walked from La Salle County, Illinois, to New York City, to get the Lutheran catechism printed in the English language, the first book to be published by a Norwegian in America. The next year he footed it to New York for the second time, to have two more books printed. Now it was Pontoppidan's Epitome ("*Sandhed til Gudfrygtighed*") and The Augsburg Confession. These books were for the grown-ups, and so he had them printed in Norwegian.—Imagine such zeal! Can you sense the spirit of the pioneer? Who today would make yearly walking trips between northern Illinois and New York City just to have a couple of small religious books printed?

HERE is another incident, illustrating the religious make-up of the Norwegian pioneer. By 1854 the settlements in La Salle County, Illinois, and the adjoining settlements in southern Wisconsin were filled to overflowing. The result was that good farm land had risen in value, making

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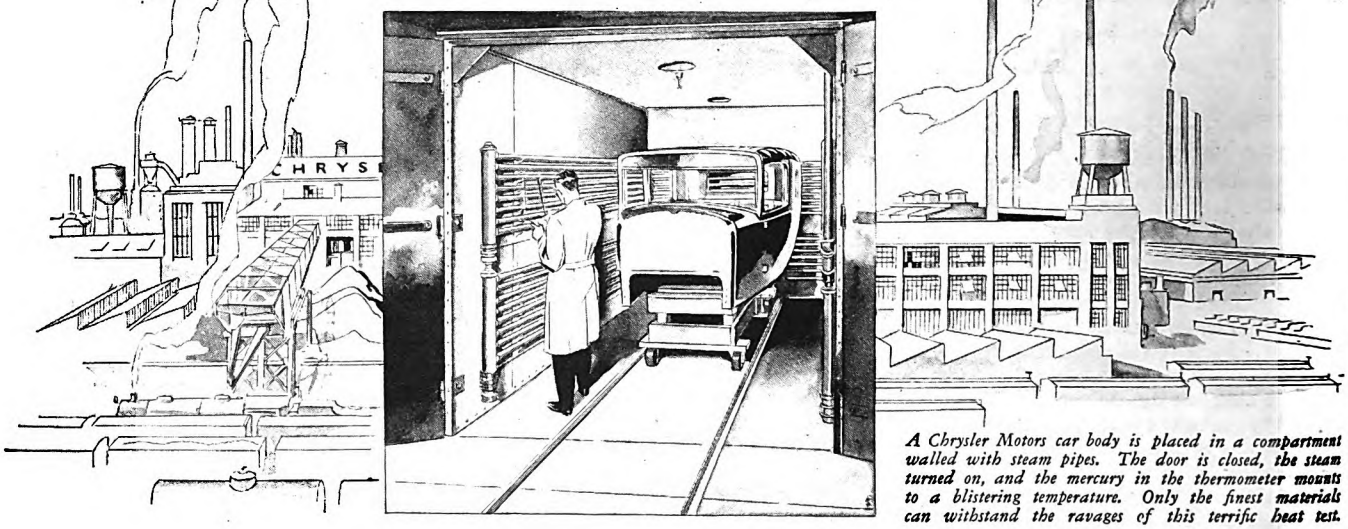
All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

FORGING AHEAD UNHAMPERED BY THE FETTERS OF TRADITION



A Chrysler Motors car body is placed in a compartment walled with steam pipes. The door is closed, the steam turned on, and the mercury in the thermometer mounts to a blistering temperature. Only the finest materials can withstand the ravages of this terrific heat test.

The cars of today would be far closer to the cars of yesterday if the daring innovations of Chrysler Motors origin had not imparted to them a spirit that is unmistakably ahead of the times.

Traditional ways are not Chrysler Motors ways when better ways can be found. Men of knowledge, unfettered by convention or precedent, have left the beaten highways of engineering to hew fresh paths to sensational success.

To Chrysler Motors, waste of any kind is abhorrent. To find new short-cuts to competent economy, new ways to produce finer products and to put these products within reach of more people is the Chrysler Motors ideal and aim. Chrysler Motors uses the traditions of the industry as a spur, not as a halter.

The result of this tempered disregard for outworn usage is reflected in the passenger cars, trucks and marine engines of Chrysler Motors. They do not follow slavishly the ordinary practices of the industry. They set the styles rather than follow them and they create new standards of efficiency.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL • CHRYSLER "77" • CHRYSLER "70" • CHRYSLER "66"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR • DODGE BROTHERS SIX • DE SOTO SIX • PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS • • • CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

ALL PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR • BETTER • PUBLIC • SERVICE

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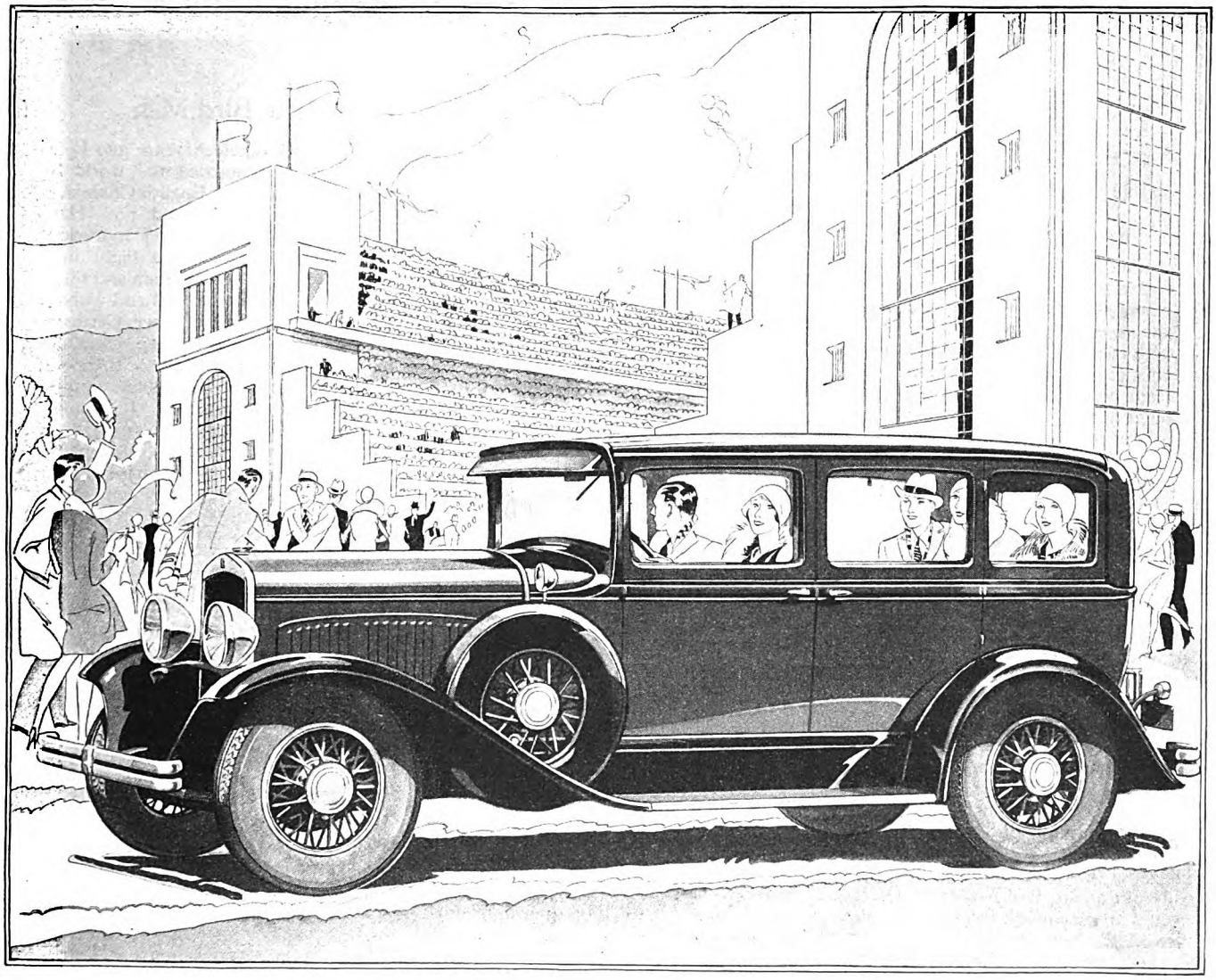

TRADITION BRUSHED ASIDE

LEADERSHIP ESTABLISHED

De Soto Six, Chrysler-built, was not designed to cater to the conservative. True offspring of this active American age, it has brushed aside stuffy traditions. Supple, sleek, swift and beautiful, it keeps pace with the spirit of this progressive nation and these modern times.

At the wheel of a De Soto Six comes the urge to cover the miles ahead, a gay surrender to the thrill of brave adventure. De Soto Six heartens the cautious just as it rejoices the competent and daring. It is a car that women delight to drive and of which men are proud.

Brilliant, alert, safe and easy riding, De Soto Six brings no strain upon the pocketbook. No other car in its class has shown itself so economical to operate and maintain. No other has proved so great a capacity to achieve unusual mileage. In the estimation of the motorwise, the De Soto Six has established an irrefutable claim to leadership in performance, leadership in reliability and leadership in value among cars below $1,000.

Ignoring price conventions, De Soto Six has enabled the moderate income to possess the motoring satisfaction of cars costing far more.

SEVEN BODY STYLES **$845** AND UP AT FACTORY

DE SOTO SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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THE GREAT TOMORROW

(Continued from page 83)

New Jobs for Airmen

Every day some new job turns up for airmen. A few months back, it was rushing vaccine to remote plague districts. Then up bobbed the chance to break a market slump in California honey by rushing the surplus to far-off markets where there was an active demand for the sweet. Next came an Oregon farmer who tried planting a thousand-acre field with grass seed and found he could do it from his plane at one-third the cost of hand labor. Fruit growers found the winged engines the best weapons they had ever employed in their war upon insects. When early frosts came nippingly down from the snow-capped mountains, they laid smoke smudges from low-flying planes. Forest rangers are saving millions of dollars' worth of timber annually by scouting with airplanes instead of from crows' nests in the tallest tree tops. Until sound pictures arrived, movie sandstorms and thunder showers were manufactured with the aid of blasts from propellers. Within the next fifty years, you may be sure that hundreds of tasks will pass from ground workers to airmen. Who would have dreamed, six months ago, that mining prospectors could locate ore deposits from the air faster and almost as surely as by the older methods of pick and shovel? Well, more odd developments which would be set down as fantastic will come along, as sure as fate. No man living can foresee the limits of airplane work.

The Bird Men

Only nineteen years ago Louis Bleriot startled the world by crossing the English Channel in an airplane. And now Hans Richter, Germany's marvelous glider, attempts the same flight in a 165-pound frame of aluminum and silken gauze shaped like a sea gull and without a motor! Like many other Germans, Richter predicts with deep assurance that in the Great Tomorrow there will be few airplanes and dirigibles, as most men will soar like birds. If, in only nineteen years of flying, men have learned to float aloft in motorless planes for more than one hour, which is Richter's own record, why may they not, in the next century, learn to glide all day?

the price prohibitive for destitute newcomers. But in ever-increasing numbers the immigrants kept coming, and so an outlet had to be found.

Just now stories, marvelous, fantastic rumors, filled the air. Though it was only silly talk, people would stop and listen to it. One had heard this, another that. Beyond the Mississippi lay a new Promised Land. Yes, sir, and the country a veritable Canaan—in fact, much more wonderful. Billowing reaches of the richest prairie land clear to the world's end! And so wide in extent that one could easily put down all of Norway upon it and yet find space enough for another country or two! Real estate agents have a knack of their own for coining picturesque phrases, which fact, too, enters into the history of the Middle West. Why not organize a whole colony and move west? At once the idea found fertile soil.

BUT there were warning voices. Thoughtful people, sensible men, men with experience, gave wise counsel: Be careful what you do! Don't throw your lives away. Why, Iowa is nothing but a wilderness. Don't you know that beyond the Mississippi, the endless, dry wilderness begins? Only cactus and rattlesnakes in the whole country. Some, even, had heard of volcanoes. . . . Don't tempt the Almighty by silly talk!

The sane counsel was of little avail. Folks talked and discussed; the thirst for adventure was not to be quenched. Every evening the glow of the setting sun beckoned more enchantingly. Wasn't it out there, just beneath the purple sheen, that the lost Atlantis lay?

Over the hills in legions, boys;
Fair Freedom's star
Points to the sunset regions, boys . . .

To try to argue sense into the romantic mind is as useless as asking the north wind to be still. The romantic mind doesn't move by reason. It sees things and leaps. It doesn't recognize the impossible. These Norwegians had, however, a cautious streak in them. In order to be sure of their ground, they proceeded like the Israelites of old. They chose four trusted men whom they sent out as spies. An old "democrat wagon" was rigged up for the trip, and on September 24, 1854, the four men set out. Two weeks later they had reached Story County, Iowa. Here they found what they were looking for—vast stretches of fertile prairie.

In another two weeks they were back at the settlement in Illinois, causing great excitement. Their report sounded exactly like the one Joshua and Caleb delivered to the Israelites: They had found a new Land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey. And no hostile tribes to be driven out—neither Amorites nor Jebusites. All four men agreed; one of them, however, Osmund Johnson, felt constrained to add that the country was a wilderness—they must not forget that. The region as a whole would, of course, never be settled, at least not during the next five hundred years; nor would there ever be a railroad crossing that country! Fortunately, Johnson's opinion caused no misgivings.

During the winter, all who intended to move west came together and held many meetings. Finally, they conceived a unique plan: They organized themselves into a congregation. And as they were going to move to the Promised Land, they named the congregation Palestine, which name it still has. They chose a minister from their own rank, a layman by the name of Ole Anfinsen; Erik Sheldahl was elected precentor; a parochial teacher and other officers were also chosen from their own ranks. The organization completed that winter is still holding.

ON May 17, 1855, this new band of "chosen people" started out. A strange sight indeed! One hundred and six persons, counting both young and old; twenty-five teams of oxen and horses; and a big herd of cattle. The start was made and the course laid on Sunset Land. Now they were off!

The journey lasted three weeks and one day. To the youngsters chasing the cattle it was one continuous, glorious picnic. Never in after life did they have so much fun. The elders, though sober, were far from depressed. Every Saturday night the caravan pitched camp and did not move again until Monday morning. "Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy"; so the Lord had spoken. And they did remember. Every Sunday spent on the road they held divine service.

After having traveled a distance of some three hundred miles, they reached their destination on June 7th. And now, listen—the first house they erected was the church.

THESE stories are not tales out of the Arabian Nights, but are authentic history. And now a word in conclusion: In these parts of our country the pioneer, no matter of what race, is fast disappearing. Often he is a tragic figure. History has left him behind—simply gone away from him. He may not even be able to converse intelligently with his own grandchildren. What he lived in the days of his youth when the fullness of strength was upon him, in the days when he suffered his dark defeats and won his glorious victories, they cannot appreciate. Small wonder that! What elsewhere on the earth it has taken ages to accomplish, has, over here, been brought about in the course of two generations. The son of the pioneer, unmindful of the fact that, in the memory of the doting figure tottering about the place, are stored incomparable riches of historical lore, sends his children to school in order that they there may learn the songs and the sagas of other lands. We are a wasteful people! The schoolma'am taking these children in hand often has little understanding of the human material with which she is to work. That they should have a background which might help her and make her work as exciting as exploring fairyland itself, never enters her mind, for she is of another world. To her, history has no other significance than so many printed pages that must be mastered before the term ends; and so we buy husk and let the kernels go. To lay the blame on her would, indeed, be doing her an injustice; she is as much a child of her time as her grandfather was of his. You can't reason with life. We shape it by the way we are today living it, and *that's how history is made!*

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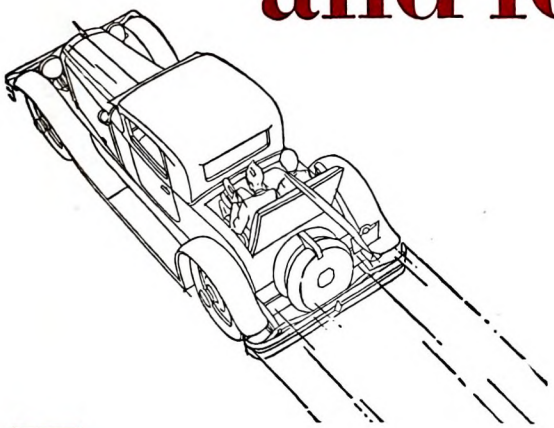
For the man with an "engineering mind" and for all motorists who drive at high speeds



The "technical" side of why the New Mobiloil keeps the first-year feel in your engine is easily comprehensible to all.

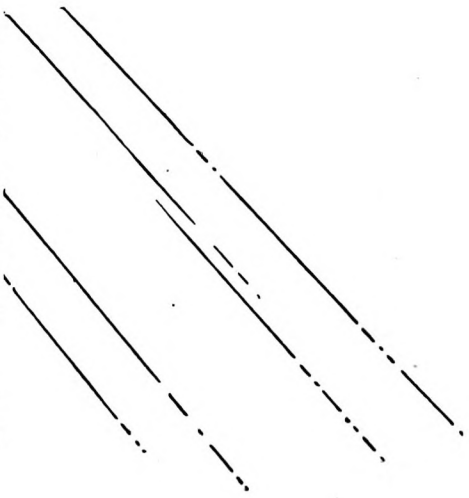
One of the first things you'll notice about the New Mobiloil is that it lasts longer. This is important—because it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speeds is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

Mobiloil engineers have checked this fact in thousands of miles of test driving on the Atlantic City Speedway, on dirt roads and paved highways, and in our Paulsboro laboratories. Results enable us to say definitely that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. We say "at least" because actually the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice 30,000 miles!

Go to the nearest Mobiloil dealer today. Have him drain and refill your crankcase with the correct grade of Mobiloil according to the New Mobiloil Chart. Then find a stretch of good highway and let *your* experience prove what *our* experience has proved—that the New Mobiloil *lasts longer* . . . which means better lubrication . . . which means at least 30,000 miles of the first-year feel.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery



the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil

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Can You Solve This Mysterious Homicide?

(*Continued from page 67*)

THE answer is that Jim fired the fatal shot, because his photograph shows him shooting at practically the identical moment when Mr. X is shown falling. The *time* of shooting is the determining factor. The other shots, as proved by the photographs, were fired at quite different hours of the day. The time for each is revealed by the shadows cast by the sun.

Picture of Jim, showing "pointer" lines which coincide with those on the picture of Mr. X in the act of falling

You see at a glance (at any rate when your attention is called to it) that the sun must have been high in its course to cast the shadows shown in these two pictures, and much lower to cast the longer shadows shown in the other pictures. If you wish to know just how high the sun is (and therefore just what the time is), mere length of shadow will give a false impression unless the ground on which the shadow falls is perfectly level.

You may readily test this for yourself by noting that if you are walking up hill, with the sun at your back, your shadow is relatively short, and that the shadow lengthens a moment later, as you come to the top of the crest, and begin walking down the slope on the other side.

IN OUR photographs, the ground is not always level. In two of them the shadows fall against rocks, and in one against the trunk of a tree, and it is obvious that these shadows are shorter than they would be if the obstacles were removed or were level with the ground. Again, in Mr. X's photograph, the shadow of the man standing by the sidewalk falls on the up-slope of the concrete walk, and so is relatively shorter than the shadow of Mr. X, at the center—whose shadow, by the bye, is further lengthened because he is falling toward the camera.

These complications, however, do not in the least interfere with accurate determination of the exact position of the sun, if we quite disregard the *length* of shadow in every case and *consider only the position of the end of a shadow in relation to the object that casts it.* For example, look at the photograph of Adolph, in which the top of his hat is sharply silhouetted against the trunk of the tree. A line drawn from the top of the silhouette to the top of the hat would represent the sunbeams that cast the shadow, and obviously point right to the sun. The angle this line makes with the horizontal, is the "angular elevation" of the sun at the moment when the photograph was taken.

A synthetic picture proving that the angle of Jim's shadow and that of the falling Mr. X coincide

Don't let these words worry you. "Angular elevation" means merely the height of the sun above the horizon. When you have drawn "pointer" lines on the different pictures you can compare the varying slopes of these lines at a glance, and no measurement is required to tell you that the steeper the line, the higher the sun, at which it points. And it is hardly necessary to add that the position of the sun is what the clocks go by.

There is, to be sure, a possible complication. The sun is just as high three hours before noon as it is three hours after noon, and so on. But in the present case it was known that the photos were all taken after midday; so each successive picture of a man shooting must show the sun lower. If you draw pointer lines on all the pictures, by comparing the slopes of these lines you can determine the sequence in which the photographs were taken and can even estimate roughly the intervals of time between pictures.

So now we are hard on the track of the solution of our problem.

You have but to compare the slope of line of each picture on the right-hand page with the slope of the "pointer" lines on the picture on the left-hand page, to discover that the slope of line in Jim's picture coincides with that of Mr. X's and that the slopes of all the other lines are quite different.

LET'S take these two pictures and analyze them. The hat of Mr. X casts the defining shadow you would be most likely to observe. But each of his hands also casts a clearly defined shadow. The hat rim of the man standing at the edge of the sidewalk casts a very sharp shadow. So does the gasoline tank post just back of him; also the end of the fender of the automobile. Draw "pointer" lines from all these and you will see that they all have the same slope. That is to say, they are parallel with one another. They are parallel also with lines similarly drawn on Jim's photograph—from the end of the gun barrel to the end of its shadow, for example; or from the hand on the gun barrel to its shadow. But there are no "pointer" lines on any other picture parallel with these, because no other was taken when the sun was at the same altitude.

Obviously, then, it was Jim who had the misfortune to fire the fatal shot. Such was Dr. Goodrich's verdict; and the proof he presented, as just outlined, was admitted to be unassailable.

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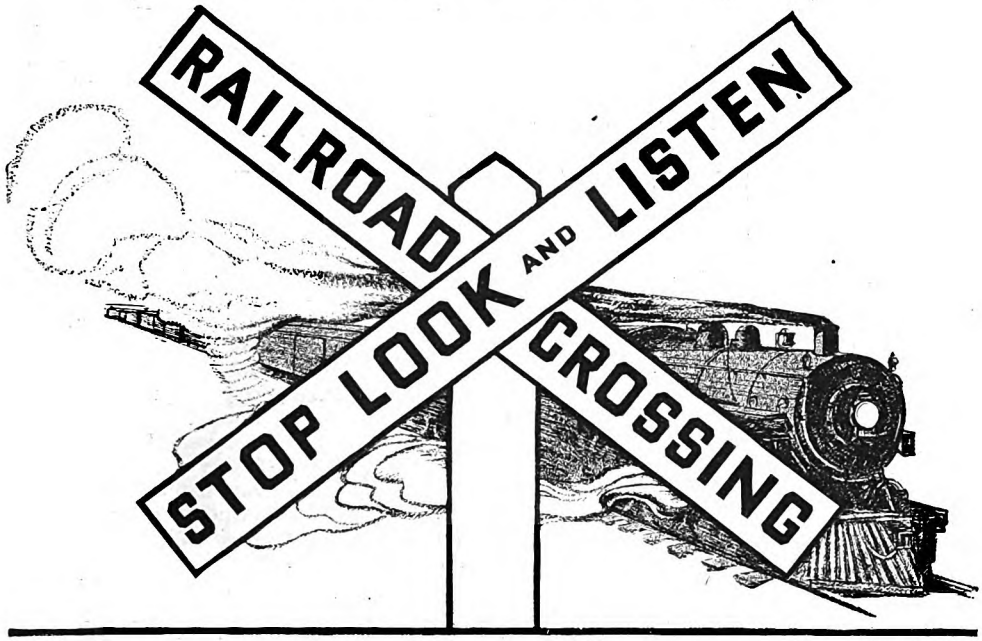

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THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have cooperated—the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 death-traps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.

Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

There is danger at every grade crossing. Get rid of them. Copy of New York's program mailed free on request. Address, Department 109-A.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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How Deeply Are You Interested in Your Work?

By HARRY DEXTER KITSON

I ONCE asked a group of personnel managers how many employees in their establishments were interested in their jobs.

They agreed upon the estimate that about twenty-five per cent were *genuinely* interested. If this estimate is sound, the total number of people who are working at jobs in which they are not interested is about seventy-five per cent of the fifty million wage earners in the country. This means that more than thirty-seven million persons drag themselves wearily every day to work they loathe and regard the gong at the close of the day as liberating them from prison.

Naturally, people who dislike their work so intensely cannot do it well, nor can they make much money at it. They wonder why they cannot get ahead. The answer is their lack of interest in the thing they are doing.

In order to discover where you stand in respect to interest in your work, you may measure yourself upon this Occupational Interest Scale:

Scale

100 90 80 70 60 50 40 30 20 10 0

First think what you would do if you had a million dollars and did not have to work. The thing you would do then would represent the 100-degree point in your scale. Then estimate how far below this point your interest in your work lies and make a mark on the scale.

Fortunately for the work of the world, a certain number of people would continue to work at their present occupations even if they had a million dollars. Of four hundred teachers who used the scale, twenty-five per cent rated their interest in teaching at 100 degrees. The percentage was a little higher among graduate nurses, one-third rating their interest at the 100-degree point. The rest, however, ran all the way from 90 degrees to minus zero. One teacher said she fairly loathed her work and could only (*Continued on page 92*)

What Do You Say to Yourself?

(*Continued from page 35*)

bored and fed-up lives on earth are in easy circumstances, and some of the most radiant lives are enduring hardship.

I once heard a woman, struck blind at the height of her powers, say, "I'm in a bunker all right, but now watch me use my niblick and get out." She knew how to talk to herself.

THE more I watch people coming out of all sorts of circumstances, deep poverty and great wealth, unbroken family circles and bereaved homes, the more plain it is that not circumstance but the way folk talk to themselves chiefly determines the result. You can take a poor tinker like John Bunyan, whose three hundredth anniversary we have just been celebrating, put him in prison for twelve years, threaten him with the imminent probability of banishment or hanging, deprive him of his family, although parting from his wife and little ones was, he says, "as the pulling the flesh from my bones," but so far from getting cynicism out of him in consequence, you will get "The Pilgrim's Progress," and words like these: "I have determined, the Almighty God being my help and shield, yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even till the moss shall grow on mine eyebrows, rather than thus to violate my faith and principles." He knew how to talk to himself.

The mind plays strange tricks in dealing with this matter. People confuse being cynical with being philosophical. They mistake their emotional discouragements for wisdom, and when they say to themselves, "Life is a bad joke; what is it all about? There is no sense in it; what's the use?" they suppose they are being hard-headed, realistic philosophers.

Such words fill the air today. They fly from tongue to tongue. They rage like a pestilence in some of our popular literature. They debilitate personality.

Again and again, having probed among the symptoms of a disturbed personality, I have to say to some unhappy man or woman:

For years you have been habitually saying cynical things to yourself. The results in your case, as always, are disastrous. You must have seen a young girl wilt before a scornful remark, or watched the baneful effects, both physical and psychological, which sarcasm and scoffing can produce on a growing boy. Yet for years you have been thus depleting your own energy and disordering your own mind and body. You may winter in Florida, take drugs by the quart, change your diet every month, and solve all your problems of outward circumstance, but unless you cease from cynicism in your talk with yourself you never will be well.

There is a colloquial phrase, used of our dealing with other persons, to the effect that we "talk them out of it." That phrase is true to the facts, and truer yet when applied to our inner conversation with ourselves. We often talk ourselves into our private perditions, and we have to talk ourselves out of them. Nor is there any shorter road to an inner hell than cynical conversation with oneself.

THIS influential power of inward talk is illustrated by the way popular catchwords, taken up by multitudes of individuals and repeated constantly in the privacy of the mind, affect the life of a generation. "I can get away with it," "It is good enough," "It will get me by," "I can get past"—there is a grist of such phrases today representing the way multitudes of people are talking to themselves. In consequence, watch students in our schools content merely to pass, business employees satisfied barely to hold onto their positions, ministers going into their pulpits half prepared and trusting to gusto to get away with it, and all that sorry degeneration of craftsmanship in labor, described by Kipling as "All along o' doin' things rather more-or-less."

This sort of thing would not be possible if behind the scenes, in the intimacy of the mind, where men talk to themselves, shoddy words like "I can get by" were not prevalent. For some words that men use to themselves are tonic and invigorating and their effect is power, while others are debilitating, enfeebling; they sap energy, undermine morale, and end in spiritual anemia.

For example, I find many folks habitually talking to themselves about their lives in terms of obligation and necessity instead of using terms of privilege. They say to themselves, "I must," in a coerced and driven tone of voice, instead of saying, "I may," as though every obligation had a favorable aspect and every compulsion could be turned to advantage. They talk to themselves as a hare might when hunted by hounds.

CONSIDER an incident during the great war: A young French soldier, very white and weak, lay on a hospital cot. The surgeon who had just amputated his shattered arm stood looking sympathetically at his drawn face. "I am very sorry," he said, "that you had to lose your arm." Then the soldier's eyes opened, and with an accent of protest he said, "I did not lose it, I gave it."

The soldier was wise enough to see that his whole attitude toward the necessity that confronted him depended on what word he used. He might go on saying, "I lost it," or he might say, "I gave it," and the way he chose to talk to himself about the event would ultimately determine its meaning for him.

No happening in life is the whole of itself; the rest of it is what we make of it by the way we talk to ourselves about it.

To be sure, as in that soldier's case, necessity, compulsion, coercion, are real facts in life. There are some things we have to put up with, no matter how little we like them. The universe, for example! "I accept the universe," said a well-known woman of Carlyle's acquaintance. "Egad," said Carlyle, when he heard of it, "she'd better." A great deal of our living is thus forced upon us. We have to put up with the mental endowment we are

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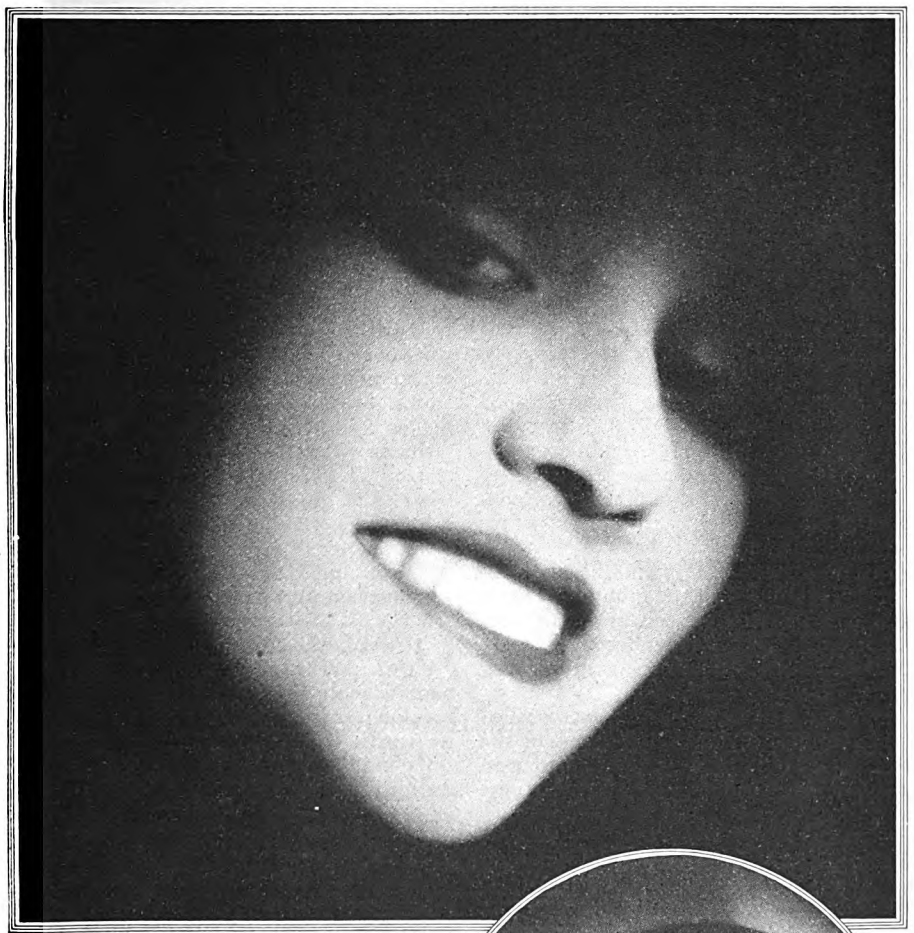
Quickly . . .

This Foam Penetrates

into every tiny tooth crevice and washes out decaying impurities— thus Colgate's cleans teeth better*



When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the outer surface.

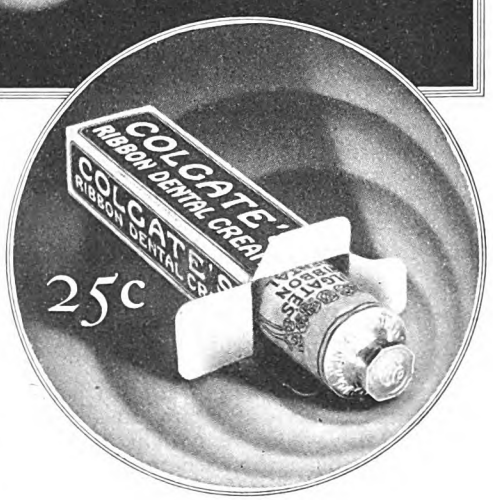
Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice.* There it softens and dislodges the impurities, which may hasten decay, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

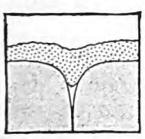
Thus Colgate's is a double cleansing dentifrice, not a cure-all. Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea, to correct an acid condition of the mouth—things *no* toothpaste can do. Colgate *does* claim to clean teeth better.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't. *Really* clean teeth help to protect against premature decay.

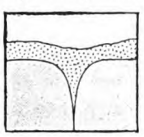
If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.



*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1608, P. O. Box 375 Grand Central Post Office, New York City. **FREE**

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

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HOW DEEPLY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN YOUR WORK?

(*Continued from page 90*)

express her disgust with it by marking fifty points *below zero*. The interest of several nurses was around the zero point.

Measure yourself on the scale and see where you stand, and, if possible, compare your standing with that of a number of other persons in your occupation. Thus, you can see how far below the 100-degree point your interest lies.

If you find that your interest in your job is low, you are not in a hopeless position. By using the proper steps you can make yourself interested in it. The psychological principle involved has been formulated by Professor James as follows: "In order to become interested in anything, get information about it."

An employee who had been reproached by his employer for his lack of interest in his work discovered this principle and began to apply it. He was ledger clerk in a concern that manufactured paper. He determined to study the paper industry and see if Professor James' prescription really worked. He began by studying pulp-making. He delved into books on forestry to find out what kinds of wood were used. He studied the values in different kinds of rags and the chemicals used in converting raw materials into paper.

Next he began to study conditions around the factory and the methods by which the firm marketed its product. He already knew the names of the leading customers from his work on the ledgers. But now that he knew the variety of products manufactured, he viewed the customers in a new light. He began to see that each one had particular needs as a distributor of paper and there were rich sales fields that had not been worked.

During two winters he gave practically all his spare time to the collection of information about the manufacture and sale of paper, until it became one of the absorbing interests of his life. A job as salesman opened up, he applied for it, and soon led the salesmen in volume of sales. From an attitude of loathing for the paper business, he developed a great liking for it and became highly successful, all as a result of applying Professor James' simple formula.

born with. We cannot escape the compulsion of growing old. We face tragedies that no foresight can escape.

But we have a choice as to how we shall talk to ourselves about it. There lies the secret of the free souls whom life never has been able to reduce to slavery.

NECESSITY says to a child, You must get an education; and a wise child answers, What a privilege that is! Necessity says to a girl, You must help your mother with the housework; and the wise girl answers, I adore housework. Necessity says, You must earn your livelihood at such and such a trade; and a wise man replies, A most interesting trade—let me at it! Necessity says to a soldier, You must lose your arm; and a wise soldier says, I will not lose it—I will give it. Necessity says to all of us, You must grow old; and instead of kicking against the pricks, making fools of ourselves trying, by dress, cosmetics, and kittenish ways, to seem sixteen, the wise man or woman says that life's autumn can be made lovelier than its spring.

If we could get people in general to talk to themselves like this about their necessities, we should immeasurably raise the level of human happiness. Moreover, we should prevent innumerable nervous breakdowns, wrecked families, blighted careers, and commitments to insane asylums.

To some people it will seem incredible that folk facing life's untoward necessities should talk to themselves, not rebelliously, but victoriously, flooding compulsion with willingness.

As a matter of fact, the finest triumphs in human life come from thus facing a necessity and transforming it into an opportunity.

To move into another realm, I do not see how anyone can listen to people's minds today, as a confessor of souls must, without hearing folk talking to themselves with downright moral cowardice. "Everybody's doing it," "It's all the go," "One must be in the swim," "This is the latest thing," "In Rome do as the Romans do"—what amazing power such words possess, especially when a man uses them to himself! They break down our moral independence. They make us slaves of some prevailing mode of conduct whether we approve of it or not. They reduce us to the condition of human chameleons taking color from any fashion that we crawl across.

There are some vicious plays which, if left to ourselves, we never would produce or care to see. There are some business practices which, of our own accord, we would heartily condemn. There are books and magazines so obviously obscene that if we were the sole arbiters of taste we would not read them. There are sex practices where liberty has so plainly slipped over into license that we wince at them. But they are all the go; everybody is doing them—and so, reluctance dissolved by these hypnotic words, many forego independent judgment and wallow where others do.

I want to make it plain that my opposition to this is on the grounds of independence rather than conventionality. I hate to see people surrender their backbones and talk themselves into being moral jellyfish.

The trouble with much of our so-called moral talk is that it is couched in the terms of obedience. We try to insist on subjection to an external code as the cure of our prevalent laxness, and, talking so, we find that our generation is deaf in that ear. This often causes the balked preachers of morality such discomfiture that they become frantic and denounce the generation as wicked and corrupt. This, however, is nonsense. So far from being desperately depraved, this generation, I think, is more promising than any the world has had a chance at for a long time. But you cannot get at it by talking of duty in terms of passive obedience to a conventional code.

LORD TENNYSON, in his Idylls of the King, paying high compliment to England's queen, uses a ringing phrase:

"O loyal to the royal in thyself." That is the ultimate basis of a vital and dynamic morality. There is no hope for a generation that loses that. One may break away from conventional ideas and feel only more deeply the sovereign authority of this inward standard. To be so independent that, in scorn of consequence, one thus is loyal to the royal in oneself is to be genuinely moral.

Often I get some wayward member of the younger generation alone by himself. There, where, for the time being, the hypnotic effects of the prevalent looseness cannot get at him, I secure from him a revelation of his own independent ideals. What would he do with his life and how would he live it if left to himself? How frequently the royal in himself is entirely worthy of a king! Only, he has been talking to himself the cheap, debilitating stuff which breaks down independence and makes its victim a slavish follower of fashions which he inwardly detests. If, instead of habitually saying to himself, "In Rome do as the Romans do," he could change the key into some such self-communion as "Loyal to the royal in thyself," he might talk himself out of being a chameleon into being a man.

OF ALL the ruinous ways of misusing this power of inward conversation none is more prevalent than the habit of breaking down one's own courage by defeatist words: "I cannot," "I am whipped," "My life has come undone," "Something dreadful is bound to happen," "I am all in"—what an endless amount of such anxious and enfeebling talk is going on!

I do not mean that every problem can be solved by talking rightly to oneself. There are situations where our plans inevitably fail, disaster befalls us, and we face that most difficult of necessities—not to *do*, but to *endure*. Nevertheless, some of the finest work accomplished on this earth has been done by handicapped men who never could have done it if they had talked to themselves with defeatist words.

Did not Beethoven go deaf? He tells us, however, just what he said to himself: "I will seize fate by the throat; it shall certainly never wholly overcome me." Whenever I listen to the glorious music of the Ninth Symphony, I always see the deaf Beethoven writing it, pausing, it may be, in discouraged intervals to talk to himself—"I will seize fate by the throat."

In any situation, however difficult, a

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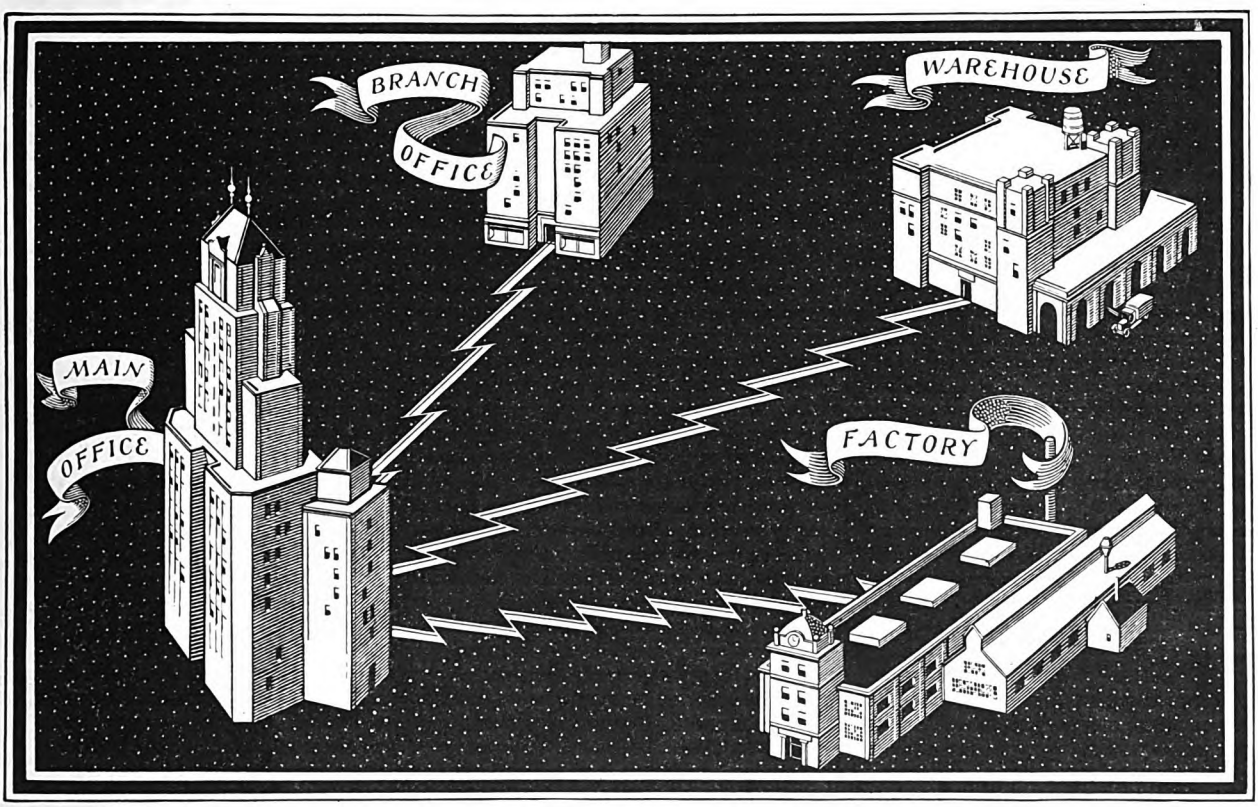
2 or 22 connected offices receive the message Simultaneously



SPECIAL arms of the telephone service are being called into use more and more by business concerns. These Bell System private wire services have been developed to fit the varying needs of business.

Telephone Typewriter Service, one of these special arms, is a quick, accurate method of inter-office communication.

It connects main office with branch houses, factories and warehouses for instant typewritten communication. It is just like having all of your units under one roof. As large a number of points as desired can be reached at the same time on the same circuit.

Telephone Typewriter Service is being used increasingly by electric light and power companies, manufacturing firms, newspapers, press associations, investment security houses, brokerage and bond concerns, banks and government departments.

Would this special arm of the telephone service bring development and profit to your business? It can be tailor-made to suit your special needs.

Your local Bell Telephone Business Office will gladly discuss it with you. Bell Special Services are *Convenient . . . Economical . . . Universal.*

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Genius *in* Miniature

SOCRATES

The First Martyr of Philosophy

By WILL DURANT

I SEE him, in the oldest tale told of him, standing in the snow outside his tent on the night before the battle of Potidæa. The place is Greece, the year is 432 before Christ, and Socrates is thirty-eight years old. There he is, short and stocky, already half bald, and not inclined to good looks; yet there is something about him that convinces you at once that he is an exceptional man. All night long he stands barefoot between the snow and the stars, in almost motionless meditation. He is the Thinker: through him thought, speculation, philosophy, will begin to play a rôle in European history and will dare the adventure of attempting to understand the world.

But this man is no dreamer, to whom thought is a cowardly substitute for action; the very next day, at the height of the battle, he saves the life of his young friend Alcibiades at the risk of his own; and every report heralds his bravery. Like all great men, he could have been any sort of great man; he chose to become a philosopher, not knowing that it is safer to be a general.

And so we see him, next, teaching his pupils under the porticoes of the Parthenon. His little band follows him up that sacred hill, to hear the Master discourse on wisdom as the highest virtue and democratic aristocracy as the highest state. What hair he has left is now quite white; he is stouter than ever and not an inch taller; he has the head of a satyr, the mouth of a town crier, the eyes of a warrior, the nose (*Continued on page 96*)

man can at least do his best, but no one ever does that with defeatist words.

I am sometimes appalled, after a day in confessional conferences, at the prevalence of mental suicide. Multitudes of people go into life habitually saying to themselves, "I have power enough to lift only five pounds and I must somehow lift ten pounds." With this debilitating motto, repeated one way or another in constant reiteration, they find life growing worrisome and harassing. They become rattled, nerves are frayed, health suffers, the worth of life drains away, and in general they feel whipped and beaten. Life is too much for them.

THEN, whether from some invigorating friendship or the discovery of a type of religion that makes God an available resource of power for daily living, they may come over into an altogether new way of thinking. Instead of saying to themselves, "I have power to lift five pounds and must lift ten," they learn to say, "I have power enough to lift ten pounds and I need lift only five." With that fresh approach, when it is firmly taken and, especially, when it is well grounded in religious faith, come margin, adequacy, reserve, resourcefulness. Another soul has been redeemed from destruction, another personality unified and integrated.

Even when a man has really come to the end of his rope and there is nothing more that he can do to prevent his affairs from collapse and his enterprises from failure, he need not be a failure himself. Some of the most inspiriting characters in history have failed in one sense. That is, they were given hemlock to drink, they were crucified or burned at the stake. They, themselves, however, were not failures. They were shining successes. St. Lawrence, the Martyr, was roasted to death on a grid. After they had had him over a slow fire for some time, so the story runs, he looked up at his torturers and said whimsically, "Turn me over. That side is done." That man was not a failure. Everything depends on how a man inwardly takes life. That is to say, everything depends on how a man talks to himself.

This is particularly true in cases of moral failure. I commonly see men on the moral watershed, bound to flow down one side or the other. Like an old barn on the Chautauqua hills, concerning which my father used to say that the rain on one side the ridgepole went into the St. Lawrence Basin and the North Atlantic and the rain on the other out into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, the moral watershed is a thin line with widely separated destinies on either side. Some time ago I watched a man teetering on that spiritual ridgepole. He had publicly disgraced himself. He could as easily as not have talked himself away over on the wrong side and gone to pieces in financial dishonesty and personal immorality. He did no such thing. Instead of saying, "I am gone; neither God nor man can do anything for me now," he said, "There must be spiritual power somewhere to pull me through. I am capable of being saved. I will find the power to realize my possibilities and I will come out a victor. Give me some loyal friends and faith in God and I will win out yet." Today he is one of the most resounding successes I know in New York City, both in his character and his career.

SOME of the best work ever produced on earth, even in the realm of art, has come from the redemption of failures. Where did Beethoven get the melody for his Rondo in the Waldstein Sonata? It was a ribald folk song about fleas in straw; Beethoven heard it, lifted it up, redeemed it, and now it soars and sings forever.

Once there was a ballad that went the rounds of Scottish barrooms. I could not repeat it here. Robert Burns, who knew Scottish barrooms all too well, but who had creative genius, took the low-down song and redeemed it. What he made of it one could not guess unless somebody told:

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

If Robert Burns could do that, what can God do with a man? But a man must talk rightly to himself to take advantage of it.

One of the commonest keys of inward conversation is quarrelsomeness. Some people's minds are mental cockpits and there is always a fight on. Of course, the reasons sometimes run back to childhood and only a first-rate psychiatrist can get at the hidden causes of this disorder, as of many others. Some pugnacious and malevolent self-communion, however, is quite preventable, and only our failure to recognize how ruinous it is keeps us at it.

Forever to be engaged in an inward conflict, writing imaginary letters attacking somebody, constructing imaginary conversation berating somebody, or pummeling our own selves with wordy bludgeons, is utterly disruptive to personality. Anxious self-communion is bad enough; probably angry self-communion is worse.

I HAVE not tried in this paper to cover the whole ground. If I had wanted to do that, I surely could not have omitted the large subject of downright nasty self-communion with which many people try to compensate for an outwardly rigid and conventionally proper life. Jesus knew what He was talking about when He spoke of some folk who were externally painted white but within were full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

What I have wanted to make plain is the crucial importance of our occupation when we are "only talking to ourselves." Inward conversation pitched in the key of cynicism, shoddiness, discouragement, cowardice, anxiety, defeat, quarrelsomeness, and smut, is doing more to wreck human life than pestilence and war.

Every self-respecting nation maintains a quarantine station. There are some things so pestilential that no matter on what ship they come, no decent land will let them in.

Every man's mind needs quarantine. The place to stop most human evils is at the point where men begin talking to themselves.

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cools . . AFTER SHAVING . . *protects*

If you want a real treat in face comfort, do this tomorrow morning after you shave: Simply douse full strength Listerine on your face.

Immediately you note a glow of health—a tingling, zippy sensation that wakes up your skin.

Then, as Listerine dries, a wonderful feeling of coolness, as though a moist sea breeze were blowing against your cheeks. Gone that feeling of rawness. Gone that burning sensation.

Moreover, it eliminates the risk of infection. Because full strength Listerine, though safe and healing in action, kills germs in counts ranging up to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

Some men are so delighted with the freshening effect of Listerine on the face that they employ it before important engagements at which they must look their best. Try it yourself sometime. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Try it, madam, as an

ASTRINGENT

The same qualities that make Listerine soothing after shaving, recommend its use by women as an astringent. Incidentally, it is a very economical one. Your wife will be glad to know about it.

the safe antiseptic **LISTERINE**

Kills 200,000,000 Germs in Fifteen Seconds

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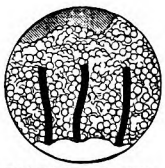
FREE!
A whole week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below.

How to feel Clean-Shaven Longer!

Now a closer shave because of extra efficiency of small-bubble lather.

MEN who use Colgate's do not worry around five o'clock as to whether to shave again . . . . or to try and "get by." Such men know the superiority of Colgate's small-bubble lather—that it gives a longer-lasting shave—one that makes you feel comfortable and clean-faced. Colgate's small-bubble lather, as its users know, is vastly different, quickly moistening the beard at the base, as big bubbles can't.



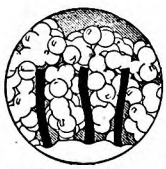
COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

Just Plain Reasoning

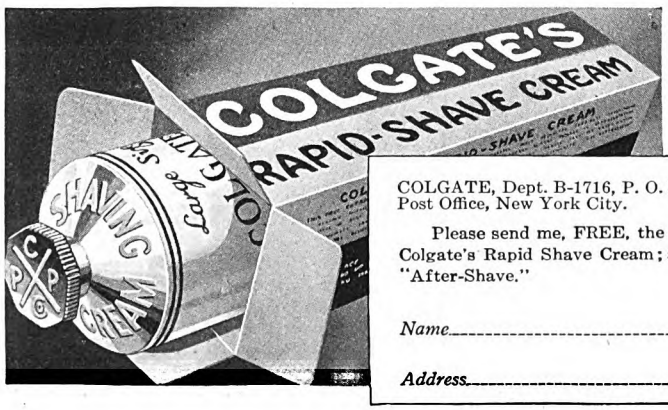
The minute you lather up with Colgate's small-bubble lather, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . . crowd around each whisker—soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist . . . . easier to cut . . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.



ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1716, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(*Continued from page 94*)

of a genius; he will smell out truth wherever it is, and no disguise will cheat him. One garment covers his body—a simple toga, seldom changed and never immaculate; underneath are the feet of a peasant, always bare.

He prefers his roofless school to his noisy home. His wife, Xanthippe, is a misfortune. She berates the philosopher as a good-for-nothing idler, who spends his time gabbing in the market place instead of making bread and butter; she is disappointed to find that Socrates returns from town day after day with his head full and his hands empty; she has a realistic mind, and believes that a man should provide for his family before rearranging the universe. She tells him so in many phrases; and to avoid a misunderstanding, she (*Continued on page 98*)

You May Be Young in Years—But Old in Hours

(*Continued from page 53*)

tell. As I sat there listening to one of the most intimate narratives of struggle and triumph I have ever heard, this thought occurred to me: "Surely no man can experience what *he* has experienced, and create as *he* has created, without getting his hands upon some principle of life that should be an inspiration to every man, woman, and child."

What I am telling here is really the story of an adventure with a human soul; for George Grey Barnard is a human document of a remarkable sort, a man on whom Nature has written large—inscribing many strange and beautiful and simple and human and weird and wonderful things. And perhaps his story will mean more to you even than that. Suffice to say here that, in one aspect, this is the tale of a boy who early found out the value of *spare time*.

WHEN we study the lives of geniuses we often find that the events of their childhood foreshadow the course of their later careers. So I asked Mr. Barnard about his early years.

"When I was in the Kankakee grammar school," he answered, "strange things were going on within me. I had a secret. Materially, it took the form of a mud-colored marble, a 'brownie!' When my classmates were reciting I squeezed it in my pocket.

"One day, at about this same time, when a great storm was brewing, I climbed from an attic window and went out on the roof of my father's house. I thought that I saw a great cloud—a cloud of gold! The whole world was transfigured.

"A hallucination? Perhaps that is what it really was. At any rate, behind my head I felt, or imagined that I felt, the pressure of a hand. This dark, mystical, illogical hand (so I think of it now!) seemed to push me on. On!

"I suppose that my 'brownie' was really symbolical of an inner secret. I had made

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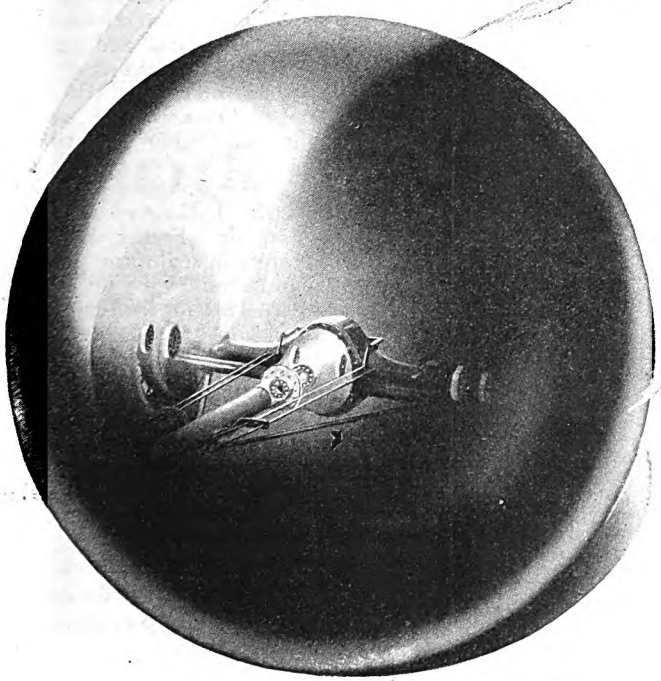
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



"NOTHING ROLLS" LIKE A BALL

In Automobile Rear Axles

Because wear is so negligible in New Departure Ball Bearings, they always operate with utmost silence and efficiency in the rear axles of motor cars.

The pinion, the ring gear, the differential and the axle shafts are permanently maintained in rigid, wear-free alignment by New Departures and *must* operate smoothly and noiselessly whatever the speed or loads that may be imposed upon them.

Nothing rolls like a ball — that is why New Departures are ideal for this severe service — why so many makers of motor cars pay the higher cost of ball bearings in rear axles.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

World's Largest Ball Bearing Manufacturer

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The news spread swiftly —about the health value discovered in Japan Tea

A safeguard against several common ailments—a precious food element—has been found in this familiar tea

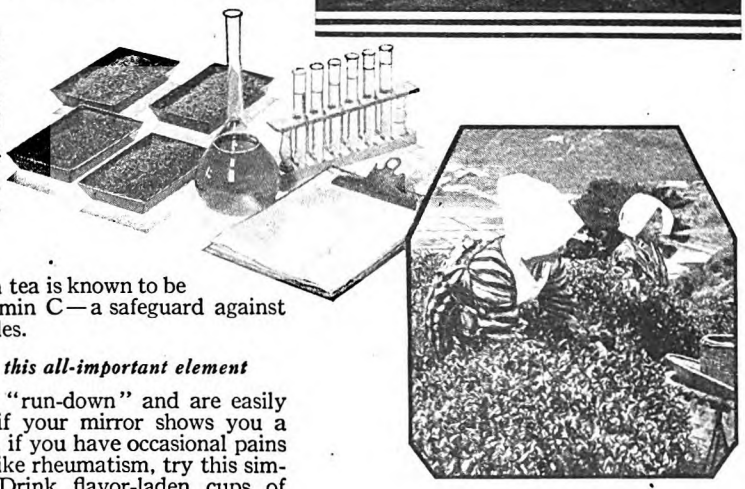
It has come as welcome news to thousands—the discovery of this simple safeguard against several common ailments.

A precious food element which is entirely absent from most of the foods we eat, has been found by scientists in simple Japan green tea.

It is now believed that countless men and women are falling short of full, vigorous health because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important food element. A number of minor ailments have now been traced to this one simple cause.

"It now appears," writes a distinguished scientist, "that this condition is rather common among grown people. Ill health characterized by certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. Those symptoms are: *loss of energy, muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism.*"

Today there is a simple precaution that any one can take. The fragrant cups of Japan green tea which we all enjoy are certainly no "cure-all." But today Japan green tea is known to be rich in Vitamin C—a safeguard against these troubles.



In simple Japangreen tea, scientists have discovered an abundance of health giving Vitamin C

Rich in this all-important element

If you feel "run-down" and are easily tired out, if your mirror shows you a sallow skin, if you have occasional pains that seem like rheumatism, try this simple plan: Drink flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea *regularly* at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of the rich supply of Vitamin C which it contains. Try this plan for two or three weeks. See if you don't feel and look more healthy—more vitally alive. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

For years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country, Japan green tea comes in several grades—under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it.

FREE valuable leaflet giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 751 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Name.....

Address.....

GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(*Continued from page 96*)

empties a pail of water upon his head. He is not much disturbed; he goes off quietly, saying: "I might have known that after so much thunder there would be rain." Such a wife is bound to make a man a philosopher.

So he goes back to his students, to Diogenes the cynic, Antisthenes the radical, Alcibiades the dandy, Plato the enthusiast, and many more. He likes the splendor of their young bodies gleaming in the sun and splashing in the pool. He finds the secret of a happy old age in intellectual comradeship with youth; and to these handsome lads he confides his most intimate thought, his way to wisdom and peace.

What is it that he teaches them? First, modesty. "There is only one thing that I know, and (*Continued on page 100*)

up my mind that I was going to work hard and try to do and be something worth while. And that cloud of gold meant to me much the same thing as my 'brownie.' It seemed to say that there was a goal for which to strive, though as yet I had no inkling as to what this might be.

"One thing I did know. My friend, the old sea captain, had taught me that when one was *doing*, he was *learning*. I never loafed. All my spare time I gave to mounting specimens.

"When I came home from school I had chores to do. This work, and supper, occupied me until eight o'clock. After eight, I always worked in my little shop. At least three nights a week I worked until midnight and sometimes until two in the morning.

"As I have said, it was after we moved to Muscatine that I discovered what I really wanted to do. Father, however, could see no future in sculpture. He was concerned that I should take up a practical occupation. This, for the time being, I did."

WITH the aid of a Muscatine jeweler, young Barnard acquired some knowledge of engraving. Presently, using the money saved from his work as a taxidermist, he went to Chicago and apprenticed himself to a firm of engravers in State Street. The firm entrusted to him work that was quite important for one so young. He was unhappy when trying to copy letters. So they let him create new letters. Because his work had earned much money for the firm they released him after two and a half years, six months before the expiration of his term.

"Just as I was giving up engraving," said Mr. Barnard, "I received an offer from the Barnhart Brothers' Type Foundry Company. They promised me a salary of five thousand dollars and an interest in the business at the end of three years if I would go with them to create letters. It was a splendid opening. But I could not accept. I was obsessed with the idea of sculpture. Living on the money I had saved as an apprentice, I attended classes at the Chicago Art Institute, where I studied drawing for nine months."

On Sundays Barnard worked in clay.

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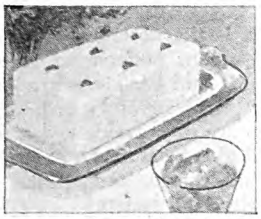
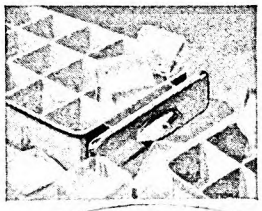
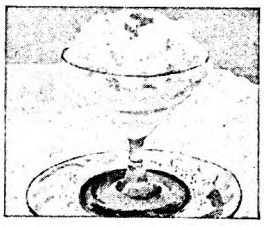
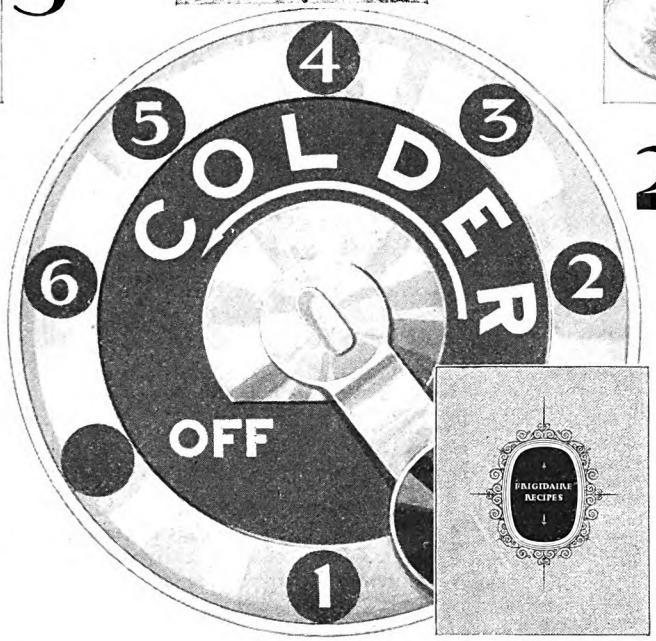



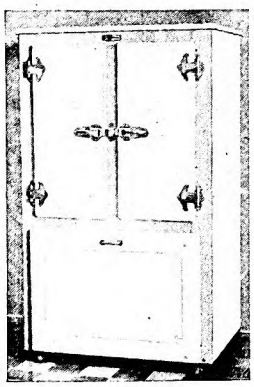
May we send you a complete book of recipes ...free?

NOW you can make scores of delicious new salads and desserts *with the* Frigidaire "Cold Control"

THE sensational new Frigidaire "Cold Control" brings you an added service . . . a service that practically doubles the pleasure of having an automatic refrigerator in your home. It enables you to regulate, at will, the time required to freeze ice. It makes the preparation of unusual salads remarkably easy. It permits you to have delicious frozen desserts that require extreme cold . . . whenever you want them.

And the "Cold Control" is only one of *many* added features that Frigidaire now offers. The power unit is extra-powerful yet incredibly quiet. You don't hear it start, stop, or run. And it is placed in the *bottom* of the cabinet . . . out of sight and out of the way. There is no exposed mechanism . . . nothing to catch dust or dirt.

The new Frigidaire cabinets are both practical and beautiful. They are remarkably easy to clean. The top is flat and usable. Shelves are waist-high from the floor and easy to reach. There is no stooping necessary.



Another important feature is the generous size of the food compartment. It enables you to buy foods in larger quantities . . . make fewer trips to the market. The freezing compartment, too, is of generous proportions. It freezes a plentiful supply of full-sized ice cubes and gives you an ample dessert-freezing capacity for every occasion.

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We have just prepared a free book giving facts you'll want to know about electric refrigeration. It also gives complete information about Frigidaire and the many Frigidaire features that save time, work, and trouble. Mail the coupon for this book. We will also send a complimentary copy of the big illustrated Frigidaire recipe book. Mail the coupon today.

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"Please tell me..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

Two simple rules for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I listened in on part of your radio talk Friday, and you were talking about just my trouble! My hair is coal black and in the last few years has become very oily, and is falling out terribly.

I am at a loss to know what to do. I have always been told I had beautiful hair, but at the rate it is leaving me, I wonder what it will soon become. Friends tell me washing it will aggravate the oily trouble. Please send me some instructions about its care, and I promise to carry them out.—Mrs. C. L. P., Omaha, Neb.

Maybe I'll sound rude, but I *do* want to say—don't believe "Washing is bad for your hair." When hair is very oily, it is very necessary to shampoo frequently. If the oil is not removed it clogs the gland openings *and leads to undue falling of the hair.*

But you should have a shampoo suited to your hair. And I'd suggest *Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*—especially made for oily hair by the makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap. This is really a wonderful shampoo—made of pure vegetable oils and healthful pine tar. It is very slightly astringent—enough to start tightening up the relaxed oil glands and coaxing them back to normal. Use this shampoo every four or five days at first.

Then massage your scalp a little every day to bring the blood up to nourish the hair roots. (If the massage at first seems to increase the oil, massage with a little bay rum.) Your hair and scalp will improve, I know. Do let me hear from you again, after you've tried these two simple rules for about a month.

An outdoor remedy for dandruff

Dear Miss Carroll: What shall I do for dandruff? Until a month ago, I never noticed it. But you should see it now—and my hair is falling out. And I do want to keep my hair nice—it is dark brown, thick, and naturally wavy. I have used Packer's Tar Soap several times but I probably don't use it often enough.—Mrs. C. K. M., Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Mrs. C. K. M.: You've made a good start. Physicians have prescribed *Packer's Tar Soap* for years in cases of dandruff. But you can't expect one or two shampoos to work miracles. If your dandruff is rather serious—and it sounds like it—you should shampoo every few days at first.

Massage the rich, thick, piney lather well into your scalp. Let the good pine tar and the gentle antiseptic properties of the soap get after those little dandruff germs. Think of your shampoos as a treatment—not as just something to clean your hair when it needs it. And keep your brush and comb clean so you don't put germs back on your nice clean scalp.

Then, after you've checked the dandruff, shampoo once a week or every ten days.

A shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: My hair is a very dead color (as you can see from the wisp I have enclosed) and very brittle. I have dark brown sparkling eyes—my only attractive feature. And I *should* like to have nice-looking hair.—E. G., Westmont, N. J.

Nonsense, my dear, there's nothing unattractive about that hair of yours. The color is really a nice brown and if it were shining with life, it would be very pretty.

I'm going to advise you to use a special shampoo—made just for dry hair like yours. This is *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*—made of pure vegetable oils. It leaves dry hair softer and shinier than usual because it contains softening, soothing glycerine. It brings out the color and natural lights that all hair has when it's healthy.

Then will you massage your scalp a little every day to bring the blood rushing up to feed the hair roots? And use your hair brush. You'll see new life in your hair, I'm sure, to match your eyes. And haven't you noticed how sparkling eyes and lovely hair do create an impression of beauty? JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday 11:45 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 6-J), 101 W. 31st Street, New York, N. Y. Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked. I enclose _____ cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(*Continued from page 98*)

that is that I know nothing." Clearly, we cannot understand Nature, for her moods and her signs are contrary, and she seems beyond good and evil, now friendly to us, and now a foe; but it is well to believe that a great Mind moves in all things, and speaks as a secret spirit in our hearts.

Second, clarity. He checks his students with question after question, stings their theories with facts, compels them to define their terms, deflates them with humor, burns them with irony, and forces them to see the implications of their thought. He will have no loose minds about him; and such of these as come soon slink away, licking their wounds and scheming revenge.

Third, intelligence. It seems to him a noble virtue, (*Continued on page 102*)

Two wealthy Chicago families became interested in his work and asked him to make busts of their children in marble.

For the two busts the young sculptor received five hundred dollars, of which he had three hundred clear after paying for the marble and his living expenses. Several students at the Art Institute had copies of Millet's "Man With The Hoe." Young Barnard was stirred by it. He felt that he must go to the land where Millet had lived and worked.

SO THE scene changes to Paris. He arrives on December 15, 1884. Three months later he has passed the examination admitting him to the École Nationale des Beaux Arts. He is up with the dawn to draw from nature. Having walked three miles to the Beaux Arts, he works from the life until one in the afternoon. After the luncheon hour (he takes no lunch!), he works from the antique; from four to six, at Cours Evon; from seven to ten, at Colorossi's night school!

His three hundred dollars having covered the expenses of nearly two years, the time came when he was without resources.

The statue on which he was then working was called "The Boy." A beautiful, brooding figure, this boy is bent over a book; and he is torn as with some inner struggle. That struggle is one which was going on within the sculptor at the time; for young Barnard thought he had discovered that he could not make a living by his art. Neither could he give up his art and live!

It was a terrible winter. To keep warm, he slept in his work clothes and overcoat. For fear that the wet clay of his statue should freeze, he wrapped it in his bedclothes!

"Confronted with circumstances such as I then faced," observed Mr. Barnard, "many boy and girl art students in Europe and America have gone down, never to rise again. In the end, it was my statue that saved me.

"A wealthy American art collector, Alfred Corning Clark, heard of my statue from those who had seen it. Visiting my studio one day when I was absent, he told my landlady that he liked it and that I

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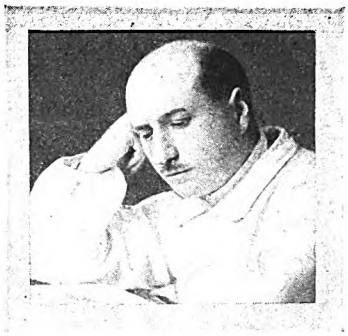
People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great intestinal specialist



Prof. Dr. Paolo Alessandrini

is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the distinguished title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

"TO check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health.

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated,' it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard, straight bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants reawaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin.

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound, straight bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, headachy half-health? Has living away from the sun made you "soft"? World-famous doctors point the way to quick, *natural* health renewal. How easy it is—just three cakes daily of fresh yeast — Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

"At the end of the day too tired to enjoy the evening"

(*Above*) New York, N. Y.

"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience.

"For eleven years I had been auditor of one of the largest automobile sales corporations. Close confinement to my desk day after day without exercise resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation. Everything at the office upset me. Miserable headaches would stay with me for days.

"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. Suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped. I was able to enjoy the evenings with my family.

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

H. J. LLOYD

***"Playing on the Keith circuit* means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent."**

"Even caring for Jean had become a burden"

"Even the best baby, when it is very tiny, ties a mother down," writes Mrs. W. A. Peters of Stamford, Conn. "Feedings. Baths. Being always on the alert for little baby sicknesses that are bound to come. I became nervous and irritable—my skin was terrible. My doctor suggested yeast. It improved my disposition and stopped all my tiresome 'miseries.'"

***Eat 3 cakes daily* of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. J-69, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.**

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Tune in Thursday evenings. Listen to the Fleischmann Radio Hour through 47 stations in a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company's system.

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"Listen dear.... it's Okay, he's coming..

....has the plumber sent the man to fix the bathroom ?"

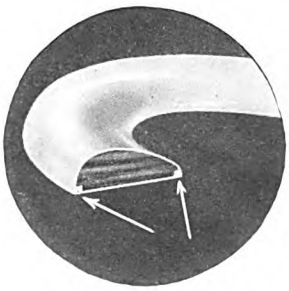
THE invitation was accepted. That was the big thing. Fine! This was the chance he had wanted a long time. Now he must make a good impression. Was everything at home okay? You bet! Trust his wife for that. But wait a minute. What was it she had spoken of? By George, yes! and she was right. Positively that change must be made today. A very simple change that thousands have discovered does more than any other one thing to improve and modernize a bathroom — replacing the old-fashioned wood toilet seat with a handsome, new, all-white Brunswick.

This big improvement can easily be made in any bathroom. The new Brunswick White Seat is especially designed so you may install it yourself if you wish. It usually takes less than fifteen minutes.

The Brunswick is made with a new patented 9-ply reinforcement feature enabling us to guarantee it for a lifetime, yet it costs no more. Its white pyralin sheet covering will not crack, split, wear off or discolor. It always looks white, clean, modern.

For many beautiful new homes destined to have charming bathrooms decorated in colors according to the latest vogue, the new Brunswick Seat is made in pearl-finish pyralin in nine lovely colors.

Phone your plumber today and ask for the new Brunswick. Send the coupon below for a free copy of our interesting booklet, "Bathroom Magic," which gives full details of white and colored seats. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Chicago.



In this cross-section, "Two Little White Squares" are all you can see of the Brunswick patented 9-ply reinforcement feature. They mean tough, wear-resisting pyralin at the critical edges 9 times thicker, 800 percent stronger!

Brunswick

WHITE SEATS

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623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago
Please send me a copy of your new booklet, "Bathroom Magic."

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Street _____
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GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(*Continued from page 100*)

greater than goodness without brains; and he believes that all wrongdoing is rooted in ignorance. He abhors the incompetence of Athens' democracy, and suggests that education might be desirable in elected persons; he proposes that arduous training should be required of all who offer themselves for office. He knows the faults and possibilities of democracy 2,350 years before radio.

Suddenly his life moves out of the quiet rhythm of speculation into the turbulence of public strife. His pupil, Critias, organizes a rich man's revolution, overthrows the democracy, sets up a dictatorship of wealth, and invites the old philosopher to bless the new régime. Socrates refuses; he scorns all who use violence and considers government by millionaires to (*Continued on page 104*)

should come to see him. I was thrilled, exalted, by what he said of my work. But, go to see that rich man in my ragged clothes? I could not!

"A week went by. I received a telegram, saying: 'You must come to see me at six this evening. I am leaving late tonight.' That Sunday, at the hour appointed, I went to his hotel. Askance at my raggedness, the hotel employees refused to let me in. I showed my telegram, and was then ushered up to Mr. Clark's apartment."

Toward the tattered youth came a tall, benign, and lovely man. "I have so much wanted to meet you," he said kindly. "I have seen your 'Boy.' I want to buy it!"

The youth could hardly believe his ears. But Mr. Clark went on: "You must put 'The Boy' in marble for me. What will you want for it?"

"In marble!" exclaimed the young sculptor. "Give me enough to put it in marble and you can have it!"

"Well, well," returned Mr. Clark, and he smiled again. "We'll see about that! But let's sit down now and have dinner."

"AT DINNER," resumed Mr. Barnard, "Mr. Clark proceeded to draw me out, asking about my ideals, my work, and all that I hoped to do. 'Your ideals are as real as your zeal,' he said finally. 'But now it is eleven o'clock. It's time you went home. Remember! You must begin on the marble right away! I am going to give you something in advance.'

"He disappeared for a moment, and presently returned with a large buckskin bag tied with a yellow thong. 'Let me have your purse!' he said.

"'I haven't any purse!'

"'Then we'll have to put it in your pocket!'

"I thrust my hands into the side pockets of my coat and showed him that the holes were so big that my hands went right through. I turned the pockets of my trousers wrong side out. They, too, were full of holes.

"'You're really a serious case!' laughed Mr. Clark. 'But I think we'll manage!'

"From the table he took a napkin, and into it he emptied the contents of the bag. Fifteen hundred gold francs! Three hun-

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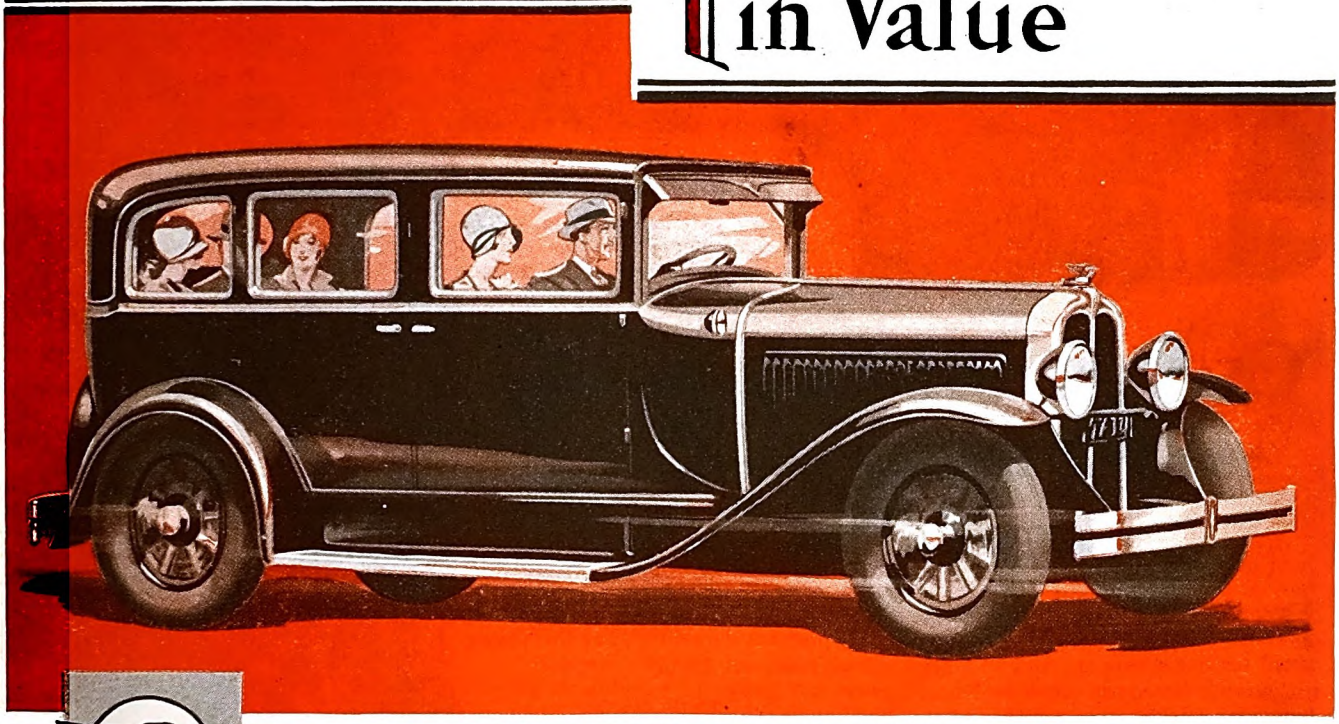
Far Ahead

in Performance
in Style
in Reliability
in Value



The 4-Door Sedan, Body by Fisher

Today's Pontiac Big Six is enjoying its present great popularity simply because of its clear-cut supremacy over every other six of its price. In performance, in style, in reliability and in value, its superiority is strikingly apparent to everyone familiar with the car.

Far ahead in performance— The highest top speed and the fastest acceleration to be found in any low-priced six. Proved by the "fifth wheel"—the most accurate speed measuring device known to automotive engineers. 60 brake horsepower at 3,000 revolutions per minute—greater power developed at moderate engine speed.

Far ahead in style— Smartly designed bodies by Fisher with the exclusive concave belt mouldings. Flaring fenders, 70 inches across. All bright metal finished in chrome plating. A variety of Duco color combinations in the season's most popular shades.

Far ahead in reliability— Like every Pontiac produced, a car whose reliability and long life are unrivaled at the price. The Pontiac Big Six, because of its many advancements, offers even greater dependability and length of life than its famous predecessors.

Far ahead in value— Embodying a combination of big car features found in no other car listing for less than $1100. With all it offers, at its price, the Pontiac Big Six is the value leader of the entire low-priced field.

Let your Oakland-Pontiac dealer demonstrate the Pontiac Big Six to you. And take along your present car for his appraisal. The allowance will probably cover the down payment on a new Pontiac, leaving only a small amount to pay each month. And Pontiac operating economy will amaze you!

Prices, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

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PONTIAC BIG SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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2-DOOR SEDAN
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GEORGE WHITE, *famous producer of "The Scandals" and other musical shows, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he likes the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.*

GEORGE WHITE tells Jim Henry:

"Fine for first-night nerves, those new triple-cool MENTHOL-ICED SHAVES"

"PRODUCING elaborate musical shows isn't exactly the best thing in the world for one's temper. And so I try to save my nerves as much as I can. That's why I like your new Menthol-iced. It gives me a good quick shave. The cool tingle of the menthol is like a tonic. And say, Jim, my razor blade seems keener and it certainly keeps its edge longer when I have a Mennen shave."

THE YOUNG MAN'S SHAVE

Menthol-iced really does something for your skin. Skin specialists agree that it (1) tones tired facial nerves, (2) heals minute shaving abrasions, (3) protects the skin. . . Try this young man's shave. At any druggist!

2 TYPES OF MENNEN—

Mennen is the only manufacturer who makes two kinds of shaving cream. First, Mennen without menthol—for years the smooth shave standby of millions of men. Now—Menthol-iced for those who want the extra thrill of menthol. Both creams have *dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard, lubricating the blade and toning the skin. Both creams lather freely in any kind of water.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

Talc talk by Jim Henry

Mennen Talcum for Men is a special powder for masculine skin—not merely a neutral tint powder. It is scientifically blended with antiseptic and astringent ingredients. A man's skin needs this protection after shaving or bathing.

Thanks to its special formula, Mennen Talcum for Men forms a fine film which is a two-way protection. It absorbs oils and moisture thrown off by your skin. It keeps floating dust in the air from settling on your skin, and working into the pores. And—Mennen Talcum for Men *doesn't show.*

Special Bargain. Big size can for a quarter—or, if you want a bargain, get the traveler's size free by buying the new Mennen After-Shave Special. Contains full 50c tube of Skin Balm with special size Talcum for Men, both for half-a-dollar.

GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(*Continued from page 102*)

be as ruinous as government by the mob; he will have no aristocracy but that of the wisest men, selected from all ranks by equal educational opportunity in every generation. In the midst of bloodshed and chaos he stands alone.

Then the democrats recapture Athens, kill Critias, and arrest Socrates as the supposed intellectual source of the revolt. They cannot charge him with political heresy, which is no crime in Athens; they charge him, deviously, with irreligion—by which they mean that he has rejected the crowded pantheon of Greece and believes there is only one God.

Five hundred judges are selected from the people to form the court of justice, the Dikastery, that tries him. He makes little defense. He challenges his accusers to show him (*Continued on page 106*)

dred dollars! There, before my eyes, flowed a river of gold!

"'You can't go on living where you are,' said Mr. Clark, as I was leaving. 'It is not a fit place for you. If some of those people knew you had all this money, they'd rob you! You must get a new studio. Where will you stay tonight?'

"I told him I had a friend. With the napkin of gold inside my shirt, I ran to the building where my friend had a room. There I slept to avoid the hazards of my own neighborhood in the Rue Versailles."

SAVED! It was the beginning of a great change. "The Boy" was done in marble. From individuals and governments other commissions came. "Exhibit!" cried his friends. He sent ten pieces to an exhibition in the fall. All were accepted and placed. In the French press it was said that "The Boy," done when the sculptor was twenty, compared favorably with Michelangelo's "Cupid," which was also done at twenty. . . .

No need to trace here the steps which, ever since, have added to Mr. Barnard's fame as one of the world's greatest sculptors. But there is something else that should be told.

"I think of your Lincoln as one of the great, serene, powerful masterpieces of modern times," I said. "Will you tell me how that bronze portrait in Cincinnati and your Lincoln heads came to be?"

"Some day," replied Mr. Barnard, "try this experiment and you will better understand what I say now. Ask someone you know well to sit in a dark room. Study his face intently. Wait! Watch! See what happens! You may be a witness to what for me is one of the most wonderful things in the world.

"As your eye becomes accustomed to the dark, parts of the face grow luminous. You will see no details. The local accents of light and shadow are absent. What you see, you see simply—just the structure, the architectural form, only that which may be said to have spiritual significance.

"So, when I am preparing to absorb the significance of a face, a head, or the human form, I often draw the curtains over the windows of my studio. This I do *in*

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"Already, this school teacher has $20,000 invested in good, solid securities"

AL K. THOMAS, President, East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa. formerly Treasurer of the Pennsylvania State Bankers' Association, and Secretary of the Harrisburg Clearing House is well known for the warm personal interest he has taken in helping hundreds of men and women on the road to financial independence.

The modern bank building of the East End Trust Co., of Harrisburg, Pa., of which Mr. Thomas is president.

Al K. Thomas, President of the East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa., tells how a young woman came to him for advice ten years ago—and how she used his counsel.

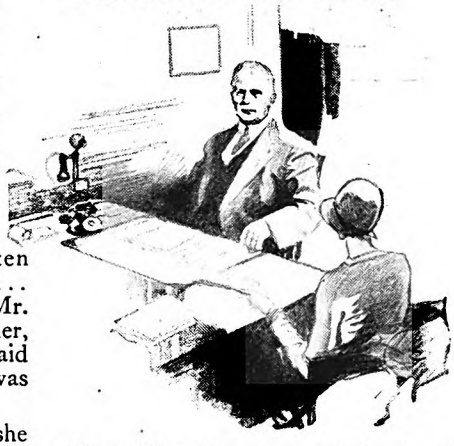
"IT must have been about ten years ago that Miss L..... first came to me for help," said Mr. Thomas. "She was a school teacher, and she wanted to have enough laid by against the time when she was ready to quit work.

"We talked about how much she could afford to set aside systematically, how she was to invest her money. I worked out for her a definite plan of investing, always based on good, sound securities—she isn't the sort of woman who wants to speculate and risk her principal.

"Miss L..... has been investing steadily for these last ten years, and already by persistent saving and reinvesting, she has $20,000 in good sound securities, all of which I have recommended to her. She says she won't buy anything unless I approve of it. She is still busy saving. When she is ready to quit teaching, she can.

"Miss L..... is one of many young women, most of them school teachers, who come to me regularly for investing advice, and who have worked out with my help, a systematic plan of investing. Of course, while I can help them by seeing that they invest their money wisely and safely, their own thrift is what counts. But these young women are willing to make the effort and stick to a systematic plan of safe investing."

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Thomas, they feel a very deep responsibility toward the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of investing.



"I worked out for her a definite plan of investing, based on good, sound securities."

Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

In hundreds of communities, bankers have chosen from Straus offerings for recommendation to their depositors and for purchase for their own bank reserves. Among Straus offerings are bonds of widely diversified types, real estate mortgage, railway, municipal, public utility, and foreign bonds.

Send for this booklet—As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for Booklet J-1021 or fill in the coupon below.

ESTABLISHED 1882 **S. W. STRAUS & CO.** INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDINGS . . . *In New York,* 565 Fifth Ave., *In Chicago,* Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd., *In San Francisco,* 79 Post St.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of Booklet J-1021, "How to Invest Money."

*Name*_____

©1929, by S. W. Straus & Co. *Address*_____ *City*_____

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You're Lucky IF *you have steam heat*

. . . . . your heating contractor can make it a *VACUUM SYSTEM* with 3 simple changes . .

THIS Fall thousands of ordinary steam heating systems will be converted into modern vacuum systems. A few hours' work; that is all it amounts to. And *what* a difference it makes!

Vacuum-izing the steam heating plant *triples* the "hot-periods" of every radiator. This is why. In a vacuum, water boils at low temperatures. In a vacuum heating system, radiators heat far quicker. In a vacuum system, they *stay* hot far longer, for air cannot possibly enter and destroy the low-temperature steam.

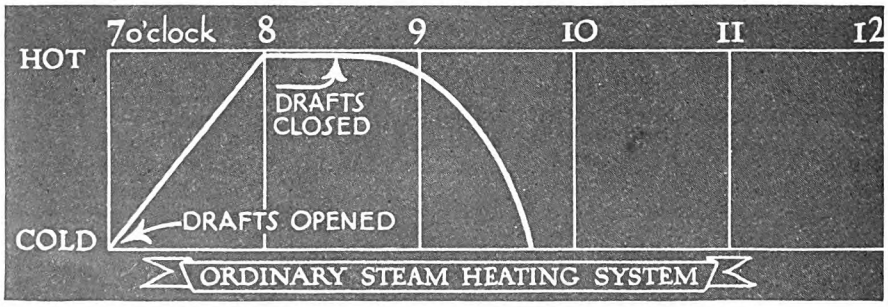
Ask any good heating contractor to vacuum-ize your system. He tightens up the connections, to keep out air. He places a Hoffman No. 16 Valve on the basement main, to clear the system of air. He installs a Hoffman No. 2 Valve on each radiator. When he leaves, you have a modern one-pipe vacuum system. When you turn on the drafts, you'll have hot radiators in *15 minutes*. When drafts are closed, or the oil or gas burner shuts off, the vacuum keeps them hot for *three hours* or more, just as though you had steam up all the time. The "Hot period" of every radiator is tripled.

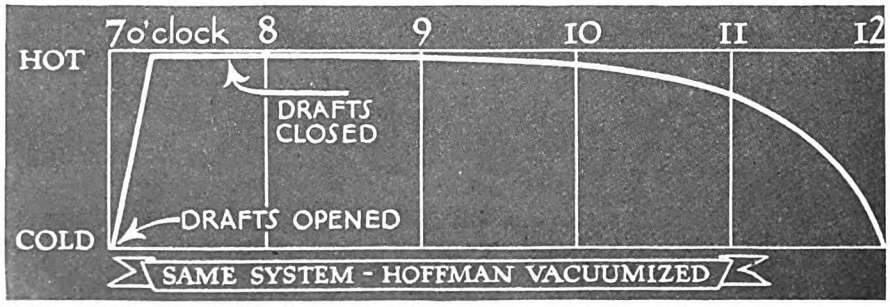
You can imagine the great amount of fuel thus saved. In many homes this saving is as much as $5 per radiator every year.

Practically all new oil burner and gas burner steam systems are vacuum-ized with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves.

Phone your heating contractor. Ask him to call and give you an estimate for vacuum-izing with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves. You'll find it ridiculously low.

If you like, we'll send you a copy of the Hoffman vacuum-izing booklet, "How To Lock Out Air, the Heat Thief". Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. P-19, Waterbury, Connecticut.





Charts showing rate of heating and cooling of radiators in an ordinary steam heating system and in a Hoffman vacuumized system.

GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(*Continued from page 104*)

guilty of either impiety or crime; he startles the court by telling it that instead of being tried for his life, he ought to be supported at public expense as a teacher useful precisely because of the independence of his thought and speech. The judges are politically hostile to him, and do not care for his ideas; they vote his death by 80 to 220. He has still a chance for life: If he will appeal to the public assembly, it may accept a slighter penalty. But he refuses to ask for mercy; and, calm and strong as ever, he is led away to jail, condemned to drink the hemlock that will kill him. He is seventy-one years old, and it is the year 399 before Christ.

The rest of his story all the world knows, for Plato, who loved him this side idolatry, has put it down in prose more beautiful than (*Continued on page 108*)

order to see better. I shut out the light in order to get a *greater* light.

"Many years ago I discovered what happens when one makes a prolonged, intensive study of a face or figure in this way. On one of my groups, 'The Two Natures,' I worked in the dark with two models for nine months, from six in the morning until six at night. Since then, much practice has enabled me to see things in the way I desire, *without* going into the dark. Nevertheless, it was in the way I have indicated that I made my Lincoln head, using as a model the famous death mask by Douglas Vogt.

"IN LIFE, Lincoln's face was thin and bony, without a trace of superfluous flesh. Consequently, his death mask is one of the finest in the world. In it you find the organic structure just as God made it, strong and bare.

"This mask I desired to bring to life. I wanted to record its inner meaning, its spiritual quality. For one hundred days I studied, contemplated, and pondered it, and modeled my clay likeness in a studio that was as dark as night. At the end of this time, my clay was without eyes, nose, or mouth, but the character which I had found in the shape of the head, in the chin, and in the furrows of the brow, were *there*. The other details were not difficult to add.

"And when I had completed this head, I felt that I wanted to interpret the whole figure. I was not interested in the presidential Lincoln in a dress suit! It was the man of huge form, in his homely, home-made clothes, with big hands, big heart, big mind, big love, who interested me.

"And to this unusual figure, I tried to give, in his shoes, his back, his clothes, the character that was in his face. In the end, I could not think of placing him upon a pedestal. In life he struck no pose. So I put him on a rock, where, at some time or other, we can be sure he must have stood."

Toward the close of my talk with Mr. Barnard I made this remark: "Did you not say that the most important lesson life has taught you has to do with *time?*"

"Time!" he answered. "It is the one great challenge that we all must meet. It is opportunity that we make or lose by our use of time. There's a saying which is

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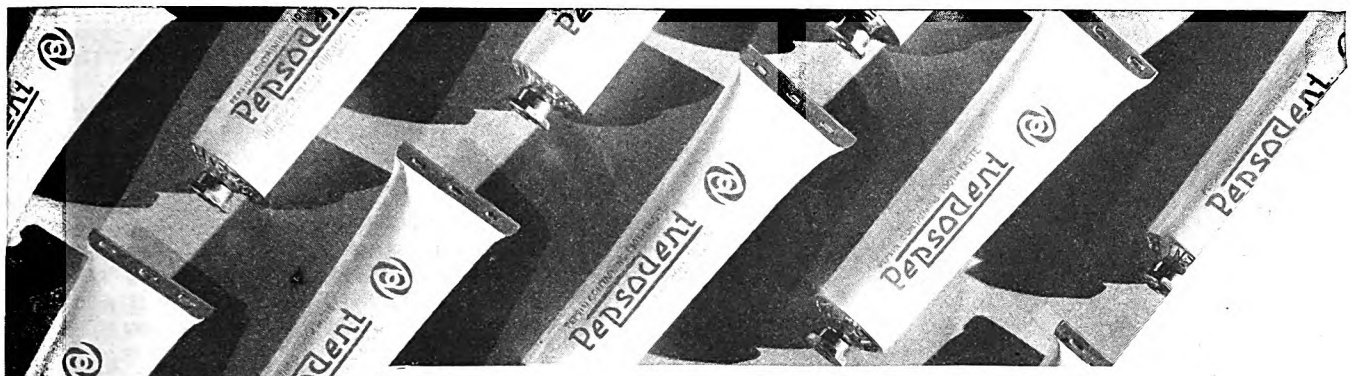

FREE: a 10-day tube to everyone who wants white, dazzling teeth . . .

Will you try the tooth paste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolors teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon.

HERE is a marvelous scientific way to combat the beginning of tooth decay and pyorrhea . . . to give teeth a brilliant whiteness you have never dreamed is possible. Will you write for your free tube?

Simply try it for 10 days. That is long enough to see results. You will be amazed at what Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, can do.

The reason for the change

If you run your tongue across your teeth you will feel a slippery coating. That is film.

It clings to teeth so stubbornly that brushing alone will not remove it successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film and make teeth dingy.

This film hardens into tartar. Germs breed in it by the millions. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and serious disorders.

How it acts

Based on exacting scientific study, a special film-removing dentifrice, called Pepsodent, has been compounded. It acts to curdle film and to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

In this development the world has gained a new conception of what a dentifrice should be and do.

Use for a few days

Get a tube at your druggist's for a few cents, or write to nearest address below for free supply. You'll see far whiter teeth and firmer gums ten days from now.

See your dentist twice a year. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1610, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3280

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"This extra hour of sleep every morning makes me feel simply great!"

"Yes — and just think of all the drudgery our heat regulator saves me."

This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control

The man of the house enjoys his extra sleep and those luxurious, lazy evenings free from janitor duty since the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator took charge of the heating plant. But he gets even more satisfaction out of the magic this automatic age has worked in his wife. She has new color in her cheeks, new sparkle in her eyes, since the fire-tending responsibility was lifted from her shoulders. Now she is free to go visiting or shopping or to a matinee whenever she wishes, knowing that the house will be warm and comfortable—always 70 degrees—and safe from fire danger.

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control . . . the foundation of automatic heating . . . in two ways . . . Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls) . . . Or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful, automatic service . . . May be purchased on modern finance plan . . . Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators) Executive Offices: 2763 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(*Continued from page 106*)

poetry. Read that incomparable narrative, at the end of the Phædo, in which, with all the restraint of an artist, his greatest pupil tells how the Master drank the last cup and quietly watched himself die. Read those other delights of Plato's—The Apology of Socrates, The Symposium, and The Republic; in these bright pages the old sage still lives, carried on in an immortality of fame, still influencing our ideals of conduct and government, stirring us on to the study and practice of wisdom. These books will open for you one little pathway into the Country of the Mind; other paths you will find for yourself, until you have won the comradeship of all genius and have absorbed something of that intellectual and moral heritage of the race which transforms us into men.

attributed to Cyrus W. Field: 'He who rises earlier than his competitor and works more hours, within the limits of healthful endurance, will carry off the prize.'

"What is the prize? It is that victory which we win, not over some competitor, but over ourselves. That lesson I learned early through the wisdom of my old friend the sea captain. 'Let's *learn* something,' he would say. 'Do something! You may be young in years but old in hours if you won't waste time.'

"That, I suppose, was why he took me to the Kankakee swamps and proceeded to open the book of nature to me. And as the book opened wider, I continued asking myself, '*What shall I do with my time?*'

"Thinking over my own experience and that of boys and men I know, I have visualized it in this way: I see a youth of great force going to the mountain of iron. He hauls forth a great load of it. And he beats, and beats, and beats it, until out of the molten mass comes one of the tiniest and mightiest tools we know, a tiny steel pen! With this pen he writes!

"And that little tool is his *will*, shaped and developed by the effort and struggle of his early life. All that he does henceforth, all that he will ever achieve, must flow through that little pen, shaped in the fire of his hopes with the hammer of Persistent Application.

"EXPLICITLY, the point I make is this: I firmly believe that any young man who, up to about the age of thirty, takes advantage of the hours which so many let pass unprofitably, acquires an impulse that carries him through life. His will becomes adamant! And he, unbreakable! I would not anticipate that he could possibly be beaten in those things that he regards as most worth his effort!

"Some of us use the hours that others let go because of a particular urge within us. Others, who cultivate the habit of using the hours, may also *acquire the urge*. Once the habit of using time is acquired, we forever after find it surprisingly easy to hold ourselves to our true aims.

"What can we do with an hour a day? One hour in twenty-four would make an ignorant man a well-informed one in ten years. In an hour one can read twenty

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Where are the Snows of Yesteryear?

EVERY now and again, the placid surface of the electric cleaner industry is startled by a fresh commotion.

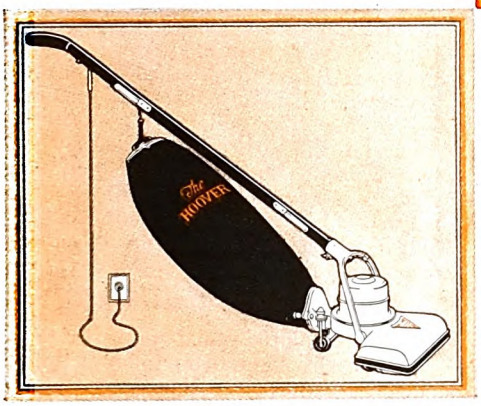
Some one machine or other is rushed forward as the champion of a new popularity, and passes as a comet across the commercial sky.

Inspired salesmen hurry out to perform "amazing" demonstrations. Special "inducements" are offered. There is much talk of "new-day methods," of "above-the-floor efficiency," of "sanitation systems," of almost everything except the electric cleaner's essential job.

A great stir is made, and a few are blinded by the dust.

But soon the tumult dies, the fever passes, and the forced-draft popularity, so "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two," is gone!

Each time the clearing atmosphere reveals the real Leadership more solidly entrenched in one machine, more serenely enthroned in one outstanding product, more firmly than ever upheld beyond serious challenge in one incomparable cleaner — The HOOVER!



What are the facts and evidence of the perennial leadership of The Hoover? They are these:

More Hoover cleaners are in use than are any other kind.

More money is invested by the public for the purchase of Hoover cleaners —daily, monthly, yearly—than for any other kind.

More money is invested in the Hoover cleaners in use—by twice as much—as in any other kind.

More Hoover cleaners are sold — 48% of all we sell — as the result of recommendations by Hoover users to friends.

More leading merchants sell Hoover cleaners than any other kind.

And on what factors of superiority is based the unchanging public preference for The Hoover? These:

The Hoover is most efficient in the fundamental purpose of an electric cleaner: it gets MORE DIRT PER MINUTE.

The Hoover is better designed, better built, longer-lived, more thorough in action, easier to use.

The Hoover for these sound reasons enjoys a higher re-sale value.

The Hoover is serviced expertly and promptly by the finest Service Organization in the electric cleaner field.

The Hoover is kept in the vanguard of progress by the most comprehensive and advanced engineering research in its industry.

The Hoover is the mature and dependable product of the first, oldest and largest electric cleaner manufacturer in the world.

Don't be confused or misled.

When you are told that Hoover accomplishment is equaled, or Hoover leadership is challenged, ask yourself "where are the snows of yesteryear," and demand to see the quality, the service, the value comparable to The Hoover. Until these appear, The Hoover *has no rival!*

The HOOVER Reg. Trade Mark

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

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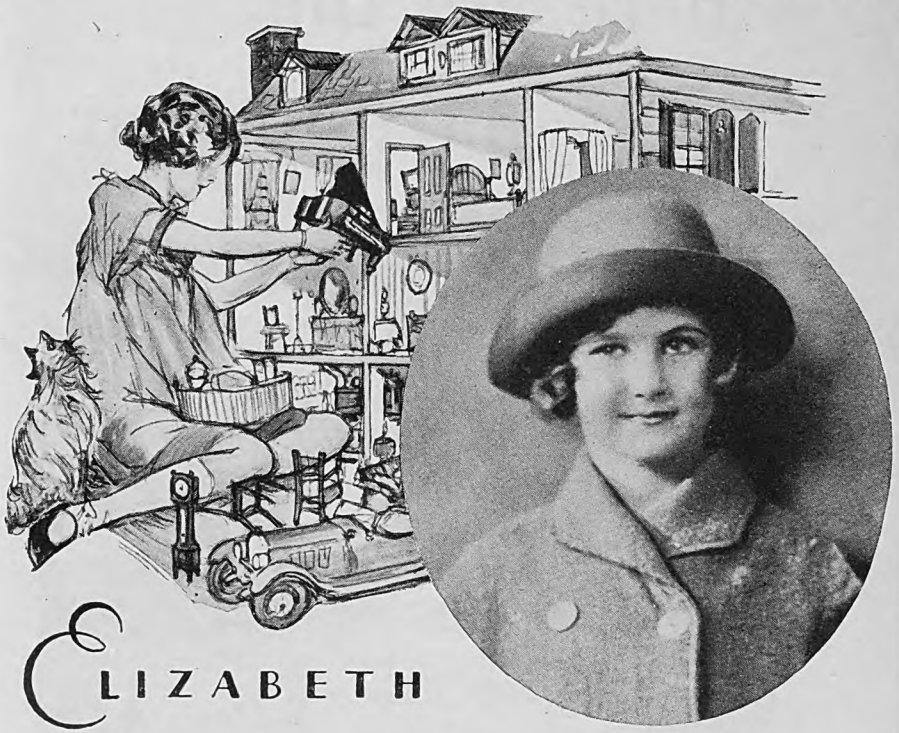

ELIZABETH STUYVESANT FISH

a member of WASHINGTON'S "youngest set"

Growing up well and strong with this little care all mothers can give

A stately line is behind Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish. Congressmen, senators, diplomats. Her father Hamilton Fish, Jr., is member of the House from New York—her mother, one of Washington's most gracious hostesses.

Elizabeth, at seven, is tall and fair. Her blue eyes sparkle with interest. Her red cheeks show abounding good health.

Mrs. Fish is very particular about a definite schedule. Elizabeth's time for homework, naps, and play is carefully systematized.

She has her diet laid out by leading child specialists. Believing in *hot, cooked cereal* for every boy and girl, Mrs. Fish relied upon the doctors to choose the particular hot cereal for Elizabeth.

The famous specialists advised Mrs. Fish to use the children's own *hot, cooked* cereal—Cream of Wheat.

"Elizabeth began eating Cream of Wheat when she was only six months old," says Mrs. Fish, "and she has had it at least once a day ever since. I'm sure it plays a valuable part in keeping her so well and happy."

Other doctors are telling mothers this same thing. In a recent investigation 221 members of leading medical societies in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto went on record as approving Cream of Wheat.

Mothers are making this decision for themselves. It's almost tradition to give children Cream of Wheat—because it is so abundantly rich in energy-giving substances. And also because it is amazingly easy and quick to digest.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION
DEPT. P-25 MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here .....

CREAM OF WHEAT © 1929, The C. of W. Corp.

pages thoughtfully. Seven thousand pages, eighteen large volumes a year! An hour a day can make the difference between a bare, meager existence and useful, happy living.

"Some of the greatest men in history have earned their fame outside their regular occupations by putting to use those odd ends of time which many squander. It was while serving as secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland that Spenser won his reputation. Lincoln studied law during his spare hours while surveying, and learned the common branches while tending store.

"But there is something else to be said of youth, his time and effort and what he may look forward to. Youth is a period of grave doubts and tremendous fears. Then, we work impetuously. We want to solve the problems of our lives the moment these occur. Gradually we learn that by our troubles, our mistakes, and our efforts, we acquire the mastery.

"By the time he is thirty a man should have acquired his tools; when forty, he has built his ship. Then, he is only just ready to sail!

"At fifty, what things may not have happened? More than ever life is interesting, varied, rich! This is the age when a man has *power*. There is dynamic force in all that he says and does.

"TEN years ago, just after the armistice, the idea came to me for a great epic in stone, a memorial to humanity. I had always wanted to do an epic, a primer of ideals. My vision of the inner life of mankind! In multitudes the figures came. Refugees! The Mother of All Mankind! The mothers who had lost their sons in the war, and the girls who had lost their sweethearts! Our immortal soldier boys rising to a new life! And I conceived the figure of a boy, a beautiful nude, twenty-four feet high, who reaches up and grasps the rainbow that he may shoot the arrow of his soul's desire into the vault of heaven!

"This memorial will require the erection of a circular wall nine hundred feet in circumference and the creation of more than nine hundred figures, of which I have modeled four hundred in the past ten years. During these years every thought of every hour has been of this new purpose. The preliminary work is half done.

"And now I am sixty! Will ten more years be granted me to complete the record? Can I make the opportunities of ten or fifteen years out of such time as may be allowed? I do not know. I work in the way I began, with hope and confidence, seizing the opportunity of the passing hours! And if not completed in my lifetime, when I go, will the existing record of what I have seen and want to say be sufficient to enable my fellow workers to complete it?

"Sixty! And no time to lose! Perhaps that is why I speak on this matter of time in a tone of such stern authority.

"But there is something else I have acquired besides this strong sense of the value of time. At my age, one is healed by his faith—faith in himself, in his work, in all that is. He forgets his mistakes, discards his regrets, seizes the fruitful moment, and again sails on to a new horizon!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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TODAY . . .

MORE THAN EVER BEFORE THE TIDE IS TURNING TO BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

IT WAS the immortal Stevenson who said, "The best reward for having wrought well is to have more to do."

The men and women of America have bestowed that reward upon Buick in overwhelming measure by ordering more and more Buicks year after year throughout a quarter of a century.

And just as Buick craftsmen have created their greatest motor car in Buick for 1930, so the motoring public is paying its highest tribute to this new Buick model.

Buick owners have long re-purchased Buicks in greater volume than the total demand for any other fine car. But today they are re-purchasing Buicks with keener eagerness than ever before.

Thousands of motorists have turned each year from other cars to Buick. But today the swing to Buick is more pronounced and widespread than in any previous year.

These two groups combined have long purchased more than twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200. But today they are awarding Buick a stronger vote of preference than at any time in the past.

The motorists of America have studied the new Buick—compared it—and made up their minds that Buick has *wrought well.* And so they are calling upon Buick for a still higher percentage of America's quality automobiles.

Today more than ever before the demand for Buick surpasses the demand for any other fine car. Today more than ever before the tide is turning to Buick.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

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EVERY movie star has a double who *looks* like her... but can't *act* like her.

Similarly, every gallon of ordinary motor oil has one quart that looks like the other three... but doesn't act like them in your motor.

It is a quart of material that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor. It is a quart you never find in any gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil.

For Quaker State is not refined in the ordinary way. It is *super*-refined—carried a step further than ordinary oils. And this super-refining *removes* the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. Instead of this quart of waste you get a quart of the finest *lubricant*—so you really get an *extra* quart in every gallon of Quaker State!

And Quaker State Motor Oil is made from the very finest crude oil the world produces... 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude... the value of which is two or three times that of the crudes from which ordinary motor oils are made!

Let Quaker State itself prove the difference! Drive up to the nearest green and white service station sign. Have the service man drain and fill your crankcase with Quaker State... then sit back and enjoy the sweetest, smoothest lubrication you've ever found for any automobile motor... anywhere... anytime!

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make of tractor a longer life and a merrier one

THE ORIGINAL CERTIFIED PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

There's an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL • QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL • QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OILS • QUAKER STATE AERO OILS

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Corn Ladies

(*Continued from page 41*)

corn ladies. Maybe they'll talk to you, too. No telling."

She didn't forget; but there were so many things to do, and Bruce knew so many places to go. It was a week or more before they came on the field again; but she knew, at once, that those must be the corn ladies. There were rows and rows of them—tall, majestic, strange, with their-skirts-spread-out and feathers-in-their-hair, just as the man had said. She hugged her tummy tight; she didn't know whether to run away or to stay. But, anyway, she didn't want Bruce to go away and leave her; she put her hand through his collar. The corn ladies were all so big. And they all had their faces turned away from her. And there were so very many of them.

Then, all-of-a-sudden, a breeze came along, and all the corn ladies began to wave their feathers.

"Oh! Oh! O-oh!" she cried, and ran away just as fast as she could.

SHE hadn't thought fairies would look just that way; but, after all, if they were fairies . . . So the next day she went back again, and they were still there. Bruce wasn't afraid. He ran in between the rows of corn shocks and back to Susan; he jumped around, and said, "Come on!" So, very slowly at first, she did go; it wasn't polite to stare, but she peeped up at them. Still their faces were all turned away; but she was seeing them, all except faces, anyway. After a while she put out a finger and touched one of the widespread skirts. The fairy didn't jump. And then, as a little breeze came, wonderfully and mysteriously she heard the talk.

"Ssssilk—ssilk—silk—"

She turned her face up towards the feathers-in-their-hair; the murmur had come from up there. Her lips were parted, her eyes very round.

"Tell-it-again," said she; and again the sound came:

"Ssssilk—ssilk—silk—"

She put out a hand and again touched the skirt-spread-out. "It doesn't feel much like it," said she, "but maybe it is. Anyway, it's very pretty. But I wish you would let me see your face."

"Hssst—hssst—hsst—" the corn lady whispered.

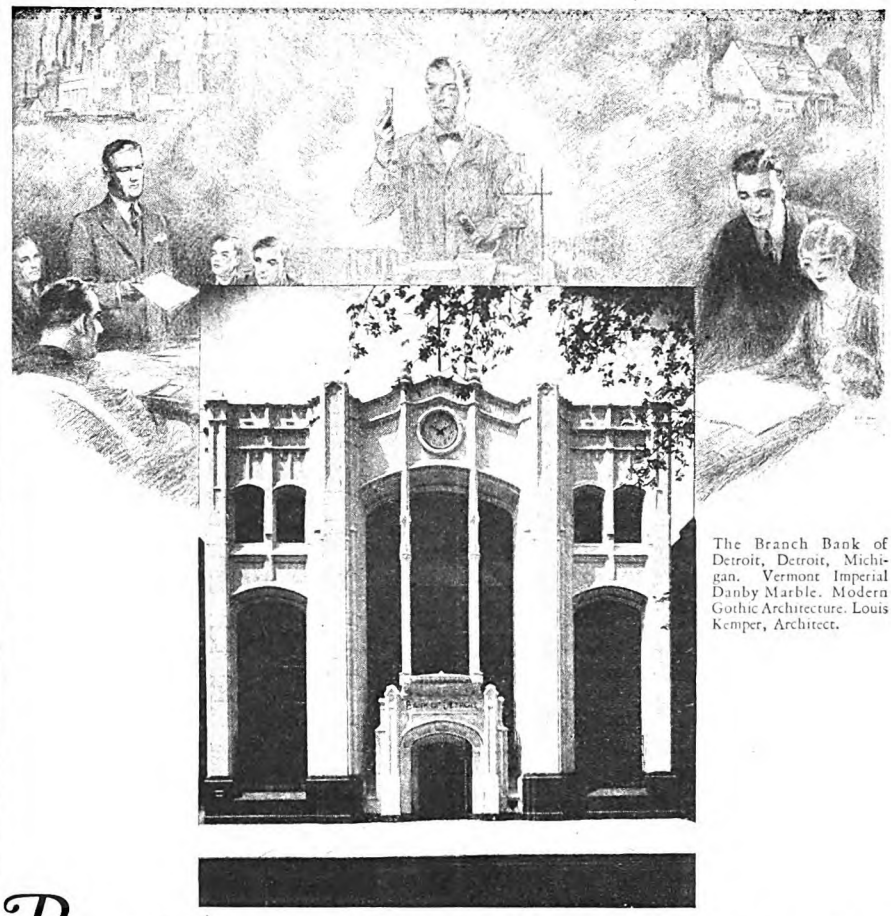
"I am," said Susan. "I *am* listening."

THEN a soft sound came from so far away that it might have been living with those things she had thought she remembered. "Lissssy—lisssy—lissy . . ." It came across the field, and it came from right close to her, too— "Lissssy—lisssy—lissy—"

She couldn't move, couldn't even hug her tummy, it surprised her so. She stared up, questioningly, expectantly, at the corn lady. Oh—was it *remember*, or was it—only—make-believe?

"Tell-it-again," she begged, at last; but the corn ladies all kept still. She kept still, too, for quite a long while; then her chin trembled, big tears came into her eyes.

"I guess maybe it's only make-



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CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO
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believe," she said. "Oh—I do—want—my mother. . . ."

Although the room was not dark, she lay awake a long time making-believe, or *remembering*, that night. "Lisssy—lissy—lissy," she whispered to herself, over and over. "Oh, I do wish I knew . . ."

Every day she went back to the corn ladies; every day they whispered and sang to her. So she knew they liked her.

"I wish you would just let me see your faces, just once," she coaxed.

But they bent way over and said to her, "Ssssh—sssh—!"

She scrunched up a shoulder, looked wistful. But she said, "Well. All right."

YET the corn ladies liked to play. Often she would run into the next field and bring them flowers, and trim their-skirts-spread-out with them, and they would all go to a party. There was one that did not stand up as straight as the others.

"I know—you're a mother-one," she cried, and then climbed right up on its lap.

It was sort of slippy, and it tickled her bare legs a little; but whenever she sat there she thought it talked in a different voice. Sometimes the feathers-in-its-hair bent over so far that the face she couldn't see might almost have kissed her.

"Well—I love you, too," she said, laughing softly, and waiting, and listening ever so hard.

"Sweeet—sweeet—" said the corn lady, and Susan snuggled closer.

"You are, too," said she. "You're as sweet as—as sweet—as—a mother."

The corn lady's face bent over.

"Won't you please let me see your face?" Susan asked.

The corn lady said, "Hssssh—hsssh—"

Susan folded her hands in her lap, but her lip trembled ever so little. "Well," she said. Yet, after a moment, she added, "But I think you've got goldy curls. I think your hands are snow-white and your cheeks are rose-red. Whenever you laugh, it tinkles—because you are a fairy. Oh—why!—I remember! Whenever a fairy laughs, a butterfly is born!"

The corn lady joyously waved her feathers, and Susan laughed, too; and all-of-a-sudden a yellow butterfly floated past. . . .

WHEN Daddy came home that week he lifted her high and gave her a shake.

"Why, my big girl has roses in her cheeks, sure enough!" he cried. "And I do believe she is getting fat, too!"

The next day was Sunday, and Daddy was going to take her driving. Very early she woke up and thought about it; but then she thought about something else, too. She thought she could hear the corn ladies calling her. "Lissssy—lisssy—lissy." She could almost hear the one that was like a mother whispering other things—that she could not quite understand, but that sounded so sweeet—sweet . . . Maybe they'd let her see . . .

It was broad daylight, but the house was quiet. She slipped out of bed—the buttons in the back wouldn't matter but she fastened every button of her shoes . . . There was no one downstairs . . .

She and Bruce hurried, but the corn ladies had not gone away; they were waiting for her. The sky above them was very blue; sparrows were chittering around their skirts. She ran in among them; then she stood still, smiling, looking up at one and another.

"Well, here I am!" she told them; she felt as if all the faces she couldn't see looked glad.

She was so happy that she opened her arms and twirled and danced, while Bruce went hunting for something. It didn't matter that she tripped sometimes, and took a tumble; the corn ladies didn't remind her about getting her knees dirty. She ran to the next field and brought back some flowers, and gave one to each corn lady as long as the flowers held out. She was happy and happy and happy; when a butterfly came and lighted on one of the purple flowers, she hugged her tummy tight, and bent way over, and laughed—and, of course, another butterfly came.

She danced on and on. One after another she circled the corn ladies; because she was almost certain they would let her see their faces today. On and on she went, far across the field towards the white house where the king lived, where the queen ate honey in the parlor. Then, all-of-a-sudden . . .

All-of-a-sudden she was looking right into a corn lady's face! Of course, she stood still as a mouse, and looked and looked. It was quite a little corn lady, not like all the others; its hair was not at all goldy, but its cheeks were rose-red and all. Its skirts were not spread out—they were blue. Like any other real fairy's. . . . Even the tall corn ladies seemed to be holding their breath. . . .

Susan's eyes were round, her lips parted. At last she couldn't keep it in any longer. She breathed out—"Oooooh . . . !"

SUDDENLY the little corn lady's cheeks turned a deeper rose-red. Then they turned quite snow-white. Her hands went out toward Susan, then they went up to her own heart.

"Oh—h," she said, as though something hurt her. "Lissy—it can't be—oh . . ."

Then, indeed, Susan laughed. "Yes, it is, though!" she cried. "And you're Sweet!"

A queer sound came from the little corn lady, but all the tall corn ladies rustled the feathers-in-their-hair, and they all echoed, "Sweet—sweet—sweet—"

But before anybody could say another word, Bruce was there. He had just come trotting along until he saw the little corn lady; then he had stopped, his paw up and his ears cocked. And then—with a yelp he rushed at the corn lady, wiggled and barked and pranced, and every one of his paws left marks on the lady's blue dress.

"Down, Bruce, down," Susan called; but nobody seemed to hear her. The little corn lady was on her knees, hugging and kissing Bruce; and Bruce was whimpering and trembling.

"Old dog, dear old dog," the little corn lady was sobbing. "Oh—did he remember—the dear old dog?"

Susan frowned; it was queer. That was the way it had been with Bruce and Daddy. But Daddy hadn't cried; though the little corn lady was ruffling Bruce's ears the way Daddy did. But suddenly the little corn lady looked over Bruce's back at Susan.

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"YOUR HORSE MUST HAVE METTLE FOR HOUNDS IN SUCH FETTLE"

MEN and women who hold the spirit and stamina of thoroughbred lineage in high esteem, both in pack and mount, can be trusted to evaluate accurately these same admirable qualities in motor cars . . . The preference for Studebaker, holder of *every* official stock car record for sustained high speed and endurance, is apparent in a glance at the motorpark. Here, beside the finest motors the world affords, one finds Studebaker's great champion cars undimmed by close comparison. Proof of the popularity enjoyed by Studebaker motor cars among those who buy with discernment, may be seen in the fact that Studebaker builds and sells more eight-cylinder cars than any other maker in the world. The model illustrated is the President Straight Eight Victoria . . . $1875 at the factory, including six wire wheels and luggage grid. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

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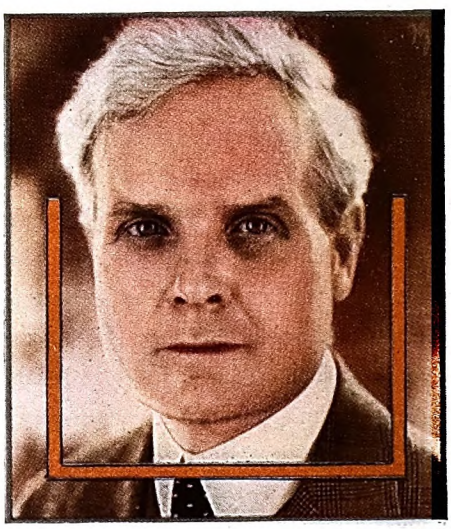
IN WHICH GROUP DO YOUR TEETH FALL?

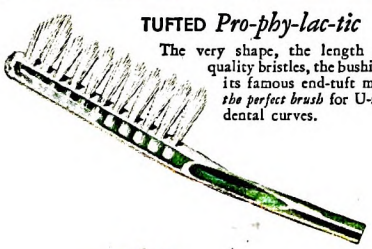
U *or* V *or* ⊔
? ? ?

some teeth are set in a curve like a

some have a dental curve like this

others have a square shape





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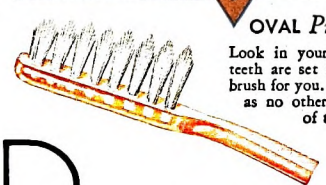

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*"Guarding or preserving against disease." *Webster's New Standard Dictionary.*

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"Oh—Lissy—my baby!" she cried; and Susan never knew how it all happened. . . .

"Which one were you, before you showed me your face?" she asked a little while later.

She was sitting on the little corn lady's lap, and they were both in the shadow of a tall corn lady; Bruce was lying in front of them, his chin on his paws, and every now and then he still whimpered and trembled.

"Sweet—what do you mean?" the little corn lady asked, her lips against Susan's hair; and the other corn ladies all echoed, "Ssssssweeet—sssweet—sweet. . . ."

"Because I knew they would let me see one of their faces, today," Susan explained. "And I knew just what it would look like, too! Like my very own mother's!"

The arms about Susan tightened. "Ah—your very own mother's," a voice murmured.

"My mother—her hands are snow-white. And her cheeks are rose-red. And she tucks me in bed every night. And her hair is all goldy."

The corn lady gasped; then she laughed a little. "Not goldy, sweet," she said.

But Susan nodded emphatically, rocking herself a little. "Yes, it is, too! And she holds me on her lap, and tells me all about fairies and things. And her hair is all goldy, and her cheeks are rose-red—they are, they are so!"

"Oh, but—oh, no! I don't understand—! It can't be. . . ."

Such a strange little cry the little corn lady gave; but Susan was safe in the land of make-believe; for at last make-believe had come true.

"Um-hum—it is, though!" said she. "My mother holds me on her lap, and she tells me some more, and every night she leaves the light burning and all. She did it last night, and the night before that, and the night before that, and the night before . . ."

"Oh—he couldn't! It can't be!" the little corn lady cried. She leaned around, looked straight into Susan's eyes. "Baby—it's someone else! It isn't your mother—oh—no, no, no!"

THE tall corn ladies rustled and bent their heads. "No-o-o—o-oh—no-o-o-o," they moaned.

"But she is there, she's always there," Susan insisted. "She runs with me over the grass, and she lets me have sugar on my oatmeal, and the little foreign children lend us diseases, and we dig and we dig in the sand and make castles and things. We ride up and down with the elevator man, and my mother winks back at him, too."

"I do not—understand . . ." said the little corn lady. "Just the same—whoever it is, she lets you wear shoes like those! Horrid, heavy things—with those buttons!"

In just half a minute she had the shoes off, and was holding the feet in her soft hands.

"Little feet—little feet—" she was saying brokenly, and kissing them over and over. "She doesn't say 'Pigs went to market'!" she cried. "Lissy—she doesn't say that?"

Something was happening to the world of make-believe; it was becoming remember. Susan's lips were beginning to tremble, her throat to feel queer.

"And she doesn't know about this!" The little corn lady was almost crying. "Not this ice-cream-place on the back of your neck! This is mine—mine!"

Susan turned; her arms reached up. "Oh—I wish—all the rest was—remember, too-oo! It's—it's nicer than—than—make-believe!"

For a moment the little corn lady just held her breath. Then she caught Susan close to her breast, rocked with her, laughed. "Oh—now I see! Oh, my precious, my lamb, my sweet! How you frightened me! Oh, my poor little lonely sweet. . . ."

And the tall corn ladies all rustled and waved; they all said, "Sweet—Lissy—sweet. . . ."

So it didn't much matter which it was, make-believe or remember. . . .

After a while Susan laughed up at the laughing face close to hers, and said, "I'm pretty hungry."

THEY both jumped up, and Bruce went along too. When they got to the white house the king was there; he laughed, and he said, "Well, well, well! Look who's here! Now, who'd 'a' thought it!"

"Ah—now I know why you sent for me, dear, good friend," said the little corn lady.

The queen didn't have on her crown, and they didn't eat in the parlor. But they did have honey and bread, and milk and more honey. It was all very nice; and when they couldn't eat any more, Susan sat in the little corn lady's lap while she rocked; they talked about ever so many things.

Then they heard old Bruce barking as if he were glad, and the king came in and said, "He's out there, looking for her. What are you goin' to do?"

"I am going to keep what's my own!" the little corn lady said, as she got up. "I'm not afraid of anything—now!"

She held Susan's hand tight as tight, and they went out to the porch together, and Daddy was there.

"We had bread and honey," said Susan; but nobody seemed to care. Daddy's face looked queer; it was all white. Susan looked up—all the rose-red was gone from the little corn lady's cheeks, too; and old Bruce was whining and looking from one to the other.

"Betty—" said Daddy at last, under his breath. "Betty—my God!"

It was a funny time to say your prayers. . . .

"She's mine!" cried the little corn lady. "You—no one shall take her from me! She's mine, mine!"

Those winkles were on Daddy's forehead, and his face got quite red. "Yours!" he cried. "You left her—deserted her!"

"How dare you say that!" the corn lady said. "When you know, you know what happened!"

"I know that you took advantage of my being away overnight, and left—just left—without one word, Betty—left."

"I left—but why? To go to *you*—beg you to take us away—make a home for the three of us anywhere—anywhere—away from that terrible woman!"

The winkles between Daddy's eyebrows were so deep.

"Are you speaking of my mother?" he demanded.

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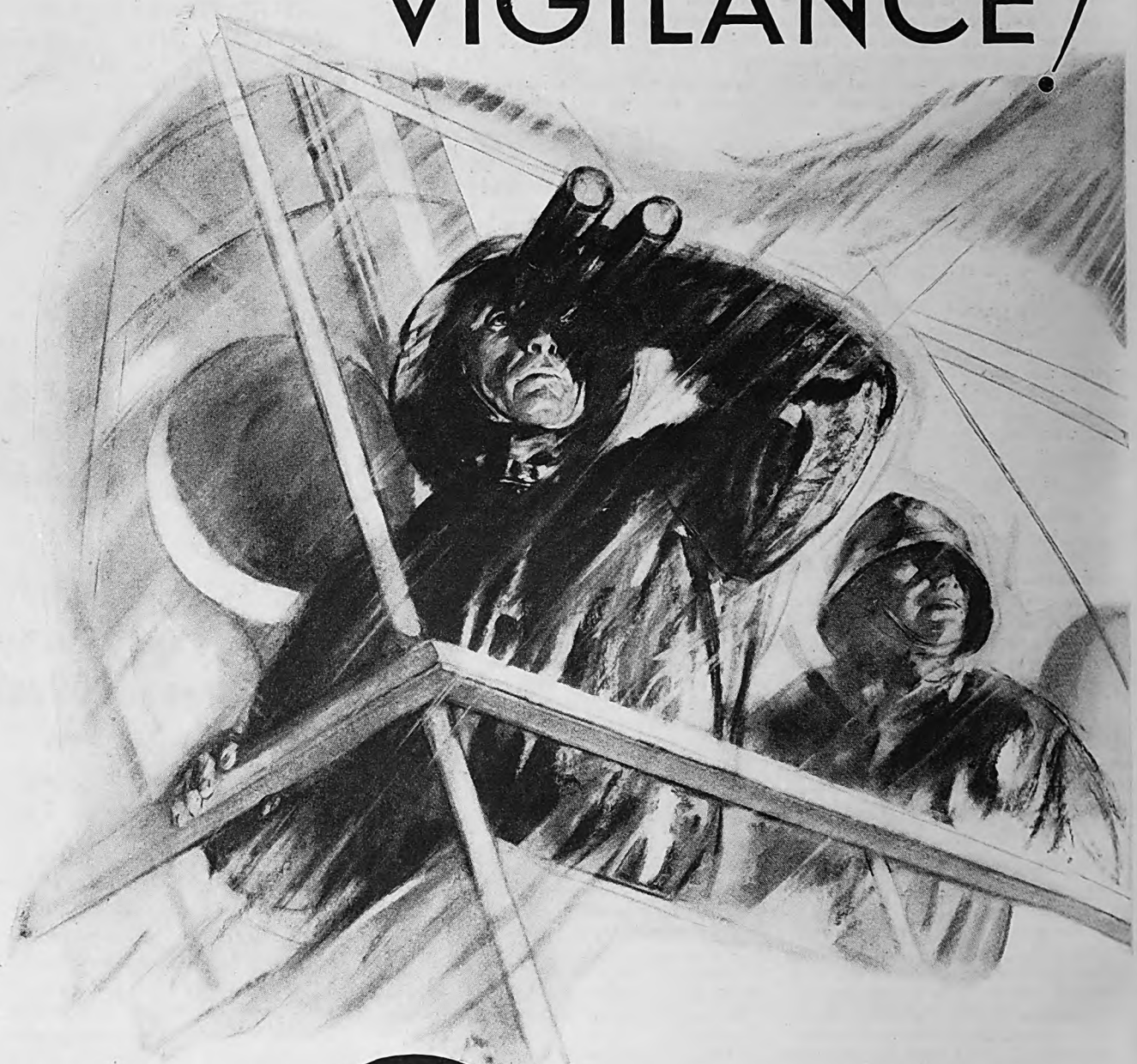

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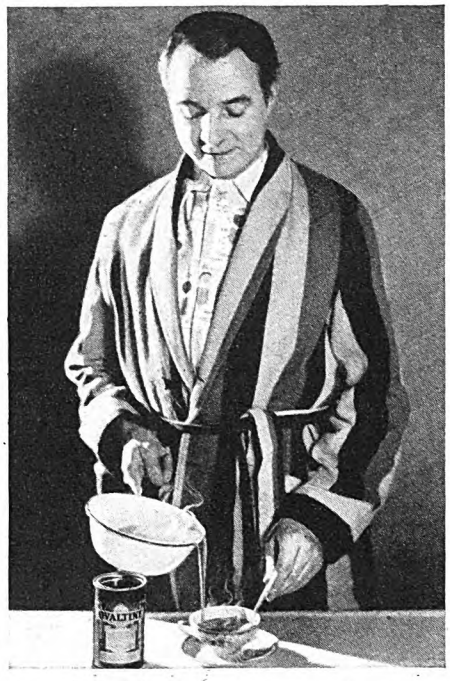

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On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

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It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

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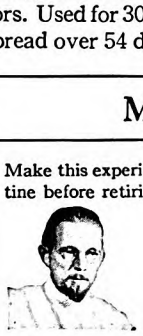

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(*One package to a person*) *516-R-A*

"Oh, yes—she's your mother! That's why I never told you a word of what I went through. After Lissy came it was worse. She wanted Lissy to belong to her, as you and Louise did—poor Louise. When I wanted to teach my baby sweet things, gay things—like fairies—she said I was teaching her lies. But she said that once too often, Tom—and she said that I was not fit to be her mother. She said you had taken me—an orphan, a nobody—out of your office—and that was true! She said I came to you a beggar—and that was true, too. She said you could not love me—but I thought I knew! Oh, Tom—I *did* think I knew. . . ."

HER hands went over her face. Susan's arms went about her knees, and she looked over her shoulder at Daddy. "I don't want you to make my corn lady cry!" she said. "I don't want you to!"

"But you left us," said Daddy. "You said you would never come back again."

"I did—yes, I did say that! I thought it was true. I thought you would make it true—take us away. . . . So I went to find you in town. And—you were not there—"

"I had gone on to Boston."

"And didn't I follow you there!"

Daddy made a queer sound; it wasn't exactly a laugh. Susan went a little way towards him, then looked uncertainly from him to the little corn lady, and Bruce came and stood beside her.

The little corn lady said, "How can you laugh, even now—after that letter! Oh, Tom—when I wrote all my heart out. And I was there in the hospital with that broken ankle. . . ."

"I got no letter!" said Daddy; and for a moment nobody said anything else. They only looked at each other. And then Daddy turned his back and raised his hands up, and they were like fists. "My God—oh, my God—she *couldn't*—" he said.

The little corn lady's head was bowed. Susan ran up to Daddy, beat at him with her hands.

"It isn't bedtime!" she cried. "What are you saying your prayers for?"

BUT nobody paid any attention, not even Bruce. He was pressing against the little corn lady, and whining.

The little corn lady sounded so sad and far away.

"You let her write to the hospital and say she would pay my bill. You let her write to me—and say you were done with me."

"Mother—she couldn't . . ." Susan thought she heard Daddy say.

"But even then I thought you would come, Tom! Then, when I could walk, I went back. I wanted my baby so—I wanted—you."

"Betty—Betty—" said Daddy, turning. "When I got back from Boston, you were gone. She told me what you said. I couldn't believe it—I think I went crazy—or something. I never received one word from you, not one word. You were just—gone. So—I did believe."

"Oh—but my *letters*—even she couldn't . . ."

"They gave me that job I'd been after. Guatemala was no place for the child. They have been in Europe."

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Guard his food by safe *refrigeration —keep it below 50° always*

A cut finger brought tearfully to you for first-aid. The busy sound of small feet clumping down the stairs. A tousled head and one bright eye peeping from the bed clothes. He seems so little now—but the years hurry by . . . What will he be like when he grows up? So much of his future depends upon the food he eats. For, good food builds good health—and health is the foundation of a successful life.

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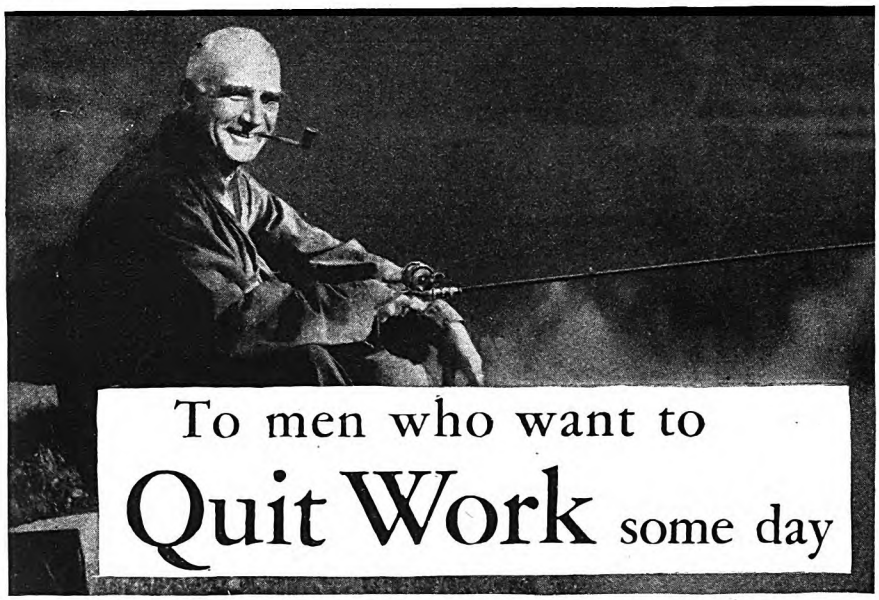

THIS PAGE is addressed to those thousands of earnest, hard-working men who want to take things easier some day.

It tells how these men, by following a simple, definite plan, can provide for themselves in later years *a guaranteed income they cannot outlive.*

How the Plan Works

It doesn't matter whether your present income is large or merely average. It doesn't matter whether you are making fifty dollars a week or five hundred. If you follow this plan you will some day have an income upon which to retire.

The plan calls for the deposit of only a few dollars each month—the exact amount depending on your age. The minute you make your first deposit, your biggest money worries begin to disappear. Even if you should become totally and permanently disabled, you would not need to worry. Your payments would be made by us out of a special fund provided for that purpose.

And not only that. We would mail you a check every month during the entire time of your disability, even if that disability should continue for many, many years—the remainder of your natural life.

Get this free book

The Phoenix Mutual Company, which offers you this opportunity, is a 125 million dollar company. For over three-quarters of a century it has been helping thousands of men and women to end money worries.

But you're not interested in us. You are interested in what we can do for *you*. An illustrated, 36-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want" tells you exactly that. It tells how you can become financially independent—how you can retire on an income—how you can provide money for emergencies—money to leave your home free of debt—money for other needs.

This financial plan is simple, reasonable, and logical. The minute you read about it you will realize why it accomplishes such desirable results—not for failures, not for people who can't make ends meet, but for hard-working, forward-looking people who know what they want and are ready to make definite plans to get it. No obligation. Get your copy of the book now.

NEW RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

Here is what a dividend-paying $10,000 policy will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 65

A Monthly Income for life of $100 which assures a return of at least $10,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live.
or, if you prefer,
A Cash Settlement of $12,000.

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $10,000. Or $50 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months.
Total $14,823

It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or $100 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months.
Total $29,646

It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60.

A Monthly Disability Income of $100 and payment for you of all premiums.

Plans for women or for retirement at ages 55 or 60 are also available.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy issued 1851

Copyright 1929, P. M. L. I. Co.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 449 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Send me by mail without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."
Name_____ Date of Birth_____
Business Address_____
Home Address_____

The corn lady's hands were on her snow-white cheeks. "The closed house—that was why. . . ."

"There was still the office," said Daddy.

"But—by that time—I had to believe—too. . . ."

She and Daddy were looking right straight at each other; then, as quickly as any fairy could move, she was in Daddy's arms. . . .

AFTER quite a long while they were all four out in the field again, sitting on the ground in the shade of a tall corn lady. Daddy's arm was around the little corn lady, but her arms were holding Susan, as if they would never let her go.

Over and over again her lips touched Susan's hair, or the ice-cream-place; and she would say, "My Lissy—my sweet, my sweet . . ."

And whenever she did, the tall corn ladies waved the feathers-in-their-hair and sang, right out loud, "Sweet—sweet—Lissy—sweeeeet—"

"How did you find her?" asked Daddy.

"When I found the house closed, after I got out of the hospital, I came out to Aunt Julie's—she had always been kind. But she was away, too, and I—I just couldn't—go any farther. I just had to—believe—it was—true."

"How can you ever forgive me?" asked Daddy.

Her hand touched his cheek, her lips touched Susan's hair again. "Mr. King found me—in the road. They took me in, dear kind people, until I was strong enough to work. And last week Mrs. King wrote me that she wanted to see me right away, but I could not get out until yesterday afternoon."

Susan sat up very straight. "But this isn't yesterday, this is today," she said. "I like todays ever so much!"

"We all like them, kitten," said Daddy, and blew down her neck.

SUSAN jumped up. She hugged her tummy, bent over, and laughed. She laughed and she laughed and laughed. She hopped up and down, and laughed some more.

"Now, what's the matter with Susan Elisabeth?" asked Daddy, chuckling.

And the little corn lady said, "Tell your own mother, sweet; Lissy—what are you laughing at?"

Susan stood still, and pointed a finger. "You! I'm laughing at you! Because you can't fool me! You aren't a old make-believe! You're a *remember*, and it's all the same thing!"

"Of course," said Daddy, his arm tightening about the one he held. But that one did not laugh. Tears came into her eyes.

"Lissy—" she said, and opened her arms wide. And Susan ran into them. . . .

Yet, only a few minutes later, they were all laughing together again. Bruce liked it, and pranced about; and the tall corn ladies all liked it, too. Their-skirts-spread-out seemed to be dancing, and the feathers-in-their-hair all rustled and sang. And all-of-a-sudden Susan jumped up again and pointed.

"Oh, look! Oh, look!" she cried. "There's a whole *lot* of yellow butterflies . . . !"

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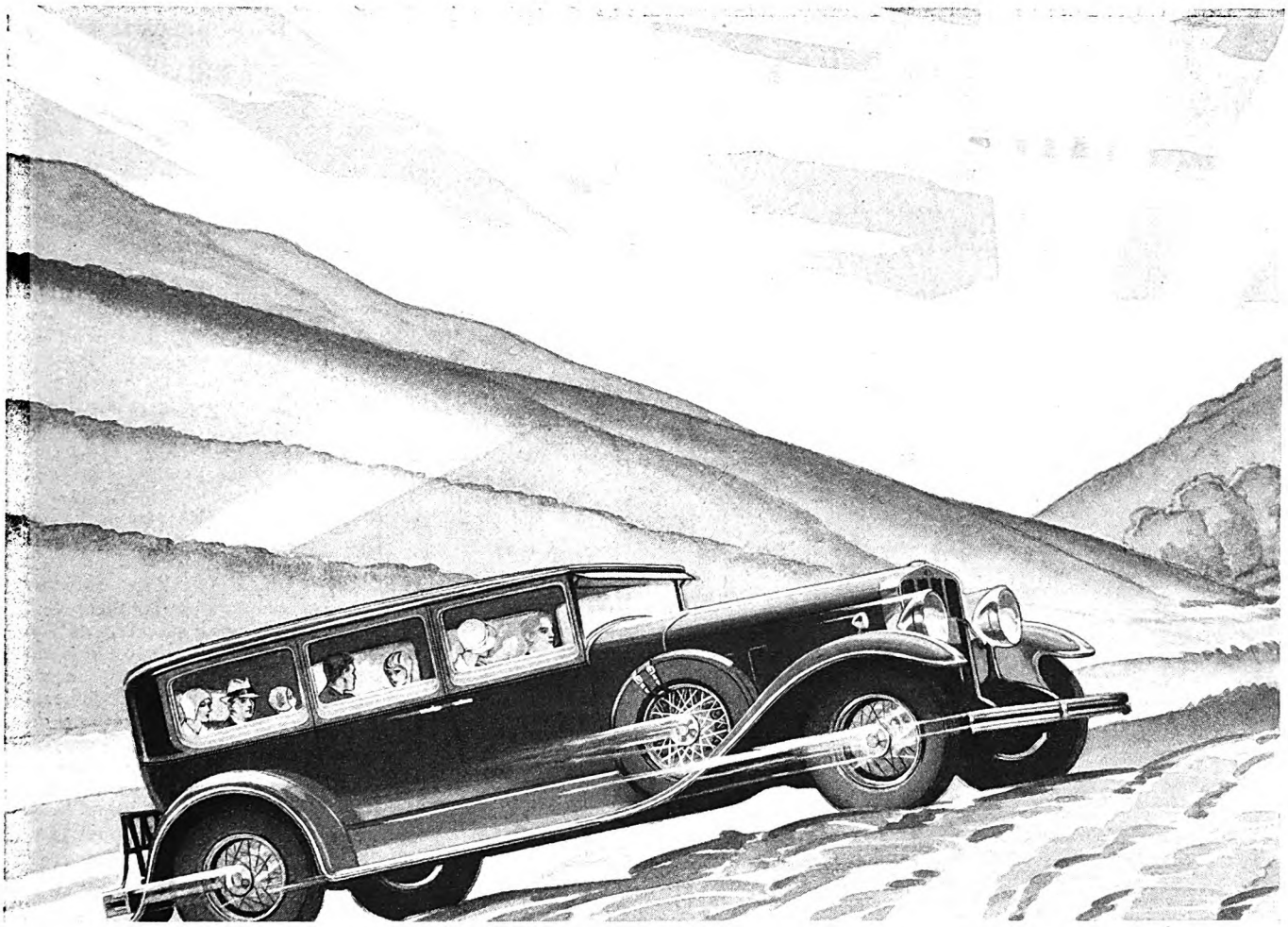

AIR-COOLED POWER—

THE POWER OF THE SKIES—NOW 40% GREATER

STEP on the starter . . . slip into second . . . a slight pressure on the accelerator and you're off on a new motoring experience—driving a Franklin with 40% more air-cooled power—the type of power used in 80 per cent of all airplanes.

Stay in second gear—give it the gun—watch the dial climb up—30, 40, 50, while you flash past other cars. Notice how quiet the gears are—it sounds as if you were in high.

Then shift into high—no possible clashing—no waiting—just a click. When you find an open stretch, try this new air-cooled power. See for yourself how the Franklin shoots from 45 to 60—and on to the higher speeds. Power to pass in a pinch! Power that never lets up.

Start a bad hill slowly and test the pulling ability and acceleration of this wonderful motor.

All the time you will feel a new riding ease—an effortless sense of control—the airplane feel of the air-cooled Franklin.

Drive the air-cooled Franklin. Experience the power, speed and stamina which have enabled it to break all major road records—which have made it the undisputed road champion.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The One-Thirty $2230 • The One-Thirty-Five $2485 • The One-Thirty-Seven $2775 • Sedan Prices f. o. b. Factory

FRANKLIN

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BE SMART

. . . *Know the advantages of* Duofold's Two-Layer Fabric

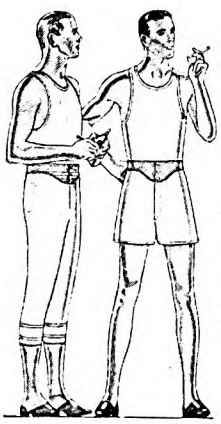
DUOFOLD differs from all other underwear, not in minor details of design, but in the *fundamentals of the fabric itself*. Duofold's fabric is made in

Two Very Thin Layers

This construction combines health protection with *comfort* to a degree not possible in any but a two-layer fabric.

Duofold fabric is *warm*, yet *light*. The thin *outside* layer contains wool combined with silk, rayon or cotton—for warmth, protection and service. The thin *inside* layer is made of soft cotton only—for comfort. No wool can touch or irritate the skin.

The air space between the two layers acts as an insulator and protects the body from sudden temperature changes.



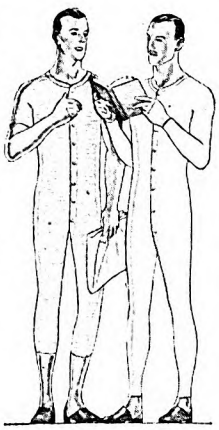
Duofold Styles include shirts, shorts, ¾ Sox-Tops, and Athletics.

Duofold is made in all models—from fashionable, colorful "shirts and shorts" to regular three-quarter and full length union suits. It makes no difference which *style* you prefer. You get more freedom from disagreeable chills—more protection to your *health*, combined with more *comfort*, than in a similar style of any other underwear. Be doubly smart—wear Duofold.

Ask us to send you samples of its interesting fabric. Just mail the handy coupon.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

***Other Duofold Company products*—Duocraft Sweater Coats; Featherknit Shirts and Duocraft Woven Shorts; DuoRib Knit Underwear.**



Also in union suits and two-piece garments in three-quarter and full lengths.

Duofold Health Underwear

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Dept. C-1, Mohawk, N.Y.
Please send, free, samples of Duofold fabric, and descriptions of styles checked.

☐ Men's, Boys', Children's, Women's ☐ Infants'

Name.....
Street.....
City..... *State*.....

The Low-Down on Salesmanship

(*Continued from page 23*)

the intention of starting a row. I only grinned.

"I never thought of it just that way before," I said, "but I'm darned if I don't believe you're right!"

It stopped him. He was as vain as Mamma's only boy. I petted him, asked him to give me advice. And if he is in business today, he probably still has some of the soap I sold him that first trip!

Every human being is a sample: the only one of his kind. Anybody who starts to sell with any other notion is due to have his eyes opened or lose his pants. No patent plan will sell everybody. One of the biggest things you've got to learn is: *Don't treat them all alike.*

I found that the hardest men to sell were those who didn't know their own minds. The easiest were big men—really big; they would decide quickly, and if you had something worth while, could be convinced. Cranks were my special meat.

I remember an old, grizzle-headed wholesaler in New England. One day, after I had become acquainted with him, I walked into his reception-room and found it crowded to the doors with salesmen who had been waiting from twenty minutes to two hours to get him. It was one of his hobbies to make salesmen wait. He came to the door, saw me, the latest arrival, and motioned for me to come in.

I tried to beg off: "These other gentlemen are ahead of me."

"Who says they're ahead of you?" he roared. "It's *my* place of business, ain't it? Did I ask any of 'em to come here? I want to see you first, and, by golly, I will!"

HOW did I get the inside track with that man? It was simple enough. But it would not have worked with another man in a million.

I had gone direct to merchants in that town and taken orders for my soap. This man was the biggest wholesaler, and I meant to turn my orders over to him for him to fill. I inquired what sort of man he was, and the fact that seemed to stick out was his obstinate habit of getting to work every morning at six-forty-five, come rain, come shine.

I've always been an early riser, myself. Next morning I was standing outside his office door when he got there, with a pocketful of fat orders to hand over.

"How does this come?" he growled. "What you doing here this time of day?"

"I've been here half an hour," I said—"waiting for you."

That, and the orders, got under his skin. He was one of the kind who liked to drive himself to death. Nobody else, he imagined, worked as hard as he did. He took pride in getting to work before anybody else and not leaving till all the others had gone. He appreciated me as a fellow laborer.

Every morning for a month I stood on his doorstep waiting for him to arrive; and it was a mighty cold New England winter. But it was worth it. Other salesmen did not have the patience to play up to him.

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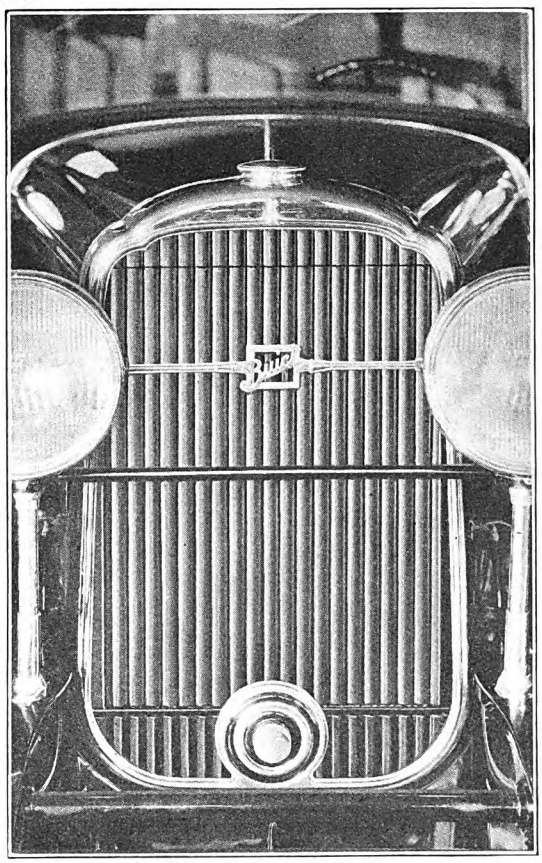
In the judgment of a majority of the leading automobile manufacturers

there is no substitute for PINES *automatic* WINTERFRONT



MORE than 20 of the finest automobiles science has yet produced are now factory-equipped with built-in Pines Automatic Winterfronts.

That fact, in itself, is one of sensational interest. For these cars are the product of the world's best engineering brains.

Thus it is doubly significant to you that more than 20 of them have adopted Pines Automatic Winterfront as standard equipment.

It means that research, tests and experience have proved to the satisfaction of the men who *build* cars — that motor protection *cannot* be left to the memory of the driver. It must be automatic. And it must *be there* when temperature changes require—*not* just when the motorist happens to think of it.

Are you buying a new car?

If you are—look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront over the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

Its vital function is one of absolute protection to the motor and all its parts. It has won its enviable place in the automobile industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor. Damage — experts agree — which is responsible for 50 to 75% of all repair costs.

Do you own a car?

If you do — watch the thermometer—and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

No car is immune. No more tangible evidence of the necessity of this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this vital precaution into their own hands —and make Pines Automatic Winterfront an integral part of their cars.

Bring *your* car up-to-date. And remember—there is only one automatic radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 1137 North Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

IF the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable type shutter which gives you the same advantages as the built-in type.

These fine cars are equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfronts

BUICK 40-50-60
PIERCE-ARROW 133-143
WILLYS-KNIGHT 66B STUTZ
ROLLS ROYCE PEERLESS 125 JORDAN 8
STEARNS-KNIGHT Deluxe 8-90
GRAHAM-PAIGE 621, 827, 837 HUPMOBILE 8
GARDNER 130 DODGE SR. SIX
CHRYSLER 75 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
DURANT 60 and 70 BRADFIELD CAB (Kissel)
CHECKER CAB BLACKHAWK
and others — names on request

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization.

PINES WINTERFRONT — *It's Automatic*

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Who's your Tailor?

*MORE THAN 33,000 SALESMEN RELY ON ED. V. PRICE & CO. TAILORING IN MAKING THAT IMPORTANT "FIRST IMPRESSION" . . . .

Once you have worn a suit tailored for you by Ed. V. Price & Co., you, too, will appreciate the added confidence, poise and easy assurance that lie in clothes cut to your measurements and tailored to your individual build and attitude.

America's greatest line of fine imported and domestic woolens and worsteds awaits your selection. Hundreds of patterns instead of a few.

Our local representative is now showing the new Fall and Winter styles. The coupon will bring his name and information of real interest to you.

*Taken from a recent census of Ed. V. Price & Co. customers through our 3500 dealers in all parts of the country.

$30 $35 $45 $50 and upwards

Ed. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO
Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

ED. V. PRICE & CO., 319-339 W. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL. AM10
Please send me the name of your nearest representative, your new style book, "Men's Togs," and facts about your exclusive "Attitude Method" of personal tailoring.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Other men, other ways. In towns with a strong foreign population, I seldom had much difficulty. I remember a French-Canadian town not far from the Vermont border. I captured a small boy and showed him a cake of my soap.

"What do you call this?" I asked—"I mean, in your language?"

He told me.

At the first store, I tapped my chest importantly and said, "*Savon mineral*"—mineral soap.

The merchant was delighted to find a salesman who knew the language, and started jabbering in French.

"Hold on!" I said. "I've spoken my two words. That's all I know. Now talk English."

He grinned. At once I "belonged," although I was not one of his people. Any pretense of knowing more than I did would have spoiled everything.

As I have said, I managed to control my temper; but I never allowed any man to use me as a common doormat—not for long. People do not buy much from a man who fails to command their respect.

STICKING to the main track is another necessary sales trait. It springs from enthusiasm. Unless a man thrills to what he is doing and considers it about the most important piece of work on earth, he will not make much of a hit with anybody.

Henry Ford, I imagine, is one of the greatest living business men. I do not know whether he is a salesman. I never met him, and might not call him one, by my standards. But he had one idea, to make a good car cheap, and nobody on earth could pry him loose from it. He is many kinds of a man.

And there's Lindbergh. Nobody ever sold himself to the people of this country, and the world, as he did.

How did he do it? Partly by doing a great piece of work; even more, by sticking to his last. He never tried to deceive himself about what he was after. He is the Henry Ford of the air. He was interested in aviation, and in aviation only, and did not switch to the vaudeville stage to show off and be forgotten in fourteen days. He is cool-headed, but a great enthusiast. Good salesmen always are.

We had one salesman six feet two, muscled in proportion.

"Know why I buy from him?" a customer once asked me. "I'm afraid he'll hit me if I don't. He's got me scared."

It was not muscle alone that gave him his power. It was enthusiasm. He was in deadly earnest. Once a customer said something to him, detrimental to me. He pulled himself across the counter, and gave him a beating.

"I consider it my duty," he wrote in defense of his conduct, "if anybody says anything against you, to thrash him!"

"Don't kill customers on my account," I replied; "we need them."

But enthusiasm is precious.

So is truthfulness. The only thing that ever did make me mad, the thing I wouldn't stand for from anybody, anywhere, was to be called a liar—in earnest. I might jolly a man, and be called a liar in fun; probably I *was* lying some. A little lie between friends is all right. And the liar part I didn't mind—if a friend said it, and he smiled. *But I never told one word more than the truth about my goods.*

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By what men say to other men...

...by faces that are FIT!

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

By what men say to other men... in casual conversation... unprompted... unsolicited... By the millions of well groomed faces that owe their look of fine, smooth Fitness to daily contact with Williams... By these things, chiefly, does the good name of the Williams Shaving Service spread.

Williams Shaving Service for Face Fitness!

First, Williams Shaving Cream. Cream. Real Shaving Cream! Not just soap in a tube! Lather that's quick, full bodied, creamy. Saturated with beard softening moisture. Holding, indeed, by authentic test, 10% more moisture than any other we know of. Pure with the purity that needs no atom of dye. Blended from 89 years of intelligent seeking for what's best for beard and skin. Lather for *all* skins, but most of all for the super sensitive skin that requires remarkable mildness.

Then, Aqua Velva... made just for after shaving... just to meet the needs of the newly shaven surface. You'll look forward, day by day, to its quickening, stimulating thrill. Pleasure in it. Real pleasure. Much profit, too. For Aqua Velva does, definitely, many needful things. It cares for each minute nick, cut, abrasion. Tones up. Invigorates. Protects from dust and germs. Helps toward firmness of face tissue and away from flabbiness. Keeps the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and *Fit!*

So the good name of the Williams Shaving Service spreads daily... by what men say to other men... by Faces that are Fit!

Proof? Certainly. Use the coupon or a postal. The trial sizes we'll send will speak more surely than many words.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
DEPT. A49, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.
I will use and observe them.

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This Automotive Manufacturer gets

TRIPLE POWER

from his Advertising Dollar

STUDEBAKER has long since proved the power of its engines, by establishing 126 official records. Now it has found a way to multiply the pull of its advertising dollar by three . . . reaching father, mother and the younger generation.

Studebaker Corporation asked the heads of 7,689 families . . . in all parts of the country . . . whether any other member of the family influenced the purchase of the motor car.

Dad always poses and is generally accepted as the autocrat of the family garage. But in spite of that, he said in 46.7% of the replies . . . nearly half . . . "other members of the family influence the purchase."

A family vote was also taken on this question:

"What magazine is most generally read and liked by all members of your family?" Again, The American Magazine proved to be the all-family favorite. It was first choice by nearly 4 to 1 over the next magazine . . . and voted indispensable by 48.4% of the families, almost as many as for all other magazines combined.

These results give Studebaker . . . and every other national advertiser . . . a new formula for increasing advertising effectiveness, while reducing waste. Since *family* influence is the most important factor in buying today, the most economical and effective medium for advertising is the *proven family favorite* . . . The American Magazine.

Other prominent national advertisers have conducted similar investigations throughout the country, and with the same impressive results. We shall be glad to give you the facts and figures . . . not only on any one of these investigations, but on a number of others by advertising agencies, universities and research organizations . . . *every one of which also arrives at the same results.* Write or telephone.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The American Magazine
First with all the FAMILY

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Advertising is our printed salesman. It may not be pretty. Sometimes, they tell me, it is not. But it has to be *true*.

A good many years ago a rival chewing-gum manufacturer came out with a grand premium offer. He promised to give what he called a ten-dollar, gold-filled watch with every order for eight dollars' worth of chewing gum. We were no slouches at premium-giving ourselves; to match him, we brought out a similar offer.

"They call it gold-filled," we announced; "really, it is gold-washed, and as little gold as possible, at that. It will run, we think. But don't put it in your pocket and depend on it. *It's just exactly the kind of watch you would expect to get in a raffle, or free with eight dollars' worth of gum!*"

Customers swamped us with orders and said it was the first time anybody had ever told them the plain truth.

"I'd never make a good salesman," a man told me once—"I'm not a good enough liar."

I replied that *no*body is a good enough liar to be a good salesman.

A troubled young man asked me how much bunk there is in selling. I told him, a good deal. He wanted to know whether the "bunk artist" ever can be a really good salesman. I said he can be—and very often is. Then he asked whether there is anything to salesmanship *besides* bunk! . . . He was thinking of liars.

I USED bunk and thrived on it. When I was traveling among the tall-grass towns of Pennsylvania selling soap for my father, I used to drive a four-horse, six-spring wagon painted bright red, with a collar of sleigh bells on each horse. One horse would have been plenty to haul me. The bells were a great nuisance, for they chafed the horses' necks, and if it was six or eight miles between towns, I always took them off. But when I put them on again and drove jingling up to a store, everybody inside would rush out to see what the circus was; most of them had never seen a six-spring wagon before. Nobody sold more soap in those parts than I did.

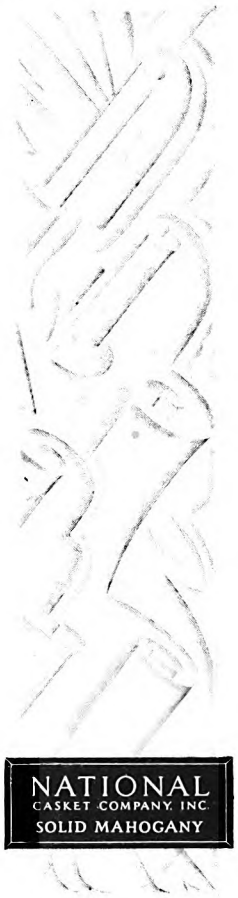
Bunk? Yes! Sleigh bells had nothing whatever to do with selling soap. They got me a chance to tell my story. Lies? No!

Two kinds of people make a mighty big mistake: Those who think there is nothing to bunk; and those who think there is nothing to selling but bunk. Bunk is a kind of grease that makes the wheels run smoothly, harmless flapdoodle to keep people interested. You kiss your wife to show you still love her. She knows just how much you love her, without being kissed; yet she likes it.

On the other hand, the only "bunk artist" who gets away with it is one who, along with the bunk, or in spite of it, *delivers the goods*.

I bought the Cubs a few years back, so Chicago could have a home-owned team. And I find that baseball players are great salesmen, in their way. They get big money for only six months' work; but they earn it.

There are sixteen major league clubs, twenty-five players to a club, four hundred in all, and they are the pick, physically, of one hundred and twenty million. They have to be in the pink of condition



EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SUBJECT

THERE is perhaps nothing that one is called on to buy less frequently than a casket. How, then, can there be any certainty that the purchaser will get the value he has a right to expect—that the style of the casket will conform to thoroughly modern standards of acceptance?

The safest course is to select a casket which is made by a well-known manufacturer—one whose position in the industry is so outstanding that the value and authenticity of design can be taken on faith.

For nearly half a century the National Casket Company has been known and respected as a reliable concern. On all of its caskets there is placed a visible but inconspicuous trademark. A reproduction of this trademark is shown above. It not only guarantees the finest casket construction, but also specifically names the materials used.

National caskets are sold only through funeral directors. It is reasonable to assume that those who handle merchandise of high quality have high standards of service.

We have prepared a little booklet, "Funeral Facts." We shall be glad to send this to anyone upon request. Address Dept. D-3, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY
INCORPORATED

DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

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How to Settle the Shaving Cream Argument

finally and forever

Never Before have men been so deeply concerned about shaving creams as they are today. They want far greater comfort. They want speed. They want convenience. And manufacturers, quick to sense the situation, are pouring forth oceans of words in behalf of their own products.

But Talk Means Little—So, we urge each manufacturer to offer his shaving cream free for a week's test. Let each product sell itself. That is our way. We are so sure of MOLLÉ, that we will send you a week's supply free.

It's a Different Cream—whether you choose MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*) or not is a question for you, and you only, to decide—after testing it. One thing is certain, however; you'll find MOLLÉ different, *very* different, from all other shaving creams. MOLLÉ requires no brush. It makes no lather and no bubbles. It contains no soap, no alkali, no caustic, and no menthol.

MOLLÉ is Not a Chemist's Compound—MOLLÉ was discovered by a learned physician—a skin specialist. MOLLÉ is a true emollient. After-lotions are never used. The discoverer of MOLLÉ sought to accomplish three things:

1—Gentle, easy shaving that would forever end razor-pull.
2—A positive, beneficial effect upon the face instead of rough, burning, smarting, irritated skins.
3—Quicker, more convenient shaving.

How well he succeeded is not for us to tell you. A week's trial on your part will bring you the answer. Our free trial offer has made us more than a million new customers.

Some Men Won't Send Coupons—We hope you are not one of those men, because in your interest, as well as ours, we want you to get acquainted with this *different* shaving cream—MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*).

However, if you never send coupons, and wish to try MOLLÉ *this very day*, do this: Go to your nearest druggist. Buy a regular 50c tube of MOLLÉ. Use it liberally for one week. If then you are not satisfied in every way, return the remainder to us and we will refund your 50c.

Here is the Free Coupon—And equally convenient is a nearby druggist.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 210, Cleveland, Ohio

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather

A Whale of a Tube
50c

FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 210.
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me one week's supply of MOLLÉ without cost to me.

Name

Address

throughout the playing season. If a man breaks a fingernail, he is out of the line-up. If his stomach goes back on him, he is out. It may cost his team the pennant.

Fans are the baseball players' "customers." But the minute a player begins thinking of the grandstand instead of the goods he is going to deliver, he is done for. We had to sell a player to another club, a first-string player, too, simply because he got to arguing and talking back to fans; they began to ride him, and he could not deliver his goods.

Office employees are salesmen, in one sense. They have to sell their services to the boss—or find a pink slip in the pay envelope! One day I walked through our general office with a friend. I noticed a red-headed clerk with one big eye on the wall clock. He had collected his hat and coat, ready to make a dash the minute the gong struck five.

"He won't last long," I predicted.

A few days later I noticed his desk was empty.

"Where's the red-head?" I asked.

"Gone; he was only a clock-watcher."

THE first man I hired when I started selling chewing gum was paid seven dollars and a half a week and pushed a wheelbarrow around town. He never objected to working till any and all hours, if we had to finish up. He has a snug job at the factory now, is foreman of a department, and draws five times the wages you would expect him to receive.

"Henry," I tell him, "we've got to stick together, you and I. You know, there was a time when you and I were the firm!"

Henry could not sell five-dollar gold pieces for seventy-five cents. He just has not got the knack, and would not learn if he lived to be a hundred. But he knew how to be loyal. He knew how to do *his job* and give the best he had. He sold himself to me all right.

Believing something, and convincing others. One time a big car-card advertising man from New York came to see me.

"Bill," he said, "your advertising—it's rotten stuff, the worst mess—"

"Mike," said I, "how many cards do you have in a car?"

"About sixty."

"How many can you name right now, besides ours?"

He named two.

"Go back to New York!" I told him. "Our advertising may be all you say it is; probably is. But there is one thing you can't get around. Most people are just like you: they remember our cards—and two or three others. That advertising does the job it is put there to do!"

Which is enough!

When you boil it down, what do you suppose they will put on the tombstone of the "lucky" salesman? I expect it will be something like this:

He wouldn't let them lose him;
He wouldn't let them rile him;
He didn't treat them all alike;
He didn't lie—about his goods;
He didn't let them switch him;
And he delivered the goods.

I refer to one of those five-hundred-dollar chaps who, five years from now, will pay taxes on a million!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

NO MATTER how simple or how elaborate the home—or the room—in which you wish the companionship of radio, there's an appropriate cabinet.

This idea of providing variety in Atwater Kent Radio in cabinets came to us from many home owners who asked for cabinets a little different from their neighbors'. In carrying out the idea, a great many good furniture makers have translated into beautiful

ENJOY THE NEW FREEDOM OF RADIO-CHOOSING

wood their own conceptions of beauty and fitness.

So when you select an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set, you are now assured of two things: Widest possible choice of cabinets at a very wide range of prices. Finest possible reception because no better radio can be built than the Atwater Kent Screen-Grid.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
4702 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
A. Atwater Kent, President

ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

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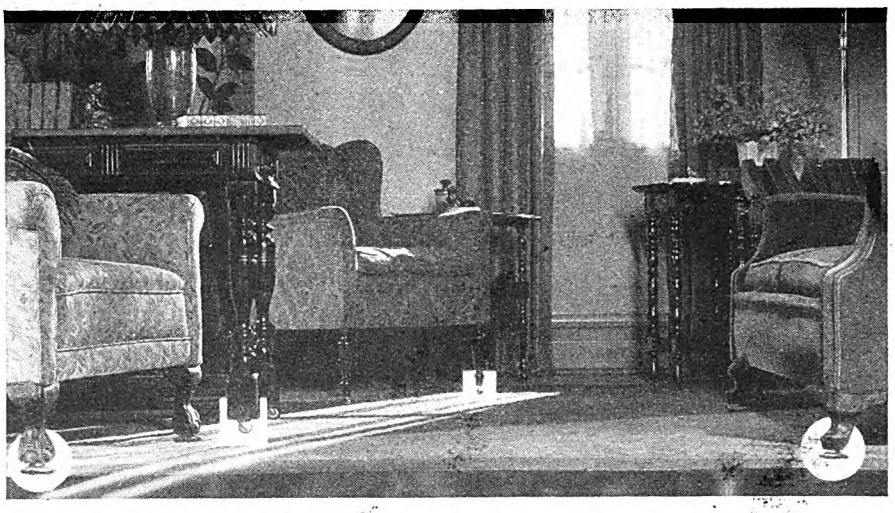


Guard the legs of furniture, if you would save your floors and rugs

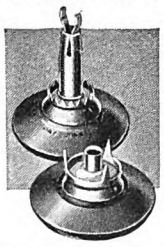
DRAG a table across the room . . . and the beauty of a glistening hardwood floor is ruined. Place a heavy divan on a rug . . . leave it there a day or two . . . and the surface is pitted with ugly spots where the divan has stood.

That's a discouraging condition to face if you love beautiful things. Fortunately, there is a remedy—an easy remedy, at hand. It's just this; put Bassick Casters and Bassick NoMars on your furniture. It's ever so easy to do. And once done your floors are safe, your housework is lighter, your furniture is far more readily moved. Try a few sets and you'll see.

NoMar Rests save floors and floor-coverings

NoMars have broad bases that spread the weight of furniture so it can do no harm to the floor. You can get them in just the right size. Ask for "Socket" NoMars, if your furniture legs have caster socket-holes. If not, ask for "Drive-on" NoMars,—they drive into place as easily as a nail is driven.

The smooth brown bases nestle close to the floor, a pleasant finishing touch. Rounded edges insure easy movement. Not a single sharp angle to scratch or tear. You can't break them. You can't wear them out. Once on, they're on to stay.



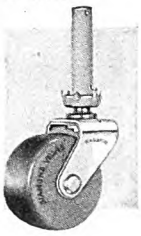
By all means try them. Let your hardware or house furnishing dealer show you. Or mail us the coupon below for more details.

Furniture rolls so easily on Bassick Casters

There's no need to drag and tug at furniture. No need to lift it lest it scratch the floor or tear the carpet. Bassick Casters are easy to apply, and inexpensive. And what a difference they make in housework. At a touch almost, they roll heavy furniture smoothly across the floor, leaving never a mark as they go.

There's a right size and type for every piece of furniture,—upstairs and down,—heavy or light. Ask your hardware dealer for them. Afterward you'll wonder how you ever got along without them.

If you want more details, mail the coupon. You'll find the floor-protection booklet well worth reading. Shall we send it?



BASSICK

NO MAR RESTS

NoMars are packed 4 to a set. Both types—"Socket" and "Drive-on" come in the following sizes:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Width	1¼"	1½"	2"	2½"
Price	$.50	$.60	$.70	$1.00

CASTERS

Bassick casters are packed 4 to a set, with sockets. Many styles, for heavy, medium and light furniture. Write for the new Bassick Caster and NoMar furniture rest booklet to guide your selection.

Bassick Casters, NoMar Rests and Bassick Period Hardware are the finishing touches of excellence for fine furniture.

THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

You may send me the illustrated new service booklet which tells where and how to use Bassick Casters and NoMar Rests

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... *State* A-6

Interesting People

(*Continued from page 74*)

walk it off afterwards, you would have to take a walk ten miles long at the rate of two miles an hour in order to do it! One large fig would furnish fuel for walking one and one-half miles in forty minutes, while a large banana would finance four fifths of a mile at a fast walk. So, though many a man decides to 'train it off' and undertakes a stiff course of exercise, usually he finds he is 'putting it on' instead.

"Our studies convince us, too, that some supposed effects of exercise are overrated. There are people who boast that they never take any exercise, and are perfectly well. It looks as if there might be a grain of truth in their claims.

"Our dog that has had virtually no exercise for three years is as healthy physically, and as bright mentally, as any of the exercised dogs.

"This does not mean, of course, that exercise is no good—but that it is good *for a different reason* than is usually supposed.

"For instance: A good game of golf or tennis takes a man's mind off his worries. And that is what the business man needs. He has no particular use for the muscle that exercise can build. But he may need training in fair play, control of temper, mastery of nerves, ability to think fast and straight—and exercise may give such training more effectively than anything else. Best of all, it gives a different outlook for the time being, and he returns to work refreshed. It is possible that a man who lived correctly otherwise could be practically as well off physically without a daily handball game, or a four-mile walk, or golf, or formal setting-up exercises, but unless he had unusual ability for otherwise temporarily freeing his mind from worrisome thoughts, I doubt that he would be so well off psychically.

"Another common notion is that exercise enlarges an athlete's heart and is responsible for certain diseases in later life.

"We have taken X-ray photographs of the hearts of several dogs before prolonged periods of hard exercise, and afterwards, and have never been able to obtain evidence of any heart enlargement. This, with other evidence, leads us to believe that *exercise is not harmful to the heart unless something is already wrong with it.*

"By another series of experiments we are testing changes that occur in the blood during exercise—and why, and how much. In human beings, it is known that exercise increases the acidity of the blood to a certain extent; in dogs, curiously, just the opposite happens, at least under certain conditions—their blood becomes more alkaline. This is apparently due to the fact that running makes them hot and they pant; and there is a relation between panting and the chemical content of the blood. Men do not pant.

"That is why we built the dogs a swimming pool. We are going to try exercising them there instead of on the treadmill, in the hope that by keeping them cool, this form of exercise will cause their blood to become acid instead of alkaline. If so, we can probably learn many other useful facts concerning exercise in man."

NEIL M. CLARK

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WHAT HIGH COMPRESSION MEANS

BACK in 1926, when Ethyl Gasoline was first generally distributed, only about one-tenth of the new automobiles were of so-called high compression (a 5 to 1 ratio or higher.) This year more than three-quarters of the new car models now being offered to the public are of this type.

Ethyl is responsible for this great advance in engine efficiency, for high-compression engines require a fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock quality.

Ordinary gasoline "knocks" and loses power when compressed beyond a certain point. The Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline eliminates knock under higher pressures and develops more power. Leading oil companies in the United States, Canada and Great Britain mix Ethyl fluid with their gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. On sale everywhere.

Start riding with Ethyl today. It improves the performance of any car, new or old, whatever its compression.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION · 25 Broadway, New York City
56 Church Street, Toronto, Can. 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, England

GOOD GASOLINE plus ETHYL FLUID equals ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL
GASOLINE

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UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Angelo Patri says – "The Children must be Educated"*

Angelo Patri, New York educator. Italian by birth and American by adoption, he combines the Latin love of beauty with the fundamental soundness of American ideals. His work with children and writings about them have influenced teachers, parents, and children the country over.

THE children must be educated, and father and mother have to provide for that purpose. The public schools help out until adolescence is reached, and then comes the specialized training, without which it is becoming harder and harder for beginners to enter the earning stage. That costs money, and money, in the homes where there are children, is usually scarce. What is to be done about it?

"I would say start the education fund when the first child is born. The relatives usually make the child presents on christening days and birthdays and high occasions, and gift money ought to be used in some way that is to last. Why not in the education fund? In that way the money keeps growing, and by and by it will go toward the college course and so last forever.

"But the basis of the fund must come from the family savings fund and, lately, I have noticed various insurance companies advertising schemes for saving the education fund for the children.

"That seems a fine thing. Money put in such fund is going to be there for the child even if you should die. That means the child's education is secure, no matter what becomes of you. That seems to me a wonderful idea.

"If from the beginning a child knows that there is a fund and gradually learns its meaning he will do his share of the saving, and thereby start the most valuable phase of his education, economic thinking. That sort of child helps himself through the last years of his schooling and makes them doubly fruitful.

"Every year that a child spends in school adds proportionately to his earning capacity. The college-trained worker commands thousands of dollars more than the untrained one, and his earning and growing period lasts much longer. It is that longer and richer life you give the child when you establish his education fund.

"I feel like the salesman who says: Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily recommend this article. No household should be without it."

—ANGELO PATRI.

*(Copyright by Angelo Patri and reprinted by permission)

John Hancock MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Inquiry Bureau, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., Boston, Mass. — Please send me further information about Education Insurance.

Name.....

Address.....

A. M. .....

Travel Trails

(*Continued from page 80*)

Arkansas, gave a travel-trail party and one of the trails made at that gathering won a prize. It is reprinted on this page and the clue sentence is: "In honor of One born in a manger, the ringer of the church bell sprang to his post one winter day to bring worshipers of every rank, from terraces far and near, to witness the parson sprinkle the babe in holy baptism."

Dr. W. J. Baumgartner, a dentist of Dubuque, Iowa, offers you the following assistance in following his trail: "The home of General Grant in Galena contains more than one priceless antique."

PRIZES: THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE offers a prize of ten dollars for every original Travel Trail accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. A Travel Trail, to be eligible for the contest, must not be longer than twenty words, including the starting point and destination. Also, it must have the home-town of the contestant as its starting point or destination.

Keep all cities and towns of your trail in the relative positions they occupy on a map.

Strive for an interesting, trail-like design. Limit the letters overlapping between any two words to a number as little in excess of three as possible. This helps to make your trail admit of only one solution. As far as you can, use well-known words.

This month—and in certain subsequent issues—special attention will be given to Travel Trails dealing with your home-town, its people, its interests, and its industries. Practically every Chamber of Commerce in the United States has expressed a willingness to coöperate in every way possible to get the home-town on the travel-trail map. This coöperation is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Your Chamber of Commerce or other civic organization will undoubtedly supply you with pamphlets containing the most suitable words to be worked into your trail and clue sentence. Send your trail to Travel Trail Editor, American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.

SOLUTIONS OF SEPTEMBER TRAILS:

SAN FRANCISCO, anchor, banc, ancient, enter, dent, golden, old, older, dervish, visitor, tortoise, wiseacre, seat, theater, the, theme, remember, BERKELEY.

WOLF POINT, feint, protein, prod, appropriate, prices, rich, American, farmer, far, thoroughfare, method, met, mettle, KETTLE FALLS.

POCATELLO, cell, cancel, cans, KANSAS CITY.

PORTLAND, short, author, horde, MEDFORD.

TRENTON, strew, strand, ran, Brandywine, win, lowing, allow, willow, WILMINGTON.

BIRMINGHAM, mint, interest, aster, past, PASCAGOULA.

BOUIES CREEK, crescent, scene. kerosene, cracker, race, bracelet, brave, have, HAVANA.

KEY WEST, estop, KINGSTON, dieting, died, untied, hunt, PUNTA GORDA.

A book of hitherto unpublished Travel Trails can be secured from your bookstore or from Horace Liveright, Inc., New York.

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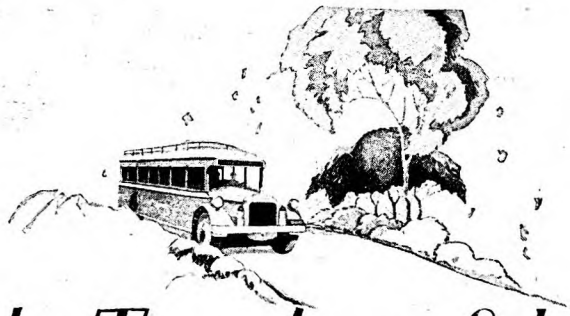
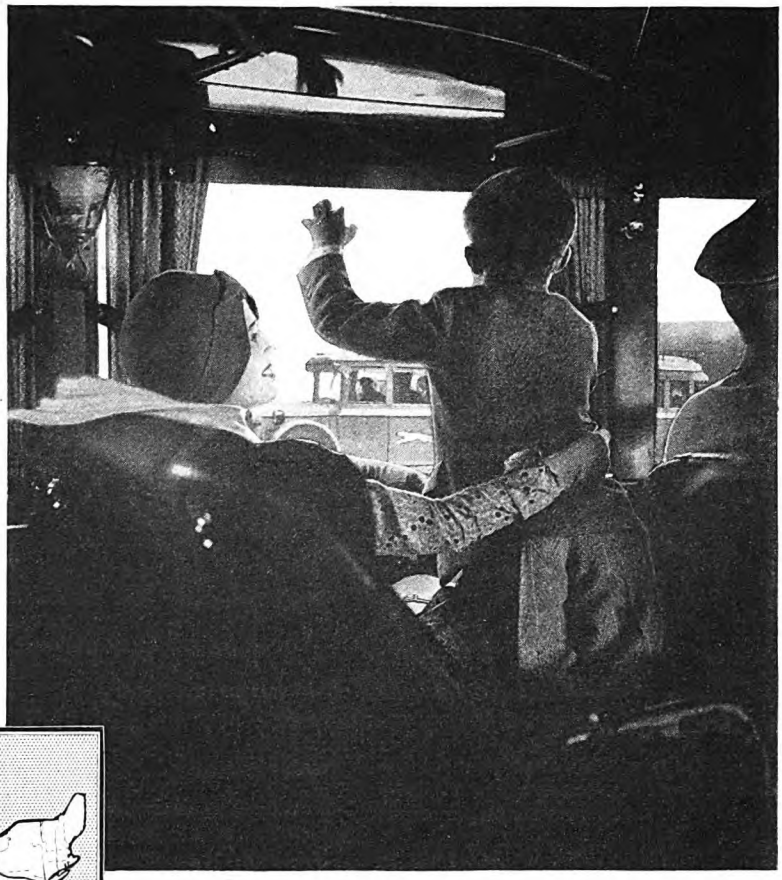
Now Autumn



Spreads her Glory for the Travelers of the

GREYHOUND BUS LINES

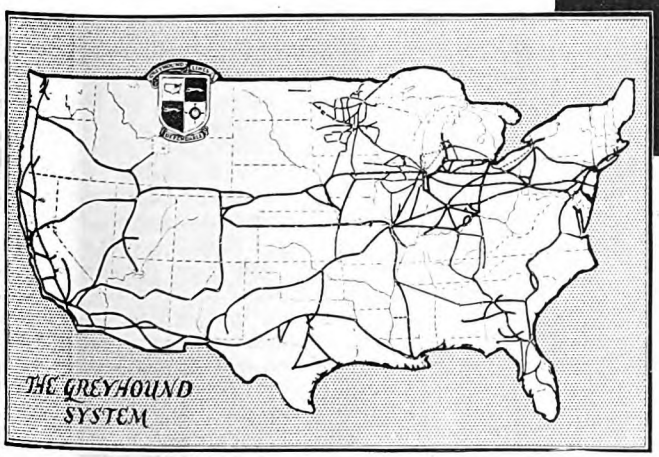


ACROSS the ten-thousand-mile length of Greyhound Lines now spreads the magic mantle of Autumn. A million travelers today speak of the zest and romance of Greyhound routes.

Theirs is a two-fold reward. More pleasure per mile! More miles per dollar!

Wherever you live, wherever you want to go, this nation-wide system offers sensationally low travel costs. On schedules that bring hundreds of cities the most frequent service they have known, Greyhound buses now reach from coast to coast on three distinct routes and from border to border.

You go in comfort, in the care of a competent driver—a man trained in Greyhound's rigorous school.



The bus you ride is of the new, all-steel, safety type—motors tuned, tires tested, details rigidly inspected. A hot water heating system, amply large to provide summer temperature even in zero weather, relieves the chill of Autumn mornings.

And behind the courtesy and luxurious convenience stands organized responsibility—management that considers your safe and prompt arrival an obligation of prime importance.

Take your next trip by Greyhound or "Yelloway" bus. Learn the romance of the highways. Reach your destination exhilarated by the crisp air of the open road.

Ask at your local Greyhound depot for fare and time table information. Or write direct to Motor Transit Management Company, Department A, 1157 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, for interesting literature on travel and rates.

"YELLOWAY" & GREYHOUND LINES
MOTOR TRANSIT MANAGEMENT COMPANY

NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • JACKSONVILLE • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • CINCINNATI • BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON • PITTSBURGH • INDIANAPOLIS • ST. LOUIS • SAN FRANCISCO • DENVER • ATLANTA • NEW ORLEANS

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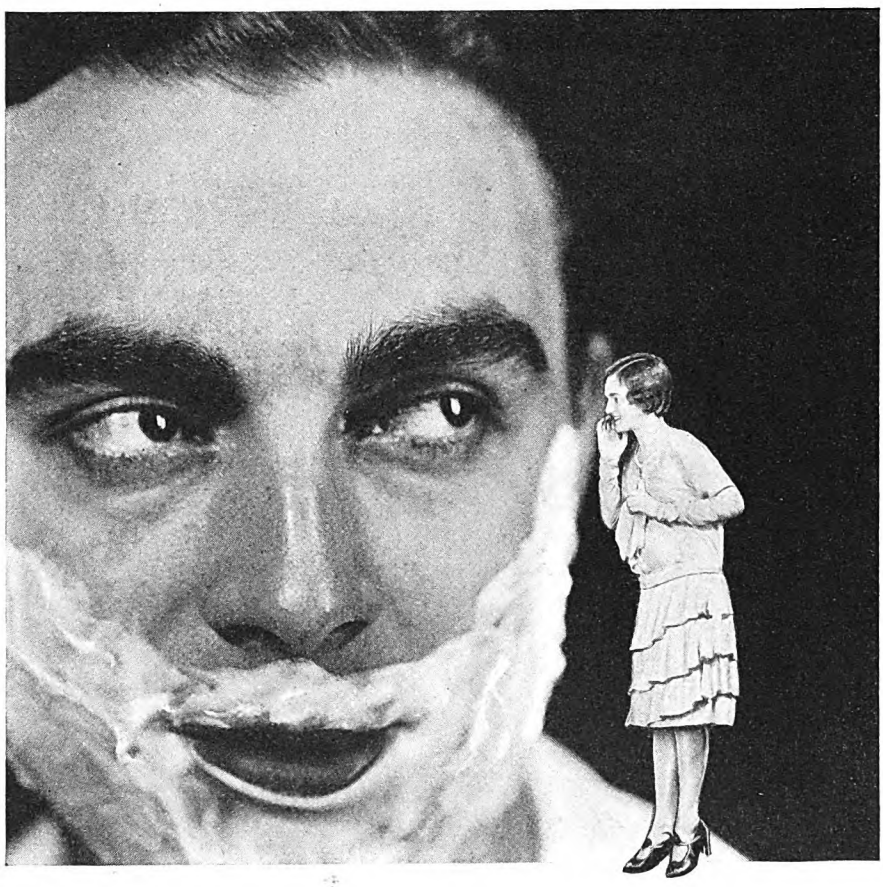


A Shaving Secret that only a Woman could tell a man.

Only a woman tells men this secret of shaving—

shaving preparations should be as finely made as the best facial products for women.

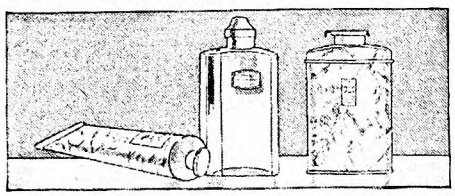
WHAT choice then, could be more logical than the products of Houbigant—makers of the finest women's preparations.

First, there is Fougère Royale Shaving Cream—a non-caustic, non-irritating blend of balanced, bountiful lather that does more than ease off your beard. It soothes your face with secret ingredients that do away with all traces of after-smart or burn.

As a comfort companion for after-shaving, there is Fougère Royale Lotion—a cooling, ten-second rejuvenator that sends the blood surging back to your face. Briskly tones the muscles. Dissipates the lines of fatigue. Leaves your skin feeling like a piece of silk. Besides, it's styptic.

Then, for the finale to a perfect shave, there's Fougère Royale Talc—a real man's powder, soothing, invisible and super-fine.

Just mail the coupon below for generous free samples, mildly perfumed with the wholesome, outdoor fragrance, Fougère Royale (Royal Fern)—gratis, of course.



Shaving Stick, 75c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Talcum, 50c

Fougère Royale
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. G-1
539 West 45th Street, New York City

You may send me without charge, trial containers of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

How Wild Things Act in Emergencies

(*Continued from page 57*)

head showing. On this and on many other occasions I have observed that the wild duck apparently has the power to submerge his body at will; and this ability to make himself discreetly inconspicuous is an important aid to his safety.

More interesting to me was a somewhat similar experience I had at almost the same place. Hidden in the marsh myself, I had before me six mallard red cedar decoys. Suddenly I saw an eagle pursuing a mallard over the river beyond my decoys. The distracted fugitive did what has always seemed to me a wonderfully clever thing: He headed for the decoys.

This maneuver proved most effective. The mallard, low to the water, made a veering wheel about the decoys. The eagle, indolent by nature, believing that he had come upon a much easier prey than the speeding fugitive, dropped grimly on one of the phony ducks and sank his talons in the soft wood! He tried to rise with his catch, discovered in high disgust his error, found some difficulty in disengaging his sharp talons; and at last, disheveled and disgruntled, flapped heavily away. By that time the crafty mallard was lost to sight. I always like to remember this little wild-life crisis—the mallard's thrilling artifice and the resulting discomfiture of his illustrious enemy.

IT IS sport to watch a fox expend the riches of his craftiness upon the matter of *pauses*. Scores of times I have watched foxes in the wilds, either when they were just normally moving about or when they were being pursued. A fox acts as if one enemy were just behind him, another right in front of him, and several on each side. If he comes to a slight obstruction, such as a fallen log, he will set his forefeet upon it, pause, and, enjoying the advantage of a slight elevation, will scrutinize the surrounding woods. A wild thing generally pauses at an obstacle, at a road, at a pathway, at a turn. Both a deer and a fox will usually pause at a fence, less to get a stance for jumping than just to look about. Angels are by no means (though I claim a rather desultory acquaintance with them) the only ones to fear to tread where fools rush in.

It is not the "magic hand of chance" that directs such stratagems. It is high intelligence, trained to act swiftly and deftly in moments of peril. A road is an ominous thing to a deer, for it is frequented by his enemy—man.

All wild creatures are born to danger; and they survive because they "wise up" young and because they can navigate, I believe, far better than we could the perilous straits through which they must continually pass. Dauntless are they—eternal pioneers in spirit. Assailed by fatal embarrassments, by deadly harassments, they carry on gallantly. Nor should we feel that life is the less sweet to them because of its hazardous dilemmas. They may sense dimly what we know well: that it is the shadow which makes sweet the light.

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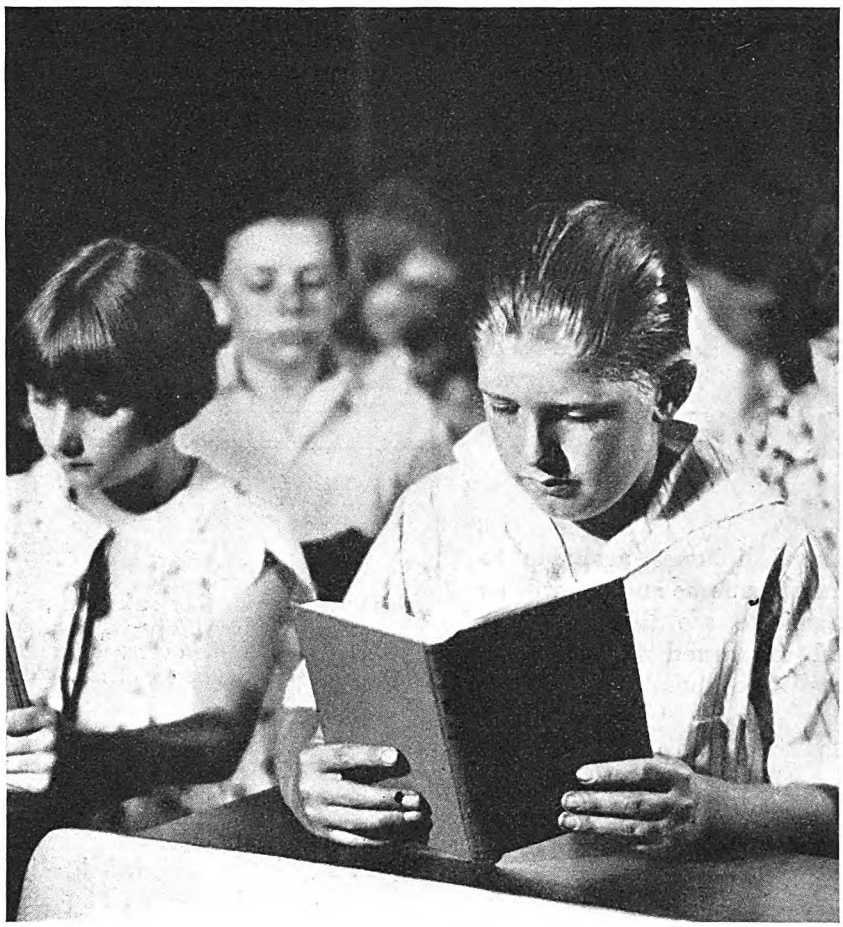
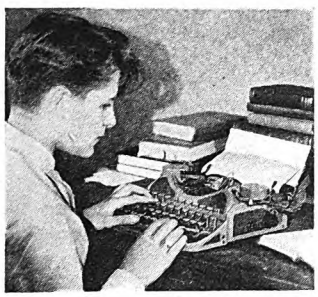
Accuracy - *the secret of good marks*



HEAD OF THE CLASS

The habit of success is born in the classroom—also the habit of failure



YOU know that your son or daughter has a normal, alert mind. Yet month after month the report card indicates discouraging failure. It humiliates you but the harm to the child is incalculable. There is growing in his or her mind a feeling of inferiority which may persist through life.

In a vast majority of cases, according to educators, the trouble is inaccuracy, mostly in spelling. The student understands the work perfectly but makes mistakes and is marked accordingly.

To a child, a word is a picture—but a *type* picture, not a handwritten one. It has been demonstrated that a misspelled word in type is detected instantly by most school children, whereas they will misspell the same word day after day in their written work.

As an experiment, every pupil in a classroom was furnished a typewriter and taught to use it. An amazing improvement in spelling resulted. Why? Simply because each word, as typed, *looked* right. It corresponded to the type picture that was in the child's mind.

Give your child a Corona and encourage its use. Nothing else you could do would help the child as much. School marks will not only improve but character and confidence will be benefited.

The ability to operate a typewriter will prove of tremendous value all through school life. It is essential in college work. In business, it will bring quick advancement during those first tough years.

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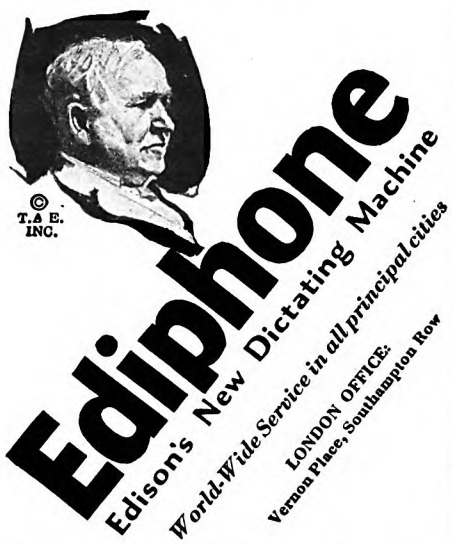

Radio Program Monday Evenings

THE SPORTFOLIO

One of Baseball's Greatest Moments

By CHARLEY PADDOCK

THE timekeeper's bell; the referee's whistle; the starter's gun; these possess a thrill all their own for many of us, but whatever our sport may be, we tense to the stentorian voice of the umpire at a World Series game when he cries "Play Ball!" Some of the heroes and their achievements in this blue-ribbon event of baseball will be remembered as long as the game endures, and, with them, one incident of sportsmanship, first kindled by the enthusiasm of a young fan, years ago, who never missed a game. He watched every move of every player, pretending that he was the manager and deciding what he would do if he were giving orders to the team.

This boy had one idol above all others, named Walter (Barney) Johnson, the great pitcher of Washington, and he told himself that some day he would play on the same team with his hero. The boy was Stanley (Bucky) Harris, and the time came when his dream was realized, because he became the playing manager of the Washington Senators in 1924, and that same year he piloted his team to the American League Championship and into the World Series against John J. McGraw's New York Giants. The first four games of this series were divided, and Walter Johnson (*Continued on page 140*)

How I Spent My Days at the White House

(*Continued from page 17*)

others were giving her strict attention. She put her hand into her bag. I saw a puzzled expression come over her face and amusement got the better of me. "You may as well bring it right out, for I saw you put it in," I said. With that she drew forth the little Madeira square and held it up in astonishment. She had thought it was one of her husband's handkerchiefs which she had brought because she had a slight cold, but it was a White House napkin and—it was full of holes!

THE other incident was really a series of mishaps. This occurred when we had established a temporary residence at Dupont Circle while the White House was being repaired. The occasion was a formal dinner in honor of a foreign guest. The company arrived, dinner was announced, and we proceeded to the dining-room to the strains of music dispensed by a stringed orchestra from the Marine Band stationed in the ballroom across the hall. The guests were seated with due ceremony, but one of the chairs proved unworthy and the cane seat gave way beneath the weight of a distinguished guest. A substitute was brought, but the gentleman preferred to remain uncomfortable rather than embarrass his hostess by attracting attention to his plight. The tie of another gentleman slipped its moorings but was unobtrusively retrieved and secured.

An aide, one of those faultlessly attired officers bedecked with gold braid and lace who may always be seen near the President when he appears at formal functions, had been having some dental work done and a piece of temporary material had been put in place in order that he might present his usual flawless appearance at the dinner. This structure melted at the first spoonful of hot soup, and I feel sure his dinner partner thought he had been suddenly stricken with facial paralysis from the contortions made in an effort to cover the deficiency.

Not until dinner was over and the guests had departed did I learn that just as the food was to be served a neighbor had telephoned that our chimney was on fire. A man was stationed on the roof to keep a careful watch on that and there was no further difficulty. For a long time that particular dinner was referred to as "the dinner of horrors."

Repairs and replacements are continually required in a house of the size and importance of that in which our Presidents live. During the years of the World War and the War President's illness little had been done and many things required attention. However, we were in residence less than two years and we hesitated to undertake any extended work along this line. A little paint here and there to freshen up a bit was as far as we went until after the election of 1924, when my husband was given an additional four-year lease. During the following summer a number of improvements in the way of modern equipment were introduced.

TO ME the Home of the Presidents is sacred ground, hallowed by the memories of those men whom our country has chosen to the high office. To live in it is to live in a shrine and I could never understand the point of view of the souvenir hunters who took away mementos to add to their strange collections. In the East Room the little tassels of the finishing braid on the edges of the brocaded hangings at the windows had been pulled off as high as the hand could reach, and I was told that in times past pieces of the material with which the furniture was covered had been cut out. Upon one occasion the butler misunderstood a direction given him by the President, and instead of placing some small silver ash trays in the Red parlor, he put them in the East Room during visiting hours. When the mistake was discovered a short time later, two of the trays were missing.

At another time, we were entertaining a distinguished company of about three hundred professional men at tea. One of the men of the Secret Service saw a guest

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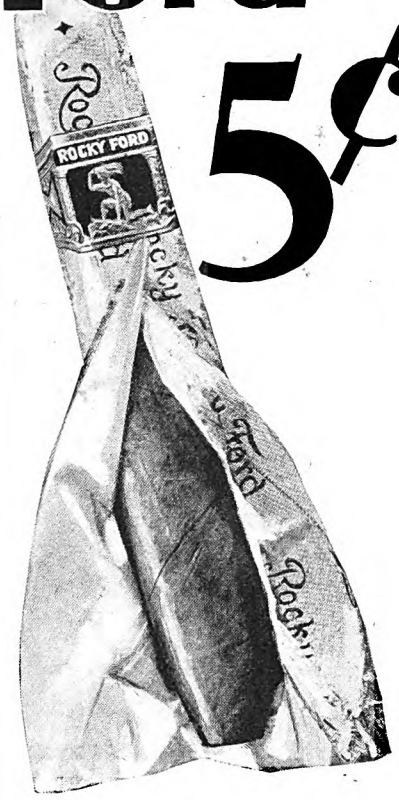

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THE SPORTFOLIO

(Continued from page 138)

was chosen by his youthful manager to pitch the fifth. After eighteen years of faithful service, his great arm had made it possible for him to play at last in his first World Series. Though he had been with one of the poorest teams in major baseball during that long period, he had never deserted Washington, and had, despite his handicap, established all-time records by pitching the most years for the same league and the same team, by winning the most games, and by making the greatest number of strike-outs. In the first game of the 1924 series, after twelve innings of masterly pitching, he had lost, through no fault of his own.

Now he stood back on the mound again, with the hopes of the nation's sportsmen behind him. Bucky was watching Barney as the big pitcher commenced that first inning, and he saw that he was not right. His arm was gone. The strain of bringing his team to a league flag had robbed it of its steam. The New York batters were hitting him hard. The "hop" on the "fast one" was not there, and his once dread curves were breaking too slowly. Bucky saw Barney stand up to a punishment he did not deserve, and he realized that the game which seemed to mean the world's championship was dribbling away.

Walter Johnson understood, and he turned to his white-faced manager, gamely waiting for the signal that should send him to the showers. But Stanley Harris never gave that signal. His face turned a shade whiter, and his jaw stuck out a trifle farther as he growled, "Play Ball!"

(Continued on page 142)

putting a napkin in his pocket. He looked up and saw that his action had been observed, and with a smile, a trifle wry, he asked, "Paper, isn't it?" evidently thinking he was speaking to a fellow guest. "I think not," was the answer, but the napkin rested in his pocket. It so happened that the gentleman was known to the officer, for he had worked as an office boy in the same building in which this guest had his offices in a distant city. The following morning we had several people coming in for breakfast, which was served in the private dining-room. I mentioned the incident to the man sitting on my left, who asked, "Don't you know what to do about that?" "Yes," I replied, "I know several things to do, but what would you do?" "Why, send him a napkin ring," said he. For several days I was sorely tempted to purchase and send to the collector a souvenir ring with a picture of the White House on it.

IN THE fall of 1925, a secretary from the State Department was placed in charge of ceremonials, and it became his duty to arrange the details in connection with formal entertainments. Up to this time the personal secretary of the President's wife had discharged these duties. This change proved advantageous in everyway, giving the secretary more time to devote to the ever-increasing duties devolving upon her and investing the one in charge of the social program with a cloak of authority. It is a problem to provide for the comfort of two thousand guests at an evening reception and to expedite their coming and going. On the morning after these events, the secretaries, the chief aides, and I had a conference in which we checked up on these matters and tried to evolve ways and means which would make the next reception run more smoothly.

Often during Lent I gave musicales in the East Room with tea served afterwards in the State dining-room. Musicians of note were extremely generous in coming to present programs at the White House, and I endeavored to gather a company of people who knew and appreciated the best in music. This was not difficult, for Washington is a city of music-loving people of discriminating taste.

For two seasons I had a series of garden parties, but seemed fated to draw unpleasant weather for this form of entertainment, and I became discouraged. Two of the garden parties of the first season had to be turned into indoor affairs at which I received alone, for the President had taken a slight cold at the party of a previous week, had added to it in attending a circus, and was confined to his room. However, these parties had an attraction of their own and proved to be amusing. The sun came out at noon on both occasions, and the doors were opened to the terraces and the south porch. The grass and the leaves of the trees were fresh and green, sparkling with drops of moisture as the sun struck across them, and the odor of the June roses was wafted in through the open doors and windows. The house itself was turned into a semblance of a garden, with quantities of flowers which had been brought in and arranged in masses throughout the rooms. There was always an abundance of flowers grown in the hothouses located near the Bureau of Printing and Engraving for use in the White House, and many of them went to the sick, to the Veterans' Hospitals, and to friends. I received in the East Room. The Marine Band was seated on the terrace just outside and refreshments were served in the dining-room at the other end of the corridor. We wore our garden-party clothes, even to the widespreading hats, and tried to look as springlike and fair-weatherish as possible. The sun always shone on the garden party for the Veterans, and those were continued, but the others lapsed.

TO ONE of these indoor garden parties came one of our older well-known poets. We had not met before. He entered the room, was presented, and was received in cordial manner. Evidently he had not heard my name and he did not seem particularly interested. He turned to one of the aides and said, "But my hostess, where is she?" Being informed that he had just shaken hands with her, he turned and I welcomed him all over again. A little later I stood on the East Terrace with a small group looking out over the south grounds. A visitor in Washington

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THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE who, only a few months ago, were quite proud of their radios, now are replacing them with Balanced-Unit Philcos.

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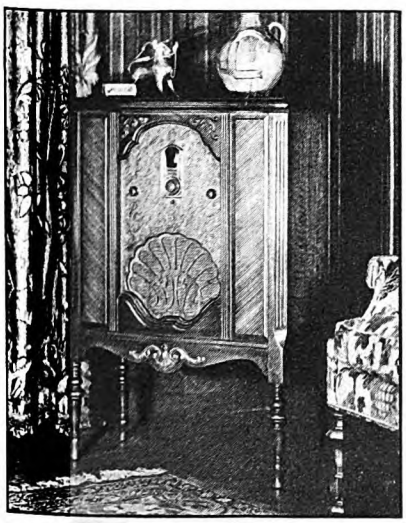
And the reason is this: Philco's true, clear, wonderfully rich tone—even if there were not a single additional feature—would sell thousands of sets daily.



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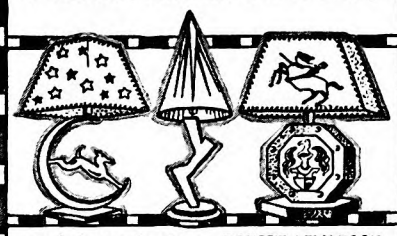

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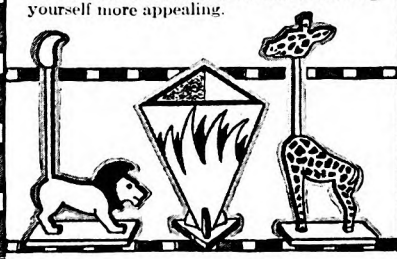

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THE SPORTFOLIO

(Continued from page 140)

Not for the sake of a ball game, or a World Series, or the fifty thousand that victory meant, would Bucky send his friend and his hero on the long tramp across the field to the lockers, that lonely walk that a pitcher takes by himself, while the watching thousands pity him. Never that, thought Bucky, for the man who had given so much to his team and to the game, whatever happened. And everything did happen. That battle turned into a tortuous, unforgettable nightmare and Washington lost, 6 to 2.

Johnson's ambition seemed to be shattered, but he stifled his disappointment, and, by the aid of the advice and strategy of Harris, won the sixth game and the series was square again.

On October 10th, at Washington, the ninth inning of the final game found the score tied at 3 all. With the chances of victory bright, Bucky called again to the man who had twice been beaten and sent him to realize his dream. Bravely did Barney call forth his best efforts and for the next three innings he held New York, and in Washington's half of the twelfth, Earl McNeeley, a rookie from California, won the game for Johnson and his team-mates by crashing a double over third base that scored Muddy Ruel.

Barney's dream, like Bucky's, had at last been fulfilled; and their whole lives through they will hark back, ever and again, to the bond of friendship that was welded between them on that October day when Bucky stuck out his jaw and growled, "Play Ball!"

turned to me and said, "How wonderful it must be to live here and be able to take a book out under those lovely trees and read!" I replied, "Yes, I think I have read one book since I came." She looked at me in surprise shaded with pity and I am sure she went away with the idea that I did not care for reading.

I HAVE often been asked to name some of my favorite books and my reply has usually been, "People." There is a song from one of our not new musical comedies about "Girls" which says something about "the short, the fat, the lean, the tall; I don't give a rap, I love them all." That is the way I feel about people, and I have been fortunate in being placed where I had an opportunity to gratify my taste. I come by it naturally, for my father had it before me. He indulged his liking by standing at the outer door of the church to extend the hand of Christian fellowship to all who came to worship. In recent years, I have frequently met people who have said to me something like this, "You shake hands like your father. I attended the College Street Church in Burlington, Vermont, one Sunday morning and he greeted me at the door with a handshake and a smile of welcome that made me feel at home."

The children's garden party known as the Easter egg-rolling was one of the annual events in which I took the keenest pleasure. On Easter Monday the south grounds were opened to the children. Grown-ups unaccompanied by children were not expected. If one greatly desired to enter, it was not difficult to find a child near one of the gates who would gladly act as escort for a consideration. Careful preparations were made for these parties in advance. Wire mesh was placed around the shrubs and flower beds to keep them from being trodden upon and around the fountain to guard the venturesome children from harm. Girl Scouts were called into service to act as aides. They organized games for the entertainment of the little folks and ran a bureau for the restoration of lost articles as well as straying children. A hospital unit was set up, with a medical officer and a nurse in charge, for the purpose of bandaging the scraped knee or the cut finger, and occasionally a woman fainted and needed attention.

The actual egg-rolling did not figure largely. The party might more correctly have been termed an egg-eating contest, for it seemed to me that the children vied with one another in the number of hard-boiled eggs which they were able to consume. I have been told by authorities on egg-rolling that the game is played by two children who sit on the grass facing each other, each with an egg in his hand, which they roll towards each other with as much force as can be mustered. If one of the eggs breaks, the contestant whose egg remains whole claims both eggs.

IN MID-AFTERNOON, the Marine Band, seated on a wooden platform in the center of the open space halfway between the fountain and the house, and clad in their scarlet coats, added a touch of color to the scene as well as a pleasing sound. The gates were then thrown open to all who wished to enter and enjoy the music. At the close of the concert, the company dispersed and were succeeded by fifteen or twenty men bringing large burlap bags. Stretched out in a long line, they passed across the grass gathering up papers, crushed eggshells, and the remains of basket lunches. In a surprisingly short time all was in order again, and only odd bits of egg remained for the birds to pick up in the morning—those and the happy memory of voices of many children at play which lies deep in the heart of their hostess.

"ONE of the chief pleasures of living in the White House," says Mrs. Coolidge in her article next month, "is sharing it with others." In her delightful, friendly way, she talks of their moves to summer capitals, of the rebuilding of the White House, of their guests, and of the week-ends spent aboard the Presidential yacht, the Mayflower. After you have read this article you will feel as if you had enjoyed a visit with the former First Lady.

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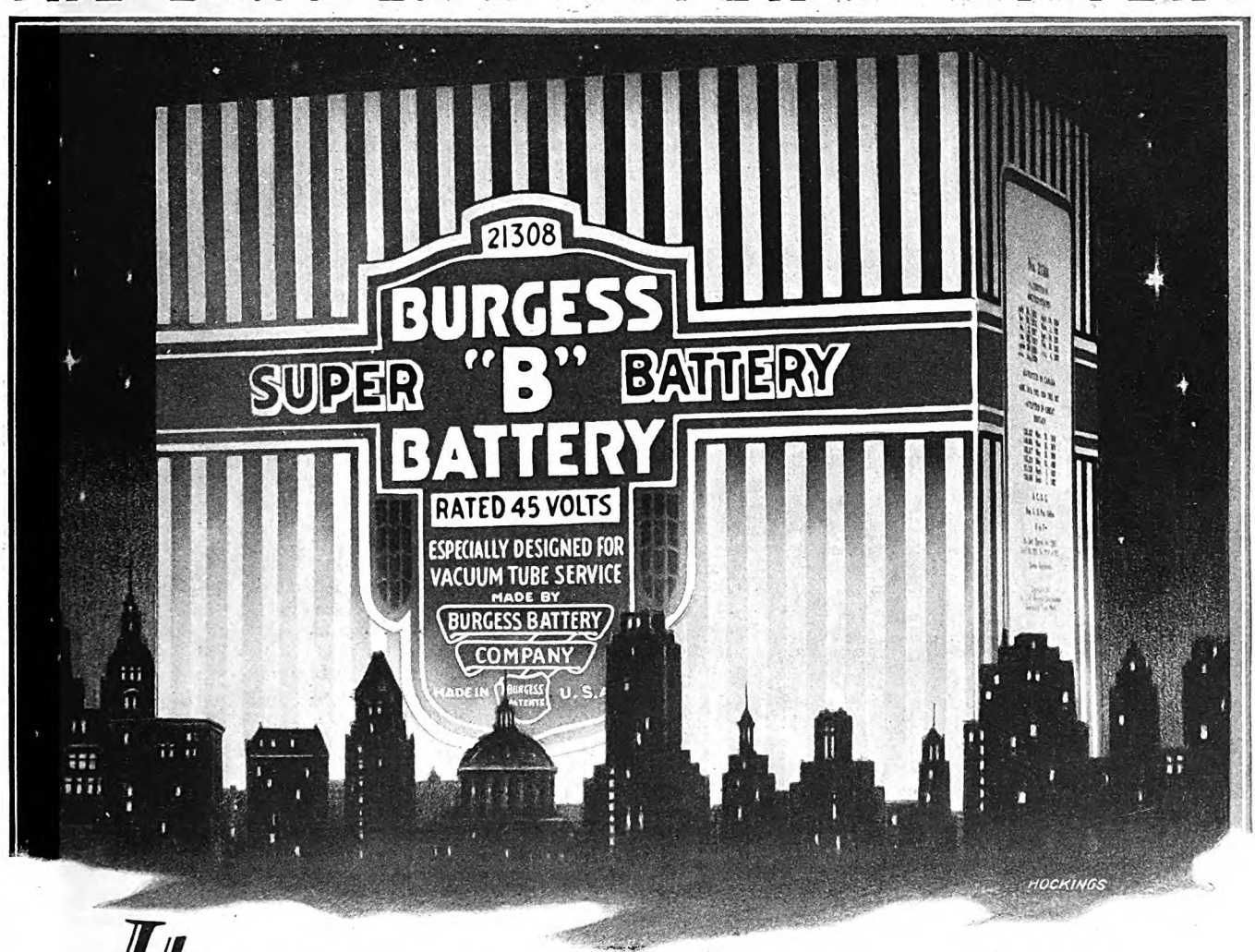

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The Drift Fence

(*Continued from page 51*)

made him wonder how life had come to reward him so beautifully.

Towards dawn the wind ceased, and despite the overhanging clouds, the air chilled until it grew bitter cold. Jim wrapped his coat round Molly and laid his saddle blanket over Slinger.

The night grew very black and still, the formidable hour before dawn, when even the life of the forest seemed at lowest ebb. Slinger would go soon, Jim thought.

Molly called him: "He whispered somethin' just now," she said. "I think he called for Seth's sister. He was sweet on her. . . . She'll hate even his memory now."

Jim sat with her then, silently awaiting the end, holding her against him. It seemed the most melancholy and poignant of all the long night hours. How welcome the first gray streaks! Something ghastly and ghostly stole away into the forest. A fine, misty rain began to fall. Daylight at last, with Slinger Dunn still not dead!

Curly appeared around the corner of the cabin.

"Mawnin', you babes in the woods," he said, and dropped beside them, to lean over Dunn. "Wal, Slinger, old man, I reckoned by this time you'd belong where the blue flags an' the cornflowers blow."

Curly placed his ear over Dunn's heart and listened. "Wal," he declared, as he rose with a glad smile, "he ain't goin' to croak."

"Oh, Curly!" cried Molly, in an agony of hope.

"Shore, he'll live. I ain't no doctor, but I've seen a heap of fellars pass out. An' Slinger don't show no earmarks of thet this mawnin'."

Molly's little remaining strength left her here, and she collapsed in Jim's arms. He let her gently down on the bed of spruce and covered her. "Go to sleep, honey," he said.

"Boss, it's goin' to rain," announced Curly, when indeed it was raining already. "Let's rig up another tarp heah fer Slinger. . . ."

They stretched another tarpaulin over the makeshift shelter. "Thet'll do fer a spell. . . . But say, boss, how aboot them stiffs in there?"

"They'll have to be buried, of course."

"Wal, the Haverlys ought to have decent burial, I s'pose, but thet Hack Jocelyn—he ought to be throwed to the coyotes."

JIM went back to rouse the three prisoners, and while they ate breakfast, the rain ceased and blue sky showed overhead.

Molly slept on, and even the bells on the Diamond pack horses ringing down the slope did not wake her. Jim did not recall ever being so glad to see cowboys before.

"Howdy, boys. Sure glad to see you," said Jim, running his eye over the group. "Where's Hump and Uphill?"

"Don't know. Cherry will tell you what he thinks, an' it ain't no cheerful news," announced Bud. "We left some uv the hosses an' packs. Jeff is comin' somewhere back. He shore hates a saddle."

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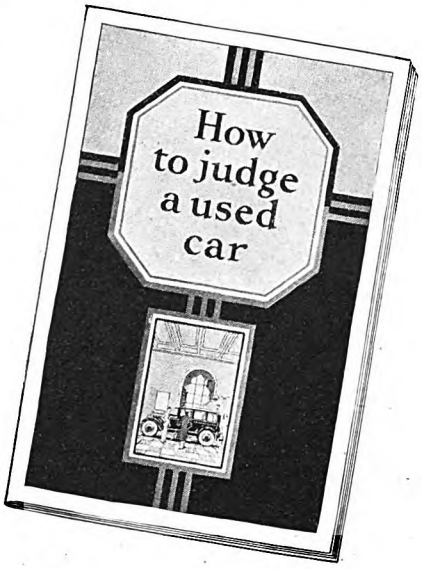

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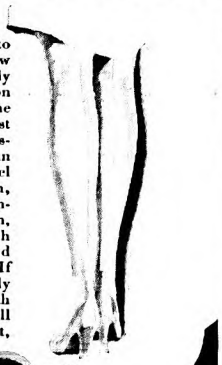

Iron Clad

"What's up, Cherry?" queried Jim, approaching Winters, who was dismounting.

"Boss, I reckon Stevens an' Frost hev struck somethin' out at the head of Derrick. We left a note fer them to hit our trail. An' I reckon they'll be along, mebbe tonight."

Jim did not see in Cherry's words much to be worried about. But he liked Cherry's expression still less than the hint in Bud's remark.

"Well, unpack and make camp," he ordered. "If Dunn pulls through, we'll have to stay here for days. Put up the little tent for Molly, if you fetched it. But, first thing after you unpack, bury these dead men."

ONE by one, Bud leading, the cowboys went up to have a look at Slinger and Molly. Then, after the fashion of cowboys, they set to work.

The rain held off till early in the afternoon, when it began to fall in earnest. Molly slept on through it all, dry and snug under shelter and blanket. Slinger showed no change.

The cowboys' labors were interrupted by the arrival of Jack Way and Dr. Shields. Jim did not think it necessary to awaken Molly. The job would be gruesome and she would insist on helping. Dr. Shields felt of Dunn's pulse and heart, and said, "Hum," which meant little to Jim. Then he cut open Dunn's blood-caked garments, and went to work; and with Jim's assistance, in an hour he had all six wounds dressed.

To Jim's amaze, Slinger opened his eyes. No doubt, all the while he had been conscious.

"You ought to be a hoss doctor," he said. "Hurtin' me wuss'n the bullets. . . . Am I goin' to cash?"

Suddenly Molly sat up, wide-eyed and bewildered.

"Hullo, wood mouse. You've shore slept a lot," said Dunn.

"Oh, Arch—Jim!"

"Molly, this is Dr. Shields from Flag. He has just attended to your brother's wounds, and—"

But Jim could not reply to Molly's mutely questioning eyes. And Dr. Shields, blunt as he was, shrank from their glowing, eager look.

"Molly, I'm further from bein' daid than last night," spoke up Slinger for himself.

"Don't talk. Don't move," admonished the doctor, and he led Jim and Molly away. "Very likely he told the truth," continued Shields presently. "I can't make predictions. He ought to have passed out long ago. If he lasts till tomorrow I'd sav there was hope. I'll stay."

MOLLY had dinner in the cabin, and she was the object of much solicitude. The three Cibeque men became restless, as the afternoon grew late and Boyd Flick did not return. The cowboys spent the time playing cards. And so the day passed, every minute of it with less strain for Jim. He was attentive to Molly, who began another vigil over her brother. The rain poured on the canvas, but Molly was comfortable.

"Traft, you look fagged out," said Dr. Shields, when night fell. "Go to bed. I'll keep tab on Dunn and wake you if there's any turn for the worse. He simply amazes me."

Jim slipped under Molly's shelter to encourage her and say good night.

"Molly, you'll not sit up all night again? Dr. Shields said he'd watch."

"I'll lay down when I get sleepy," she said. "Jim, I'm beginning to hope."

"So am I," replied Jim, and put his arms around her. After a long moment she stirred and in the dim light of the smoldering camp fire he saw her head come up. Then, shyly and sweetly, but surely, she returned his embrace, and just brushed his cheek with her lips. Thrilled, and utterly grateful and content, he bade her good night.

He sought his own bed, and slept till the ring of ax and stirring of men roused him. It was a dark, wet, gray dawn, but evidently the rain had ceased. While pulling on his boots, he heard Curly speak:

"Wal, Doc, how's your patient?"

"I give up, Prentiss. You cowboys are not made of flesh and blood. Dunn just asked for a cigarette," replied the doctor.

Jim went to the fire in a hurry.

"Then he must be—be—" he faltered, overcome with hope for Molly.

"Traft, I reckon he'll pull through. I'll look him over after breakfast. Then you can send a man with me. I'd like to hurry."

Jim felt too grateful for expression and had to restrain himself from rushing in to Molly. At the breakfast call she appeared, pale, yet somehow glowing. Dr. Shields seemed vastly relieved.

"Miss Molly, you can rest easy," he said. "Your brother will live. . . . Traft, I'm leaving a few instructions. If fever sets in, send for me. If not, in about ten days make a canvas litter and have four men pack him to the road, where you can safely haul him in a wagon to Flag."

WHEN the genial doctor had finished giving his directions regarding further care and diet, and ridden away with his guide, Bud ejaculated plaintively: "Nourishin' soup! Beef tea! I need somethin' like thet myself."

Long since, Jim had learned that this apparent discontent and garrulousness were just manifestations of their perennial spirit of fun.

"Curly, you and Bud are so darn full of energy—suppose you split some shingles and repair the cabin roof," he suggested dryly.

"That's what you boys need. Good hard work."

"Wal, fer cripe's sake!" exploded Bud.

"Come on, Bud," said Curly, with resignation. "No turkey huntin' this heah mawnin'." They hailed Cherry on the way out: "You're helpin' us split shingles."

"Who said so?" demanded that worthy, affronted.

"We said so. Orders from the boss."

It was well that Jim had suggested this job, for no sooner had it been completed than the swift-moving clouds rolled up black, and the rain poured down in a gray deluge. It rained all day. The cooped-up cowboys talked and played cards and joked and quarreled. Once Jim heard a thought-provoking speech from Curly, evidently made in deep argument: "Wal, I tell you gazaboos there's only one man

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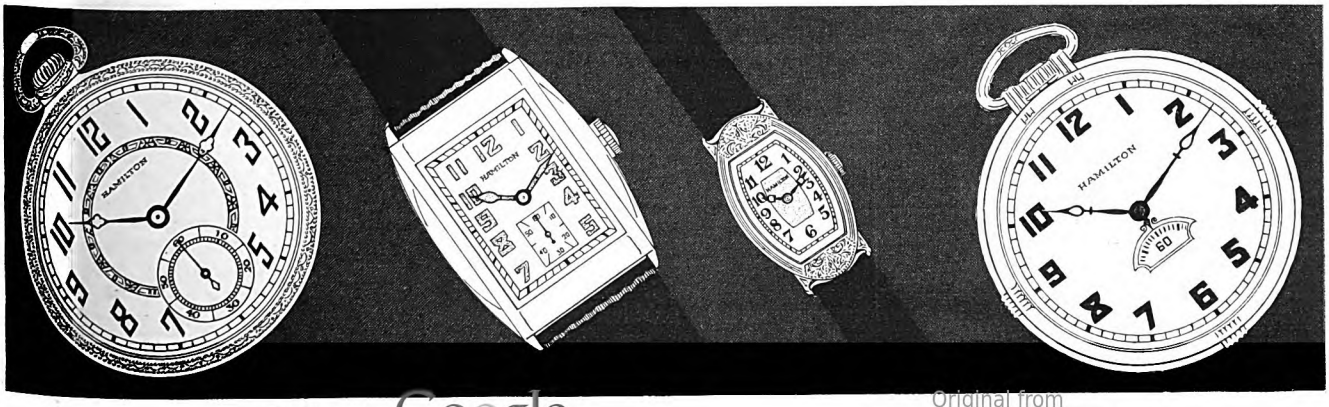

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They may offend others as much as these offend you

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in Arizonie who could fill Jocelyn's boots on the Diamond."

It stormed that night, a regular equinoctial gale. The old cabin groaned and threatened to fly away on the wings of the wind. But toward morning the fury of the storm abated. When daylight came, the sky was fast clearing, the air had a keen, cold edge, and the color of the forest had perceptibly changed.

Jim went outside to wash. The morning was beautiful, with rose and gold clouds skimming the tree tops, and the sky a deep blue. He was wiping his face with his scarf when Curly and Bud appeared, each with a rifle and fine turkey gobbler.

Jim swore mildly at them. "You went wild turkey hunting without taking me! It's a low-down trick. When I've been waiting and longing to go. . . . I'll get even with you."

Vociferously and in unison Curly and Bud gave remarkable evidence of their regret and how they would make amends that very day.

But it turned out that Jim would not leave Molly. Her brother was in agony most of the time, with fever threatening, and not until late did he grow easier. They were all concerned about Slinger, except Curly, who said: "Wal, the third day is the wust. From now on he'll mend fast."

Next morning, however, Jim routed Curly and Bud out so early that they could not see even a tree for half an hour.

"Boss, wild turkeys is wild, shore, but they ain't owls," complained Bud.

And Curly, loyal as always, vowed that Jim was not going to be permitted to shoot a turkey while it was still on the roost.

"Thet's pot-huntin', boss, an' not sporty a-tall."

"After eating that turkey drumstick last night, I'd perpetrate any kind of a dark deed to get another," averred Jim.

"Didn't I tell you? Wal, now, don't talk so much, an' mebbe, if it ever gits daytime, we'll see a flock," rejoined Curly.

Jim noticed, however, that Bud and Curly talked right on as usual, and after a few moments he dryly mentioned the fact.

"Wal, you see, these heah turkeys air used to us cowboys ridin' around in the woods," explained Curly. "They know our voices."

DAYLIGHT came, with rosy color and nipping air, with frost like diamonds on the gramma grass, and so quiet that a falling aspen leaf rustled loudly. Evidently, they had come up to the head of the park, for they crossed a brook and passed a tumble-down log cabin, where Hack Jocelyn had elected to hide with Molly and wait for the ransom. Curly remarked that the plans of crooked men went wrong more often than right.

"Flick ought to ride in today," he added. "He might be cute enough to savvy the way the deal has turned out an' skedaddle with the money."

"I don't believe—" began Jim, when he got a prod from Bud.

"Hist!" he whispered. "Shet up, you elocuteners. Turkey!"

It was a great day. They rode into camp at dusk with two beautiful hen turkeys and a big gobbler. But the excitement of the hunt was dispelled by an astonishing fact. Boyd Flick had ridden into camp with the ransom money, which he was glad indeed to get rid of, and he and the other three members of the Cibeque were packing to leave.

"Traft, it wasn't no deal of mine," said Flick frankly. "But I don't need to tell you thet. Jocelyn had us all buffaloed. I'm glad Slinger croaked him an' thet the Cibeque is done fer."

They had breakfast with Jim's party, bade them and Slinger good-by, and rode away into the forest, manifestly glad to get off so easily with whole skins.

That morning Dunn showed a decided turn for the better, and Jim, losing all his misgivings, was happy for Molly. She loved this backwoods brother and had faith in him. Jim generously waived the ambush on the trail and the rooster trick to which Slinger had treated him, and vowed he would share Molly's faith. Long before that he had decided to reward Slinger for saving his life.

The atmosphere of the camp grew merry, with only one drawback now, and that was the failure of Hump Stevens and Uphill Frost to arrive. Jim grasped that the cowboys were concealing anxiety from him, if not more. He decided to send Jackson Way and Cherry Winters to Tobe's Well to ascertain whether the missing cowboys were there. If they would only come in, or if news arrived that they were safe, Jim felt that he would be happy and could even face that grim old Westerner who had entrusted him with such responsibility.

THEY had supper at four o'clock, after which Jim started off with Molly for a walk, so happy to be alone with her he was hardly able to contain himself. And after he got out of sight of camp he no longer did.

"Jim, are we goin' walkin' or makin' love?" queried Molly.

"Can't we do both?"

"No. If you keep on huggin' me an' kissin' my ear—how am I to watch where I'm goin'? . . . If you *must* make love let's set right down under this spruce an' do it."

They climbed a slope, scaring squirrels, rabbits, and deer on the way, and came out on top of a ridge where the forest made Jim ache with its wildness and beauty. The setting sun lent a glamour to the dry, sweet wilderness. Here were thickets of young pine, impossible to penetrate, and there was a long, shade-barred aisle down the forest.

Jim stopped, resolutely. "Now, would you mind kissing me?" he asked.

"Jim, you put such store on my kisses," she replied wistfully. "I reckon they're not—not so precious as you imagine."

"Yes, they are, Molly."

"I told you once—I—I'd been kissed a lot," she went on, shamefaced, yet brave. "Not that I was willin'. . . . An' now I know what love is I—I wish my lips had been for you alone, Jim."

"No, Molly. You were a child. That you can feel as you do now, is enough for me, regarding the past. I couldn't begin to tell you how I love and respect you."

She kissed him, then, absorbed with the seriousness of it, rather than the sweetness of surrender.

Resting often, they made their way back down through the forest, across the park, into camp.

On the following day Slinger Dunn had

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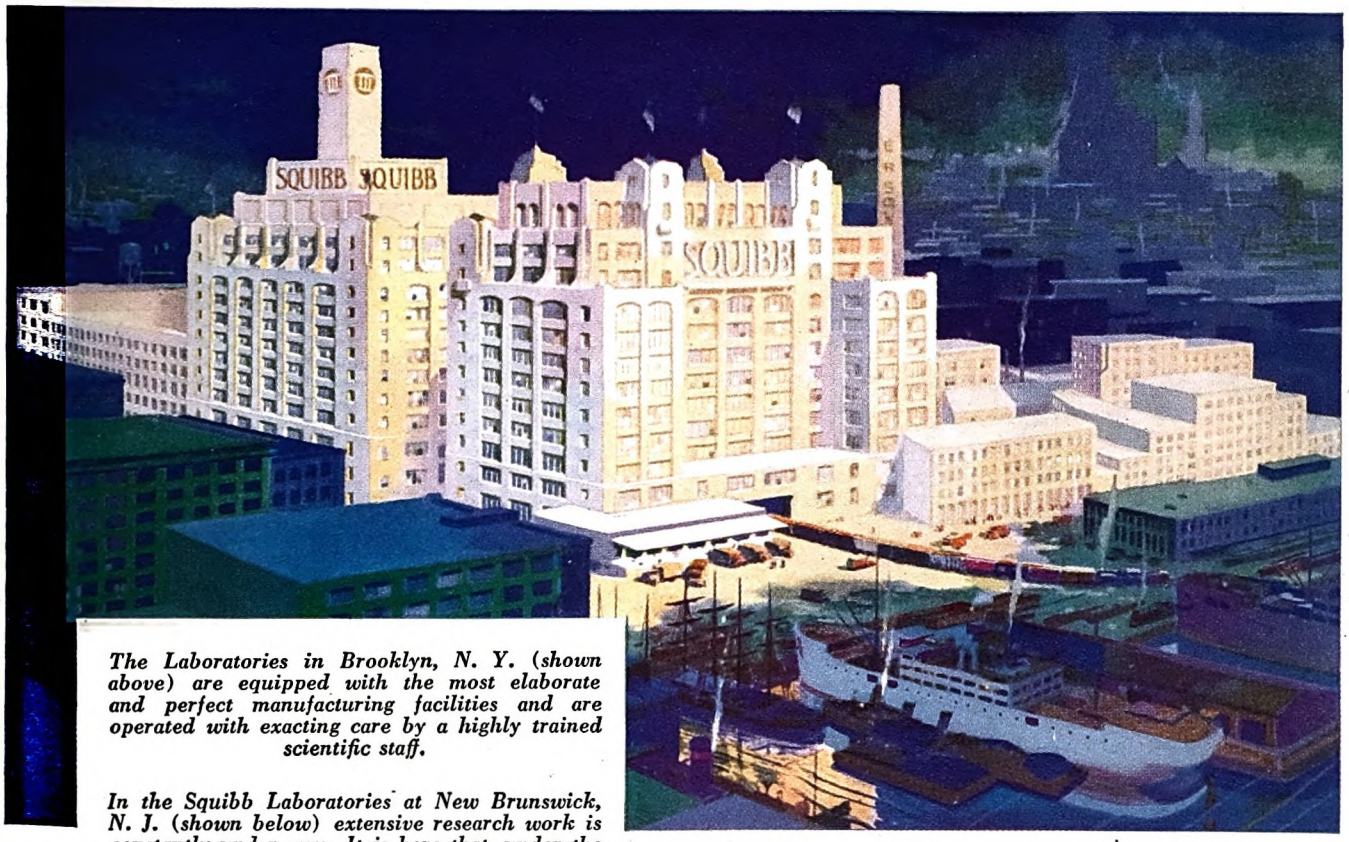

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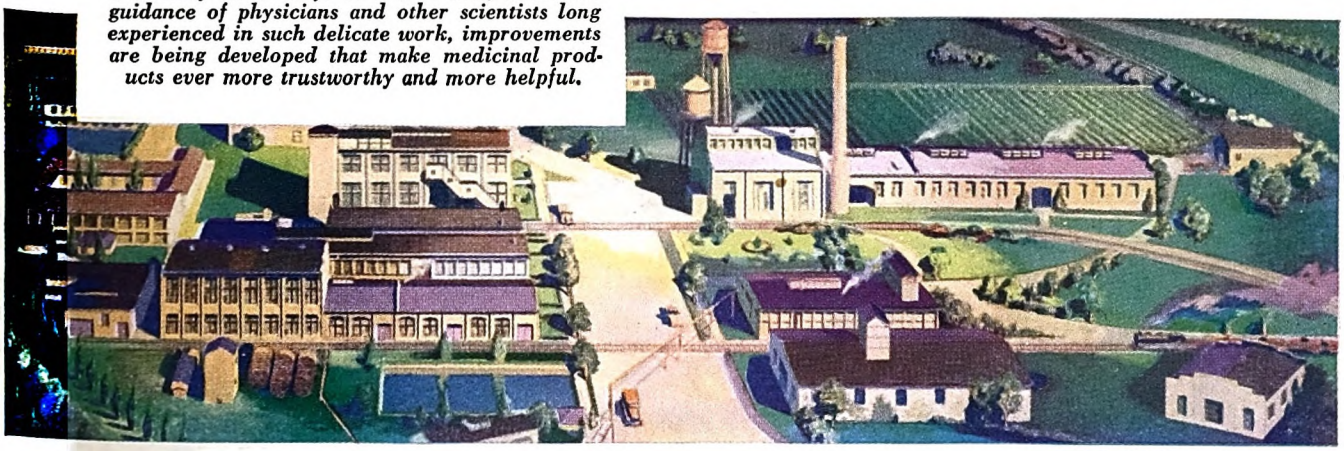

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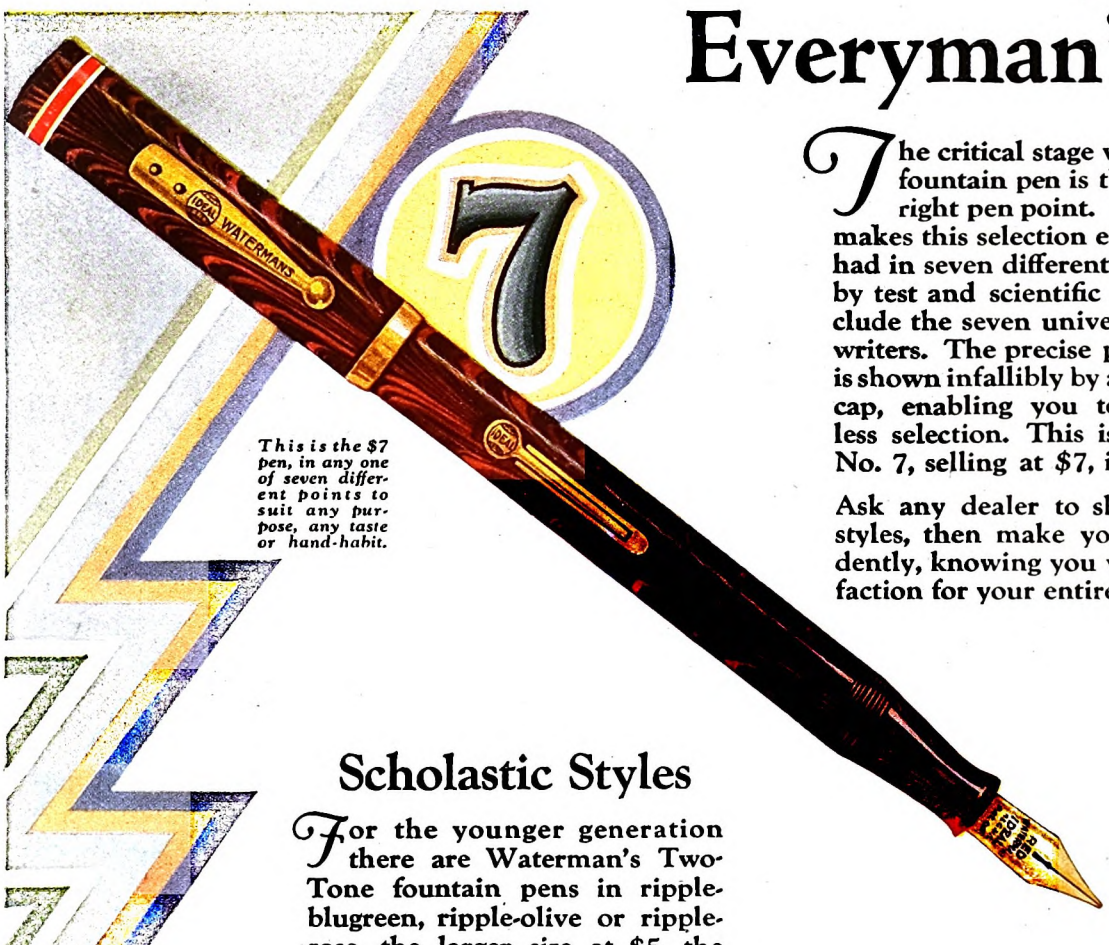

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improved so materially that Jim began to hope it would be safe to move him at the end of another week, perhaps sooner. That forced him to consider the coming situation. Word had been sent to Mrs. Dunn by Boyd Flick that Molly was safe and her brother mending favorably. Jim began to incline to a plan to take Molly also into town. The very good excuse of a wounded brother would suffice. How about the Flagerstown feminine contingent when they scented this romance? Jim indulged in a gleeful laugh. Uncle Jim might be destined to have his heartfelt desire fulfilled long before he anticipated any hope of it. But Molly was so young—hardly eighteen.

Another perturbing question, for the moment, was the continued failure of Hump and Uphill to appear. Probably they would show up soon with Jack and Cherry. Jim dismissed that, too, as something to be combated another and perhaps more favorable day.

EARLY in the afternoon he slipped off alone. He wished to have a long, lonely walk in the forest. It turned out, however, that he did not go far—hardly out of range of Jeff's ringing ax on a dead aspen log.

He took a peep into the old log cabin where Hack Jocelyn had planned to hide Molly. It was full of débris, leaves, pine cones, wood mice, and insects. The place showed evidence of having once been lived in by human creatures. What had happened there? Jim sensed a haunting story in that lonely cabin.

Then he followed the draw, up under the spreading silver branches, to a spot where he simply had to stop. Frost had turned the aspens gold. The wondrous hue blazed against sky and forest. All the tranquil little glade appeared to have absorbed light from the aspen leaves, that quivered so delicately and silently, each separate one fluttering like a golden moth.

Jim sat down and gloated over these quaking aspens, and the towering pines and spruces. A hawk sailed across the blue opening above. A dreamy hum pervaded the forest. He did not wonder at a backwoodsman. Here was strange, full, strength-giving life. Molly Dunn seemed a composite of all that he saw and felt there.

Deep in his soul, now that he had time and place to face it, he thanked the god of chance, and the higher Divinity to whom all events were subservient, for her love and her promise. The West had dealt harshly with him, yet made greater amends. He had served his apprenticeship under these fire-spirited cowboys; and he sensed more and yet more hardships, problems, pangs, of that elemental range life.

He had cut his eyeteeth. In the future he might hide his stern acceptance of labor and duty under a guise such as that of Curly Prentiss. But recklessness and boyish desire for adventure for adventure's sake, carelessness and loss of temper, deliberate seeking of trouble—all these must not only be suppressed, but done away with. His responsibility had quadrupled.

Jim wrought over his many failings like a blacksmith hammering malleable iron. If he must build drift fences, he would do well to add something of Slinger Dunn to his conception of Curly Prentiss, in his intelligent acceptance of that which made a Westerner.

That was the clearest of his many hours of self-teaching.

Late afternoon found Jim descending the slope toward camp. He espied a curling column of blue smoke after he had smelled a camp fire. Saddle horses in camp, grazing with dragging bridles! He quickened his pace. Probably the cowboys had returned. He made sure of this when he saw Cherry's pinto horse hobbling up the park.

Approaching from behind the cabin, he could not see anyone until he turned the corner. But he had heard a merry voice and a deep laugh. There, outside the cabin on a bench, sat his uncle, holding Molly's hand. Jim was thunderstruck!

"Uncle! . . . Where'd you come from?" he exploded.

"Howdy, son. I rode in with Locke a while ago," replied Traft, his keen eyes sweeping Jim from head to toe. "I haven't been lonesome, as you see."

"I do see," replied Jim, and he could have shouted to the skies the good of what he saw. Molly did not look as if she wanted to run from Uncle Jim. A blush slowly rose under tear-stained cheeks.

Traft exposed the back of Molly's little supple, brown hand, on a finger of which the diamond sparkled, as if in gay and treacherous betrayal.

"Son, I see you've been goin' in debt for diamonds," drawled Traft.

Molly gently disengaged her hand. "If you'll excuse me, I—I'll run back to Arch," she said shyly, and fled.

Traft looked up at Jim. "You pie-eatin', soft-spoken, hard-fisted Mizzourie son-of-a-gun!" he ejaculated.

"Yes?" returned Jim hopefully.

"Doc Shields told me first of these doin's," went on the rancher. "So Locke an' I hooked up the buckboard an' dragged a couple of saddle horses along. We left the team at Keech's, where . . . but that'll wait. Curly told me the whole business. So did Bud. I had a little talk with Slinger. An' then I got hold of Molly. . . . Jim, you've done it. Winnin' the Diamond was a real job, but nothin' to that girl. It took me a minute to fall in love with her myself an' a whole hour to get the story out of her. Son, she's real Western stuff!"

"I—I'm awful glad you like her—Uncle Jim," said Jim, and, weak in the knees, he sat down.

"SO MUCH for that. We can come back to it later. . . . I've got tough news."

"Uncle, I can stand anything now," replied Jim, and indeed felt that he could.

"Hump Stevens is at Keech's, all shot up, but I reckon not so bad as Slinger," went on Traft. "I had him hauled to Flag. Up Frost got to town night before last, an' he's crippled. Up told me he an' Hump run plumb into some of the Hash Knife outfit, cuttin' your drift fence, an' there was a bit of a fight. Hump thinks he killed one of the gang. There was five of them, an' they rode off with one hangin' across a saddle. Then Up packed Hump across to Keech's an' come on in to town."

"Hash Knife outfit! Uncle, who and what is this Hash Knife outfit?"

"Humph! They're a heap, son. The Hash Knife used to be the king-pin cow

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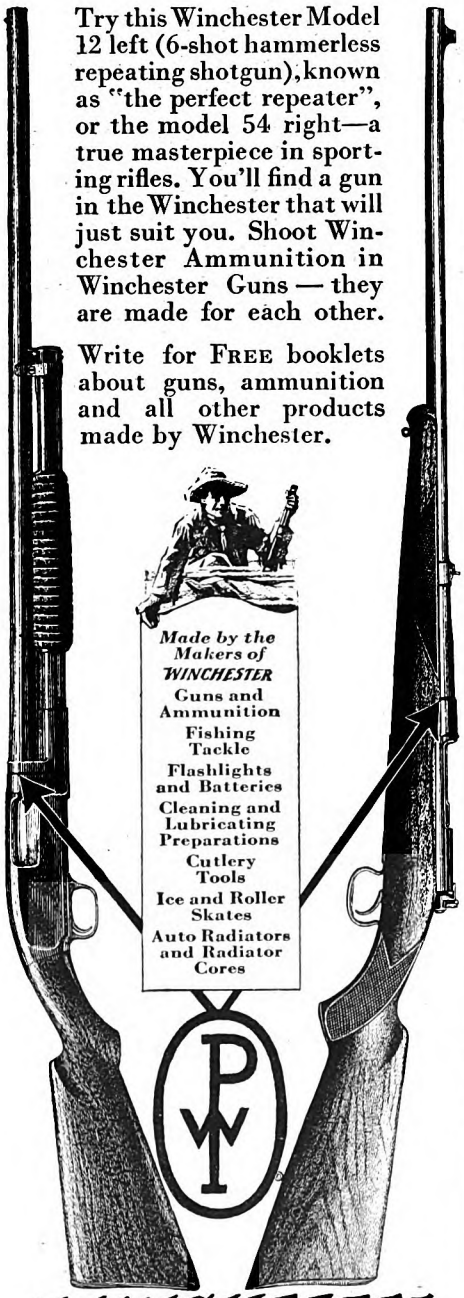

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outfit of central Arizona. That was twenty years ago. Now it's got the Cibeque beat to a frazzle for hard-nut hombres, exceptin' Slinger. Old cowboys, gunmen, rustlers!—Wal, the first nine miles of your drift fence is down, but you've still got up sixty miles or more. An' that'll have to do for this year. Fact is, I'm more than satisfied. I'm darn proud of you, Jim!"

"Thank you, Uncle. But soon as I see what's to be done about Slinger and—and Molly, we'll go right back to fence building."

"No more till next spring, Jim. You don't savvy. That end of the Diamond is high, an' this storm spelled winter. The cattle had drifted off before this snow came. Two feet at Tobe's Well now an' deeper as you climb south. . . . Listen, son. I've got an idee that may suit you, since Molly Dunn talked so hopefully about her brother. It seems *she* thinks you had good influence on Slinger. Wal, follow it up. If you can get Slinger Dunn into the Diamond—why, you'll have it all over the Hash Knife. Son, it's turnin' tricks like this that is genuine Western."

"I had that idea myself, Uncle!"

"ALL right, then. Let's put our heads together. We've got to take Slinger to town, an' so we'll take Molly along. Then we'll send for her folks an' keep them at the ranch. I wouldn't rush that kid into marryin', not before a year. It'd be good for her to meet people, an'—"

"Great! Uncle, you're just the finest ever!" cried Jim, wildly fired with enthusiasm. "Molly could go to school, or at least have private lessons, and what couldn't that girl learn in six months?"

"You'll have some trouble talkin' Slinger into it, mebbe," went on Traft. "I sat talkin' to him a little while. He's got one weakness shore, an' that's Molly. An' I'll gamble he has another—a ranch. Play these cards strong."

"Ranch?" queried Jim eagerly.

"Shore. I happen to own the Yellow-Jacket. It's a big, wild range, run down, with only a few thousand head of stock. I took it over on notes of Blodgett's not long ago. Some rustlin' down there. It's a fine winter range. Just the place for the Diamond this next six months. You talk up the Yellow-Jacket to Dunn. Tell him you'll take him in with you as partner, or half shares, providin' he'll throw in with the Diamond. That'll fetch him, unless you an' Molly have him figured wrong."

Jim got up trembling, and put a strong hand on Traft's shoulder.

"Uncle Jim! . . . So this is one of the things that makes you a great Westerner? Oh, I've heard a lot. . . . I couldn't ask more in this world—than—"

But he choked over that utterance and rushed round the cabin to drop in upon Molly and Slinger. Dunn was half sitting up and looked better, especially as one of the boys had shaved him and his face had regained some of its clean tan. Jim swallowed hard, and settled himself for a talk. He did not dare look at Molly.

"Howdy, Slinger," he began. "You seem to be doing fine. We'll be riding you into Flag, pronto. We'll take Molly along and go right to Uncle Jim's ranch. And send for your father and mother to come up. . . . You see, Slinger, it's this way. Molly and I will be getting married in a—a year or so—" here a half-stifled gasp at his elbow interrupted him—"and you know, she's pretty much of a kid. We won't let her go back to the Cibeque—ever—except, of course, on visits—and you just ought to be where you can see her often."

"I reckon I ought," agreed Dunn.

"Fine. I thought you'd agree. Now, here's another angle. Do you happen to know the Yellow-Jacket ranch?"

"I shore do."

"What kind of a place is it?"

"Wal, no ranch to brag aboot—only a cabin an' corrals. But, Lord, what a range! Water an' grass an' timber!"

Jim really needed no more than the light of Slinger's eyes.

"Uncle has turned it over to me, lock, stock, and barrel," laughed Jim. "Only three thousand head of cattle. But great possibilities for development. . . . Now, Slinger, I want you to go in with me—be my partner in making a big ranch out of the Yellow-Jacket."

Dunn grew quite red in the face for him.

"Molly, is this heah fellar of yours drunk or crazy?" he asked, turning to her.

"I—I don't quite know—Arch," she faltered. "But I reckon you can trust him."

Jim had further impetus to his enthusiasm. A small, trembling hand slipped into his and clung.

"There's a string to the offer, Slinger. There always is—in business deals. Sure, it's a big chance for you—not to say how wonderful for Molly. But I'm quite selfish in the matter. You're more than worth the deal to me, provided, of course, you agree to my terms."

Jim felt another pressing little hand stealing up around him, over his shoulder.

"Ahuh. An' what's them terms, Jim Traft?" queried Dunn.

"Do you happen to know the Hash Knife outfit?" counter-queried Jim.

"Better'n anyone who rides the Diamond."

"Well, it was the Hash Knife outfit who cut the last nine miles of our fence. Next spring we'll go back on the job. And, Slinger, to complete that fence and keep it *up*, I need you. Savvy? Will you throw in with me and the Diamond?"

"Lord! Jest gimme the chanct!" replied Dunn hoarsely.

"Here's my hand. And with it is an end of the bad blood between us."

WHEN Jim extended that hand he naturally released the little one that had clung tighter and tighter to his. Suddenly, while he came to grips with Slinger and their eyes met in the understanding of men, this little hand flashed up before him, to lock with the other one behind him. As he had reason to remember, these little members were strong, and now he had more proof of that.

Moreover, Molly's arms were inseparable from them, and they twined and twined.

"*Mizzourie Jim!*" she whispered. And between Jim and Slinger, while yet their hands gripped, intervened a pale little face, with wet eyes, dark in passionate gratitude, with red, parted lips that came up and up and up. . . .

"Wal, Jim, I reckon thet'll be aboot all!" said Slinger Dunn.

(*The End*)

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How Business Leaders Are Made

(*Continued from page 37*)

I rated myself as an expert among experts. Daily I looked for promotion, but it seemed that I had been tossed into a treadmill and forgotten. Finally, in sheer desperation, I set out to lick that job before it licked me; and the only way I could lick it was by refusing to let it drive me out."

Then, at length, his superior called him aside. His wages were to be increased to eleven dollars a week. He was to go up to New Haven and see if he could interest other college men in the business. The mission had an executive flavor and filled Beers with a new enthusiasm. At last he was getting on.

"I went to New Haven, enlisted twenty-three men ambitious to become business executives, and brought them back to the plant," related Mr. Beers. "None of them had ever been inside a big bakery, whereas I was starting to regard myself as a veteran. Here is what happened: The company hired every new man at eleven dollars a week, which was exactly what it paid me, and allowed each one to begin training where I had left off. I was mad enough to quit on the spot."

The class, consisting of those who were enough interested to continue, was sent to Chicago and put to work in a bakery there. A practical baker became their chief instructor. Into the warehouse he sent Beers to learn materials—as a husky learns them, by the weight of the sack upon his back. Beers found himself in a kingdom of sugar, salt, flour, butter, eggs, nuts, molasses, cocoa, and what not, where sacks and barrels and tubs were lords of the realm and he their toiling vassal.

Months of this, whereupon he began to follow the ingredients of cake and biscuit through the bakery. He became a dough mixer—next a dough roller, a pan greaser, a machine man, an oven man. By wielding a coal shovel he learned to fire a furnace. With broom, mop, scrub brush, and soap he learned that a bakery must be kept clean. Every machine had to be mastered, and there were dozens of machines. Every process that went into the manufacture, packing, and distribution of a line of more than five hundred kinds of cakes and biscuits had to be assimilated by intimate contact with it.

ONE year, two, four years, six years. Still he wore the white uniform. Still he was a student. Looking back, how easy seemed those four years at college, where a chap learned from books, listened to lectures, and solved his problems on paper. Here in the shop were no books, no lectures, no paper conquests, only the daily contact with iron and steel, with coal and heat, with sugar, flour, dough, browned biscuits, and men.

All but one of those twenty-three young college graduates who came down from New Haven quit. In the class that remained of the picked candidates only three men completed the training course and continued with the bakery. Today one of them is a manager at Chicago, the second is a manager at Detroit, the third

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is Beers himself. These three won through.

But why this grinding, this grilling, this sweating? Why this grim insistence upon detail, this merciless routine?

Today Fred Beers can answer the question that seemed without an answer not so many years ago. He has seen both sides of the slate, and here is his conclusion:

"The executive who has men in charge must understand those men and their jobs. He must be able to see as they see, think as they think, feel as they feel, to the end that he asks of them no more or no less than is possible. In like measure, he must understand the limitations and possibilities of his materials and machines.

"Training must develop more than mere knowledge. It must also mold character. Courage, stamina, industry, and patience are demanded daily of an executive. These are traits which, like muscular power, can be strengthened only by exercise, which can be proved only by ceaseless trials. Countless men are able enough to acquire a degree of knowledge quickly, but these other two—understanding and character—are of tedious growth. They wither in a man of soft experience!"

SIX years at Chicago. Then, with another survivor, Beers was trundled back to New York, given an oven, a machine, and materials, and told to experiment with biscuit baking. A year the two experimenters were left mainly to themselves. At the end of it, great day, Beers was made the foreman of a packing department.

Four years a foreman, packing wafers. Then, suddenly, as if the company had rediscovered him, Beers was whirled through six months of intensive general training in packing. He lived with pencil and notebook, filling the notebook by day and trying to cram into his head its contents by night. He began to marvel, after twelve years, at the stupendous amount he did not know. In the beginning he had known 'most everything. Now—?

"Beers."

"Yes, sir."

"You are to go to Kansas City and take general charge of all packing departments in the new plant. Start at once—and may luck be with you."

At last, an executive post! It was what he had been striving for, sweating for, slaving for—and now that he had it, the bottom seemed ready to drop from his stomach. He was in a funk, like a schoolboy called upon to speak his first piece. He trembled.

Any new plant is a hotbed of problems. New machinery is filled with what the engineer calls "bugs." A new organization is distressingly prone to creak. And Beers was a brand-new superintendent.

No longer did he work nine hours. Many a morning he got to work at five; many a night he was still working at ten. No longer was he too tired physically to think in bed. Worry perched on the headboard and responsibility sat beside it, a ghoulish pair. He was on trial.

"Beers did a good job at Kansas City," another executive informed me. "He made that packing department the first in the country, a model department."

He must have done a good job, for Kansas City led to Beers' promotion to the company's general staff.

In what was then the Western Department of the company were twenty-five

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Germs are destroyed, tartar is quickly dissolved and acids that cause decay are neutralized. Gums are firmed and strengthened. Teeth are cleaned and polished without injury. (*There's neither grit nor pumice in the smooth Kolynos foam.*)

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huge plants. Beers was given a roving commission to study, to try to improve, and to correct troubles that cropped up. The Kansas City experience had given him confidence, and as he traveled from plant to plant, he began to think, to dream a little. The title of the dream was, "What I'd do if I were at the head of this company."

He studied men, got close to them, appreciated them. Mentally he noted, "That man would make a good manager"—"That foreman deserves promotion"—"That manager isn't up to his job." He studied policies and practices, and he noted, "If ever they give me a chance I'll change that"—"I'll do this, and thus."

BACK to New York. His roving commission was extended to embrace the entire country. Then, on a day in April, 1921, eighteen years after that first job as a peeler, he was made Production Manager. The Production Department at that time was badly in need of a doctor and immediate results were demanded.

This time, though he faced his greatest test, Beers was not afraid. His plans were complete. Eight years he had been preparing himself expressly for this bigger job. He was ready for it.

First, he completely overturned the company's whole system of branch plant management. Branch managers had been responsible for both sales and production in their territories, a practice which had resulted in some favoring production at the expense of sales and others favoring sales at the expense of production, according to the individual's preferences and training. Beers divided the responsibility and set up a dual branch-management system. Protests arose like a storm, but results quickly overrode them.

Second, he did the totally unprecedented thing of buying machinery from outside manufacturers instead of ordering it from the company's own factory at Evanston, Illinois. He announced, "As long as I am in charge of production I shall buy the best machinery available, regardless of who makes it. If the Evanston plant is not abreast of the time, I don't do business with it." But simultaneously the Evanston plant started in "to show Beers." Resulted a tremendous improvement in company-built machines, a new spirit at Evanston.

Third, deliberately he set out to make dissatisfied those who were satisfied. He dangled the bait of promotion before men who had stopped thinking of promotion. He pushed bakers up into management posts, foremen into superintendencies. He extended the school system, uprooted men who had been twenty years in one spot and set them down a thousand miles away. A new life began to hum in shops where there had been only the clank of machines.

The machine which is the company had built him to the order of its need, and now Beers rebuilt the machine with a master touch. Fearlessly, he ordered drastic changes. Production mounted, costs dropped, and in the Board Room at No. 85 Ninth Avenue there were smiles.

Nobody was surprised at headquarters to learn that when R. E. Tomlinson became Chairman of the Board, Frederick Beers had succeeded him to the presidency.

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The Outlaws of Eden

(*Continued from page 15*)

The partner of his brave dreams nodded, for she, too, was a child of the soil and could understand his enthusiasm. "The country's laid out like a frying pan, Robin. This narrow cañon is the handle and the big valley below is the pan."

Keeping to the high ground at the base of the hills, they journeyed down the Handle to the Pan, fording numerous lateral torrents that roared down the mountainside to the main stream below.

Debouching from the Handle into the Pan (for so they continued to allude to the peculiar disposition of the country), Kershaw discovered that the creek was now, indeed, a river. And, as was the case in the Handle, so it was in the Pan. For fully a mile on the west bank of the stream the ground was inundated, and since the floor of the valley was seemingly all at the same general level, Kershaw had no doubt that the meadows on the east side of the stream were similarly flooded.

"God's the ditch-tender in Eden Valley, Lorry," he exulted. "Once a year for perhaps a month He gives free surface irrigation on a strip two miles wide and no man knows how long."

He left her and rode out into the sluggish wash to a point within a hundred yards of the main channel. "From a foot to six inches deep," he announced, when he rejoined her on the high ground. "What a grand soaking! And then a couple of inches of new rich silt from the high country back yonder is left behind to fertilize the grass when the waters recede to the channel! Then the warm, spring sun starts the new grass to growing, and, Lordy, how it must grow! By July it must be two feet high. What a hay harvest, Lorry! There'll be so much moisture in the soil even then that before the hay is stacked the grass will be up again four inches for the cows to graze on until the next spring freshet."

She smiled upon him, rejoicing with him in this discovery of unlimited free grass and water. Womanlike, however, she was prone to caution where her man was concerned. Here, indeed, was a fair picture, but might there not be a reverse to it?

"The snowfall in the mountains was extra heavy this year, Robin," she reminded him. "That's why we see so much run-off water. But there'll be years when the snowfall in the mountains will be mighty light—and then God won't be so generous to Eden Valley."

"Even so," he reminded her, "there'll always be a good flow of water into Eden Valley Creek from the mountains on each side. I can dam them little creeks and lead the water out over the meadows in ditches; an' I can put in a little diversion dam up at the head o' the Pan, and lead the water from Eden Valley Creek down to my hayfields."

"Then," said Lorry practically, "we'd best settle at the head o' Eden Valley Creek. Let's look for some high ground where the drainage will always be good."

On a mesa about forty acres in area, rising some thirty feet above the general level of Eden Valley and backed up against

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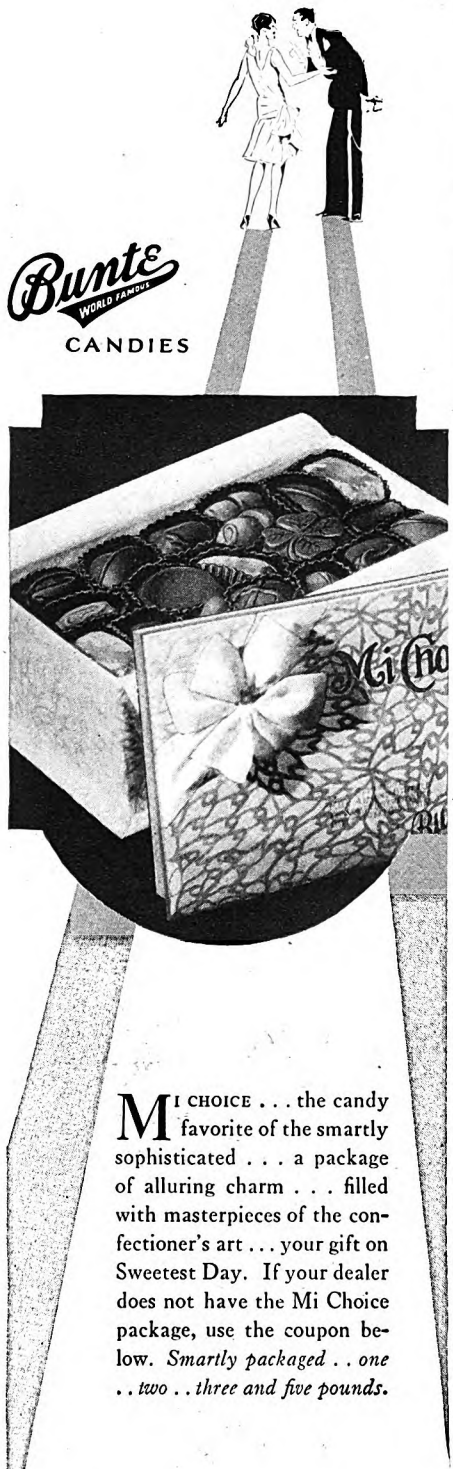

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the western hills, they found the location for their future home. Perhaps a hundred stately sugar pines grew upon this mesa, with lush green grass between. At its upper end there was a huge live spring; the soil was decomposed granite and silt, rich with the leaf mold of centuries.

"I can have a garden," Lorry murmured rapturously.

"And here's timber to our hand for our home and outbuildings," he added. "And we'll build a grand, big log house."

They camped that night in the sugar pine grove. Side by side, on a foot deep carpet of soft pine needles, they lay under the stars and talked and made brave plans for their future.

Truly, they were as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; there, beneath their heavy woolen blankets, content in each other's arms, they saw no vision of the Serpent. They dreamed not of the hatred and the envy of humankind that one day should make them, their children, and their children's children fight to the death for this dear silent land; that the waves of a new civilization would engulf them; that one day they should be crowded!

THE following morning they continued their journey down the valley, noting the small lateral streams that ran down the encircling mountains to Eden Valley Creek. Kershaw observed, too, that many thousands of acres were subirrigated perennially, because of snow water that seeped down through the granitic sands, burbled up in springs, and spread out over the fat land just under the grass roots.

Halfway down the valley, however, the land on each side of the creek rose at a slight angle toward the hills on each flank, thus gradually narrowing the area subject to annual overflow from the creek. The channel of the creek appeared to be deeper, too; the man who would irrigate these lands in summer would have to erect a very expensive dam to raise the waters above the bank level and divert them out over his hay lands. The areas of subirrigated lands were much more restricted, also, although Kershaw realized that the seasonal rainfall would always provide excellent grazing for cattle. Unquestionably, however, the upper half of the valley was by far the most desirable from every point of view, and there rose in the heart of Kershaw a fierce desire to own it.

"I'll be the cattle king of Eden Valley," he told his wife suddenly, and she, quite confident her man could be anything he desired to be, smiled approvingly.

Presently the valley commenced to pitch downward, gradually. The quality of the soil and the quantity of the grass decreased with the pitch; the valley commenced gradually to pinch in until finally they found themselves riding through a gorge about two hundred feet wide, walled in by towering granite cliffs about a hundred and fifty feet high. The valley for the past five miles had degenerated into a gravelly, boulder-strewn wash; the gorge suddenly debouched into a vast, semi-arid plain into which the surging torrent of Eden Valley Creek poured, gradually flattening out in the inhospitable soil until, miles away, it disappeared completely beneath the surface.

"What a wanton waste," Robin Kershaw murmured. "Still, that soil out yonder isn't worth much, even with water on it. No, it will never develop into an agricultural country," he decided. "The land's too porous to carry water."

He turned in his saddle and looked back. "If a feller wanted to, an' there was some other good country off there to the northwest that wanted irrigation, he could easy put in a dam in this box cañon. It'd back the winter flood waters up for miles an' be a reserve for use in the dry season."

THE buttress of forested mountains on the northern side of the valley had gradually decreased in height until, in the lower end of the valley, they had degenerated into a spur of grassy hills about two hundred feet high. At the edge of the arid plain into which Eden Valley Creek emptied, this spur turned to the northeast, rapidly increasing in height until it became once more a forested mountain range rising in spots to an elevation of perhaps eight thousand feet above the plain to the southeast.

This condition Kershaw pointed out to his bride. "The prevailin' storms in this country are from the northwest, Lorry, an' when the rain-bearin' winds strike that there range running northeast, the growth o' timber precipitates the rain on the western slope, an' the eastern slope don't get none to speak of. That's why we got a desert here. Let's ride north across this spur an' see what sort o' country lies yonder."

On the crest of the spur they halted. Directly below them lay another valley even larger than Eden Valley, but, save on its eastern side, where alternate green streaks denoted willow, alder, and sycamore growths along the little streams that ran down from the mountain buttress, this vast valley was not timbered. Nor was it, even remotely, as verdant as Eden Valley. Twenty miles or so to the north and northwest it terminated in a ridge of little reddish mountains; it stretched away to the west perhaps fifteen miles to another similar range, with a low pass disappearing into the horizon midway of the rough circle.

"THERE," cried Robin Kershaw triumphantly, "is the land that needs the water old Mother Nature is wastin' off yonder. Some day when we're gone, our children's children will build that dam I spoke of, back the flood waters up most to the crest o' this spur, cut a canal across, an' lead the water off down yonder."

He continued: "No, the Lord ain't treated yonder valley jest right. I reckon it gits enough rainfall to make it fair farmin' land, but come a dry year or a succession o' dry years an' that valley'll sure raise a crop o' broken hearts. Lorry, I sort o' figger we'd ought to call that country yonder Forlorn Valley."

"I christen thee Forlorn Valley," the girl answered and blew a kiss out into the solitude. Then they rode down into it.

As they proceeded it was obvious to Robin Kershaw that the spring grass in Forlorn Valley, although up about three inches, would never attain the height or luxuriance of the growth in Eden Valley. The soil was good enough to attract grangers. But it would never be a real cattle country, for the summer heat would wither the grass before July and, save on its eastern fringe, the valley was not well watered.

Of course, frequent and heavy summer showers would alleviate this condition

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considerably, but—there would always be lurking in the background the specter of a dry year, and only in infrequent strips of favored territory could a man put up wild hay to carry his cattle through the winter.

"Another Eden Valley if it had the water," Kershaw decided. "Lord, it's beautiful now, all blue an' gold with wild flowers. But two months from now—" He shook his head. "Eden Valley for us, darlin'. We'll pick the land the Lord has favored, an' let posterity figger out a way to make Forlorn Valley another Eden."

WELL, they settled in Eden Valley. They returned in midsummer with two wagons drawn by six horses each, laden to the limit with provisions, tools, building hardware, and furniture. Men hired by Kershaw to help him followed on horseback.

They spent that first summer in a tent, but by late fall, they had built a spacious and comfortable log house with a wide veranda around it. Already they had made sufficient hay to last the stock all winter.

The following spring Kershaw brought in fifteen thousand head of cattle, for which he paid an average price of fifteen dollars a head. They were scrubs—the only cattle he could buy but, since his feed cost him nothing, he was content with them and the profit he knew he would make after growing them out. And he prospered.

For the succeeding eight years he was not, in a manner of speaking, disturbed. A few nesters came into the valley and set up small herds, but there was plenty of grass for everybody. And there was peace in Eden Valley, which, in the interim, had been surveyed. It was still part of the public domain, however, and in that distant day the Forest Service, which nowadays patrols and controls the public domain and sees to it that government derives a revenue therefrom, was nonexistent.

After 1860, when the Homestead Law had been enacted by the Congress, men began to come in and file on homesteads. Some filed for agricultural purposes and, therefore, were restricted to a quarter section; those who filed homesteads for grazing purposes were allotted sections. Robin Kershaw and his wife immediately filed homestead grazing claims on the two sections immediately surrounding their ranch headquarters, and were careful to select lands on both sides of Eden Valley Creek and extending up the creek to the beginning of what they still referred to as the Handle, thus, to a considerable extent, availing themselves of the first riparian rights on Eden Valley Creek. Nobody filed homestead claims on the lands in the Handle, for the reason that it was subject to inundation every winter and spring to a depth that made it untenable.

With the proclamation of the war between the states, fully half the settlers in Eden Valley volunteered for service in both armies. One of the first recruits to the Union army from California was Robin Kershaw, despite the fact that he was now the father of six children.

He returned as a major and found that his business had prospered. With the farms of the Middle West denuded of their cattle to a large extent by the war, beef prices were up; so Kershaw sold every head of stock he possessed, and shipped them to Chicago and Kansas City.

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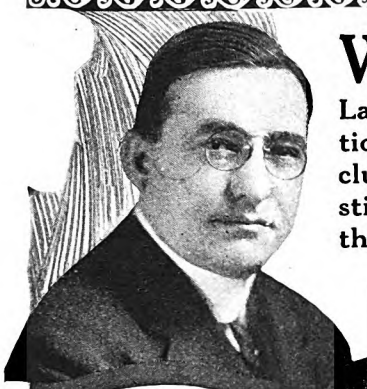

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Then, with his check book, he commenced the elimination of his neighbors in Eden Valley. In his efforts he was aided considerably by the financial depression which is always the aftermath of a war; Eden Valley was forty miles from the nearest town, Gold Run, and such isolation is hard on women. They proved unconscious allies of Robin Kershaw.

BY 1870 he owned in fee fifty thousand acres of Eden Valley—and then Joel Hensley came. Hensley had ample capital. He outbid Kershaw for the lower half of the valley, and Kershaw let him have it; for, after all, Eden Valley was large enough for two, and Kershaw knew he had the cream of it. So he stocked up again with cheap cattle, but of better quality, and he imported purebred beef-type bulls—Shorthorns, Herefords, and Durhams.

Almost before he realized it was impending, he had a bitter quarrel with Joel Hensley.

Kershaw had fenced off his half of the valley and, in common justice, he asked Joel Hensley to pay for half of this fencing. Hensley, glancing sardonically over the fence at the luxuriant meadows of his neighbor, access to which this fence denied his cattle, replied coldly that he couldn't spare the money. Thereupon Kershaw patiently informed him that he would loan him the money, with cattle as security. Hensley replied that he preferred not to be in debt

"Well, I see you intend to be unneighborly," Kershaw answered, "so we'll not argue the matter further. However, there is another matter that must be adjusted. I'm turning loose on the summer range this year five hundred pure-bred beef-type bulls. Your herd bulls are scrubs, and your cattle and mine roam the public domain together. Hence, you are bound to reap an equal benefit with me from the use of my expensive pure-bred sires. That wouldn't be fair"

"Can't help that," Hensley retorted. "I have no money to buy pure-bred bulls."

"I'll loan you the money, Hensley, and it will be money well invested. You'll reap a rich reward by being able to market heavier cattle in a shorter space of time; you'll have stronger, sturdier cattle and your losses will be much less. And you won't be doing your neighbor injustice."

Greed and envy incite men to strange decisions. "To hell with you," was Joel Hensley's retort. "You're too damned patronizing."

And Robin Kershaw mounted his horse and rode away.

In April the Hensley and Kershaw riders drove the cattle of their respective employers up into the summer range in the mountains. But when the Hensley riders returned to the valley, the Kershaw riders remained, scoured the range, and shot every scrub bull they found wearing the Bar H, the Hensley brand. Also, they maintained a patrol all summer and rather effectually succeeded in keeping the Hensley cattle on a sequestered portion of the range. The result was that the Bar H had a ten per cent calf crop, while the Circle K (the Kershaw outfit) had eighty per cent.

Joel Hensley didn't say anything, although he had his suspicions. All winter he was torn between a desire to kill Kershaw or permit him to live in order that he might borrow from him sufficient

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money to purchase pure-bred beef-type bulls. Finally he decided on the latter course and rode up to the Circle K Ranch to suggest it.

Robin Kershaw saw him coming, buckled on a six-shooter, and went out to meet him. "Well?" he demanded coldly.

"Guess I'll have to buy them pure-bred range bulls, neighbor." Joel Hensley forced a sheepish grin. "If you're still of a mind to let me have the money—"

"The situation has changed a mite since I made you that fair offer, Hensley." Kershaw's voice cut like a knife. "Your scrub bulls don't worry me now. I wanted to be a good neighbor, but you wouldn't have it, so now we're enemies, and if you expect to drag yourself off the Circle K under your own power I reckon you'd better be startin' now."

Without a word Hensley wheeled his horse and departed. He had earned this humiliation and he realized it; yet the realization did not allay his fury.

And there was Robin Kershaw II to be reckoned with, also. The boy was nearly twenty—a somewhat dour, thoughtful young hill-billy, who could ride and shoot and wrestle with any man in the county. Joel Hensley knew that breed and its code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

So he nursed his hatred, borrowed money from a distant bank, and bought pure-bred beef-type bulls. As a matter of fact, he had to, or get out of the cattle business. He could have borrowed the money from Kershaw in the first place at six per cent, but the bank charged him ten. In addition, he branded but five hundred calves that year instead of the four thousand he had branded the year before.

BUT Robin Kershaw was not yet through with him. Followed three years of subnormal snowfall in the mountains; hence, when the spring freshets came, Eden Valley Creek overflowed but a tithe of the territory that was flooded in years of normal snowfall. Promptly Robin Kershaw put in a splendid concrete diversion dam at the upper end of his ranch, backed the water up and over the low banks, and led it by ditches all over his meadows.

He could have permitted the water from these ditches to run under the line fence between his ranch and Hensley's, and thence into irrigation ditches that the latter could have plowed with small effort and expense, thus insuring Hensley the customary hay crop and pasture. But the memory of Hensley's indecency in the matter of the cost of that line fence still rankled, so Kershaw turned the water, when he was through with it, back into the channel of Eden Valley Creek. And where Eden Valley Creek meandered through Hensley's ranch the banks were too high and the creek channel too wide for Hensley to lift it up onto his meadows, except by the use of an expensive dam or steam pumping plant, neither of which he could afford.

Of course, there was nothing Hensley could do about this. Kershaw had the first use of the water, and when he turned it back into the channel at the boundary line, he was quite within the law. At no time had he used more than his legal share of the water from the creek; and the amount used in irrigating was less than fifty per cent of the amount he was legally entitled to. It was no concern of his if

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Hensley could not use the water after it came into his possession.

Nothing else so disturbs and infuriates a human being as a cause of action which may not be argued. Kershaw put up his customary tonnage of hay that year and wintered his cattle well. Hensley had but a quarter of the hay he required and wintered his cattle poorly; and thin, undernourished cattle bred in the spring produce poor, undernourished calves, and a lessened quantity of them.

Following the second year of subnormal snowfall in the mountains, he suffered even greater losses. The third year he could stand it no longer. Again he called on Robin Kershaw. He rode up to the latter's house and before the gate held up his hand, palm outward, in the old Indian sign of peace. Nevertheless, Robin Kershaw came out with a pistol on his hip.

"Kershaw," Hensley began, "you're ruining me."

"That's a lie. You've ruined yourself."

"I've got to have more water this year," Hensley shrilled. "I'm going to run ditches through my meadows and when you're through with the water I want you to run it under the fence to my ditches. If you don't, by Heaven, we'll argue this in the smoke! It's plain dirty of you to run it back into the creek again."

"Well, I suppose I could run it into your ditches," Kershaw mused.

"See that you do," Hensley reminded him and rode off, little realizing that he had made an error of judgment. He thought he had bluffed Robin Kershaw.

When Kershaw was finished with his irrigation that summer, Hensley connected his lower irrigation ditches with Kershaw's and the water started running merrily down over the Hensley meadows. But almost immediately the flow ceased. Kershaw had opened the water gate on his diversion dam and turned the water back into the channel of the creek at the upper end of his ranch instead of at the lower!

And Hensley couldn't do anything about that either. After all, there existed no reason why Kershaw should maintain ditches for Hensley's use, no reason why he should keep water running through his meadows to oblige his arrogant and ungrateful neighbor.

HENSLEY was now in an unpleasant predicament. In the presence of witnesses he had loudly threatened, if denied the water, to argue the issue with Robin I in the smoke. He would have to make good now, or be forever an object of contempt.

"He'll make good," Robin Kershaw I decided, and immediately put his house in order. From that night forward he never walked past a window in his house after the lamps were lighted; he never came to the front door to answer a hail from without until he had first made reconnaisance from the flanks or rear. And he and his sons and his riders all rode armed.

But again Joel Hensley visited the Circle K. "Kershaw," he called from the gate, "I'll pay for my share of that fence."

"I don't need the money," Kershaw taunted him. "And I doubt if you'd maintain your share of the upkeep of that fence. So we won't discuss that matter, Hensley. How would you like to sell out to me? That's the best and easiest way to shed your water troubles. I'll meet you in a liberal spirit for the sake of peace. Eden Valley," he added, "ain't big enough for us both!"

"That's what I think," Hensley replied and rode away.

"You'd ought to have let me bust him," Robin II complained from the veranda.

"It'll be time enough for your put when I'm gone," his father rebuked him sternly. "The Kershaws don't kill folks that ain't expectin' it. None of us has took to bushwhackin' as yet."

"He's give his promise," young Robin protested. "He'll bushwhack you, surer'n death an' taxes."

"No, he won't. Hensley ain't that kind. He'll think it over quiet-like and end up by selling out to us."

BUT Robin Kershaw did not understand the depth or intensity of human hatred. Two weeks later, as he rode in alone from the nearest settlement, Joel Hensley rode out on him from a clump of sugar pines. Neither man hesitated; simultaneously they drew and fired.

Mark, now, the perversity of Fate. Had each killed the other, the feud which, for the next forty years, was to make of Eden Valley a dark and bloody ground, would have ended then. But Joel Hensley's first cartridge had a defective primer—and Robin Kershaw's did not. Wherefore, a coroner's jury at Gold Run, the county seat, returned a verdict of justifiable homicide and restored Robin Kershaw to the bosom of his family. But Joel Hensley left several sons, who inherited his *casus belli.*

No relatives, outside the immediate descendants of the Kershaw and Hensley clans, ever participated in the feud started by that defective primer, for it was a point of honor with both clans to "kill their own snakes." During three generations eleven Kershaws and four hired gunmen died with their boots on, and two went to state's prison for varying terms. Of the Hensleys, thirteen were killed, with five gunmen. Neither side ever complained to the authorities; only very inquisitive sheriffs invaded Eden Valley seeking redress for the outraged law; and of the half dozen who did, two never returned.

Naturally, the citizenry in the county roundabout formed their own opinions concerning the Kershaws and the Hensleys; but there were not wanting women to mate with the males of both clans. Among the women of the clans, about fifty per cent never married, but those that did handed down to their offspring the traditions of their clan.

At that, the feud surely must have died of inanition at times when the count on each side was even, but for the perennial *casus belli* of water. Years of lean snowfall in the mountains were years of lean profit for the Hensleys; the water that came down the Kershaw ditches, added to the Kershaw wealth, and then boomed merrily back into the creek channel again, served but to irrigate and revitalize the Hensley hatred.

Despite this disadvantage, the Hensleys prospered in the cattle business to the point where, in the year 1900, they were enabled to put in a diversion dam of their own in Eden Valley Creek. And they dammed the lateral streams on the higher ground, where they could.

In 1917 there remained of the clan Kershaw its chief, Ranceford Kershaw, a widower of fifty and permanently crippled

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by reason of a soft-nosed bullet through his hip; his son, Owen, aged twenty, and a daughter, Lorraine, aged seventeen. Of the clan Hensley there remained three women, Angie Tichenor, a widow, and Hattie and Beulah Hensley, both old maids. The sole male defender of the Hensley faith was a youth of twenty, son of Angie Tichenor, and christened Nathan.

It was assumed, locally, that in the fullness of time Nathan Tichenor and Owen Kershaw would shoot it out together. Hence, with one or both of the young men out of the way, there should be peace, at last, in Eden Valley.

But the Great War intervened. No Hensley and no Kershaw had ever dodged the responsibilities of citizenship; so neither Owen Kershaw nor Nathan Tichenor waited to be drafted.

WAR with Germany, it will be remembered, was declared on April 6, 1917. In March a furious freshet had washed out the Hensley diversion dam in Eden Valley Creek. On the morning of April 7th Nathan Tichenor rode up to the old, log ranch house of the clan Kershaw, and, like his fire-eating grandfather, held up his hand, palm outward, in the old frontier sign of peace. From the veranda, crippled Rance Kershaw glared down at him. This was as close as he had ever been to this boy, but he recognized him instantly. He was, unmistakably, a Hensley.

"Good morning, Mr. Kershaw," the youth saluted Rance, who nodded but did not speak. "I'm Nate Tichenor."

"I know you by your nose," Rance rasped out at him. "It's the way the devil marks his own."

"He gave it to us, I imagine," young Nate retorted, not a whit abashed, "in order that we might smell our way to a profit in dry years. Our diversion dam went out last month."

"Pleased to hear it, young man. Well?"

"I'm going down to San Francisco tomorrow to enlist—"

"That's to your credit, if I do say so. Still, you're a mite slow doin' your duty. My boy Owen left this morning. He got the news in Valley Center at nine o'clock; he was back here by ten an' was gone, with his paw's an' his sister's blessin', by eleven."

"I wish him luck, Mr. Kershaw. What I came for was to ask you if you'd consider favorably the suggestion that one war at a time is enough for our people to be engaged in. Our dam's out, and I ask you, as a favor, to let us have the water after it's done its work for you."

"Why should you ask me a favor? And why should I grant it, young man?"

"Because my mother and my aunts have got to run our outfit while I'm in the army, and it'll be hard on them unless they can get the water, in a dry year. I didn't figure you'd make war on women."

"How about that old fence bill, young man?"

Young Nate laid a check on the gatepost. "My grandfather should have paid that, Mr. Kershaw. It was right low and ornery of him not to. There's a check for it, with interest for forty years at six per cent added."

Rance Kershaw's not too stable heart leaped in triumph. "Keep your check," he ordered harshly, "and I'll keep my water."

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UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
476 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

Lorraine Kershaw came out of the house. Straight down the little graveled walk she came to the gate, where Nate was. She was a strikingly pretty girl; her hair was jet-black and shiny; her eyes large and dark and lustrous; her skin a pale ivory with a faint rose radiance seeping up through it. A patrician countenance that bespoke firmness and intelligence.

"The Hensley apology is accepted," she cried in a clear, ringing voice. "And you may keep your check. That fence was charged off to depreciation before you and I were born. Please give our compliments to your mother and your aunts, and say that the Kershaws will be very pleased to see that hereafter the Bar H Ranch gets all the water the Circle K can give it."

"They won't neither," old Rance shouted.

"PAY no attention to father," the girl admonished in a tone meant for young Tichenor's ear alone. "He can't help holding his ancient grudge. Perhaps you'd hold it, too, Nate Tichenor, if you suffered agony every time you moved. Your uncle, Taylor Hensley, won that fight. He died—while father has lived to suffer a thousand deaths. But the Bar H shall have the water. I give you my word of honor it shall. This morning at eleven o'clock I became the foreman of the Circle K, and I'll keep the floodgates closed at our diversion dam and turn the water into your irrigation ditches when we've done with it. Run along now, Nate Tichenor, and may God bless you and protect you and bring you safe back to your mother in Eden Valley!"

He stared at her. And then he blinked because the tears of emotion were in his boy's eyes. He held out his hand across the gate. "Good-by, Lorry Kershaw," he said with difficulty. "I thank you with all my heart. You're mighty sweet!"

She accepted his hand, to the great scandal of her father; she stood at the gate and watched him jog away down the valley. Presently she turned and smiled at old Rance, sitting in impotent rage above her in the veranda.

"I'll see the Hensleys' neck deep in hell before I'll give them the water," he shrilled.

"And if Nate Tichenor wasn't a dutiful son and nephew, he'd see you neck deep in the same torrid suburb before he'd ask you for it, darling," Lorry assured him gently. She came up on the veranda and put both arms around him. "Come, come, old settler," she whispered. "It's time to cease hurling maledictions and start praying. And I promised him the water."

"Who's boss here?"

"I promised—on my honor, dear!"

He was silent at that. Then: "Well, I suppose it won't hurt us to let 'em have it." He must have thought then of his own gallant stripling son, for, "Just as well to take things easy now, Lorry. Even if they both come back, they'll never shoot each other. Yes, I reckon my boy's life is cheap at the price of some water we can't use ourselves."

Nate Tichenor's farewell sentence came back to her. She patted her father's cheek. "You're mighty sweet!" she said.

Nathan Tichenor had come back to Eden Valley. He arrived as he had departed nine years before—unheralded and unsung. But he was a full-grown man now, and his own mother, had she been living, would have experienced some difficulty in detecting in the returned wanderer's appearance a single heritage of his early Eden Valley environment.

He arrived in a glittering limousine, of the most expensive American manufacture and driven by a liveried chauffeur, beside whom sat a dignified, middle-aged individual who was Nathan Tichenor's valet.

Arrived in the grass-grown farmyard of the deserted Bar H headquarters, Tichenor alighted and looked the lonely, dilapidated home of his boyhood over sadly.

"Well, lads, this is where I was born and reared," Nate Tichenor spoke finally. "The house should be furnished, unless vandals have broken in and looted it. Get a spanner out of your tool kit, Darby, and knock the hasp and padlock off the door. I haven't a key."

The house reeked of that indescribable odor inseparable from closed and deserted houses, but the contents had not been molested.

"Bring in the meats and groceries I purchased in Gold Run, Darby," he ordered the chauffeur. "There should be firewood in the woodshed. Start a fire in that fireplace. Joseph [to the valet], get busy and organize our housekeeping, while I take a run up the valley to call on a neighbor. And don't look so lugubrious, Joseph. I'm going to erect a fine country home here presently. With new stables and kennels, a lawn and flower garden, this place will be a thing of such beauty you'll loathe leaving it to return to New York. The shooting and fishing is marvelous, Joseph."

"Indeed, sir," said Joseph, unimpressed. He turned up his long, aristocratic nose. "Well, I daresay, sir, I shall be able to manage. The place has quite fallen into decay, if I may say so, sir."

WHEN Nate returned from his visit up the valley, Joseph had the house swept and aired, beds made, and a luncheon in preparation. Tichenor prowled around the home of his ancestors, reviving old memories.

He was analyzing the somewhat baleful features of his uncle, Taylor Hensley, done in a dreadful crayon reproduction, when upon his ears there impinged the steady, distant, insistent tooting of an automobile siren. "Somebody up on the valley road wants something," he decided. "After a while such tooting becomes a cry for help."

He glanced out the window and saw an automobile, with two persons in it, halted on the main road just outside the entrance to the Bar H headquarters.

"They must want *me*," he decided. Are they the Kershaws, I wonder? Must be the Kershaws or they'd drive in. One of them is a woman. Don't suppose, if the other person is Rance Kershaw, he'd tackle me in her presence. Still—"

He took a heavy pistol from his bag, fitted it into a shoulder holster, donned it, put on his coat to conceal the weapon, went to the garage, backed his car out, and whirled away up the ranch road to the gate, where he alighted and lifted his hat to Lorry Kershaw.

"Are you in trouble?" he queried. "I am Nathan Tichenor, and if I can be of assistance—Why, you're Lorry Kershaw!"

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"Yes, Mr. Tichenor, and I am in trouble. My—my father has just . . . died. Here, beside me—against my shoulder. He's so—heavy and limp—I can't handle him—I can't . . . drive. . . ."

Nate Tichenor opened the gate, came around to the side of her car warily, for even now he suspected a trap, stepped up on the running board and looked into Ranceford Kershaw's face, over which the sickly pallor of death was already spreading. He reached for the man's pulse.

"Yes, I'm afraid—you're right, Miss Kershaw," he said. "What do you want to do? Take him back into Valley Center, or home?"

"Home," she replied brokenly.

He stepped into the tonneau, reached forward, grasped the dead man under the armpits, dragged him back, and laid him gently down on the tonneau seat.

He alighted and stood beside her. "I'm very sorry," he said. "And I regret that this happened before I had an opportunity to talk with him. I was up at your ranch house this morning, but there was nobody home."

"You—you called—on us! Why?"

"To tell you and your father I was coming back to Eden Valley—to stay—and to suggest that we become neighbors—at last. He'll never know now, of course, but is there any reason, Miss Kershaw, why I shouldn't make the announcement to you? I'm tired being an enemy. It's a job I never relished."

"Is that why you didn't demand additional security when father renewed his note to you, even though you both knew the value of the cattle originally mortgaged had shrunk more than half?"

He nodded.

"It is not half an hour since I remarked to my father that you were not an importunate creditor."

"I leave that sort of thing to pawnbrokers," he replied proudly. "I wouldn't kick a yellow dog when he was sick and crippled and unable to fight back."

"I WISH—I wish—we'd known! He thought—when he saw the smoke coming from your chimney—he thought—"

"He thought I'd turned up at last to smash him. Poor man! I've been dilatory. But is that any reason why we shouldn't shake hands, Miss Lorraine, and formally declare our pacific intentions?"

She took his proffered hand in both of hers, and now she was no longer brave. "Oh, Nate Tichenor," she sobbed, "I'm alone—utterly alone—alone!"

"No, you're not," he reminded her. "But have your little crying spell all out, just the same. It will do you a lot of good. We mountain folk are too prone to repression, so our feelings rebound on us and—"

He stepped up on the running board, put his arm around her shoulder, and drew her head over to him. "Weep on the breast of a *friend*," he urged. "Probably it's a privilege you've not often enjoyed before!"

While she sobbed against him he cautiously unbuckled the shoulder holster with the pistol in it and tossed it across the road into the grass.

Quite evidently the last of the Hensleys had, during his nine years "outside," become more than a little civilized.

(*To be continued*)

SLENDER AGAIN!

If you are fat—

—You cannot do your quota of work, nor have as many friends, nor as much self-respect, nor as good health—

—as if you were normal weight

Some people have been fat all their lives. Other people have grown fat lately. But that makes no difference in reducing by the Delle Ross System. Delle Ross reduces people who are fat *from any cause*, and she does it—

—without allowing them to go hungry
—without asking them to give up the foods they like
—without requiring special exercise
—without resorting to any drugs.

The best of it is, results are permanent, because "maintenance lessons" are given at the end of the course.

Both pictures shown in this advertisement are of Mrs. Mary A. Gifford, 614 North Giffin Street, Danville, Ill., who reduced 110 pounds by the Delle Ross System. You will notice that the *height* of figure in each picture is the same.

Delle Ross receives letters sometimes from people who don't believe the pictures she publishes. They say: "It isn't the same woman in the second picture."

This unbelief is testimony to the wonderful results achieved. Delle Ross wants to go on public record once more by making the following simple statement:

"I never pay for pictures or testimonials. All of them are genuine and exactly as represented. Student's name and address are given in each case."

It doesn't make any difference how old or how young you are—how much or how little you want to lose.

The System is a health system as much as it is a reducing system. Surplus fat is diseased flesh, and means that food is going into the making of unhealthy *bulk* instead of nourishing vital organs and normal body tissues. And it is all caused by wrong eating habits.

By wrong eating habits we do not so much mean *bulk* or *kind* of food, as we do *selection* and *combination*.

Delle Ross shows her students how to combine the things they like best with other foods that give them well balanced meals . . . plenty to eat always, but nothing that is distasteful to the individual. It sounds too sensible to be remarkable. But that's just why it is so successful and so safe!

Why not "study up" on this subject If you will send in the coupon below, Delle Ross will mail you an explanatory booklet. This coupon is not an enrollment nor an order. It is only an inquiry for facts.

Delle Ross, Eddy Building, Bloomington, Illinois.

I'd like to see your booklet, please. But I understand this puts me under no obligation and that my name will be held confidential.

AM5

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easily earned taking orders for our **Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments.** 21 artistic cards and folders in Florentine, Old English, Water Color, Engraved and Embossed designs. Superb creations in ribboned and parchment folders of costly paper. All with harmonizing envelopes in a beautiful Christmas box. **Actual value $2.80—Sells for $1—Costs you 50c.** It's a matter of showing the cards—they sell themselves. Alma Christ writes "Sold 50 boxes today." Start NOW.

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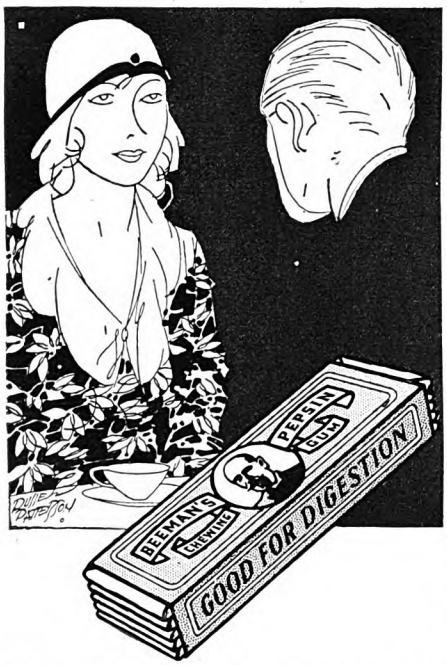
First aid to digestion



WHEN your digestion is a bit off chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals.

When your digestion is perfect, chew Beeman's and keep it that way.

When your mouth just yearns for a smooth-and-soothing chewing gum, try Beeman's.

For 30 years it has been the favorite of millions of people who chew it for flavor—and chew it to avoid indigestion.

Try a package today.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion

The Magic Island

(*Continued from page 31*)

is housed in an office twenty stories above the lower reaches of the island.

And if your interests run not up the squirrel tracks but the main roads—in them also is richness! The best music known to man, performed by some of the best musicians—it resounds on the island in such volume that no individual could possibly attend all the best concerts. It would be equally impossible to see all the exhibitions of great painting, antique and modern. Do you love books and bookish things? At Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, magic has brought a kind of Greek temple crouching in a hollow between crags. There lies a collection of books unsurpassed for general usefulness in all the outer world. And not only these books printed on an impermanent yesterday, but, on proof of your honesty and good intention, you may take into your hand first-edition Shakespeare folios, Gutenberg Bibles, Herrick's Hesperides. There, last winter, they exhibited appropriately the original manuscript and drawings of "Alice in Wonderland," the most magical of all books.

WALK some three or four blocks southeast, and this magic grows more intense. Inside and outside, the building which confronts you is one of the most beautiful on this planet; even though the earth all about is beginning to sprout towers, it stands as serene as the Parthenon. Therein—on somewhat surer proof of honesty and good intention than at the Public Library—you may see, among other incredible treasures, the original manuscript of nearly every familiar and loved English book on which you were brought up. Keats' Endymion, for example, Dickens' Christmas Carol, Stevenson's Christmas Sermon—these and a thousand more have been magicked hither.

For this is one anomaly of the enchantment: that on the island you pay more for nothing and get more for nothing than anywhere in the world of reality.

Notoriously, there flourishes among them at this moment the best drama of the known world. Eventually, this was inevitable, since Will Shakespeare collaborated in this creation. At night they repair by hundreds of thousands to a special nodule and center of magic where myriad colored lights which perform evolutions and tell stories throw a kaleidoscope against the cloud-banks. They are going to the theater. Now, a seat at one of the performances brings the manager three dollars to five dollars in terms of our money. But a strange custom has arisen. Churlish middlemen buy up all the seats and resell them to the pleasure-bound throngs at ten or fifteen dollars or how much will you give? And no one objects very much. On the contrary, I have heard an islander boast, "I paid fifty dollars for that pair of seats." Confidence men, venturing in from foreign lands, have told me that the islanders are the biggest and easiest suckers in the world.

Yet, as I hinted a paragraph or so back, you get most marvelous things free. And the higher up they reach in the nature of man, the freer they are. You hear Beethoven and Liszt and Debussy rendered in such manner as draws the heart out of you; and pay for it not a single groat. For nothing, again, you may see permanent or transient exhibits by every great master of painting from Giotto or Velasquez to Bellows or Matisse. For nothing, you can get a collegiate or technical education; you can even arrange to do your school work at night, thereby leaving the day free for the business of making a living. For nothing, you have access to every book of the slightest merit that man has written or published.

Free, finally, is the view of the island itself; a feast and an education to the eye. Few even of the most sapient islanders realize—I think—just what they are beholding. . . . Down in the low plain of Tuscany lies a little city called Florence. Some five or six hundred years ago, they being under some kind of heavenly spell themselves, its inhabitants started to build a bigger, better, brighter city. They were very proud of it in their time; the records show that. These archives show also that they never realized they were doing anything especially great or permanent. Now we call their Florence an immortal jewel among cities. Artistic appreciation proceeds on those terms; a god must grow old before we admit him to our Pantheons. A century or so hence, the world will look upon this colossal venture in beauty—its spires that play with the floating clouds, its pinnacles lost in the purple haze, its heroic groups of statuary on platforms that reach toward the Dog Star, its breath-taking masses—and say, as we say of Florence, that the sense of beauty in man has degenerated, that we breed no longer such gods as these. . . .

BUT that is of the future. Today this island and its islanders have another eminence, one which the contemporary world is beginning to realize. Kings may flaunt their crowns and republics fling out their banners, but the sapient know that it rules the world. These mountainous bulks signify wealth such as man never before saw in one accumulation. I, who love my island, wish that destiny had planned otherwise, that it might have inherited beauty without power. But so the charm works; and who knows Prospero's ultimate purpose?

Finally, let me record one other curiosity about this island, which I hope I have proved the most wonderful in all the Seven Seas. No one knows its real name. Magicians give secret and tremendously significant titles to their creations. Prospero labeled this one with a word so magical that, spoken with the proper intonation and accent, it might cause the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, to dissolve "like the baseless fabric of this vision." Fortunately, the secret died with him. But the inhabitants, taking the tribal designation of a Caliban-like people who dwelt here in Prospero's time, call it usually by the quaint, musical appellation of Manhattan.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Try on this double-breasted Naugatex Coat. Embossed with leather grain. Suede cloth lined. And at the same time be sure to see the other men's models. (*They keep out the weather!*)

A sport jacket for misses and girls. Made of genuine Naugatex, leather grained. Has 18-ounce, all-wool plaid body lining. Naugatex Coats come in many colors. (*They keep out the weather!*)

New sport coats for crisp October

Notice the new wide belt, the V-pockets, the collar. This Naugatex Coat promises to be one of the most fashionable sport models this season. (*They keep out the weather!*)

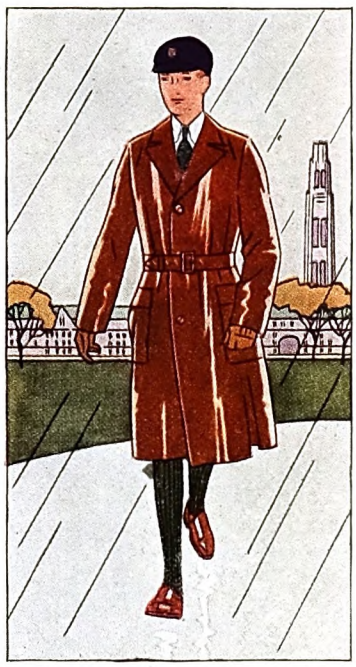
Here are all the fine points you can look for in a sport coat—brought together in Naugatex. Warmth. Color. Rain protection. Ideal for motoring. Rich, lustrous leather appearance. And—*real economy.*

Men's and women's Naugatex Coats cost only $6.00 to $13.50. Boys' and girls'—$5.00 to $8.50.

Naugatex Sport Coats keep out cold and rain. Won't stain. Won't stiffen. Its deep rich luster is permanent—thanks to a patented process which is exclusive with the United States Rubber Company.

Naugatex Sport Coats in green and red, blue and brown, put sparkling gaiety into cool Fall outings. Made in many styles. Sold by department stores and clothiers throughout the country.

Ask for your Naugatex by name and be sure to see the label inside the coat. It proves that both coat and material are made by the United States Rubber Company. If you have difficulty in finding Naugatex Coats, please write us. United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York. *Canadian Distributors,* Ames Holden McCready Rubber Company, Ltd., Montreal.



One of the many boys' Naugatex Coats. Embossed with leather grain. Set-in sleeves. Bottom of sleeves and skirt double stitched. Sizes 4 years to 18. (*They keep out the weather!*)

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

The world's largest producer of rubber · Makes also of WINDTEX COATS

Naugatex Sport Coats

When it rains

—remember Raynsters—the *driest* raincoats—the most complete line. Cloth-finish or rubber surface. For men and women—$5.00 to $25.00. For boys and girls—$3.25 to $8.00.

"U.S." Raynsters

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DeVry 35 mm. "Still" Camera
$22.50

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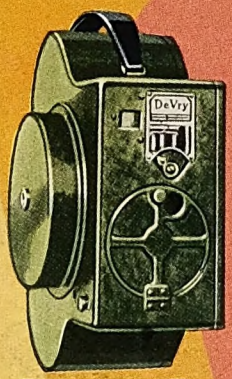
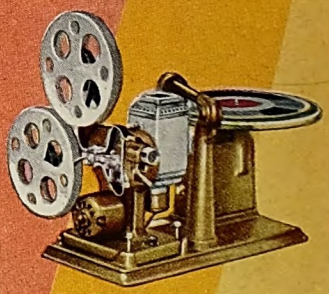


DeVry 16 mm. Home "Movie" Camera
$39.50



DeVry 16 mm. Cine-Tone—"The Movie That Talks"
$250.00

Open the Doors That Time Has Closed

—The hours of enjoyment—of pleasure—the faces of loved ones in laughter and repose—

—Record them with a DeVry and you can, at will, open the doors that time has closed and re-live the hours that can never come again.

—DeVry Motion Picture Cameras and Projectors are outstanding in quality and performance and so simple in operation that anyone can use them successfully—

—a wide range in prices and models.

The new DeVry Still Camera is the most remarkable device of its kind. 40 pictures at a loading—prints any size picture—sharp clear detail—practically indestructible—double exposure impossible.

And right in your own home you can have the latest miracle of science—the DeVry Cine-Tone—the movie that talks—brings to you perfect synchronization of sound and film. See the DeVry line at your dealer's or write us for descriptive literature.

Every DeVry machine unconditionally guaranteed.

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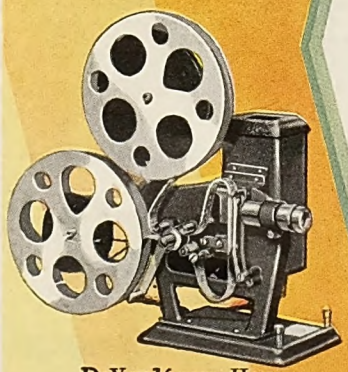
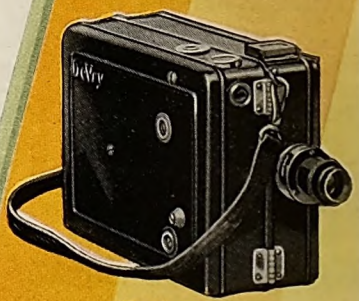


DeVry 16 mm. Home "Movie" Projector
$37.50



DeVry 35 mm. Movie Camera
$150.00

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The Young Man Who Was Prepared for Everything

(*Continued from page 34*)

centum of stock in a single hand represents perfect control of such an organization; for proxies from the small stockholders are readily obtainable. Most of the great corporations are controlled by a much smaller concentration of stock than this.

News of this combination was not long in reaching young Crane—Scattergood saw to that—nor was a rumor that the Mountain Water and Electric Company had an option on the stock of Scattergood's Coldriver Company slow in getting to him. And Crane saw his opportunity.

He journeyed to Boston. Mr. Middleton received him.

"Mr. Middleton," he said, very businesslike, "you have been arranging a nice little combination of companies."

"So-so. Successful so far."

"You hold, according to records, forty-eight per cent of the stock."

"I do, as trustee."

"With power to transfer?"

"Certainly."

"I have heard rumors that a further extension is contemplated."

"Why," asked Mr. Middleton, "do you ask?"

"Because," said Crane, "I want you to entertain an offer for your holdings—which are practical control. You have never found difficulty in getting enough options, have you?"

"I've voted as high as ninety-four per cent of the stock."

"Excellent. Now, first, will you consider an offer?"

"I'm here to make money for my clients."

"Then, before I get down to figures, will you answer one question. Have you an option on Mr. Baines' Coldriver Company?"

"We have. A ninety-day option."

"May I ask the figure?"

"Three millions of dollars."

"Cash?"

"No. He has agreed to accept half in six per cent bonds and half in seven per cent preferred stock."

"I don't," said Crane, "see how you contrived it. No cash! I think you are a better negotiator than I, Mr. Middleton."

"Mr. Baines seemed to have some pressing reason for desiring to sell."

CRANE smiled. He fancied he knew what that reason was: First, the old man did not want Crane and Keith to get his properties; and, second, fear of a contest. Age, he thought, was commencing to tell on Scattergood Baines.

"In which case," he said affably, "let us get down to business. Even your company is somewhat smaller than Crane and Keith, and our resources are large. We aim to expand. The fact of the matter is, we wish to control the timber, but more especially the water power of this region. We wish to concentrate under one management, thus cutting down overhead, reducing rates, and in the end making splendid profits for everybody concerned."

"I follow you. But any offer made for my stock must be in cash."

"I think I am prepared for that eventuality. We have a nice reserve. I believe you are incorporated for a million and a half."

"Which capitalization will be largely increased when we take over the Coldriver properties. To five millions at least."

"Exactly. But, perhaps unnecessary—except for the issuance of non-voting preferred stock and of bonds."

"Exactly."

"Any deal we enter into will be kept private," said Crane.

"Except from the people for whom I am trustee," said Middleton.

"Then, let's get out our pencils and figure," Crane said genially.

THEY figured. Nor did they go out to lunch, but sat over the desk until four o'clock in the afternoon. At the end of that time Mr. Crane went away. He had succeeded in purchasing the Middleton holdings for one million dollars cash, a profit to the trustee's principals of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but nevertheless an excellent piece of business for Crane.

It gave him possession of efficient control of the Mountain Water and Electric Company, and with it an option on Scattergood's holdings upon terms which required the payment of no cash. It is true he had gone far toward depleting the money reserve of Crane and Keith, but he had succeeded in his main object and won a triumph which he considered to be nothing short of remarkable.

"And now," he said, "all I've got to do is buy three per cent of this scattered and outstanding stock to have the whole thing tied in my fist."

The transfer was made next day, and the day following that Crane took the train to Coldriver. As usual, Scattergood Baines sat in his reinforced chair before the hardware store.

"A fine day," Crane said, by way of greeting.

"Middlin'," said Scattergood.

"I just ran up again to have a talk to you about buying your properties in the valley," said Crane.

"Thought we finished that up."

"Possibly you thought so," said Crane, "but when I make up my mind I want a thing I'm not easily discouraged."

"Kind of stubborn, eh?"

"I'm afraid I'm stubborn. But it pays."

"The's times when it does. But I've seen folks set a fire under a mule and singe the hair off'n his belly. Mebbe he got satisfaction out of bein' stubborn, but he come out of it with a sore skin."

"But I've come out of it with something better than a sore skin," said Crane. "I've come out with control of the Mountain Water and Electric Company—and a perfectly legal option on your properties. On terms, incidentally, much more favorable than those I offered you."

"Eh?" said Scattergood, sitting suddenly erect. "You what?"

"I have bought for cash, Mr. Middleton's stock."

Scattergood frowned, and the young man watched him with amusement. He had heard much of this old man's reputation for shrewdness. Perhaps he had been

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adroit in days gone by—in the day of the elder Crane, but even the astuteness of the last generation was no match for the cleverness of the new. Young blood will tell. In that moment young Crane thought very highly of himself. He almost felt sorry for Scattergood in this moment of his defeat.

"You mustn't take it too hard," he said. "After all, you are coming out very well It isn't as if you were taking a loss."

"'Tain't loss that worries me," said Scattergood. "But your pa and me fit fur years. Seems like I gen'ally had perty good luck gittin' the best of him. He never wanted to see me grow, but I contrived to git bigger jest the same. And now he and his fam'ly look like they was comin' into possession of all I built up. I don't mind sayin' it's a kind of a shock. It's more'n upsettin'."

"But, after all," said Crane, "no man can expect to stand in the way of progress and modern methods."

"Seems as though," Scattergood said dolefully. "Um. . . . W-al, an option's an option. No way of gittin' out of it. I hain't a-goin' to whine, nor to wiggle out. If I'm licked, why, I'm licked. 'Tain't no pleasant dose, but I calc'late I got to stummick it."

"That's the spirit," Crane said. "We'll be ready to do business in two weeks."

"You young fellers is hustlers!"

"You have to move fast nowadays."

"It's a perty big thing you're a-goin' to swing," said Scattergood.

"I'll swing it," said Crane. "And now let's shake hands and have no ill feeling."

"Hain't got a mite," said Scattergood. "Hope you feel the same way—and keep on feelin' so to the end of it."

"End of what, Mr Baines?"

"End of everythin'," said Scattergood.

"Don't you ever worry about me."

"I hain't. It's me I'm worryin' about. Goin', eh? W-al, g'-by. Hope you keep on bein' satisfied with your bargain."

"I shall," said Crane.

He got on the train again, jubilant. Not that he had anticipated any difficulty over the option, but Scattergood might have made trouble and forced him to resort to law. Now all was smooth sailing.

"I'll just step out and pick up that three per cent of stock," he said, "and that's that."

ON HIS return to his office he wired his brokers to buy enough of the outstanding stock to give him actual control instead of the practical control he held. Then he lost himself in the details of reorganization. In order to carry through, it became necessary to call a meeting of the stockholders, to ratify certain acts and to empower certain others. Notices in legal form were got out and mailed. Then he bethought himself of calling up his brokers.

"How about that stock I told you to buy?" he asked over the wire.

"Haven't managed it yet," said the broker. "Folks seem to like the investment. Haven't been able to pick up a share. We've written and called on a hundred people. But we'll get it. Just have patience."

This was a trifle disappointing, but, after all, it was a compliment that his stockholders should regard so highly their

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investment in his company that they would not part with their little holdings.

However, after ten days had passed and no proxies arrived, he experienced a vague annoyance, that was not quite a worry. It was queer that not a single proxy came in. Not one from all the scores of persons who should have sent them. Still, it was nothing to worry about. Forty-eight per cent would dominate the meeting. Small stockholders never troubled to come and vote in person. He shrugged his shoulders, wondered a little at the peculiarity of human beings, and went ahead.

The meeting was called at the main offices, legally situated in Boston. This he proposed to change today. He entered the room, to which, presently, came the dummy directors, men scarcely known to him, and the other officers who would be giving up office that day. In all, they represented more than enough stock to make the meeting legal.

"Shall we come to order?" he asked.

"Better wait a minute," said a director. "It isn't quite the official time."

THEN the clock struck two, and almost upon the stroke the door opened and Scattergood Baines came in. Crane stared.

"How do you do, Mr. Baines," he said. "Have you made a mistake? This is a stockholders' meeting, and you're not a stockholder, are you?"

"Kind of," said Scattergood.

"Your name's not on the books."

"Calc'late it will be," said Scattergood. "What stock I come by was too late to transfer to my name before the meetin'. But I got me proxies fur it, so's I kin vote."

"Very good. Mr. President, suppose we come to order and go ahead with business. By the way, Mr. Baines, how many shares do you vote?"

"Quite a few," said Scattergood. "I jest counted 'em up, and I find I got what amounts to fifty-two per cent of the hull caboodle. What ye might call a controllin' interest. Here they be. Now ye kin git to whizzin'."

"But"—young Mr. Crane suffered from sudden shock, and could not at once realize what had happened to him—"but you can't have. I've forty-eight per cent myself."

"To be sure," said Scattergood. "I ought to know. I sold it to ye. But not till I'd gone around and bought up all the rest."

"You didn't sell to me. I bought from Mr. Middleton."

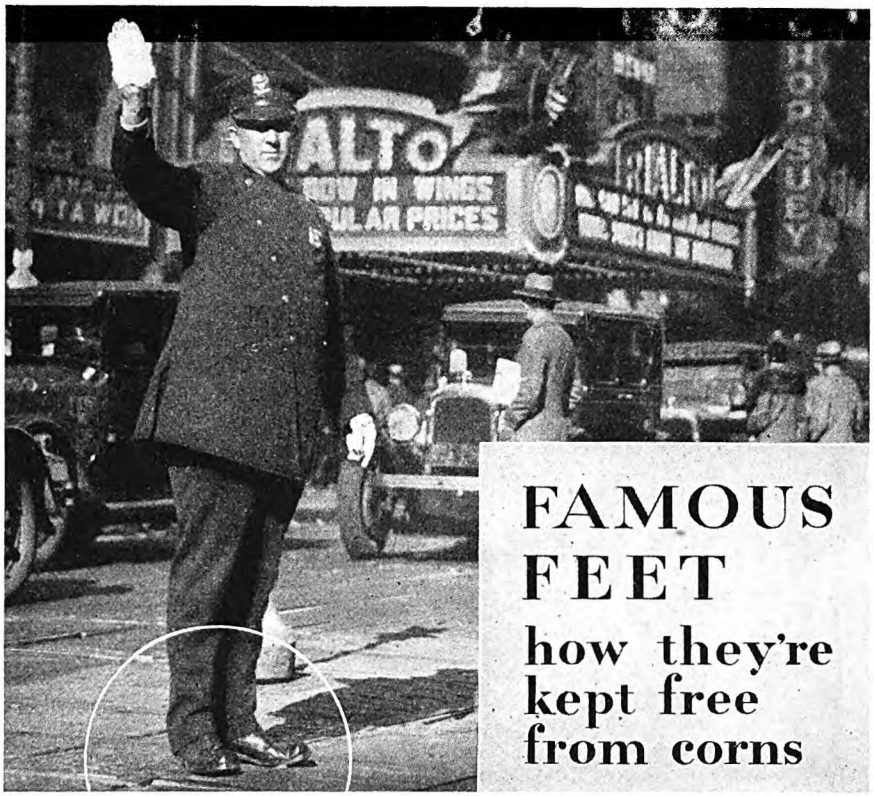
"Representin' me as trustee," said Scattergood. "Yeah, he sold ye them shares fur a million cash. I got it in the bank. I bought up what shares I got fur considerable less'n a million. Jest figgerin' par, you paid me a kind of a profit of a quarter of a million and up'ard."

"But that was for control."

"You figgered the control yourself, young feller. You figgered forty-eight per cent was control a hundred times out of a hundred. 'Tain't. It's that jest ninety-nine times out of a hundred—and here's the hundreth time."

"But you said—when I saw you in Coldriver, you admitted I had beaten you."

"Don't recall it. No, you kind of made a threat you was a-goin' to have my proppities whether I wanted or not. You figgered you got 'em. No. This here Mountain Water and Electric Comp'ny's got



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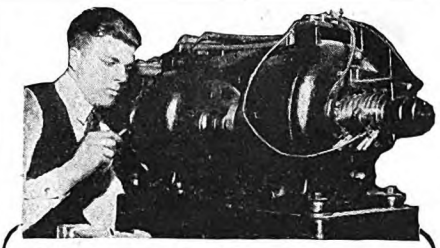

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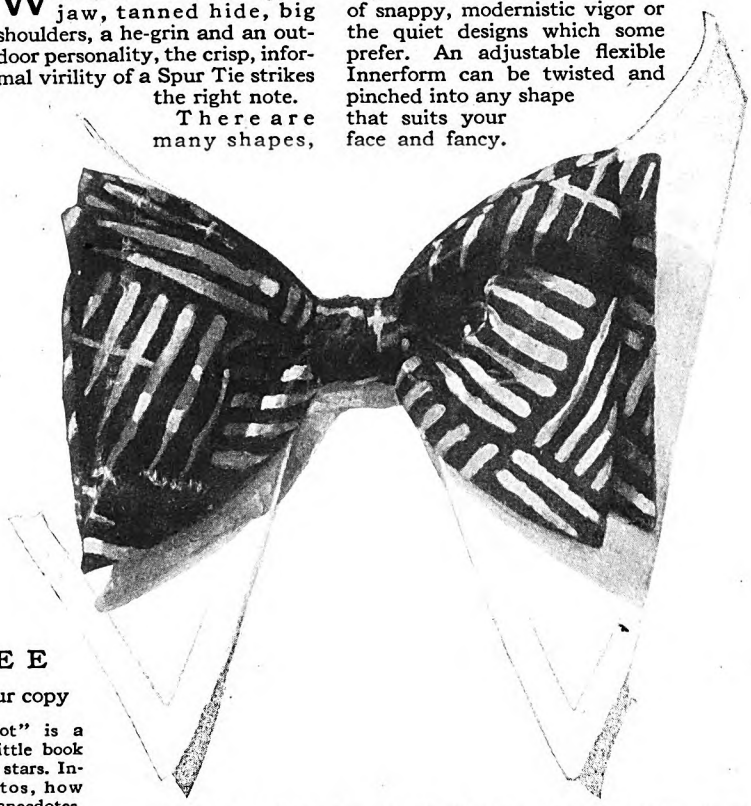

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'em, and I control it. They kind of remain where they be, and if you're a-lookin' fur more fight, why, I got a million dollars of your cash to do the fightin' with."

Young Crane sagged. He was looking into the future, listening to what his father would say to him when he came home from Europe. He was listening to business men of his acquaintance, who would tell this story with relish. He was humiliated, beaten, and felt himself to be disgraced. Scattergood watched him gravely, rubbing his cheek with his horny hand. Presently he spoke.

"Young feller," he said, "your fam'ly and me's been enemies up'ard of forty year. The's been times when your pa didn't play jest fair with me. But he's kind of put a tang in life fur me. You're jest startin' out in life, and you figgered to start by tryin' to be smarter'n somebody else. Now, I hain't got no enmity to'ard you. Not a mite. I kind of valued your pa as an enemy. But I didn't ever hate him."

There was a brief silence.

"If ye got an enemy," said Scattergood, "it hain't allus wise to lick him more'n he can bear. 'Tain't a good thing to crush folks, nor to outmaneuver 'em more'n what's good business. Now, if you was jest a stranger, I dunno but what I'd do my best to down ye—if you started in fust to down me. But you hain't. You inherit this here war. So I calc'late to treat ye different than as if ye was a stranger or a friend. I'm a-goin' to deal with ye like I figger an enemy ought to be dealt with."

"WHAT do you mean?" asked the boy through white lips.

"Why," said Scattergood, "here's a certified check fur one million dollars. It's what ye paid fur this stock. Jest sign it back to me, and the money's yourn—and we stand back where we was, with nobuddy damaged any. I calc'late I could derive a good profit off'n ye, and kind of punish ye fur meddlin' with me. But I hain't a mind to."

"I don't—understand," said Crane.

"You was startin' out wrong. And I don't need no more money 'n what I got. This hull rumpus was jest to show ye. You was commencin' too big fur your bigness. Now, go on home, and the next time do kind of different."

Pride got the better of the young man. "I won't take it," he said. "I won't take anything from you."

Scattergood shook his head kindly. "Don't be no more of a fool 'n what ye kin help. I've watched ye. You're smart. You'll go a long ways. Don't commence it by lettin' your vanity burn a hole in your pants. And kind of remember this: An enemy's a good thing to have. He's mighty valuable. He teaches ye a lot. Here, boy, take this here check, and call it a day."

Crane took the little piece of paper.

"Tell your pa," said Scattergood, "that I'm doin' this fur his sake. Kind of in rememb'rance of them old days. Just a mark of gratefulness to him fur makin' life int'restin'."

He paused, and his old eyes grew kindly.

"The meanest thing ye kin do to an enemy," he said, "is not to hate him as much as he thinks he ought to be hated!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Broken Faith

(*Continued from page 71*)

struggle to rise above ignorance and poverty, her dauntless courage, he would despise her.

They met again the next evening, and this time he kissed her. They were sitting on the sand; she moved close to him, so that her hair brushed his face, and he bent and kissed her cheek. And she raised her head and returned his kiss.

He was glad of that. He was too young, too honest and clean, to want any shy hesitation in her; her candid response delighted him. He held her for a moment in his arms; he felt her heart beating against his, and such exultation filled him that he could scarcely breathe.

Then, with awkward abruptness, he said he must go home, for suddenly he was a little afraid of something—of her, of himself, of life. She rose obediently.

"Good night, Philip!" she said anxiously.

"'Night!" he answered, and turned home, by instinct. For there was the only refuge he knew. He walked up and down the lawn, under the trees, in wonder, in ecstasy.

"I'm in love!" he said to himself. "I'm in love . . . My God! I never thought I'd care—like this . . ."

He did not think of any future; he did not think at all, only relived that moment with her, that kiss, her dear face against his. He would have walked here all the summer night long, just remembering . . .

"PHILIP!" called his mother from the porch. "What *are* you doing?"

"Nothing," he answered, with an effort.

"Then come in, dear. It's getting late."

"I don't want to."

"Suppose you think less about what *you* want, and a little more about what you ought to do," said his father. "If you expect to do your work properly, you've got to get sufficient sleep. But I suppose work doesn't particularly interest you."

"No, it doesn't," said Philip briefly. "I do it well enough."

"Nobody can ever do 'well enough'—"

"All right!" he cried. "I don't care. Can't I just stay out here for an hour if I want? Why can't you let me alone?"

"You're not so anxious to be 'let alone' when you want anything—a new overcoat, or something of that sort."

Then there was a "scene." His father called him "an ungrateful young cub"; they said the bitter things they had said before, and Philip went to bed, with the memory of his mother's grieved face and tear-filled eyes.

"I'm disappointed in you, my son," she had said.

She was always disappointed in him; everyone was. There must be something very wrong with him.

"I don't care!" he said to himself. "I don't give a darn!"

He came down to breakfast in the morning with the air of a cynic, with an amused, weary smile. But in his heart he was dismayed, miserable; his confidence in himself, never very secure, was shaken again to the foundation. Perhaps he *was* an un-

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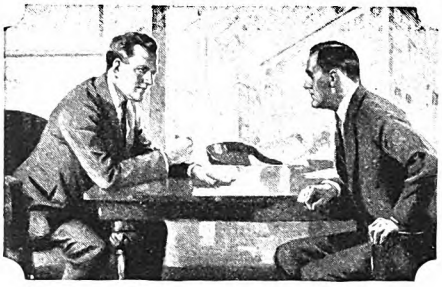

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grateful young cub, a clumsy fool. . . .

He deliberately missed his usual train that evening.

"She doesn't really care," he said to himself. "She's just trying to make a fool of me."

Then, when the train was gone, such wretchedness engulfed him.

He was later than ever for dinner.

"Oh, Philip!" said his mother. "Can't you manage to telephone if you miss your train?"

"I don't want any dinner," he said sullenly.

"You say that, and then of course you're hungry before bedtime and you go to the ice box."

HE ATE what had been set aside for him, then, going into the hall, he picked up his hat.

"But it's beginning to rain, Philip!" cried his mother.

Raining? Then Sonia would not come to the pier.

"I don't care for a little rain," he said scornfully.

"But that's your new suit, Philip!"

"See here!" said his father. "Suppose you sacrifice one of your precious evenings to your family. Suppose you sit down and read, for once."

Philip did not know, he could not know, that they really wanted him, that the sight of his young head bent over a book was a pleasure to them, that his presence was a comfort and a happiness. To him, their demand was sheer meddlesome tyranny. Without another word, he went out of the house.

"Of course, she won't come," he said to himself. "Not in the rain. But I'd just like to stroll down there—get some fresh air."

But she was there, standing under an umbrella.

"I didn't know if you'd come," she said. "I didn't see you on the train. I was afraid maybe—"

"I know," he said, "I—"

He forgot what he was going to say.

"She *did* come—in the rain!" he thought. "She was here, waiting. . . . She does care!"

He stooped to kiss her beneath the umbrella, and she threw it down, flung her arms about his neck and clung to him.

"Oh, I was so afraid you wouldn't come!" she cried. "An' when I didn't see you on the train—"

Such pride filled him, and tenderness.

"You'll get wet," he said anxiously, and, picking up the umbrella, held it over her precious head. Her little fingers, cold and damp, held fast to his hand.

"We'll have to go somewhere out of the rain," he said. He spoke confidently, but he had no idea where to go.

"We could go to Rodey's," she said, with hesitation. "It's right near here. You can sit down there and get a soda, if you want."

"All right; we'll go there."

"Yes, but listen, Philip. . . . Everybody says it's a—speakeasy."

The magnificent daring of this almost took his breath away. He was silent for a moment; then he said, with an amused, man-of-the-world air:

"Well, all right! We'll just drop in there. . . ."

So they went to Rodey's. They sat at a small table in a harshly-lit room, lined with mirrors festooned with strings of paper flowers. Sonia had an ice cream soda, and Philip ginger ale, which he sipped while he smoked. He could see himself in one of the mirrors, and with that bottle before him, the cigarette between his lips, his face a little pale in the garish light, it seemed to him that he looked haggard, dissipated. He was in a "speakeasy," with a beautiful girl. . . .

He had never been so happy in his life. The room where he and Sonia sat was an obvious "ice cream parlor," but he saw men go past them and disappear into a back room. . . . He raised his eyebrows with an air of cool amusement, but his heart beat fast. This was Life!

Someone started the mechanical piano, and the loud and violent music stirred him beyond measure. Whenever he looked at Sonia, she looked at him, with soft, shining eyes. Oh, this at last was Life, and love and adventure and delight!

"I sort of like that place," he said, when they came out.

"I'll always like it now," she said, "'cause I went there with you."

There was no one in sight in the rain-swept street; he kissed her hastily.

"I—love you!" he said.

"Oh, I love you, Philip!" she cried. "You don't know . . . !"

She would not let him walk farther than the railway crossing with her; they said good night there, with another kiss, and he turned home.

The summer rain was cool and fresh in his face; sweet to him. There was in his heart so strange a mingling of tenderness and pride. He thought of Sonia, going off alone, in the rain, and it hurt him; he thought of her love, and he was exalted.

"Oh, you darling!" he thought. "You poor little thing! My girl!"

It seemed to him almost as if she walked with him, so close did he feel to her. Lovely and beloved girl . . .

TO HIS dismay, the front door was locked.

"Darn it!" he said to himself. "What's the idea of *that?* They know I'm out. . . . And it's not late—isn't eleven yet."

He went round to the back of the house, but he had known that that door would be locked. He stood for a time looking up at the lighted windows above him, with something like desperation.

"If they start talking . . ." he thought. "I—can't stand it."

He would not, he could not, talk—now. He wanted to be let alone, to go to his own room, and think about Sonia.

"Well, I don't care!" he thought at last, miserable and defiant. "Let 'em talk!"

And returning to the front of the house, he rang the bell.

His mother came down to let him in; she was wearing a dressing gown and slippers, with her gray hair in two braids; she looked dear and little and familiar to him; the sight of her touched his heart.

"Hello, Mother!" he said.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried. "What have you been doing?"

The pain in her voice seemed to him only ridiculous. He did not understand. Even when his father came down and began to talk to him, he did not understand. He did not know how he looked to them,

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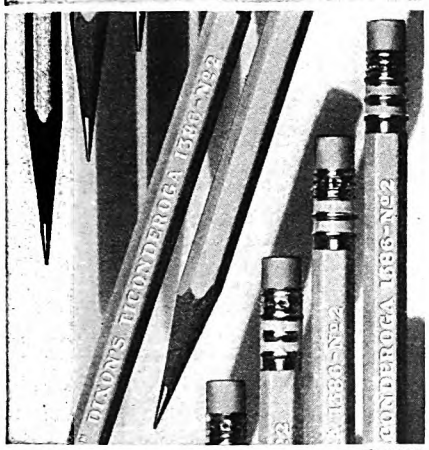

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wet, muddy, his face pale, his damp hair plastered across his forehead, his eyes brilliant. He looked disreputable to them, guilty; they were filled with a great fear and sorrow. But he thought only that they were making an unreasonable, unjust "row" about nothing, and he was defiant.

Sonia was not on the train the next evening, and it worried him.

"I hope she didn't catch cold, in that rain," he thought, and immediately he felt sure that she had. He was convinced that she was ill.

"If anything happened to her," he thought, "I'd—I don't know *what* I'd do!"

For a moment he had a horrible little glimpse of his helplessness. What *could* he do if she were ill? He had no money, he could not see that she had good care, he could not even go freely to see her.

"Her—family," he thought. "I don't know what they're like—but she's not happy at home. She told me so."

For a moment it lasted, that knowledge of his helplessness; then his youth resisted it.

"Well, I can do something," he thought. "And perhaps she's not sick, anyhow. Perhaps she'll be down at the pier tonight."

He was wonderfully consoled by that. In two hours he could go down to the pier, and she might be there. Oh, she would be there! Nothing could really have happened. Only, those two hours before he could see her would be so long.

He went into the house, letting the screen door bang behind him. He never could remember not to do that, he did not even notice that noise which so distressed his mother.

"She'll be down at the pier, all right," he thought.

"PHILIP," said his father from the sitting-room, "I want to speak to you."

"Got to wash," said Philip sulkily.

"Never mind about that."

"Well, there's always such a row if I'm five minutes late for dinner—"

"Come here, sir!" shouted his father.

The boy resented that tone with all his soul. But still he did not openly rebel, for there were behind him those long years in which his father had been the giver of all gifts, the judge, the ruler of his life. He followed him into the sitting-room and stood just inside the door, sulky, a little alarmed. He wondered what he had done *now.*

"Shut the door!" said his father. "Now, sir! Let's hear what you have to say for yourself. What's the meaning of this?"

"Meaning of what?"

"Don't try to lie out of it! Last night you were in one of those low haunts down on the beach—drinking with a woman."

Philip was, for the moment, simply astounded by the accusation. It seemed to him only ridiculous. "Drinking—with a woman—"

"I didn't—" he began.

"Don't try to lie out of it!" shouted his father. "You were seen there—with the daughter of Green's foreman—drinking. You've disgraced the whole family. Your mother's ill. She'll never—"

"It's a lie!" shouted Philip.

For he had not been "drinking with a woman." It was vile and horrible to call

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it that. He had had a glass of ginger ale with Sonia.

"You were seen, I tell you!"

Philip turned on his heel and walked out. His father shouted after him, but he paid no heed. In the hall he met his mother, pale, haggard, grown years older in these few hours.

"Philip!" she said. "My son . . . !"

He could not answer or speak at all; he only looked at her, straight in the face, a long, steady look. Could *she* believe that? Couldn't *she* understand?

"Philip!" she cried. "Oh, Philip! You've broken my heart!"

And he turned away from her.

He went on as if in an evil dream. The memory of his father's furious voice, his mother's stricken face, haunted him with the monstrous oppression of a nightmare. It wasn't real. That these people, his own people, should have turned upon him, with these accusations . . . It was impossible. They believed this thing. . . .

HE WANTED only to get to Sonia. In all the world she seemed to him his sole friend, the one human creature who trusted him, who found him admirable.

"She wouldn't believe things she heard about me," he thought. "*I* wouldn't believe things—about anyone I cared for."

But she was not there. He stood at the foot of the pier, where she had come before, faithful, even in the rain, and tonight, when he needed her so, she did not come. He waited and waited. Across the starlit sky little black clouds went flying like gusts of smoke; behind him the sea washed against the pier; a vast world of sky and water, and he was alone in it.

He waited and waited.

"Something's happened," he thought.

For he knew that she wanted to come, and if she did not, it was because something prevented her.

"She *is* ill," he thought. "I'm going to find out."

He went to the railway station. He knew the man in the ticket office, and he spoke to him.

"Do you know where the foreman at Green's factory lives?"

"Sure! I know," said the ticket-seller. "Down in the Hollow. Lafayette Street, they call it."

"The Hollow" had been a forbidden region to him in his boyhood; still, he had been there more than once. Foreigners lived there, foreigners from what country, he had never had the curiosity to ask; dark, alien people utterly cut off from his world. He was sorry for Sonia, living in such a place. But what did he care where she lived, or how?

Lafayette Street was no more than a lane, bordered by mean little wooden houses and empty fields strewn with tin cans and papers. A tethered goat bleated plaintively as he passed.

He saw people sitting on the steps of a house.

"Know where the foreman at Green's lives?" he called to them.

He could not understand the answer. He stood there, under the street light, slender, and fair, in his well-cut suit, a visitor from another world.

"The foreman at Green's," he repeated.

"Corner house," piped a child's voice.

He went on down the lane. In the corner house he saw a dim light, and he

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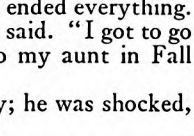

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mounted the steps and pushed the bell. It did not ring; there was not a sound in there. He knocked. He did not care who heard him, who came to the door. He *would* see Sonia. Nothing else mattered.

The door opened a little way, and it was her voice that spoke.

"Oh, Philip!" she gasped, and opened the door wider.

He entered a crowded, close little room where an oil lamp burned. Sonia was before him, barefooted, in a faded, outgrown, pink cotton dress; she was pale, her dark hair disordered, her eyes heavy, her vivid beauty eclipsed. But dearer to him than ever before.

"I was sleeping," she explained, with an apologetic smile. "I had a headache and I stayed home today—"

"Sonia!" he cried.

"Oh, Philip! You didn't ought to come here, Philip! Mommer and Popper've gone to the movies, but they'll be back—"

"Let them come!" he said. "Who cares? I—I'm just sick of all this. . . . Sonia, we'll get married—"

She drew back, stood looking at him with a sort of terror in her face.

"Oh, Philip! We—couldn't!"

"We could!" he cried. "I *can't* go on this way! I won't! I love you so—"

He stopped, because of that look on her face which he could not understand.

For, in all her sorry wisdom, she had never thought of this. She had been so happy just in the moment; she had thought of no future. It had been enough for her only to see him, to feel his arm about her, to hear his voice. She wanted nothing better in life than to go on meeting Philip by the pier in the summer dark forever and ever, and she had not thought, would not think, that the summer would end, and the dream. But Philip was a man, and he could not "go on like this."

"We could manage," he said, almost angrily. "Other fellows get married—"

She shook her head mutely. It was so very clear to her that she could not marry Philip, but she could find no words to explain to him. He stood here in her home, but he did not really see it, or see her. It was part of his wonderfulness not to see things like that. He really thought she could marry him and go to that solid, dignified house, face his parents, his sister, his friends. He was so wonderful that he didn't see. . . .

BUT she saw. She knew that by saying what he did he had ended everything.

"Lissen, Philip," she said. "I got to go away tomorrow—up to my aunt in Fall River."

She spoke so casually; he was shocked, cruelly hurt.

"Sonia!" he cried. "Don't you care—?"

"Sure, I care," she said, "on'y—"

How was she to tell him, she who had no words?

"On'y I got to go," she said, her anxious eyes lifted to his face, silently, begging him to understand. "You see—"

"I *don't* see!" he cried. "If you cared for me, you couldn't go—"

Tears started in her eyes, brimmed over and ran down her cheeks; she looked and looked at him, to see if he could not understand. She could bear the pain of losing him, but she could not endure to hurt him like this.

"Philip!" she said forlornly, tears rain-

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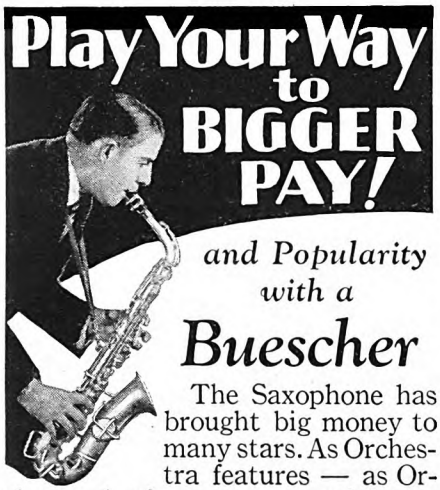

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ing down her cheeks. "It's family—reasons—why I can't marry you, Philip dear. I got four little brothers and sisters an' all. I couldn't—jest walk out on them—"

"If you cared—" he said, relentless in his suffering.

She ran to him, threw her arms about his neck.

"I do care!" she cried, with a sob. "Why, Philip . . . you're just my ideel. . . . You're like someone in a play—the way you talk an' all. The way you look . . . I didn't know there was anybody real like you. . . . An' you bin so *sweet* to me, my dearie Philip. So kind and—and hon'rable an' all. I'll *never* forget you, my whole life. You've jest made—the whole world diff'rent."

"Hi, Sonia!" called an imperious little voice.

"There!" she said, with a sort of despair. "That's my little brother waked up. Shut up, Anton!" she called.

But he came out, that little brother, a dark, curly-haired, handsome child in ragged cotton night-drawers. He ran to his sister and leaned against her, staring up at Philip with his bright, dark eyes.

"Shut up, Anton!" she said, with stern tenderness.

AND dimly, rebelliously, Philip began to see. . . . He could not marry her; he had no money; he was too young; they were little more than two children, helpless, in a world utterly hostile to their love. She belonged here, and he could not take her away.

"Oh, Sonia!" he cried. "What'll I do without you?"

Their hands were clasped over the child's head.

"Oh, Philip!" she said. "I jest know—you'll do something grand. I'll hear about it. I'll always be thinking of you. Philip, I promise an' swear I'll never forget you. You've made—everything diff'rent for me." A great sob stopped her. "There isn't anyone that'll ever love you better than me. An' I always will—always! An'—be so glad—I met you."

He protested, he rebelled against this, he argued, he pleaded with her; yet in his heart he knew it was all over, all finished. In the end he bent and kissed her.

"I won't have it like this!" he cried. "I'm coming back. . . . I'm going to see you again."

She raised her hand and stroked his hair.

"Don't be—sad, my dearie Philip!" she said. "It's bin—jest beautiful! We got this to remember—all our lives."

Their eyes met in a last look. He knew, in his heart, that this was the end, but he could not say good-by; he could not say anything. And he need not. She understood.

He went out of the house, down the lane, where the tethered goat bleated pitifully as he passed. He suffered as only youth can suffer; yet, in his desolation there was a heart-breaking beauty. She had said they would always have this to remember, and it was true. . . .

A hand fell on his shoulder.

"Philip!" said his father's voice.

He started away, as if it were the hand of a stranger.

"Let me alone!" he said.

"You're not fit to be let alone!" said his father. "You've been seeing that girl. . . . Good Heavens! Haven't you any sense of decency or—"

"Let me alone!" said Philip again.

"I'm going to have a word with this young woman," said his father. "I'm going now to see her or some of her family—"

Philip spun around, so suddenly that he knocked against his father's shoulder.

"No, you won't!" he shouted. "You—I won't let you!"

By the light of the lamp on the street corner they stood facing each other, the older man stout, gray-haired, perfectly assured, with his authority, his experience, his power, and Philip—with nothing at all—defying him. At the look on the boy's face the older man's anger melted suddenly, gave way to a great pity for that ineffectual violence.

"See here, my boy—" he began.

"No!" Philip interrupted. "You couldn't understand—"

"Couldn't understand, eh?" said his father, with a faint smile. "D'you think I've never been a young fool myself? I can—"

"No!" said Philip again. "That's just it. You think I'm a fool. You think that she—that this was just—cheap . . . and—" His voice broke; he had to stop for a moment. "You don't know!" he said.

Now, with the pity, there was growing in the father's heart a dim fear. Was this more serious than he had thought, not a youthful folly, but a disaster?

"My boy," he said, "I've had considerably more experience of this world than you. Case like this . . . This girl . . . No doubt she's pretty—attractive—so on—and you, naturally, wouldn't realize—"

"Shut up!" cried Philip, and was a little aghast at what he had said. "You don't know," he went on. "She's—not like you think . . . She's—I asked her to marry me—"

"*Marry* you!"

"That's what I said! That's what I meant! Only—she wouldn't. She's—going away. I'll never see her again. You needn't go to see her and—insult her. She's—going away . . . It's finished . . . *Now* let me alone!"

He turned away, started off down the lane.

"Philip!" called his father.

BUT the boy did not stop, did not turn. The echo of his young voice, so filled with despair and pain, lingered in the darkness. He had gone only a few paces, yet it seemed to his father an immense and terrible distance. He hurried after him.

"Philip!" he said. "I've simply been considering your best interests, my boy."

But still Philip made no answer, and his father knew he did not believe that.

"My boy," he tried again. "Philip—my boy—suppose we go home—talk this over, eh?"

"No!" said Philip. "I don't want to talk. I don't want to go home. You think I'm a fool—all of you—that I'm—just no good. . . . All right! Go ahead and think it! I don't care!"

A chill dismay seized upon the father. Was it possible that the boy didn't know, didn't realize, all that had been done for him, all the years of care and affection, all the money, the time, the thought that had been expended upon him? Had he no feeling of gratitude?

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None. No gratitude and no realization. He had accepted all that care, that affection as a matter of course—and he was right to do so. All that they had given him was not enough. It was not for Philip to "understand." That was for this older and wiser man to do.

It came to him then how completely he had failed. His son, in his bitter hour, had turned away from him. And somehow he must bring him back.

"Philip!" he said. "My boy . . ." It was so hard to say. "She must be—a remarkable girl. . . . Suppose you tell me something about her?"

"I . . . can't!" said Philip.

But he had stopped now. He was no longer running away. Again his father's hand fell on his shoulder, and now he let it rest there. A long moment, face to face; then in the summer dark they turned toward home, together.

The Perpetual Substitute

(*Continued from page 60*)

and the hunt for a husband—truck gardening?"

"No, I'm going into the antique business."

"Antiques! Lord, how I hate antiques! You look much more intelligent than that. Have you much stock?"

"One tenth of a highboy. I sent a check for ten dollars for it just before I came here tonight."

At this moment Doris turned, flittered her eyelashes straight up at Hoyle. He responded instantly. And again Lydia sat for a long time quiet—her eyes following the brilliant oval of the table, her thoughts on her shop. After a while she became aware that Hoyle was surveying her keenly.

"You have an extremely cocky air," he commented. "Do you mean to tell me that the ten dollars on that highboy gave you it?"

"No—not by any means! I am still being carried forward—oh, exactly as though I were on the top of a big comber—by a tremendous feeling of adventure, a sense of breaking into a new life. I suppose tomorrow that will all evaporate. But it's grand now. You see, at this dinner I'm looking at a picture that I've seen hundreds of times. And I'm looking at it for the last time. It's a beautiful picture, but, oh, I'm so glad I shall never see it again. . . . I can tell you what I'm going to tell you because—well, you know the principle, you can confide to a stranger something you cannot breathe to your most intimate friend. I shall probably never tell it to anybody else." She paused, a little breathless.

Hoyle's eyes seemed to deepen inwards—as if she had touched a shy inner chord. "Go on!" he encouraged her.

"You see, I'm twenty-eight. I have been out ten years. My mother, of course, hoped awfully that I'd marry—and marry well. And at first, I hoped that too. It was natural enough. That's what all the girls about me were hoping and working towards and planning for. Well, I've been a perfect flop. When it first dawned upon me that I was a flop, I was frightfully humiliated. I didn't want to

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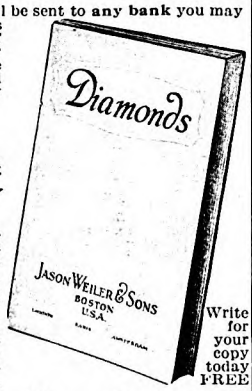

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believe it, because every girl likes to think that she's popular with the other sex. Then I knew, if it were true, invitations would cease. They did cease in every real sense. After a while the girls of my own age stopped inviting me to their choice, intimate affairs.

"Yet I had my uses, and the mothers soon discovered this. Of course, I swim, ride, drive a car. I play golf, tennis, and a pretty good hand at contract. I am invaluable as an extra house-party guest. I can keep up a cheerful twaddle with anybody. I am invaluable as an eleventh-hour dinner guest. I can amuse the dull people a hostess hates. I am invaluable at any time as a sort of buffer guest. I deteriorated into that institution without which no community can exist socially—the perpetual substitute.

"Tonight, in addition to my natural innocuousness, I can hardly talk above a whisper. That's why I'm being permitted to sit beside you. You see, anything that I think is a courtesy always turns out to be— To sum it up, my life has been full of humiliating checks on my self-esteem."

"So that's why," Mr. Hoyle commented, "like Marjorie Fleming, you do not give one single damn." But Doris's delicate hand on his arm interrupted. He turned to her.

THIS time Doris kept Hoyle engaged through two courses. Still thinking her excited thoughts, Lydia surveyed the scene. It was, some people would think, a great deal to give up—the richness and opulence in the life she led. The Crandall dining-room, with its air of being lifted bodily from some Florentine *palazzo*, was like a picture of Veronese. The huge fireplace belched unnecessary flame into the scented spring air. The tapestries stretched hunting scenes of a subtly faded vivacity against the stone walls. The long table, glittery with silver and glass . . . vivid with flowers and fruits . . .

Hereafter, for her would be a little house off the main road somewhere, filled with loot from the Lincoln family garrets. But how beautiful she would make it! How exquisite she would keep it! And in the future all her associations would be different. Why, she would even join the Chamber of Commerce! She would go to their weekly luncheons.

Mr. Hoyle's eyes were on her again. Their impassivity had burned away. "You know, I can match your experience," he began, exactly as if there had been no interlude of Doris, "but in a different way. I am an only son. As perhaps you know, my parents are dead. My father and mother always impressed upon me that it was extremely important that I should marry early and have children. They talked about it a great deal as soon as I was old enough to understand. Now, it happens that I like permanence—especially in matrimony. I have a Victorian prejudice in favor of the love-match. I want to adore my wife; to live again in my family. But I am realist enough to see things—well, I won't say exactly as they are! Nobody does that! I'll say, I see them approximately as they are. Being a realist, I knew I was not handsome nor distinguished, magnetic, attractive, fascinating . . . any of those things that we all want to be.

"But, naturally, I knew that as the possessor of many millions of dollars, I was a desirable match. If I hadn't been realist enough to know that, it would have been proved to me fast enough. Do you know, from being a boy who looked forward normally and naturally to marriage, I have grown into a man who has a complex on the subject. I am getting towards forty, and I'm often lonely. I hate my loneliness. I would like a wife. I would like a family. And yet I'm afraid of women. I don't suppose, Miss Lincoln, you could realize with what a horror—I use that word advisedly—it fills me when I see a lovely, delicate young creature, whose flesh, I know, would creep if I were to touch her, trying her best to . . . " He paused.

"I understand," Lydia whispered.

"You say your life has been full of humiliating checks. Mine has been full of horrifying shocks."

Doris's dimples came into play at his shoulder, and Mr. Hoyle instantly answered their call. Doris held him firmly until Mrs. Crandall arose. Release was in sight, Lydia thought. It would not be necessary for her to stay for the dance. Just one look at that new variety of Japanese iris in the Crandall garden—and she would be on her way.

In another instant everybody was drifting away from the table. Harperly Hoyle turned to Lydia.

"Good-by, Mr. Hoyle!" she said, holding out her hand. "I am now saying farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness. I'm no longer a perpetual substitute, but a shopkeeper."

Hoyle paid no attention. "Oh, by the way," he asked pleasantly, "when you can speak, what is your voice like?"

"Beautiful!" Lydia whispered promptly. "Most beautiful. It has violin notes in it, 'cello notes, harp notes, and flute notes. It's a combination of dulcimer, marimba, and ocarina. If you can imagine honey, moonlight, and rose-leaves all melted together into one silver tone—that would be my voice!"

And then, "Oh, Mr. Hoyle!" Mrs. Crandall's voice interrupted.

THE new irises were extremely beautiful. The moon had long ago come up, and the ensilvered pool with the border of fleurs-de-lis, sheer white and palest blue, was like a court set for Queen Mab. The soft spring night touched Lydia's bare arms and shoulders with detaining, dewy fingers. She sat down on a marble seat.

She was still conscious of excitement—and her cheeks still burned with that excitement. She was glad that her last night of festivity had been so interesting. She was glad that she had met Harperly Hoyle. He was not at all the kind of person she had expected him to be. Indeed, he was a very nice person. Under her excitement, she discovered, bubbled another emotion—a restlessness. She would like to meet Hoyle again. Yes, very, very much, she would like to meet him again. He was a man with whom she might have a friendship. And she had never had a real friendship with any man. However, she must be going. She arose.

A long shadow, beaten black as ebony by the heavy pour of moonlight, slipped from the path into the round which circled the pool. It was a man's shadow; and back of it, propelling it forward at a

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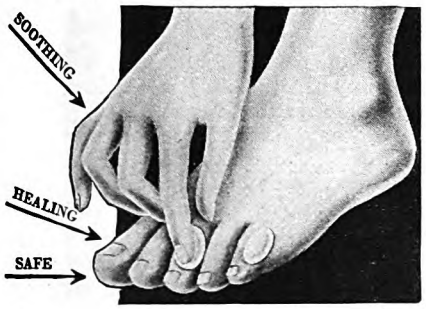

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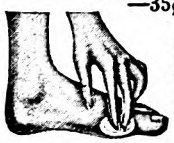

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leisurely stroll, appeared Harperly Hoyle.

"I watched you slip away," he said tranquilly. "I was afraid I wasn't going to catch you. And then I realized that you couldn't go—you hadn't any wrap."

"I *am* going," Lydia whispered. Suddenly the air began to seem too soft, too slow, too sweet. "Instantly!" she added firmly. She felt a little breathless. "I came out to examine a new variety of iris that the Crandalls have just imported from Japan."

"I'm coming tomorrow to call on you," Hoyle announced. "I want to see the garden and I want to see how you look in the dungarees."

"I warn you—" Lydia returned, in her best half-whisper, to her frivolous note—"if you ask me to marry you, you'll have to pay that ten dollars on the highboy."

"I certainly won't," Hoyle declared, with heat. "I'm giving you a pair of the very best quality of China-silk dungarees. They're worth much more than ten dollars."

"Well, then," Lydia conceded, in her charming voice, "I might be induced to say yes. But I warn you, if you make me help you dig gold in the tropics of winters, you'll have to help me crate furniture in the shop of summers."

Hoyle was staring at her. Suddenly she realized why. She had forgotten for the moment all about her mythical laryngitis . . . she had spoken. . . . She blushed.

But Hoyle was equal to the occasion. With unparalleled tact, he answered her in an indignant whisper. "Why didn't you tell me how beautiful your voice is," he demanded.

Then, in full tone, "Let's cut down this path to the garage," he suggested. "I'm going to take you to ride!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Everything Under the Sun

There is ice in Greenland that has an estimated thickness of 7,000 feet.

⊙

More than a million different shapes of lasts are used in making shoes in the factories of the United States.

⊙

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⊙

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⊙

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⊙

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Dark Happiness

(*Continued from page 65*)

electrocuted himself and perhaps brought on cosmic disintegration—but I never dreamed it might have happened in that empty house next door."

"I know. You saw the upstairs lamps go out and thought he was up there. And all the time you were searching for him, he was sitting on bare stairs in the next front hall and thinking what a misery he'd made o' your lives."

"The riddle—is no more—inscrutable—than *that?*" The young widow's voice held repressed hysteria.

"He didn't want to attend any concert. He was weary in his heart, though you'd never dreamed why. He'd—kept it from you. But soon the cabman was pounding on your door—and then came police—and Don heard them talking. They held the idea he'd gone into his own place and vanished in it utterly. He just sat on the stairs and thought and thought—"

"THEN he went away deliberately?"

"—he thought o' how his life had been spent—how the rest o' it must go. Maybe 'twould be kinder to always remain a myst'ry; you'd be so puzzled at what became o' him you'd forget to be sorry and let the heartbreak hurt you. He had money in a safe to his office—money he kept there to pay for some instruments. There was work-clothes there too, though the cape he wore protected him. He simply watched for his chance and slipped from that hallway. He went down to his laboratory without meeting anyone—at least anyone who knew him—and from that evening onward he 'vanished in his house.'"

"And where has he been since?"

"He went over to New York. I'm told folks can drop from sight in New York by walking 'round a corner. He lived in New York all through the past winter. But with spring coming on, he thought o' Vermont. He thought o' his boyhood up here in the Homestead. He thought—he thought o'—"

"You?" Irene prompted. Again she held no rancor.

"—he thought of a room in the barn," Jessie said quickly, "that even his folks had never known about 'cos the mows were never quite emptied o' hay—where he used to hide and read nickel novels. He meant to hide himself away there—for good!—you'd never, never know."

"FOR good!" whispered Forsythe. "You mean, he intended to—?"

"He didn't want you to know of his presence," Jessie resumed, nodding in the direction of Forsythe's voice. "He didn't want anyone to know o' his presence that might send word to his wife. One or two folks did catch sight o' him by night and thought they'd seen a haunt. And then—forces took a hand—forces that ordinary folks deny 'cos their workings aren't always explained in detail—and sent me to this hilltop. They gave me to understand Donald had come back, that he was up here needing me frightfully. The day after his arrival, 'twas. I heard his fiddle as I come up the mowing. Sorrowful-like. In the dark. Like a little boy in a lonely bedroom, sniveling for his Ma."

"That music!" John cried. "I ought to confess that I heard it also. *That* was what made me sleep in this old house—to find out where it came from—what caused it—I've never told anyone."

"Go on, Jessie," the other woman begged. "I don't understand why he should have provided himself with a violin—played it up on this hilltop—if he meant to keep his presence a secret. But—"

"He'd got the fiddle in New York, I guess. Playing it gave him comfort. So he brought it up with him. He played it that night I wandered up here 'cos he was reckless, sort of. He didn't care that once, seeing he expected to snuff himself out. But again, 'twarn't an accident, or coincidence, as ordinary folks might call it. He'd really provided himself with that fiddle, and been prompted to play it, that I might be guided to him and give him help—a lot o' help—help and—love!"

"And you persuaded him—?"

"I gave him love, the kind he needed. I fetched him food and 'tended to his clothes. What the end was to be, I warn't quite informed on. For a time I thought I should go 'way with him and try to make him happy. I'd 'a' done even that, if I'd seen 'twas my duty. But I had a mind to wait. The Forces were working. I left it to Them. So I say, 'twarn't an accident—what happened tonight. Or *'twas* an accident, what Sammie did, so far as village folks are to know. In the round o' circumstance, the scrape was cleared up—although it upsets you, burying his body."

THEY were silent a moment. Then Forsythe suggested:

"Baldwin saw both of you, however? Tonight, I mean, just as he said?"

"He didn't see us together. We'd agreed on a signal, Donnie and I. He was never to play his fiddle again unless our secret was in danger—that someone was snooping 'round—following me, perhaps, when I fetched him up food. Well, Sammie come home for his supper and told o' meeting Mrs. Cravenside's limousine. I waited till he'd gone back up in the village; then I hurried to this hilltop. But Donnie'd got out of his hiding place and into the open. The room was empty when you heard me up there in it. Donnie'd sensed your presences coming, or something—anyhow, as I came out, he played that music from his location in the orchard."

"When did you suggest he spend the night at the sawmill? You said you did, you know."

"We agreed on that days ago, if the Homestead was searched. I had strange information that Sammie'd learned o' the stairs in the grain room. I didn't want him caught, or the two of 'em to mix it. I guess—the rest—you know."

IT WAS very quiet in the long-abandoned sitting-room. Irene wept silently for a time in emotional reaction. And while they sat conversing so, on into morning,

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an unreal gray smeared the eastern sky. A new day was coming. The man addressed Irene.

"Well," he said tenderly, "your intuitions were right, weren't they? Your coming up here *did* mean the end of the enigma."

The woman beside him nodded, torturing her handkerchief.

So alone and dejected she appeared, that Forsythe slipped his arm about her. She did not resent it; she accepted it instinctively.

"Perhaps," John added softly, "if Jessie's right in her premise, it was ordered from the first—this way out—"

"But what can I do to atone?" The woman cried it brokenly. "For a hundred bitter nights I've lived that petty quarrel over, that last little quarrel I had with Donald. Now—I've got to go on—alone—"

"No!" declared Jessie. She leaned forward, smiling. Her antenna hand went out and found Irene's knee. She patted that knee. "You're not going on alone—not at all—not at all!"

"*I'm not going on alone?*"

"If you could only see what I do! If only you could!"

"What do you see? In the dear Lord's name, what powers have you that the rest of us haven't?"

"You sympathized with me last night, Mrs. Cravenside—'cos I never had fun. *Fun!* As if going to hear violin playing, attending theaters, dances dinners—was fun! Well, maybe 'tis to some . . . but you can't call it Happiness. And my fun comes from *that*—the realest fun there is: being the instrument for forces that . . . enter into a loving conspiracy, let's say, to see that our lives come out right in the end."

"Conspiracy!" cried Forsythe.

THE east turned from pearl to a delicate cherry. This cherry soon strengthened—to a warm, glowing saffron. The world became real. Colonies of robins awakened in the maples and discussed their affairs with tuneful loquacity. Forsythe arose and ran up the window shades Across the wide valley the smoke-ropes were hung—high, thin, vertical—each one in a chimney. The sun was coming swiftly. Blind Jessie spoke:

"Oh, John Forsythe! . . . Mrs. Cravenside! . . . how can I tell you? Behind Life they are . . . great, beautiful Forces—"

"But why can't all of us know them, if they're there?"

"You can, John Forsythe. You do!—every day. Not all of us can *see* them operating—sometimes you must lose your eyes to do that, for the loss of your sight awakens other senses, as mine were awakened. But other folks, normal folks with eyes, can feel them—*feel them by admitting them*—by knowing they're working—that they are not the cause of our fixes and scrapes, but their solution."

"I—I don't—understand."

"No, but you will. It just has to happen—when your heart's right to get it. Oh, I don't mean curious. All of us are that. I mean when you're ready to enter into conspiracy with them, the Forces, to do the world good. They'll make themselves known—when they know you're sincere—when you're really eager to work in har-

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mony with them—when you're ready to forget yourself—"

"I—I begin to grasp—faintly—something of what you mean," Irene said awesomely.

"Some call them God—they're 'converted' to know them—and who can say they're not God? Some call them Mind, and heal their bodies by that coöperating harmony. I'm thinking they're just the great accumulated mass o' love and compassion and solicitude o' all the dear ones who are on the Other Side, offered for our use if we'll only accept it—following our fortunes—helping us to Strength in our day-to-day struggles. But it doesn't get us anywhere to deny and disregard it. We've got to open our hearts to it . . . let it come in richly."

"You actually think," John Forsythe demanded, "the people we've lost are in existence, helping and guiding us—?"

"THINK! *Think!*" Jessie's laugh came beautifully. "John Forsythe, how do you know that Mrs. Cravenside and I are right here in this room with you now?"

"I can see and hear you. I can touch you—"

"Ah, yes. You know with three of your five physical senses. I'm telling you *there are more than five senses*, but those not physical must be cultivated. My Dark Happiness, I call it," Jessie went on, "letting myself be the instrument for the help that's sent so—Happiness, because it aids folks and their gratitude uplifts me—Dark, because I can't always make them understand that most things that happen have design in them somewhere, teaching us lessons we're here in Life to get. I know folks think I'm cracked. But if one person out of all the millions on earth was the only one born with ordinary eyes, wouldn't all the others declare him cracked when he spoke of his physical vision?"

"I suppose so," said the man.

"But I know that all the love that's been let loose in this world, from the dear Master onwards hasn't vanished into space. It can pour back through any of us and work physical miracles. Donald was feeling it—I was helping him to know—"

"Donald was what?"

"Don't you understand? Haven't you grasped it? What made him grow so 'absent-minded,' as you thought, brought him up here to Vermont after opening the wrong door of a house, gave him the idea of ending his life?"

"Because he and Mrs. Cravenside were unhappy, wasn't it?"

"THAT was only part of it. He was losing his eyesight! . . . he was losing his *physical* eyesight and didn't want to tell you . . . he had made you unhappy enough already."

"*Donald was going blind!*"

"In a few more months he'd 'a' been in total Dark. And I'm thinking, because he had such consideration for his wife and others, not wanting to be a burden on them, he opened finer senses in himself, made himself a channel, and the Forces took charge of him. They sent him up to me, knowing that they could work through me to prepare him for seeing higher, rarer scenes with Eyes of the Spirit!"

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They stared at her transfixed. . . .

The day came fully. The earth bestirred; the sun left the mountaintops. Human life, limited in the main to the elemental senses supplied by Nature, awakened to the stimulus of cosmic light and pursued its instructive path of Experience.

But a Cycle of Events had run its course. And Jessie Barnes departed.

Irene and John accompanied her—into the yard and down along the barn. With the far south mowing spread below them, they paused. The blind one turned.

"No," she said softly to Irene—as though giving a delayed answer to the question asked that dawn—"you're not going along alone. A score of times Don told me . . . if there was one man on earth he wished had married his wife instead of himself, it was his friend, John Forsythe. Happiness lies that way for you. Don knew it. *I have seen it!* Don't the two of you fight it!"

"But Jessie," cried Irene, to cover her confusion, "Don was doing a wonderful work. What purpose was served, removing him from it?"

"The time wasn't ripe—for what he was close to discovering. Mankind isn't ready. Don's assistant in that laboratory knows certain things he's going to make public. That's as far as Don was to go. And the . . . the Forces recalled him. Don't ask me how I know. But it isn't . . . speculation!"

She left them then. Southwestward down across the mowing the distance grew between them. Bees bumbled in the clover and the apple trees behind them. Here and there, as Jessie felt her way along, she bestirred clouds of butterflies.

IRENE turned, almost in the shelter of John's arm, and looked up toward the house—that great, lonely ark that was watching the years pass over the mountains. Her face lighted suddenly.

"I know what I can do for her! . . . Jessie! . . . For three hours I've been wondering. I just got my answer as though someone spoke it—spoke it wordlessly in my brain. I'm going to make her a present of this property—all of it—her very own—with enough money to care for her so long as she lives!"

"That's . . . that's capital!"

"Let her fill it with her human lame ducks! . . . Let her run riot in good works! . . . It'll be my . . . my Memorial to Donald!"

"But that'll mean—my job—as caretaker—will be ended?"

She turned and faced him bravely. She met his eyes, though her glance was hectic. Raggedly she said—

"On the contrary, according to Jessie. She gave you a pretty broad hint that—that your job as a *caretaker* was only just commencing!"

"You—you concur with her?"

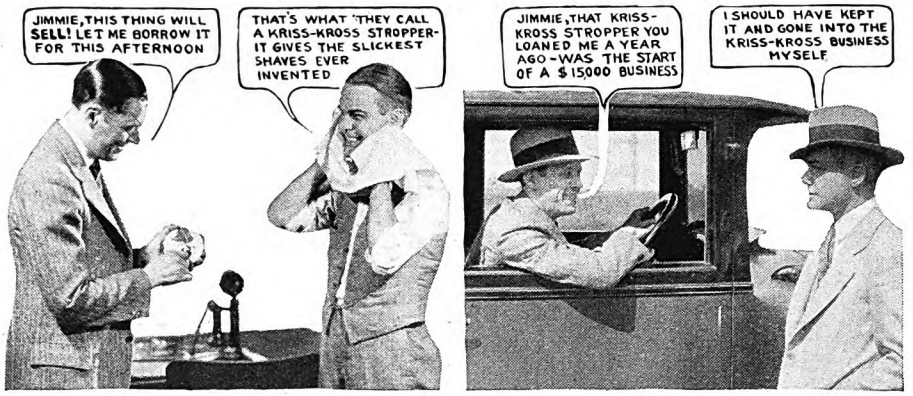
"I—I think she's a woman of—of excellent discernment!"

Irene turned away from the look in John's eyes. She gazed after Jessie.

Afar in singing, summer morning that figure was now. And a queer thing had happened.

It seemed as though all the joyous butterflies on that hilltop were tumbling and rioting before and behind her! . . .

(*The End*)



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By B. G. LOUGHREN

$200 the first week! $1000 in a single month! And over $5300 cash profit in a year! When I sit down and look at those figures in my bank book, I can't help marveling! I had been in the real estate business when suddenly the local "boom" collapsed. The immediate future looked gloomy, until one day when I dropped in to talk things over with a friend.

When I sat down at his desk my eye fell on a little nickel-plated contrivance about half the size of my hand.

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"What's this thing?" I asked.

"That's one of those KRISS-KROSS razor stroppers," said Jimmy. "You've read about it in the magazines. I've only been using it a month, but I'm getting the keenest shaves of my life, all from the same blade."

"I wish I could invent something like that," I said. "I'll bet the company that puts it out is coining money."

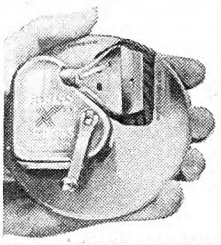
"They are," said Jimmy. "Furthermore, they only sell through agents—and those agents are making plenty, too! I sent for their proposition the other day just out of curiosity."

He handed me a letter with some sample order blanks attached.

"Jimmy," I said at last, "this thing sure will SELL—and they certainly give their men a generous proposition! Let me borrow your stropper this afternoon and see how many orders I can take!"

Astonishing Profits

That afternoon I got the surprise of my life. The first man I walked up to had read all about KRISS-KROSS in The Saturday Evening Post and said "Send me one" before I got half-way through my demonstration. By 4:30 I had 9 orders—and next morning I got 11 more! . . . And the end of the week found me with exactly $200 cash profit in my pocket!



Why KRISS-KROSS Pays Agents Such Astonishing Profits

KRISS-KROSS actually reproduces with mechanical precision the intricate diagonal stropping stroke of a master barber. Strops any make blade (except Durham Duplex), giving the keenest cutting edge that steel can take! Just insert blade, turn the crank for 11 seconds and the trick is done!

A $15,000 Business

The money I made that first week came easily enough—but after I got well started it became easier and easier. And then, before I knew it, I found that I was actually clearing as high as $1000 in a single month!

Today I figure that I did a $15,000 gross business that first year—with profit of over $5,000. And it all came from getting started with the right kind of a proposition. Success comes from giving the public what it wants and they surely have shown that they WANT KRISS-KROSS! Personally, I believe that it is the *greatest shaving invention of all time.*

* * * *

Mr. Loughren's experience is typical of the surprising successes of KRISS-KROSS representatives in all parts of the country. Practically every man finds himself making money faster and easier than he ever dreamed possible. Right now, due to our heavy advertising program in Liberty, The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, etc., there is room for more KRISS-KROSS representatives—to earn $30 a day and up. Find out about this opportunity today. No obligation. Just clip the coupon and mail it at once!

Rhodes' KRISS KROSS

Kriss-Kross Corporation

Dept. P-254, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Kriss Kross Corporation, Dept. P-254,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me details of KRISS-KROSS Stropper with generous commission proposition you offer to representatives and agents, working full or spare time.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

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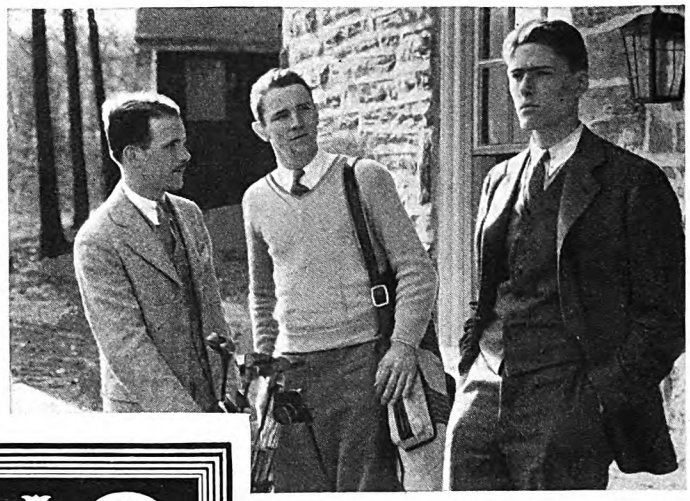
When there seems no end of work, no fun in playing, no thrill to life

GUARD AGAINST INTESTINAL TOXICITY



ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT

THE effect of the poisons generated through intestinal toxicity are gradual in their action. And often we scarcely realize that anything is happening. But somehow the days seem to drag — work loses its zest — even play has no allure. . . .

Remember, too, that such a condition is rarely one to be combated with drastic drugs. Try, rather, ENO Effervescent Salt. Its laxative action, gentle but thorough, flushes and cleanses the overloaded digestive tract and washes away poisons that have accumulated in the intestines.

ENO's taste is really pleasant . . . unlike the bitter taste of other "salts." It does not gripe or interfere with the daily routine. It does not shock the system by rigorous action. It combats certain kinds of acidosis through its remarkable alkaline qualities, and tends to settle an upset stomach by its general laxative effect.

Tired digestion, bad breath, headaches, caused so frequently by intestinal toxicity, may be overcome. Eat reasonably, exercise in fresh air, drink plenty of water . . . and try ENO regularly in the morning. You will like the way it "sets you up" for the day. ENO has been a standard effervescent saline the world over for almost 60 years.

Your druggist has ENO at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Get a bottle today and take it regularly morning or evening. Keep it on your bathroom shelf.

Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York.

"Just pour it in and drink—it stirs itself"

ENO—health precaution—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of ENO in a glass of water. Taking this sparkling saline regularly helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take a glass of ENO. At soda fountains everywhere.

Strange Things Under the Sun

(*Continued from page 43*)

paying attention, rather than the scientific.

Next to themselves, naturally enough, people are most eager to engage in argument regarding things which they know, or think they know. Assertions which upset some cherished tradition also bring on a lot of back talk. For instance, many incensed old-timers wrote Ripley to inquire what an ignorant young upstart like himself meant by asserting that Buffalo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life. Rip told 'em! You see, the only true buffaloes are found in the old world, chiefly in Africa and India. The American animal is the bison and is distinctly indigenous to North America.

Rip himself is a nut on figures. He loves to play with them, but he gets comparatively little mail when he prints things having to do with numbers. This is a busy age and most people don't have much time to question such stories as the one about the boy who innocently offered to go to work for one cent the first day if his employer would double his salary each day for a month. The employer agreed, and was shocked when he learned that on the last day of the month the salary of the boy would be $5,368,709.12 for that day alone, and a total for the month of $10,737,418.23.

No one has yet arisen to take issue with him for singling out Ed Ek of Brockton, Massachusetts, as having the shortest name in the United States. But you can just bet that if the matter ever should come to the attention of a gentleman briefly named, say, A Ab, Ripley would hear about it in a hurry.

Nor has anyone objected to his glorifying the Reverend W. B. Hogg of El Paso, Texas, who memorized the Bible. But you can put your money on it that any gentleman who might have memorized the Bible *and* all the works of Shakespeare wouldn't stay silent long.

RIPLEY is often disputed but he has yet to be proved wrong. Once in a while he will make an assertion that remains open to argument. There was the time he printed the statement that there was only one rope on a sailing ship.

He got a lot of mail on that one, mostly from the lonely folk on ships, or in sailors' snug harbors the world over—men who know their seamanship and who have plenty of time to write letters. Now, technically, the only rope on a ship is the foot-rope which is used in furling sails. The others carry such names as sheets, lines, halyards, painters, and other distinguishing terms. But several old salts had sailed on vessels on which they used a bell-rope, or on which the Jacob's ladder which hangs overside for dropping into small boats was called the man-rope. And they wrote in all about it.

"If I want to get plenty of mail," Rip says, "all I have to do is make an error in spelling, or a slight slip in stating a fact accurately. Recently, I printed a sketch of a lake and under it the assertion that

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there is an ocean in the middle of the United States. I explained this statement by adding that on top of a hill in Kansas there is a lake that is salt and bottomless. That last word was what tripped me up. I got all kinds of letters asking me whether I had ever gone to school, and whether I didn't know that there was no such thing as a *bottomless* body of water. No one disputed the main assertion; but a lot of readers were tickled to death at a chance to call me down."

You can't altogether blame the public for being suspicious of trickery. There are tricks in all trades, even in Ripley's unique one. Not long ago he asked, in his daily "box": Who was president-elect in December, 1920? He got hundreds of answers, but only two were right: There was no president-elect in December, 1920—because, although the voters had indicated their preference at the national election a month earlier, the Electoral College had yet to meet and cast its ballots for Warren G. Harding.

That was an obvious one. It didn't take any research and traveling—just a little old-fashioned sittin' and thinkin'. It was like another one that Rip picked literally out of the air while I sat with him listening to the Hoover inaugural come in over the radio. Vice President Curtis, you may remember, took the oath of office before President Hoover. That made him vice president under Coolidge, didn't it? You *may* remember, I say. But I'll wager that few of Ripley's readers will remember it when he breaks out with the question: "Under what two presidents did Vice President Curtis serve?" They'll just write in and tell him he's crazy, again.

There's showmanship to the Ripley job, too. He finds fascinating what he calls "the amazing fecundity of figures." But he knows that figures must be dressed up and sugar-coated if they're going to interest the world at large. And so, instead of merely presenting a formidable array of figures, he tells us that if a murder occurred at midnight and that if, within twelve minutes, everyone who was told about it told two other persons who had not previously heard of it, everybody on earth would know about it before morning.

NOW, you might well expect that anyone who held such a vast store of interesting information in his head might also be one of those smug, confident, irritating individuals who are always right. But Rip isn't a bit like that. Everyone who knows him likes him.

He's thirty-six years old and all alone. (Any girl who marries him will have to be right smart at packing a suitcase over night and hopping off for Peru or Patagonia in the morning on no notice at all.) His father died when Rip was quite young; his mother in 1915. His home is a suite of ample-sized rooms on the eighteenth floor of the New York Athletic Club, overlooking Central Park. I use the word *home* advisedly—for, after all, whether it be in a mansion or a club, home is a cozy spot, furnished with familiar objects and visited frequently by warm friends.

In his living-room Ripley has his drawing board, but there is nothing of the workshop about the place. True, he has a file cabinet against one wall in which he stores photographs and facts. But what catches your eye are comfortable chairs, a

Powder

Cleans Teeth Whiter

Just ask your dentist

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth like——POWDER!

If you want your teeth really clean, and sparkling white—use what your dentist uses when he cleans your teeth—for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and safely, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

In use over 60 years

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth Powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.

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The profession that pays big incomes

The demand for skilled accountants—*men who really know their business*—is unceasing. Big corporations are in constant need of expert counsel in matters relating to Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance. Men who prove their qualifications in this important branch of business are rapidly promoted to responsible executive positions—given an opportunity to earn real salaries. The range is from $3,000 to $15,000 a year—even to higher income-figures.

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Under the LaSalle Problem Method

Why let the other fellow walk away with the better job, when right in your own home you can equip yourself for a splendid future in this profitable profession?

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you can acquire a thoro understanding of Higher Accountancy, master its fundamental principles, become expert in the practical application of those principles—this without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay.

Your training will be under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former comptroller and instructor, University of Illinois, member of American Institute of Accountants, and a director of the National Association of Cost Accountants. He is assisted by a staff of legal, organization and management specialists, business efficiency engineers and Certified Public Accountants.

Preliminary knowledge of bookkeeping is unnecessary. Our free book on accountancy fully explains how we train you from the ground up, according to your individual needs. Low cost; easy terms.

If you are dissatisfied with your present equipment, the coupon just below this text will bring you an inspiring story—"Ten Years' Promotion in One"—of how one man, thru study at home, cleared the path to success; also the true facts about present-day opportunities in Accounting, all without obligation.

The man in earnest to get ahead will find this coupon his most profitable aid to progress.

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The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 1033-HR **Chicago**

I would welcome details of your *salary-increasing plan*, together with copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Higher Accountancy**
Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

Other LaSalle Opportunities
LaSalle opens the way to success in every important field of business. If more interested in one of the fields indicated below, check and mail now.

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☐ Personnel Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Modern Business Correspondence
☐ Stenography
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

radio, pictures, tobacco, pipes, trophies (he was formerly national handball champion). It's a man's room and a haven for his hosts of friends.

"Go right ahead, I'm not busy," he greets you—what though the half-finished drawing in front of him which must be completed on schedule belies his words. But, then, I suppose he never is really what he would call busy. For he's one of those soft-spoken, unobtrusive souls who can do half a dozen jobs at once without getting confused or excited. He'll interrupt a drawing to answer his phone, dictate replies to fan mail, toy with his radio, or greet the countless friends who are always dropping in on him. Although he has arrived, although his fan mail is large and folks are always besieging him to autograph copies of his book, Rip is quite unspoiled.

"If I hadn't hit on a lucky idea, I'd have been just another cartoonist," he says.

One wonders. For, after all, since his feature took on, Rip has had many imitators, none of whom have quite made the grade. Yes, I'm positive that it took something more than a clever idea to win Rip his place in the sun—something, perhaps, that harks back to his adventuring forefathers.

WHEN Ripley's father was fourteen years old, wishing to leave home in a quiet and unostentatious fashion, he swam the Ohio River, near Wheeling, West Virginia. His mother was born in a covered wagon at what is now called Guerneville, California. His grandmother had just come over the old Green River trail in an oxcart. The family settled in Santa Rosa, California. Here Rip was born on Christmas Day, 1893, and lost little time becoming a cartoonist. No one taught him anything about drawing, but when he was fourteen years old he produced a comic picture titled "The Village Belle was slowly ringing." It depicted, as you might have guessed, a small-town damozel twisting some garments over the washtubs. The editor of Life paid him eight dollars for it, much to Rip's amazement.

If he was surprised when he received the check, he was flabbergasted three years later, when H. L. Baggerly, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, offered him eight dollars every week just for drawing pictures. Rip had never been to San Francisco, which was forty-seven miles away, but right then he started his career as a traveler.

After a spell on the Bulletin, he shifted to the Chronicle at twenty dollars a week. But now he was beginning to realize that Art was worthy of Greater Rewards. He determined to get twenty-two dollars and a half. Some of the other artists put him up to it; Rip probably would never have thought of it for himself.

"They'll never let you go," they told him. "You just walk in and say you'll quit if you don't get twenty-two fifty."

Ripley summoned up his courage and bearded the publisher in his den. He delivered his ultimatum.

"Very well, sir," replied old John De Young. "We don't want any dissatisfied employees on this newspaper."

So that was that. And Ripley felt pretty miserable about it, too, for his mother and sister and brother had come up to 'Frisco to be near him, and they depended on that twenty dollars a week.

Luckily, Rip soon met Joe Taylor, an old barnstormer who had written a book called "Fifty Years of Footlights," or something like that. Taylor wanted someone to illustrate his book, and Ripley was suggested. He did the job for one hundred dollars, without being required to read the book. Then Taylor paid his expenses to New York so he could find a publisher for it. Rip found a publisher, but that didn't solve his problems.

However, someone had given him a letter of introduction to the sporting editor of the New York Globe. The Globe happened to be in need of a sports-page cartoonist, and Rip got the job.

They liked Ripley's drawings. His black and white style made a hit (it's been copied by countless sports-page cartoonists since then). And you already know how he happened to stumble upon the "Believe It Or Not" idea.

After this feature had begun to take hold, Rip wanted to tie up with a syndicate. He visited the manager of the Associated Newspapers. This executive was a little dubious about the whole thing and sought the advice of J. N. Darling (Ding), the already established cartoonist. "Ding" looked over the samples.

"Take him," he said. "If he doesn't make good, I'll be responsible for his salary for the first six months."

This little incident is one of the few things about which Rip can get really worked up.

"Ding didn't tell me about it, but I heard. Say, did you ever hear of a guy doing a whiter thing than that?"

I don't know. Rip himself has an elastic heart. He's always digging into his pocket to help out some poor has-been of sportdom.

In time, he may become hardened, even cynical. But I doubt it. No man who possesses his capacity for being surprised and his great interest in people can ever become thoroughly immune to the magic of humanity.

THERE is something refreshing about the way Ripley tackled the work of lecturing. He hates to get up before a group of people and talk to them. In the first place, he cannot understand why they should be interested in hearing him. In the second, he is no smooth-tongued speaker. The whole business is a mighty tough chore for him. And that's why he does it!

"When I was approached by the manager of a lecture bureau," he said, "with an invitation to fill some engagements last season, I was tempted to turn him down. Then I knew that if I did it would be because I was afraid. And so I accepted. I'm afraid I'm not very good at it—although I go to the theater and to talking movies just to study how the professionals put their words across—but I'm getting better and it's good discipline for the spirit."

There—that's probably it! When a man who has acquired his measure of fame, and of money, can still concern himself with disciplining his spirit—well, verily and beyond a doubt, he is more than "just another cartoonist."

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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MISS ALYCE GARRICK
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Producer of Colleen Moore's First National-Vitaphone Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

"DEBUTANTES OF MODERN BUSINESS"

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Through daily reliance upon its unfailing accuracy, matchless speed and great ease of operation, many thousands of young office girls are intensely loyal to the Easy-Writing Royal Typewriter. It well merits this steadfast confidence by exceptional performance, and also by the superior quality and quantity of its writing. More than twenty exclusive features of design explain why this light-running typewriter diminishes fatigue, conserves nervous energy and expedites office affairs . . . Why all typing is done quickly, more neatly and cheerfully.

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Farm Trade Tips

Volume 1 — A Farm & Fireside Service to Small-City Dealers — Number 6

THESE 10 IDEAS INCREASED SALES FOR OTHERS

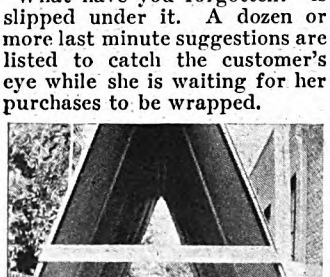
More Attention

Walter Engard, London, O., suggests this idea to get better attention value for the store's local newspaper advertisements. Select two automobile license numbers—get them from the local registration bureau—and feature them in a display box in each advertisement. Offer a dollar in trade each to the owners of these license plates if they will call at the store during the week the ad appears. A lively interest in the store's advertising follows where this idea has been tried, he says.

PUSH NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS

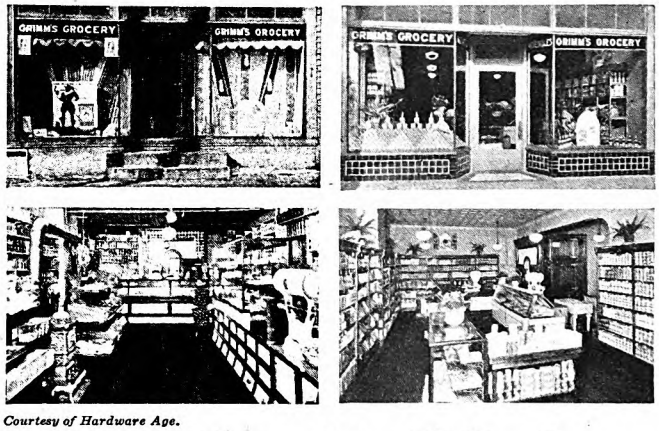
Extra Sales

George Smedal says a Minnesota general merchant has a last-minute reminder on his wrapping counter that sells a good volume of extra sales each month. The glass top on the counter is removable. And each week a large piece of cardboard headed, "What have you forgotten?" is slipped under it. A dozen or more last minute suggestions are listed to catch the customer's eye while she is waiting for her purchases to be wrapped.



Travelling Ad

Gordon Holford, manager of the Crescent Theatre of Garland, Texas, uses the travelling billboard shown above to advertise his motion picture offerings to farm people. He says farmers are too busy during crop seasons to come to town during *daylight* hours, and that therefore they miss seeing billboard advertisements. His travelling billboard has two advantages—striking appearance and low cost. An old car stripped down for the purpose cost him only $40 and it more than paid for itself the first week. He thinks other merchants can use the idea with equal success. His display carries standard 24-sheet posters, 9 feet by 20 feet.



Courtesy of Hardware Age.

Grocery Jumps Sales 25 Per Cent

THE above photographs show Grimm's Grocery, Louisville, Ky.—as it used to be—and as it is today. The store was modernized according to recommendations from the Domestic Commerce Division of the Department of Commerce, and for the first three months of operation shows a 25 per cent increase in net sales. Principal changes are—new cement sidewalk—removal of steps—tile trimmed window bases—floor level brought to sidewalk level—new pressed steel ceiling—new 7-ft. shelving around three sides of the room—redecorated walls reflecting more light—modern lighting system—and the use of plants and flowers to add to the atmosphere of charm and tastiness. The pictures tell the story—to the left the *old*—to the right the *new!*

Sell the Boy!

Start your tractor sale with the boy on the farm, advises O. L. Steensland, successful automotive dealer of Lake Andes, S. D. "As a rule," he says, "the man who has farmed with horses for years does not take kindly to the tractor, due to lack of expert mechanical knowledge and a natural love for horses through long association. The boy on the other hand has a keen interest in all things mechanical and is mighty quick to see into the care and repair of a tractor. Sell the boy on the idea of a tractor and he will sell his father as no other influence can."

SELL THE TRADEMARKED BRANDS

Soap Ship

A window contest idea that was successful in increasing sales of household supplies and other merchandise is the tip from the general store of Mrs. Geo. A. McNeil, Piggott, Ark. The first of April, the clean-up month, she built a miniature battleship out of bars of a nationally-advertised laundry soap. The guns were made of round cans of a widely advertised brand of cleanser. With every order of groceries the customer was allowed one guess as to the total number of soap bars used in the display. At the end of April the customer who had guessed nearest was awarded 100 bars.

TIE UP WITH NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Machine Talk

The Standard Mercantile Co., of Circle, Mont., finds that vivid, between-season display sells more farm implements. Recently they had a satisfied owner bring in his harvester-thresher for a ten-day exhibit on the lot adjoining the store. A big sign across the front of the machine read: *"Just finished cutting 2000 acres. Seventy days in the field. Look me over—I am ready for next season."* —*Harvester World.*

Guess-Coupons

A county newspaper in Baker, Ore., runs weekly "guess-coupons" to draw farm trade to local stores, says F. L. Hubbard. The coupon carries a slogan previously featured in a local store's newspaper ads. Readers are invited to guess the name of the store from its slogan. All coupons are delivered in person at the newspaper office. Correct guesses are awarded gift cards which when presented at the store win prizes. A drug store whose slogan was thus featured had over two hundred callers bearing gift cards, most of them country people. The gift was an assorted package of samples of face powder, cream, etc.

PROFIT FROM NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Used Cars

Fenton E. Wright of Lodi, Cal., sells used cars through barber shops. He tells about it in *Motor*. He displays his list of used cars in frames like picture frames, 24 inches high by 16½ inches wide and open at the back so that strips of cardboard listing the cars can be slipped in and out. He has about twenty-five of these display frames in barber shops in surrounding small towns, offers the barber shop proprietor $5 for every prospect sent in providing a sale is made within 30 days, and has found the plan a money maker. One barber ten miles away sent in four sales in six months.

STOCK NATIONALLY KNOWN LINES

Free Taxi

A Florida automobile dealer, agent for a low-priced popular car, wanted to introduce a new model in a new way. He ran an advertisement saying that one of the new cars would go into taxi service the following day free to the public. The "taxi" was chauffeured by one of the dealer's salesmen. Every ride was a demonstration. Seven new cars were sold in two weeks, says C. C. Belk of Washington, N. C.

$10 for Your Tip

We pay $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade tips. This is not a contest. Send in as many tips as you wish. The only requirement is that the tip must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

Send your idea to *Farm & Fireside*, Dept. A-6, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

Farm & Fireside
The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,350,000 FARM HOMES

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Mute Witness

(*Continued from page 21*)

thought he should have, considering the nature of the deal. And that was the thing which furnished the motive in the case against him for McIver's killing.

Neil Buckwith had met Ned that October afternoon, as the young man drove into town, old horse ambling along, dog beside him on the seat, leaning close to his side as if afraid he might get out of reach.

"Just coming out to see you," Buckwith said. He put a foot on the hub. "Are you still in a mind to let your place go?"

The younger man grinned. "I was."

"Meaning what?"

"I sold yesterday; gave McIver an option, anyhow."

Buckwith snorted. "So he got that, too, did he?"

"Been buying some others?"

"I'll say he has! Got most of that valley except the Dutchman's. I bought that last night." He hesitated. "Now that it's gone, do you mind telling what you got?"

"Thirty-four hundred."

Buckwith laughed. "You're a sucker, Chetham! I'd have paid double that. He'll get a hundred an acre! D' you know what's behind this?"

"He said . . . that is, he intimated it was somebody who wanted a cherry location."

"Cherries your eye! A bunch of Chicago millionaires are buying the whole valley for summer places and a country club. Your place is the clubhouse site. Thirty-four . . . Well, Lynn certainly got a buy! He—"

IT WAS just then that McIver came out of his office.

"Hi!" called Ned, and gestured.

The other came toward them. "Morning!"

Chetham, without smiling, asked: "Didn't you tell me you wanted my place for a fellow who was going to set out an orchard?"

McIver flushed up a bit. "No, I didn't say that," he replied slowly. "You suggested it yourself; I didn't set you right, that's all."

"You let me go on thinking so, anyhow, knowing I was wrong," Ned remarked. "Is that square, Mac? Isn't it sort of dirty pool?"

Lynn was uncomfortable. "You're making a good profit."

"Yours'll be better. You got my price down three hundred."

"Well, that's fair. And a man's business secrets are his own property. As it is, they've leaked out fast enough." He looked at Buckwith, then, and his former partner seemed uneasy. "I'd give my hat, Buck, to know where you got your dope. I was twelve hours behind you at the Dutchman's."

"You're going to do pretty well, Mac. If I'd been quick enough at Chetham's, here, I'd have pulled out of the hole. As it is . . ."

McIver laughed, a bit embarrassed, perhaps conscious of Ned's look:

"Well, I *wanted* you to hang on with me," he said; then, turning to Ned: "No. I didn't play dirty pool; I drove a fair bargain."

"Well, I'm shy of easy money that goes to you. But a deal's a deal, McIver, and I've had my say."

He clucked to his horse and drove off.

By noon the story of the new development was buzzing. The thing was sewed up, tied down, clinched; at least one big resort project was assured the country. And Lynn McIver, it was said, was going to clean up and show a big stake, while Buckwith was going to make something as well. Both needed it, all right; both had scrimped along for two years.

Poor Lynn! He never did cash in!

Chetham came to town the day before bird season opened. He was unusually glum about something and we guessed it was because he had made a poor bargain. The rumor had got around that he had had hard words with McIver over the deal. . . .

FOUR evenings later Buckwith rang McIver's doorbell. Mrs. McIver answered.

"I just stopped to see Lynn a minute," he explained. "I'm off on the wrong foot about a forty in the valley. Thought it was mine but, come to find out, Lynn has an interest in it."

"Well, Lynn isn't here. I've been waiting dinner an hour now. He went out to the old Radebush place."

"Oh. Saw his car there late this afternoon. I had to go out to the Dutchman's and thought I might hunt a little, but had a flat tire and didn't get anything done. Lynn's car was up beyond me a piece."

"Yes, he went out to locate a corner. The surveyor is so busy, and Lynn wanted to crowd the work along and thought he could save time by looking up a witness tree he remembered."

"Well, he had car trouble, likely."

Two hours later Buckwith was called to the telephone.

"Jessie's worried about Lynn," Mrs. McIver's brother told him. "Just where was it you saw his car?"

Buckwith described the place and volunteered to go out if he could be of use, but the other did not think it necessary.

At midnight, however, Buckwith was called again; by the sheriff, this time. McIver was missing; his car was still out there; would he help?

Six men whooped and called. They got Chetham up. Yes, he had seen and talked with McIver back in the wood-lot that afternoon. No, he didn't see him go away, but he'd been busy in his carrot patch until dark. Several cars had passed on the road. . . .

At dawn they found McIver, his life torn out by a charge from a close-held shotgun, lying face down in the gold and scarlet leaves. McIver's brother-in-law went all to pieces, Buckwith was sick, and even Bill Bullard, the sheriff, cried.

By breakfast-time the news had spread. Joe Diamond, the prosecutor, was preparing to go out with the coroner when Buckwith walked into his office. The man was white, and freckles stood out on his colorless skin.

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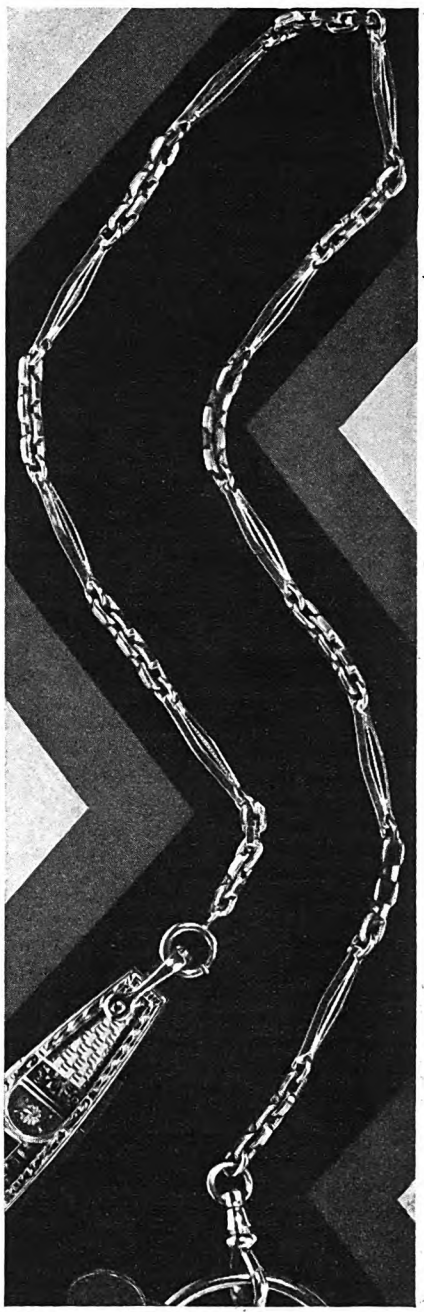

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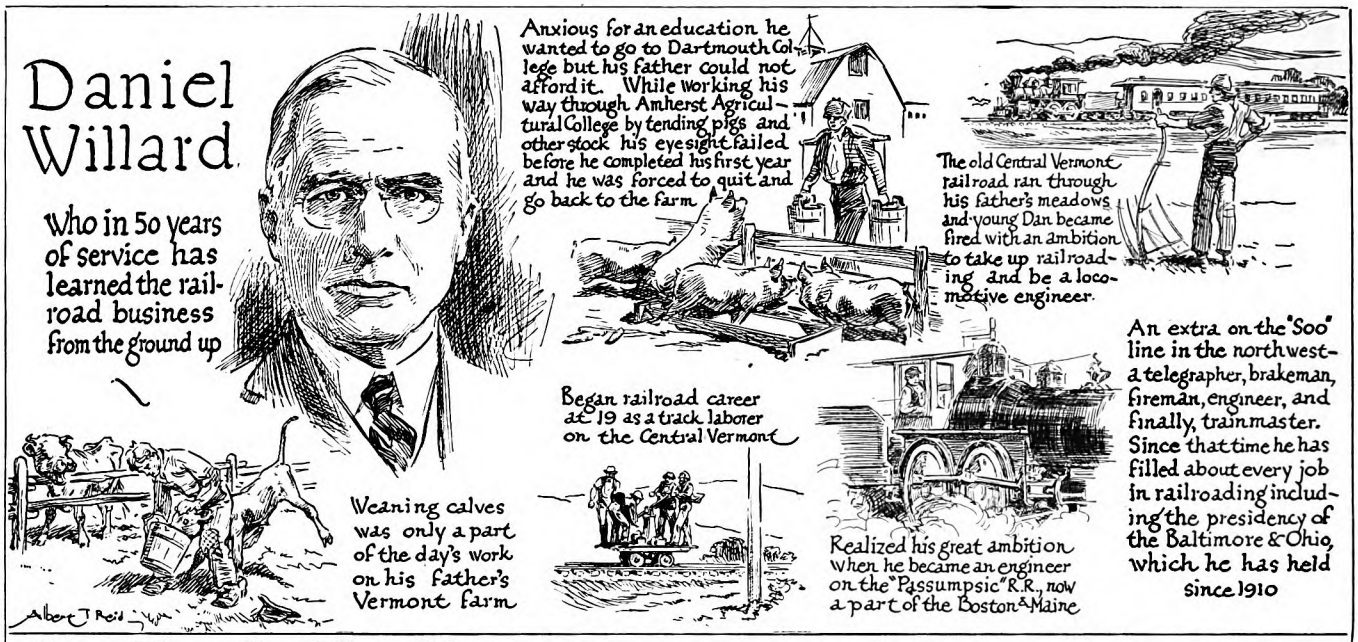

How They Got That Way

By Dale Carnegie and Albert T. Reid

"Joe," he said, "let me sit down. I'm all in."

"You've a license to be. This is a terrible thing."

"A terrible thing I've come to tell, too; but I've got it to do, legally and morally."

He went to the water cooler and drank.

"Joe," he said, "I'm afraid young Chetham murdered Lynn."

It was late that night when Diamond gave up trying to "break" Ned Chetham.

"No use in doing that, Mr. Diamond," the prisoner said. "I know it's your job to act that way, but you can't browbeat me! I've told all I know a dozen times. I talked to McIver back in the brush. Then I went down to the carrot patch and to work. I heard a shot fired about sundown, but thought nothing of it because there'd been shooting all day. The first I knew about this was when Bullard, here, came to my house. You can't make me say another word now!"

He made good his promise, but the case seemed to be sewed up, anyhow. A motive had been established. Chetham had admitted being with McIver in the timber. One link was missing: this was the gun. Search Ned's place as he would, Bullard could find only one shotgun, and the barrels of that were thick with old grease; it had not been fired in over a year. But this, in itself, indicated that the boy had owned another. No bird hunter, especially with a dog like Jill, was going to have but one gun, and that packed with hardening grease in shooting season!

CHETHAM hired Arnold Metcalf, the youngest lawyer in town. They waived examination before the justice, and the case went over to the November term of circuit court.

Some of the intense excitement ebbed after that, but the interest did not flag. The dog, Jill, came in for a lot of talk. She had been left with a vet by Bullard, but she got out somehow the morning of the arraignment, found her master's trail on the street, and followed it to the jail. She stood outside and whined until he showed himself behind the bars. Then she tried to jump up to the window, a dozen feet off the ground, waggling her tail, yelping in delight, and frantically hurling herself high up against the brick wall; falling back, jumping up again, until she was exhausted.

The sheriff tried to catch her and could not. She would lead him away and then duck back to the jail and sit there panting, threshing her tail and barking. Old Bill has a heart as big and as warm as a cookstove, anyhow, and he finally gave in, broke all precedent, and let Chetham have the dog with him. They gave her several runs a day, but the rest of the time she lay curled beside her master as he sat in the bull pen or lay on a cot in his cell.

THE trial came up on a Thursday in late November, just about six weeks after the killing.

Little trouble was encountered finding a jury, and they were ready to proceed in the afternoon.

Just as Joe Diamond was outlining his case there was a commotion in the corridor, which was packed with those who had not come early enough for seats. The judge rapped, and Bullard started down a jammed aisle. Then, working her way through the multitude of legs, came Jill. She jumped the railing and was all over Chetham in an instant, wriggling, nuzzling his hands, and letting out little whimpers of delight.

"Sheriff, take that dog out!" the judge said, looking over his glasses at the setter, and anybody with half an eye could see the glint of admiration in his. He was a bird hunter himself.

They had a hard time catching Jill, and as soon as the case was resumed they heard her howling from the jail. The judge called the two lawyers to the bench.

"Better have her in," he told Diamond. "We can't stand that howling; neither can your case."

Joe agreed to that, so Jill came back and lay under her owner's chair, chin on her paws, as a well-trained dog should.

The first witnesses testified to well-known facts, and then Lynn's widow walked to the witness chair. The woman, in her black clothes and with her white, stricken face, injected the first element of drama into the trial.

From her, the prosecutor drew the story of McIver's attitude toward Chetham and of his version of their difference of opinion as to the fairness of their deal. Slowly, obviously retaining self-control by great effort, the widow told her story.

"Lynn said that Mr. Chetham seemed put out," she said in her light voice. "Those were his words: 'put out.'"

"Yes, go on, now; just as you've told me," Joe prompted.

"He was a little cut up himself, Lynn was," she said, with her eyes downcast. "It seems that when they first talked he asked Mr. Chetham if the soil down the slope was the same as where the orchard stood. He had in mind any drainage problems for the golf course, but Mr. Chetham seemed to think that Lynn was representing people who wanted to grow cherries there." She hesitated. "Lynn let him keep thinking so.

"You see"—and a little eagerness came into her voice as she looked up—"that was just shrewd business practice, but Lynn felt cut up over it. He always wanted to be fair, and he felt that perhaps he had failed, in a way. The last noon he was . . . he was . . . was home for lunch he said he'd made up his mind that he was going to give Mr. Chetham more than the agreed price, just to keep his conscience clean."

She stopped. A juryman's chair creaked; another brushed his mustache. You could see that her statement had had a telling effect. Lynn had been a white man, all right, and had been shot down before he had had a chance to prove just how white he was!

"TAKE the witness," Diamond said abruptly and sat down.

"Mrs. McIver," Metcalf began gently, "did your husband say anything to you about the necessity of working fast in getting hold of these parcels?"

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Dumb Animals, Eh?

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

NOT enough people realize how smart so-called dumb animals are.

Recently I was wandering in the elephant line of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. I saw an elephant with a stick which he had picked up on passing a pile of laths on the way to the menagerie, and which he had purloined for the purpose of scratching himself under the forelegs.

The stick was cumbersome and unwieldy. The elephant curled his trunk over it, raised it to a level with his eyes, and studied it. Then he placed it on the ground, and raising a giant leg, placed his hoof halfway across the breadth of the stick. Following this, he extended the delicate yet strong "fingers" of his trunk and gave a pull, breaking the stick to half its former width. Again he raised it and studied it; again he placed it on the ground and broke it in half, this time lengthwise. Once more he looked it over and once more he broke it. Then he tried it out, scratching for a moment before he again placed it on the ground. This time he broke off only an inch and tried it once more. Still it wasn't right, and for a fourth time he went through the breaking process, but now he took off a little less than a half inch, carefully smoothing the raw edge before he sampled its scratching power.

This time it was exactly right. The stick just fitted his trunk, extending far enough to give a good scratching surface, yet not being long enough to prohibit getting into close places or to break from extra exertion. The elephant wiggled his ears, rolled his eyes, and was joyful. Three days later, I happened to be back at the elephant line and mentioned the episode to a keeper.

"Sure," he said. "He fixes up one like that every now (*Continued on page 196*)

The woman stirred. "Why, yes. He wanted to tie it all up before the story got out, but he failed."

"Who else did he think learned of it?"

"Well, Mr. Buckwith was one, but he—"

"They'd been partners? And they'd dissolved partnership?"

"Yes; two years ago."

Diamond rose, then, as if to meet some unexpected turn.

"And your husband," went on Metcalf, "thought that Mr. Buckwith was trying to tie up some of this property?"

"Oh, he knew that. But, you see, that was Mr. Buckwith's right."

"That's all," Metcalf said, and walked to his chair.

Joe Diamond remained standing, scratching his chin.

"Mrs. McIver, your husband and Mr. Buckwith were friends?"

"Oh, absolutely! Mr. Buckwith was even turning back some property that Lynn had an interest in and didn't know about."

"There had been no quarrel?"

"No; never!"

He helped her down from the witness stand, with the air of one who has successfully checkmated an opposition move.

BY THEN it was late afternoon, and court adjourned. At the next day's session Jill was back with her master, and Buckwith was sworn the first thing.

"I want you to tell the court," Diamond began, "what happened when Chetham and Lynn McIver met the day after the defendant had given an option on his place."

The witness considered a moment and then, calmly, slowly, told of the meeting and of how McIver happened to come out of his office as he and Chetham were talking.

"Yes; and what did the defendant say?"

"Well, he seemed to be pretty well worked up; he thought he'd been beaten. He said he thought McIver's methods were dirty pool."

"Those were his words? Well, then, how did he act?"

Buckwith shook his head. "As though he was having a job to hold onto himself. He got red and trembled. He didn't *say* any more, but he jerked his horse around and drove off, muttering to himself."

"Then you would consider him more than 'put out,' as Mrs. McIver has said her husband said the defendant was?"

"I certainly would! He was mad clear through!"

"Now tell what you saw in the vicinity of Chetham's farm on the afternoon that McIver was killed."

The man settled his mouth and frowned and shifted, as if to gather the detail of his recollections. He told of how he happened to be in the vicinity, with infinite pains to be clear; of how he had intended to hunt, perhaps, and of how tire trouble had changed all his plans; of how he had heard the shot as he had heard other shots, and of how he had then seen Chetham emerge from the timber.

"Now, was the defendant carrying a gun?"

"He was."

"And you thought he had been hunting?"

"That's what I thought . . . then. He had his dog and his gun."

Chetham's feet drew back under his chair at that.

"Where did he go?"

"Into his house and left the gun; anyhow, he didn't have it when he came out and went down to his garden patch."

Chetham leaned forward and put a hand on Metcalf's shoulder. He almost touched his attorney's cheek with his as he whispered, and Metcalf turned in his chair. They conversed in those inaudible tones for a moment and sweat broke out on the lawyer's forehead.

DIAMOND kept up his questioning for almost an hour and, all in all, Buckwith produced a most convincing story, told without any show of indignation, although he gave the impression that at times it was difficult for him to control his voice when talking about the man who had once been his business partner.

"That'll do," said Joe, and turned away; and it was easy to tell that he thought he had impressed the jury deeply.

Metcalf rumpled his hair as he rose to take the witness.

"Why was your partnership with Lynn McIver dissolved?"

Buckwith wet his lips, settling for a defensive combat.

"We got in rather bad two years ago. I wanted to retrench; Lynn wanted to go ahead. So we quit, and quit friends."

"But you, for your part, had obligations enough?"

"I thought so at the time."

"Weren't you sure?"

"Yes, I was." He smiled, as if in chagrin at his mistakes.

"And real estate has been pretty slow ever since?"

"It has."

"You were pretty well involved personally, weren't you?"

"That depends on what you mean."

THEY parried for an interval, Metcalf growing more severe in his manner, Buckwith reddening with resentment.

"Well, I'll ask you this," the lawyer finally cried, leveling a finger. "Were you, or were you not, up to the time of this murder, desperately pressed to meet your obligations?"

Diamond sprang up to protest, but Buckwith himself, turning to the judge, asked: "Your Honor, have I got to stand for such questions? I'm only doing my duty as a citizen here, and it's not pleasant at best. I don't see where my—"

"I think it's a proper question. You may reply," said the judge.

Buckwith growled at Metcalf: "No, I wasn't desperately pressed."

"But still you found out about the deal McIver had on, and you needed money badly enough to jump in and try to beat him to some of the parcels his clients wanted?"

"What's wrong with that? It's just stiff competition and—"

"But isn't that what you were doing?"

"Well, yes, it was. But we were friendly, I tell you!"

Metcalf feigned surprise. "I'm glad to hear that!" He took a few paces back and forth; then, halting suddenly, he asked: "Do you want me to bring into court copies of letters written to you by the National Bank demanding that you meet certain obligations, or—"

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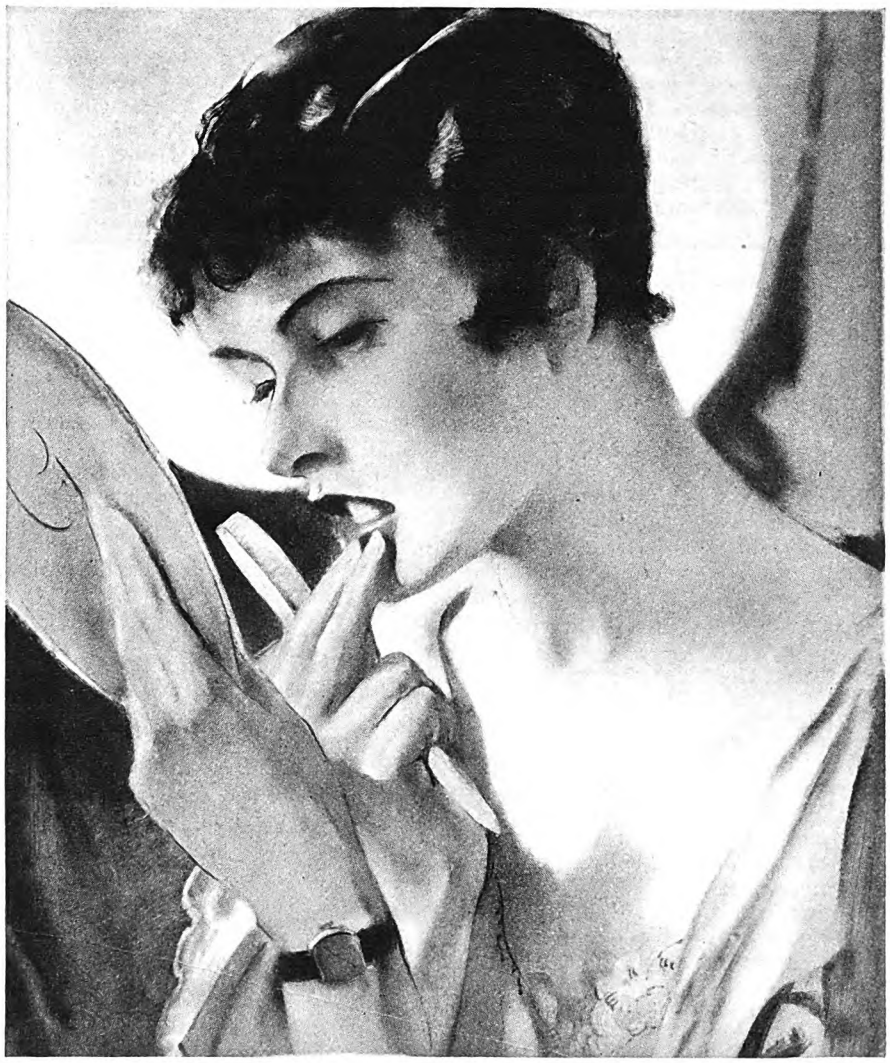
Protect your gums while you clean your teeth. Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"—Use IPANA TOOTH PASTE

THE old ideas of dental care and oral health have changed! And Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, has helped to change them.

For Ipana and massage have revolutionized the care of the teeth and gums. With Ipana your teeth are white. Your mouth has a sense of cleanliness possible with no other tooth paste. Your gums become firm and healthy—free from the menace of gum disorders.



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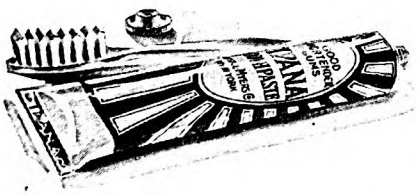

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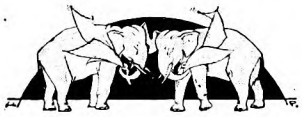
DUMB ANIMALS, EH?

(Continued from page 194)

and then. He's still got that stick he made the other day. Keeps it hidden under that pile of hay except when he needs it, and carries it to the cars with him at night and back to the circus in the morning!"

But, for that matter, I once saw, on the bull-line of the Sells-Floto Circus, an elephant steal one of the laying-out flags as he was brought out from the menagerie to push a wagon about the grounds. He kept it carefully concealed in his trunk—a red flag, torn from a steel pin and used by the boss canvasman in the mornings to show where the tents would rise. The boss bull-man and I followed him to see what he wanted with that rag, and at last discovered the cause.

Back at the picket line in the menagerie, the elephant carefully wadded up



the flag, and with his trunk stuffed it into his mouth. Then there was much more stuffing and rolling of eyes. Finally, after some fifteen minutes, the boss bull-man commanded him to open his mouth. The rag was found stuffed into a tooth which had developed a large cavity, evidently to halt the passage of air and thus free it from aching. Yet human dentists are supposed to be the only ones who know the reasons for filling a tooth!

One can find endless things of this type with elephants. In mosquito countries, for instance, the pachyderms are a source of worry to the circus. The pests alight on the tender flesh behind the elephants' ears and around their mouths and eyes, crazing them. At least one elephant panic has been caused by clouds of mosquitoes which drove the great beasts crazy with pain. But, today, circus men solve that difficulty easily. They simply pass out gunny sacks to the tremendous beasts, and the elephants know exactly what to do with them. Those sacks do not leave their possession until the need for them departs; they may lay them away for a while, but they are always within reach, to be fanned solemnly about their eyes and ears and mouth, like an old lady with a fan, whenever a mosquito buzzes near.

Once, in bad fly weather down south, I saw Snyder, a (Continued on page 198).

Joe Diamond's vigorous objection prevailed. Buckwith brushed his forehead with an angry gesture, and Metcalf, a bit pale, stood staring hard at him.

"Was it or was it not highly important to your affairs," he asked, "that you turn something into money at once?"

"Not very important." The witness evidently was hanging onto himself now.

METCALF eyed him closely, with a queer smile, then tossed his head. "Fair enough! We'll come back to that. Now I want you to describe just how this defendant came out of the woods after the shot you claim you heard fired."

The other stirred, as if he were relieved to get back to matters other than personal.

"Why, the first I noticed was the dog. She was standing in front of a clump of hemlocks, looking up, and wagging her tail. I watched, and in a minute Chetham came out."

"How long was that after the shot?"

"Why, not over a minute. McIver's body was right there and—"

"Never mind that! What was the dog doing?"

"Just looking up. When Chetham came out, she followed."

"Was she hunting, then?"

"No, she stayed at heel."

"Right at heel? Or did she run out ahead?"

Buckwith hesitated, squinting. "I think she ran on a few steps ahead, once, sort of dancing, playing; then went back to heel."

"But she didn't leave him. Didn't try to go back into the cover or any other place?"

"No!" A new quality in Metcalf's eyes was nettling.

"And you're positive that this is the dog?" motioning to Jill.

"I couldn't mistake her. I saw both her sides; snow-white. I've known that dog by sight for two years."

"Yes, but are you *sure* it was this particular dog at this particular time?"

"Yes, I'm sure!"

"All right; I want it straight in the minds of the jury." Again Buckwith brushed his forehead as if the sarcasm were getting under his skin. "Now, about the defendant: Did he walk fast?"

"At first he went sort of cautiously and was looking around; later he went faster. He almost ran when he got near the house."

"Was he carrying anything?"

"All I could see was the gun."

"What kind was it?"

"A double-barreled shotgun."

"Swear to it?"

Buckwith said, exasperated: "I already have! I'm under oath here!"

"Yes; and keep that in mind. . . . How was he carrying the gun?"

"Why, when he first came out, he had it over his shoulder; then he carried it in his hand, trailing, sort of."

"And you couldn't be mistaken about its being a gun?"

"Certainly not. The sun was shining; I wasn't thirty rods away."

The lawyer turned and stared through a window a moment. Then he dropped one hand to his side, as if wearily.

"All right. He was carrying it over which shoulder?"

BUCKWITH considered, watching the other. His annoyance seemed to be relieved by Metcalf's apparent weariness. "The right, I think," he answered easily.

"And then he shifted it to the other, did you say?"

"I did not!"—with a gleam of triumph. "He carried it trailing."

"Now, about where would you say his hand gripped the gun?"

"Well, so it would balance."

"That isn't answering my question."

"That's a fine point and—"

"But I'm asking the question to develop a fine point!" and, suddenly growing tense again, Metcalf hurled questions, snapped up the witness, flared at him. This went on for fifteen minutes or more, Buckwith again and again trying to demonstrate with a hand at his side how Chetham carried the gun and Metcalf misunderstanding and making it all confusing.

"If the Court please," he said finally, "I'd like to bring a gun such as the witness has described into this courtroom, and have him show the jury just how he is willing to swear that the defendant carried it."

The prosecutor objected, but Metcalf persisted, and his request was granted.

"We will recess for fifteen minutes while you get the gun," the judge said.

Bill Bullard went out on the errand, and Chetham, Jill at his heels, went out after a drink, accompanied by a deputy.

THE sheriff was back before any of the others of the court, except Metcalf, had reëntered the room. The lawyer took the gun and laid it across the stenographer's desk and then walked thoughtfully up and down. His face was a bit drawn.

"Now, Buckwith," he resumed, when the recess was over, "to get back to the dog. You are certain she was at heel?—that she did not leave her master from the time he left the timber until he reached his house, thirty rods away?"

"Yes, I'm sure"—wearily.

"And the dog lying there beside Mr. Chetham is the dog he had with him?"

"Of course. I could tell her half a mile away."

"Now, I'm going to see if this dog will follow you as you say she followed the defendant and also have you demonstrate how he carried his gun. Just step down here, please."

Joe Diamond was on his feet, alert, frowning a bit as Buckwith rather reluctantly rose.

"She won't follow *me*, likely."

"We'll see about that. Step out here and call to her." Metcalf's voice was imperative, sharper than it had been. Buckwith came from the stand. "Call her, now."

The other extended a hand, snapping his thumb. The hand trembled ever so slightly and a look of misgiving was in his eyes.

"Here, girl! . . . Here. . . . Come here, girl . . . See, she won't . . ."

Jill had lifted her head. She looked, neck rising slowly to its full height as if in overwhelming surprise at being addressed by this man.

"Send her out," Metcalf muttered, with a nod to Chetham.

"Go on, Jill," her master said in a low voice. The dog snapped to her feet, eying

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America's Greatest Economic Waste

(Second of a Series of Articles on the Cost of Life Insurance—by William Montgomery, President, Acacia Mutual Life Association)

DURING recent years our political leaders have proven the benefits which can be achieved through stricter economy in the operation of our Government. Next to our Government, life insurance involves a larger use of the people's money than any other American institution. It is the world's greatest business. Any economies effected in its conduct must result in large financial gains to the public.

$7,424,265,428 of life insurance lapsed last year, according to a standard publication. The premiums paid upon a lapsed policy are largely wasted. If on a conservative basis the insurance lapsed last year cost only thirty dollars per thousand, the actual cash loss is enormous.

A lapsed policy means—

A loss to the man who bought it—as most lapses occur in the first and second policy years, the insured gets practically nothing in return for the premiums he has paid thereon. He risks the possibility of losing, through change of health or otherwise, the privilege of securing other insurance. If he takes other insurance, he loses the lower rate established for his age when the policy was issued. In addition, the greater part of the premium paid on the new policy goes to pay for the medical examination and agent's commission thereon, together with the expenses of issuing it; an unnecessary waste because he pays twice for the same service.

A loss to the company that issued it—because the expense and costs of issuing the policy amount to far more than the premiums received, outside of the time and expense involved in trying to keep the policy in force.

A loss to the agent who sold it—because he has received only a part of the compensation he earned by the sale, and has lost the future income on the business.

A loss to present policyholders—lapsed life insurance constitutes this country's greatest economic waste. In preventing it as far as possible, the life insurance companies will be performing an outstanding national duty. The money now lost by the companies through lapses could be used to pay increased dividends to the policyholders and thus materially reduce the cost of their insurance.

THE GREATEST LOSERS

The heaviest losers ultimately are those who can least afford it—the loved ones whom the insurance was intended to protect and benefit. The huge figures shown above are virtually a gigantic heart-ache. In them are wrapped thousands of high hopes unrealized, thousands of bright futures shattered, thousands of cherished memories embittered, thousands of children uneducated and citizenship impaired, thousands of possible happy families broken.

WHY THE ENORMOUS WASTE?

It is an axiom in life insurance that "the lapse usually begins with the sale." It is generally conceded that the intense competition between the companies for business, the enormous pressure upon the agents to get it, and the methods and plans sometimes used to secure it, are the principal contributing factors.

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Acacia's lapse rate is low because its premiums are low, its dividends good, and its members are satisfied; also because its agency contracts are so constructed that its agents have a strong economic interest in selling policies that do not lapse. It compensates its agents liberally for business that stays. It does not dazzle its agents or the public by the amount of business *written;* it emphasizes the amount of insurance *gained.* "The business that pays is the business that stays." Its agents' salaries are based upon the amount of insurance kept in force; therefore an everpresent incentive to prevent lapse and render the insured such service as to cause him to continue a satisfied policy holder. This also means that its agents' compensation automatically increases with their length of service.

The savings made possible by Acacia through its method of management, and the economies effected in the conduct of its business, have enabled it—a mutual company—to reduce its premiums to the low initial rates of the stock companies, and at the same time pay satisfactory dividends to its policyholders.

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DUMB ANIMALS, EH?

(Continued from page 196)

performing elephant, walk on his hind legs all the way around the hippodrome track, carrying his trainer on his tusks. The act, however, brought laughter instead of the usual excited applause. Snyder, somewhere, had stolen a child's toy broom, which he carried in his trunk and which he whacked energetically at the flies as he did his act. Even an elephant walking on his hind legs and carrying a trainer on his tusks can hardly look dignified while he uses a toy broom as a fly-swatter.

But, of course, you'll argue, elephants always have been known to be sagacious. Very well, then, there's Benny.

Benny, when I first saw him, was three weeks old and he was about to go into his first circus performance at Madison Square Garden. Benny was a little black and white pig who had been trained to follow a nursing bottle filled with milk. He would even go up an incline and slide down the other side, just to get that bottle. At least he had done so in rehearsals, so when the first performance came, the two clowns who were "working" him decided to give him a tryout back-stage.

They set up the incline. They showed Benny the bottle. Up the incline went Benny, and down the other side to his bottle. Then they called him to go back to his crate. But Benny was headed the other way.

He had been rehearsed in the Garden. He knew that when his act started, he went over the incline and got his bottle every fifty feet or so, all the way around the hippodrome track. Benny was hungry.

An entry door stood open and the clowns chased him in vain. Under horses, around tableaux, and through groups of performers went Benny, at last to dodge past the guard at the gate and run squealing to the hippodrome track.

And there was nothing for the clowns to do but to follow him, and put on that act fifteen minutes ahead of time. For Benny, once he had gotten out before the audience, simply stood and squealed until the clowns and the ladder and the nursing bottle had answered!

him in puzzlement, looking quickly at Buckwith and back to Ned again, tail waving slightly. A regal thing she was!

"Go on to him," her master said, and, ears dropping a bit, she obeyed, trotting across to Buckwith, nose quirking.

"Now tell her to heel and walk across there and back," Metcalf indicated a point at the other side of the room.

Buckwith started to speak and had to clear his voice. "Heel," he said on the second attempt.

Instantly, the dog fell in behind him, sniffing his leg, adjusting her pace to his. Across the room they went and Buckwith faced about. Jill turned, too, casting an inquiring look at Chetham, who was strained forward in his chair, and the plumed tail waggled again.

"That about as she followed him?" Metcalf asked, as necks craned.

"As I remember it," Buckwith said, edging toward the witness chair. "She always followed him that way."

"And now"—Metcalf stepped away from his place before the jurymen—"pick up that gun lying there and show us how Chetham carried it." Something in his voice seemed to cut down the breathing of the crowd; that same quality made Buckwith fidget, too, and eye Metcalf closely. The freckles began to stand out on his face. "Well, pick it up, now"—insistently. "Or don't you recall how he carried the gun?"

Jill sniffed at Buckwith's pants leg slowly. The man looked down at her, reached for the gun, and said irritably:

"Well, he had it . . ."

HE NEVER finished that sentence. As he lifted the gun the dog looked up. Her tail whipped between her legs, her eyes flared, and, with a whimper, she bolted!

Across the room she charged, straight into a closed door, sprawling to her side with a yelp of terror.

Chetham rose in the hubbub. "Jill!" he cried sharply. "Come in, Jill!"

As well have yelled to a whirlwind! In terror the dog rushed the rail, ready to leap out among the spectators. But by then even those in the front rows were getting to their feet. They rose, a wall before her, and, slipping on the linoleum, she again turned.

Once more Chetham cried to her as she went past him, under a table, and, without gathering herself, leaped the rail about the jury box. In between two of the jurors she went, moaning, slavering, through their grasping arms, down among the legs of those in the second row and under the chair of Number Twelve. There, her nose tight in the corner, she lay, trembling and whimpering.

Bullard brandished his arms for order; the judge pounded with his gavel for quiet.

Quiet, with Buckwith standing there, gun at his feet, leaning shakily against the bench, jaw sagging? Quiet, with Metcalf advancing slowly toward him, bent forward stiffly, face blanched with accusation? Quiet, when he had testified that Jill had been with her master only a moment after he had fired his gun? That she had followed at heel as he hastened to his house, the gun on his shoulder?

NO, NO quiet then! Ours is a grouse country; every man in that room knew a gun-shy dog when he saw one. Every man in that room, from judge to youngest spectator, knew the treacherous perjury!

It was the judge who cried the warning, as Buckwith made his first desperate turn. His voice cut above the uproar, and hands grappled the fugitive. Oh, he wanted to flee, as the setter had fled; the fear in his heart was no less than that which sight of the gun had stirred in Jill's. But he was not gun-shy, Buckwith . . . truth-shy, justice-shy!

Ned Chetham dropped his face to his cupped hands, shuddering, and he was the only man within that railing who did not join the cluster about Buckwith as, slumped gibbering on the floor, he looked wildly up at them while the sheriff's big hand gripped him.

Because of the hubbub they could not hear his first hoarse cries. But gradually the deputies drove the crowd into silence.

"Didn't shoot him!" Buckwith finally was heard to croak. "Went to talk . . . to beg . . . piece of his profits. Rightly mine, I say! I *had* to have money or . . . lose everything. I begged . . . went down on my knees, and when he wouldn't . . . But I didn't shoot, I tell you! I went dizzy, there in the woods and . . . he just lay down in front of me . . . Oh-h-h!"

The only sounds, then, were the crowd's excited breathing. Joe Diamond looked at the judge and at the sheriff. He tried to speak but could not.

"Come on, Buckwith!" Bullard said. "Get up!" But he could not get up, so they carried him out, weeping, protesting, begging. . . .

Then the deputies could clear the room.

The judge stood beside his chair, and when the sounds were only a muffled rumble of voices and shuffle of feet from below, he took off his glasses and cleared his throat. As he looked down at Ned a queer gleam came into his eye, and the lad rose slowly.

A low whimper came from the jury box.

"Go get her, son," the judge said and cleared his throat sharply.

On his knees among the chairs, Ned put out a hand, making low, coaxing sounds. "Jill!"—shakily. "Jill! Come in now!"

She stirred, casting a look over her shoulder as she tried to drive her belly tighter to the floor. Then, seeing him, she was in his arms, frantically burying her muzzle under his armpit, crawling into sanctuary.

The boy lifted his face and closed his eyes, and his lips twitched.

IT WAS, perhaps, a full ten seconds before the judge spoke.

"She's a great little dog, son," he said.

Ned opened his eyes.

"Yes, Judge . . . a *great* little dog. But . . . she's always been so ashamed of it! . . . And to have it happen . . . before everybody!"

The judge blew his nose violently. He looked down at Joe Diamond.

"Well?" he asked.

The prosecutor smiled wretchedly.

"We move," he said, "for a dismissal."

A low thumping. They turned toward Chetham. He was bent low over the setter, protectingly, and her tail had commenced to rap the floor.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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BERT ACOSTA . . . *out-birds a bird in the air*

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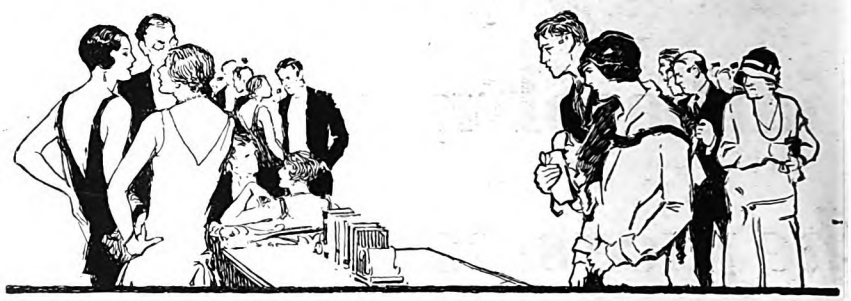
THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS



We Found the Missing Link Between Relatives and Friends

MY HUSBAND and I have a much higher social position than any other member of our families. I know just how snobbish that sounds, but it's true. Frederick has taken his B. A. and M. A. degrees at a leading university and teaches English in the high school. I have the equivalent of a college education, having taken languages, literature, and history. Before my marriage I was a private secretary employed by a distinguished man; since, I have fitted myself in every way to be an efficient and helpful wife. I have taken courses in all phases of household management. I also keep up to date on art, literature, and scientific discoveries.

Neither of us owes our education to any expenditure or self-sacrifice on the part of any member of our families, as we both worked our way through high school and college. Our sisters and brothers had exactly the same opportunities we had, but they were content with grammar school or less.

The occupations of Frederick's three brothers are: street railway conductor, locomotive engineer, and janitor of an apartment house. His sister married the proprietor of a small corner grocery. My brother drives a taxi; one brother-in-law is a barber and the other owns a small cleaning and pressing business. Both sisters were saleswomen in the five-and-ten-cent store before their marriages.

My husband's ultimate aim is the presidency of some small college, and in order to attain it, some social life is necessary. It does not seem to me we are social climbers in any obnoxious sense of the word. We do not toady, or try to move in circles with people of far greater means; nor do we live beyond our income—we even save a definite percentage each month. But both of us are making decided efforts to draw around us congenial and cultured men and women, all of whom are interested in keeping abreast of the times in art, music, science, the drama, and current events.

IN THE course of a year I generally manage to entertain about four times. These entertainments are not at all elaborate, but we endeavor to have everything fitting and dignified.

Now, here's the rub. Our sisters, brothers, and in-laws did not fit into the picture at all, and yet were distinctly offended at being left out of it. We had no wish to cut ourselves off from our families, for whom we entertain a genuine sisterly and brotherly affection. We called on them, were glad to have them call on us; invited them to family parties at Christmas and on other holidays; remembered birthdays and anniversaries; and were always on hand to do our bit in time of sickness and trouble. But we did not see how we could foist them on our friends or what would be gained by it if we did. However, a decided coolness was growing up between us and our families. "We're just as good as anybody, and if you don't think we're good enough to come to your house when you have company we don't want to come at all," was their attitude.

THE question, "Shall we invite our families to our parties?" had to be faced and settled, and the sooner the better.

My husband and I devoted several evenings to a thorough discussion. It seemed to us that our social position was distinctly the result and reward of our own struggles—struggles which our families did not think it worth while to make, and that we were no more called upon to try to share it than we would be to try to get our relations positions as teachers.

Then, again, if we did introduce our relations to our friends, what would be gained by it? Our friends would be courteous to them while under our roof, but most certainly they would never include them in their set.

By much thought, Frederick and I planned a compromise, taking a leaf from the book of famous society leaders. Now, once a year, we send out a large number of invitations to an informal "party," to which all our sisters, brothers, and in-laws are invited, as well as more than half of our social circle, together with anyone else to whom we wish to show some slight social attention. Everyone is introduced to everyone.

The whole evening is planned to make any awkwardness or unfamiliarity with social customs absolutely inconspicuous. The informality of the affair, with special reference to dress, is stressed in the invitations. A carefully planned program leaves but little opportunity for conversation. It usually takes the form of amateur theatricals, readings, and music. And the informal serving of ice cream and cake causes no "fuss about forks."

The size of the affair makes it appear important. Peace reigns. M. A.

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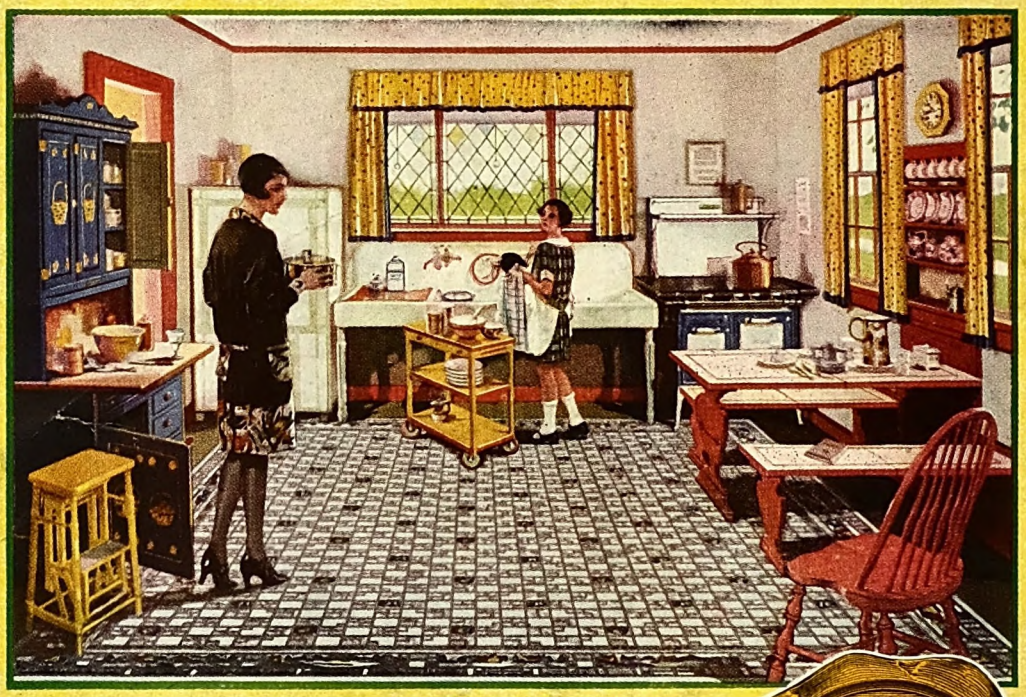

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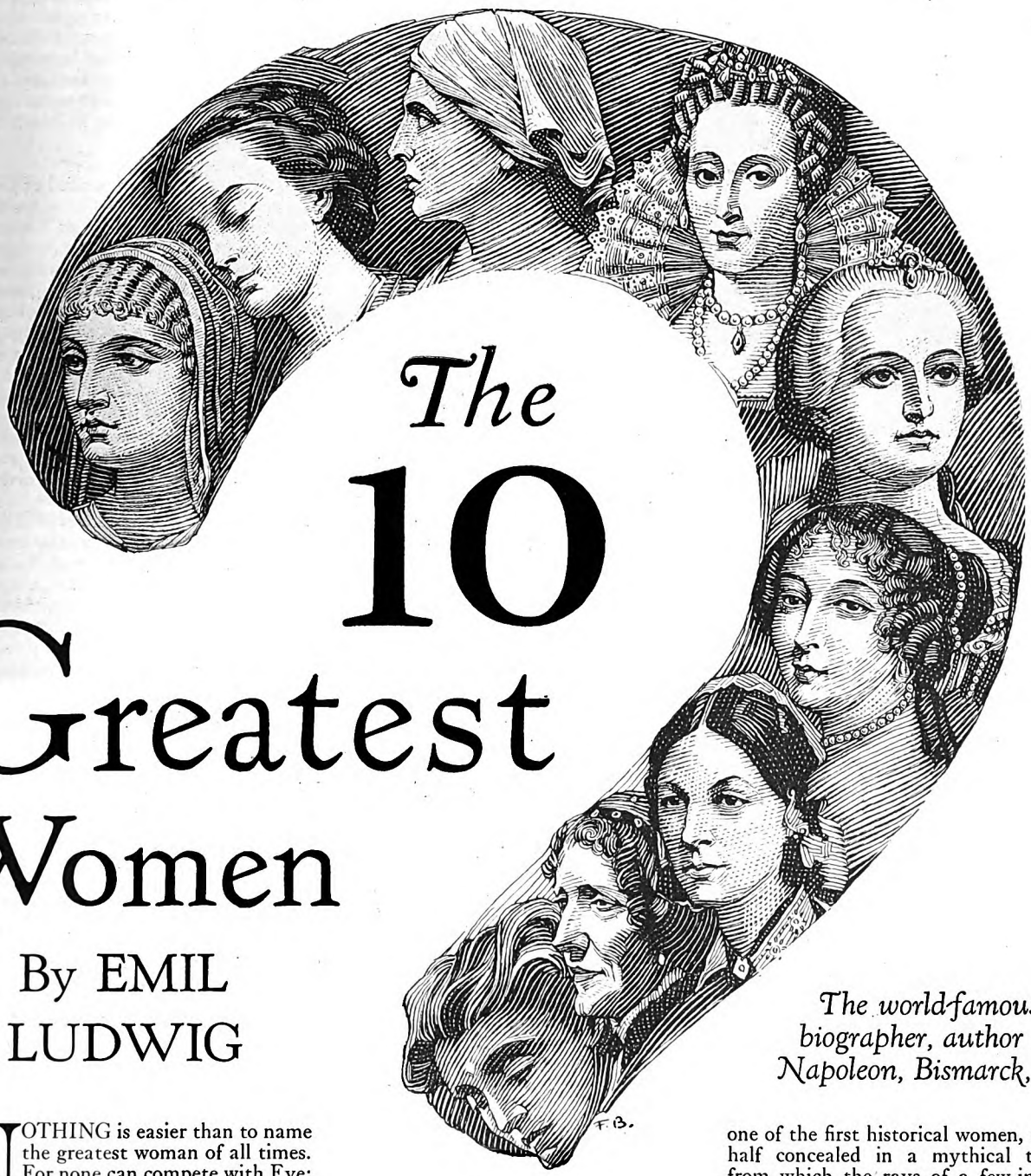

The 10 Greatest Women

By EMIL LUDWIG

The world-famous biographer, author of Napoleon, Bismarck, etc.

NOTHING is easier than to name the greatest woman of all times. For none can compete with Eve; she created sin and delivered the world forever from the boredom of the Garden of Eden. But, unfortunately, she is not historical. Even if I can see her clearly in Michelangelo's magnificent painting, yet professors will demand in vain the answers to these questions: When was she born, when did she die, when did she marry, and how many children did she leave?

Let us group with Eve the great women of mythology: Semiramis, Helen, Iphigenia, Niobe and Jocasta, Isolde and Hero, who owe their fame to the vision of a poet or the dreams of a people. Even Sappho, one of the first historical women, remains half concealed in a mythical twilight, from which the rays of a few immortal poems shine forth to light up our everyday reality.

In these half dozen or so types of womanhood we have the symbols of those historical women who have been noted for beauty or love, motherhood or brilliance, charm or a tragic life. They are the divine prototypes of those mortal women whose claims to genius and fame lie in far-reaching provinces of the soul.

The century, above all else, determines what the exact nature of a *man's* activity shall be. In 1200 the man who wished to distinguish himself became a crusader, in 1500 a bandit, in 1800 an iconoclast, and

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in 1930 he will become an engineer. Although he is always revolutionary in some respects, yet the genius most readily assumes the form of his age—almost unconsciously, for it is only a retrospective view of his century that reveals this relationship.

Because of her closeness to nature, woman seems more independent of the spirit of her time; only the simple-minded among women are slaves of fashion. To the woman of genius, since her power almost always depends on her sex, and usually *is* her sex, all fields are open. When we look closely into the past, we can see circles of women grouped around the archetypes, joined in immortality. All times are represented. Slowly an arrangement becomes evident in the midst of the circles. If we shut our eyes, one scene after another is disclosed to us, according to our wish. A sequence of pictures unfolds. The curtain goes up.

IN a half circle, against a background of Olympian clouds, I see a lovely Greek. She steps forward, she raises her lovely arms, she smiles. Orators commence singing her praises; satirists ridicule her; philosophers consult her; the statesman turns to her with unfathomable questions. Is she a queen whose power extended from one coast to another, whose ships dotted the sea, and whose warriors peopled distant wastes? Did she trace her descent from the gods? Or was she at least the wife of a ruler or the mother of a poet? None of these. Her ancestry is unknown, as is also her real name. The dates of her birth and death are not known to a certainty. Not even the face that gave her her power is known, although many a marble head is supposed to represent hers.

She herself chose the name of *ASPASIA*, the Beloved. Whether or not she actually came from Miletus to Athens, the daughter of a slave, nobody knows. It is only known that at the age of twenty-five, thanks to the charm of her mind and body, she was one of the circle of brilliant, audacious skeptics which existed in Athens at its prime. And here she met the man who at that time was on the threshold of great power.

He was Pericles, and he was probably twenty years older than she. Pericles had a wife and chil-

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dren, but in ancient Athens the wife was confined to the house, and had no claims on the husband, while he had all rights over her. Marriage served for nothing but the production of pure-blooded children. At this time—the fifth century B. C.—it was even a subject for ridicule that a great war had once been caused by the abduction of a king's wife. Wives lived in obscurity, without honor or position, without social pleasures and fine clothes. Meanwhile, other women who had captured the fancies of the Athenians displayed their beauty and wit, culture and charm at all the banquets, for all the graces of art, love, conversation, and ironic discourse were expected of them.

PERICLES, after meeting Aspasia, separated from his wife and began a brilliant life with Aspasia. He remained with her, one might almost say under her influence, for twenty years, until the plague carried him off. Just as he was far and above the greatest Greek of his time, so was she the only Greek woman who was decidedly a match for him. A great man willingly grants this position to a woman, since she is not in competition with him. Could Aspasia, or any of the Aspasias who have followed her through the centuries, have interfered with the ambitions of a Pericles? No, they could act as nothing but a stimulus because they always strove to please him.

The importance of such a woman is that she existed—nothing more. In the morning she awoke thinking of her beauty; hours were spent in caring for it, for if she failed to please the man of her choice as a woman, all her influence vanished. Whenever he came to her with a question, all her own interests had to be laid aside. Since a woman's insight into humanity—especially the insight of a superior woman—is naturally greater than that of a man, Pericles, involved in worldly entanglements, found her his natural adviser. The devotion of her lover—his mastery and his submission—bound the ties closer and closer over heart and mind, those ties which between friends of the same sex are so easily broken. And through one crisis after another a relationship gradually developed which vacillated constantly between mind and heart. Yet an ambitious man rarely concedes such an ascendancy to another man.

On arrival and departure Pericles always kissed Aspasia on the forehead, Plutarch informs us, and this is a symbol of their relationship. The fact that she induced him to enter the war against Samos, and even the Peloponnesian War, which destroyed Athens' power, is not necessarily against her. It merely demonstrates her influence in politics, for a Pericles does not permit himself to be influenced in such decisions by an ordinary woman.

AND now let us follow the two friends to the *Symposium*. Here Aspasia plays the zither. And then a general conversation begins, truly platonic in nature. Aspasia reposes on the divan beside the reclining men, talks with Hippocrates about medicine, with Phidias about art, with Anaxagoras about philosophy. Yes, even Socrates himself, who both domestically and socially was not an admirer of women, had called himself her pupil only half ironically. Pericles' great funeral oration in the second year of the war was supposed to be her work.

But jealousy spread, and since it could not attack her powerful friend, it was directed against Aspasia. The scandal (*Continued on page 115*)

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No one watching that venerable little figure would have suspected an incipient kidnaper, one who felt, indeed, that for the first time after seventy-four years she had discovered her true vocation

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ALICE DUER MILLER'S *Sparkling Romance of the*

Age of INDISCRETION

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

PART I

"YES, indeed," said Mrs. Prescott, with a certain relish, "I hate him. Do you remember those men in the Bible who went down quick into the pit? I often wish that Tom Vernon . . . Who were those men, William?"

"I don't remember," said Mr. Dennison stiffly. "When I recall Bible texts, I like to think of the beautiful, hopeful ones—like God tempering the wind . . ."

"Which happens to be Laurence Sterne," replied Mrs. Prescott irritatingly.

Mr. Dennison shifted his position: "It's very bad for you to hate, Lavinia."

"Bad for my soul?"

"I was thinking of your blood pressure."

"Oblige me by not thinking of my blood pressure, William. Think of your own, if you like, which I have no doubt is a great deal higher. As a matter of fact, nothing is so revivifying at my age as a good, strong, honest emotion . . . love, I suppose, might be better, but hate does very well. . . . A good hate such as I have for my grandson by marriage—my ex-grandson by marriage—is extremely tonic. Now, if I could only do something about it . . . if I could express myself in action . . . but that is too much to hope. What can a solitary old woman of seventy-four, however malignant, do to a good-looking, rich, healthy young man under thirty, who does not even remember her existence? I can find no answer, though you'd be surprised to know how often I think of it."

It will be seen that Lavinia Prescott, though seventy-four years of age, was not exactly of the Whistler mother type. Outwardly she did not do so badly, for she was small and neatly made and dark-eyed. Her hair was gray, not yet really white . . . still crisp and thick on her head. Her nose was just a tiny bit sharp, but her most striking characteristic was the extraordinary vigor of her mind and body.

She and her friend, William Dennison, were sitting in the sunny bay window of her house in Somerset County, New Jersey. He had walked over from his place near by. He had known her all his life . . . ever since the day when his parents had thoughtlessly brought him, then a nice little boy of four, to play with her, a not so nice little girl of nine. He did not recognize the fact, but it was true, that their relation had never changed an iota since that day, when she had, on the instant, both terrified and fascinated him.

Even now, when he was a well-dressed bachelor in the sixties (as he could say until his next birthday) and she was an old woman of seventy-four, she still fascinated and terrified him, just as she had that first day when they had played African jungle behind the sofa, and whichever rôle he adopted—lion or hunter—it was always she who sprang out at him from an unexpected quarter and utterly destroyed and routed him.

Lavinia Prescott, as a little calculation will show, had been born in the year 1855 and could therefore remember both the surrender at Appomattox and the assassination of Lincoln. She had been married while still very young to Mr. Prescott, a man many years older than she, whose business took him a great deal to Europe, in times when experiences in European courts were not so common as they are today.

Lavinia had had a great success . . . not on account of her beauty, for beauty she had never possessed, but her wit and gayety had been thoroughly appreciated. She had had the prestige of having one of her witticisms repeated by the Prince of Wales, of a ball at the Winter Palace, of getting her dresses at Worth's . . . of speaking French well, and German a little.

The death of her husband had reduced her means, but she still kept a nice little house in New York and the country place in New Jersey. Her son had continued his father's business and was devoted to his mother. But when, some ten years previous, her son, too, had died, leaving a widow and a grown daughter, Della, a good part of old Mrs. Prescott's income had ceased, and she had been obliged to choose between living all the year round in the country and all the year round in town . . . she could no longer keep both establishments going.

She was by nature a metropolitan, but all her friends and well-wishers advised her so strongly that living in the country was the sane, dignified, healthy thing for her to do, and they paid so little attention when she murmured, "All very well for *you*, but the country bores *me* to death," that she finally yielded, sold her New York house, and settled down in New Jersey.

SHE had not been there a month in the dead of winter before she knew she had made a mistake . . . that no amount of pure white snow, nor even spring flowers and summer roses, would ever make up to her for theaters and concerts, and interesting foreigners with letters, and those odd new friendships which had always had a way of springing up in her life. Everyone complimented her on the peaceful quality of her life, and did not notice that she answered: "Peaceful as the tomb, as the tomb, my dear." And when Della, now her only surviving relative, made her brilliant marriage with Tom Vernon, it was generally felt that old Mrs. Prescott could have nothing left to wish for in life.

But from the beginning Mrs. Prescott had disliked Tom Vernon . . . either from natural perversity, or because everyone praised him too much. "How delighted you must be with dear Della's engagement . . . looks, birth, and that enormous fortune!" . . . Mrs. Prescott would raise her nose a little higher and say to William Dennison: "Upon my word, you would suppose that young Vernon was marrying beneath him . . . the way everyone goes on."

TIME had justified her. The young man had made Della extremely unhappy and they were now divorced. Now, when Mrs. Prescott said she hated Tom Vernon, even Mr. Dennison had nothing to advance except that it was bad for her blood pressure.

"And," he added daringly, "I don't really suppose you know him at all."

"Don't know him!" said Mrs. Prescott . . . "a young man married for five years to my grandchild! Of course I know him. I've stayed weeks in that house of theirs outside of Philadelphia . . . though I own he wasn't there much. You are not trying to deny that he treated poor Della outrageously . . . outrageously, William?"

"You have not always been so attached to Della, Lavinia."

"Not attached to my granddaughter?"

"Many's the time I've heard you say the girl bored you."

A very slight pause indicated that he had touched his opponent here. "Well," she said, after a second, "yes, she does bore me. But many things do. Even some of my best and oldest friends, William. And as for these young people who want to give me their crude, uninformed philosophy from memories of barely twenty years, and will not listen to my profound, rich memories of nearly seventy . . . Yes, she bores me, but that does not affect my judgment of her situation. This man has been not only unfaithful, cruel, and dissipated, but he has been excessively rude and inconsiderate."

"It may be," said Mr. Dennison, "that she bored him too."

"Very likely she did, but I don't recall anything in the marriage service that dissolves it if either party bores the other. If there were, I think I know some bishops who would be automatically divorced."

"The real reason why you hate Tom Vernon," Mr. Dennison now remarked, for he was not wholly without spirit, "is that he said your cook was bad."

"Well, and would that please anyone?" retorted Mrs. Prescott. "Particularly when everyone knew I once had the best food in New York. I remember the day Della brought him here to see me when

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Mrs. Prescott took up her theme again: "I can show you a dozen ways in which I am the best person

they were first engaged. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth in those days . . . 'Dear Mrs. Prescott, let me get you a footstool . . . Dear Mrs. Prescott, take my arm.' Then four Christmas dinners in succession . . . the first year he was very pleasant and charmed everyone . . . the next he was rather silent. . . the third he was quite rude, yawning . . . that was the year he complained of the food . . . and the fourth year he didn't come at all . . . dear Tom was detained in Philadelphia, and since then, as far as I know, dear Tom has never attended another family gathering."

"And are *you* so fond of family gatherings, Lavinia?"

"Don't be sly, William; it doesn't suit your type!"

A parlor maid—not of course seventy-four, but much older than is customary—opened the sitting-room door and said blankly: "Mrs. Prescott-Vernon" . . . and in came poor Della.

Anyone with an eye for life would have known on looking at poor Della that her opponents were always doomed to failure, not because she would, like old Mrs. Prescott, instantly spring at them and tear them limb from limb, but because she would always be just one hundred per cent right. She was handsome . . . not quite in the modern note . . . for she was a trifle too solidly built for her height, but her brow was magnificently open and serene, her eyes were gray under arched

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to do this. In the first place, a white-haired woman in America can get away with anything . . ."

brows; her smile was perfect, showing narrow, even white teeth, but it lacked one element a smile ought to have . . . and that was humor.

Morally, she had no faults, as even her ex-husband had been obliged to admit, but as a social being she had one rather serious defect . . . she did insist on finishing her sentences. For example, if, on a day of startling, intoxicating beauty, she began to say to you: "Is this not . . ." and you, anticipating her thought, replied: "Yes, isn't it too wonderful? . . . Don't we really have the best climate in the world?" she would wait until your unmannerly interruption was over and then complete her sentence, thus: ". . . a lovely day?"

So now she inquired courteously after her grandmother's health . . . and paused for a reply, and then after the health of Mr. Dennison and of Mr. Dennison's sister . . . "dear Miss Dennison" . . . who kept house for him. Having thus fulfilled what she considered to be the obligations of society, she went straight to her point.

"Grandmamma dear," she said, "I have come, as I told you, to ask a great, great favor of you."

Mr. Dennison got up. "I'm off, anyhow," he said.

"How in the world did you get here so early, my dear?"

"Miss Vye and I motored out in my little car . . . (*Continued on page 138*)

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Reach for Instead

By GEORGE

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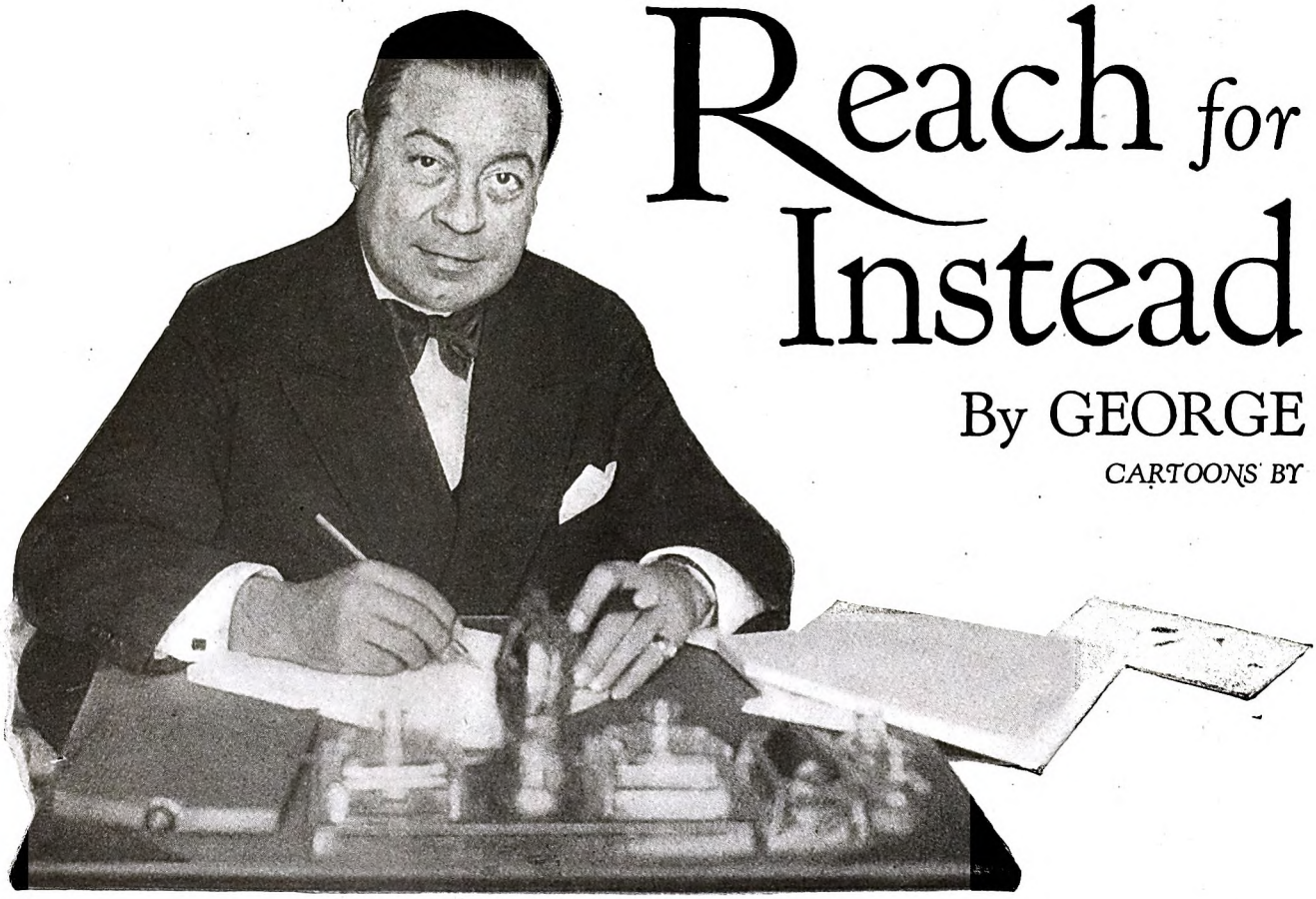
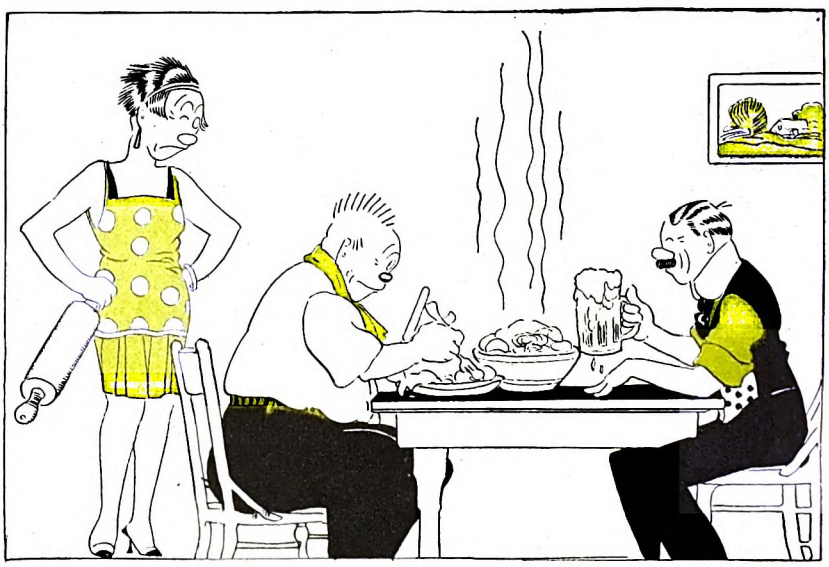


George McManus

THE conventional old formulas for getting rich would never make the grade nowadays. If fellows depended upon grandfather's favorite system of saving up the pennies and waiting until opportunity knocked at the door, they would find themselves standing flat-footed at the post wondering where the rest of the field had gone. Pennyweight is right. Pennies are a terrible weight. A pile of them wouldn't even pay the plumber's bill, yet if you tried to tote a pile of them around they'd break your back. Paper money is much lighter, and a dollar bill weighs no more than a thousand-dollar bill. Travel light. You go faster and use less energy.

My disrespect for the cheapest article produced by our national money factor is inherited from my father, who was affectionately known in the bosom of his family as "Pop." Pop was pound wise and penny foolish. He hated pennies because they take up so much room and never seem to be headed anywhere. Also because they are round and roll. If a rolling stone gathers no moss, he couldn't see how a rolling cent could improve upon the situation.



The main props for the cast were corned beef and cabbage, beer and a rolling-pin

"Never say, 'Pop, gimme a penny.' Say, 'Pop, gimme a dollar'"

GREEN was Pop's idea of a sensible color for money, and this partiality had nothing to do with his Irish ancestry. The shape he liked best was long. Through Pop's influence Robert Dollar became my boyhood hero. This was before James C. Penney had made whoopee for the lowly cent. Still, in spite of Mr. Penney, I think Pop would have been obdurate. He was a stickler for signing on the Dollar Line. The thing he would have liked most about the Penney school of finance would have been Mr. Penney's middle name, which is Cash.

One day, aged four, I wanted a stick of candy and said: "Pop, gimme a penny." Instead, he gave me a boot in the rompers and some excellent advice:

"Never say, 'Pop, gimme a penny.' Say, 'Pop, gimme a dollar.' Boys who ask for pennies lack ambition. It takes copper a long time to turn green. You can get a dollar quicker from me than you can get a penny."

"O. K. with me, Pop, Gimme a dollar."

"That's better. Think dollars, and pennies will take care of themselves."

This heart-to-heart talk with Pop was my first blindfold test. I reached for a

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a Dollar of a CENT

McMANUS

THE AUTHOR

"A fashion artist on the St. Louis Republic gave me the idea. My home is in St. Louis." "Eke!" I exclaimed

Bassford looked over the drawings and said that on the basis of mass production they would be worth $15 a week

dollar instead of a cent. As I have figured it out in later years, it was much better for Pop to give me that theoretical dollar than for me to have developed an inferiority complex by thinking in terms of pennies. From that day, pennies have been off my list.

I've got that million-dollar fixation. It's nothing to be ashamed of. John D. Rockefeller had it; Henry Ford had it; Pop had it, and now I've got it. There's just one little difference between Rockefeller and Ford, as parties of the first part, and Pop and myself, as parties of the second part. It's rumored around town that the parties of the first part got theirs. If Pop didn't, it wasn't because he didn't try.

POP managed the Grand Opera House in St. Louis and knew everybody. Horse racing was very popular among the inmates of the city. Some of Pop's best friends, well-known sporting men, were making a fortune at it, and Pop decided that here was the chance for him to garner that million. He and two or three others opened a track on the South Side, where racing was held at night under electric light. Searchlights, operated from the top of the grandstand, helped to keep the field visible. Racing started at half past eight. Digby Bell and other actors appearing at the Grand Opera House used to cut their shows short so they could get to the course in time to see the last two races.

There was just one defect. Visibility was too low. Along the back stretch were oases of darkness where jockeys could do things without being seen. They did. In the flood of light at the quarter pole Hot Patootie, the favorite, would be seen to be leading by a city block, but by the time they had passed through the entire series of dark spots, Patootie would be lumbering along a bang-up last, and Flapdoodle, the bookies' candidate, would be romping past the winning post on the bit.

POP said: "We ought to call this track Book Haven. There'll never be another journey's end for bookmakers like this. The only thing crazier than the coots who bet on these horses is the horses themselves. It doesn't do to let horses stay up late at night. They think they have to sow their wild oats. An owner tipped me to his entry in the third race and the rhinoceros was reported still on his way after the fifth race was over. If things were crookeder they'd have to be straight."

We had entered a compact, Pop and I. One of us simply had to make a million. One of us did—but that's a little ahead of my story. Pop was always looking for millionaire symptoms in me. Miss Brown, my teacher in second-year high school, would have assured him he was wasting time. On her list of pupils likely to succeed I stood last. I was an idler. While my classmates were studying diligently, all I did was make goofy sketches on the flyleaves of my textbooks. Miss Brown sent a bunch of the drawings around to Pop with a note saying that if I didn't buck up she was sure "George would never be worth a cent."

Nothing Miss Brown might have said could have put me in better with Pop than that wise-crack. He sat right down and dashed off this reply to my teacher:

DEAR MISS BROWN:

What made you think I was bringing my son up to be worth a cent? You've got me all wrong. What I said was that I wanted him to get sense. The very thing I don't want him to get is cents.

If by having him buck up you mean that some day he will be worth a cent, you may rest assured, dear Miss Brown, that he's going to stay bucked down. Also, you will have to struggle along without him as a member of your class. He's through.—GEORGE MCMANUS, SR.

Most Pops wouldn't have seen the situation at all as mine did, but, as I have said, my Pop was out of the ordinary. This happened in the late nineties, and in that period of our national existence it was a debatable question among parents what should be done with children who wanted to become artists—whether they should be chloroformed or merely put in padded cells. Pop had other ideas. He pointed excitedly to an item on the first page of the morning paper. It read: "J. P. Morgan Pays $400,000 for Old Master."

"Look at what that fellow Rembrandt went and did for himself," he said, all pepped up. "He's Dutch, too. If a Dutchman can make $400,000 for one painting, I hate to think what a McManus ought to get. Boy, you're sure enough on the right line. There's millions in it, millions."

I detected a flaw in Pop's enthusiasm. "What about Rembrandt being dead for more than two hundred years?"

"What about it?" Pop ridiculed. "That's where you have it all over him. All these old-time painting fellows waited until they had cashed in before they got rich. Show 'em something. If a live Irishman isn't better than a dead Dutchman, then it's time Erin go blah."

POP called up Homer Bassford, art editor of the *St. Louis Republic*, and told him Michael Angelo, Jr., was on his way around to the office looking for a job. Bassford looked over the drawings and said that on the basis of mass production they would be worth fifteen dollars a week.

"Now," Bassford added, "for payroll purposes I want to get your name right. Did you say it was Raphael or da Vinci? Oh, McManus! Well, McManus, you have talent. You show exceptional talent by thinking you are an artist. Such imagination might even be called genius."

After I had (*Continued on page 73*)

"All Hamburgs is stake hosses," he assured me

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Making *in the*

By Mrs. CALVIN COOLIDGE

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(Above) Mrs. Coolidge on the State Stairway in the White House. (Right) In the White House itself, distinct from the Executive Offices, the President does much of his work. This is the desk he uses

WE HAD not lived in the White House very long when we were told by the officer in charge of Public Buildings and Parks that the roof over our heads was unsafe, that it had not been considered safe for several years, and that its condition was becoming serious. The beams, originally ones which had been put in place when the house was built over a century and a quarter before, had sagged and been jacked up until they were cracking over and between the jacks, and nothing further could be done. It would be necessary to rebuild the entire top structure. The President did not seem alarmed greatly and dryly remarked that he presumed there were plenty others who would be willing to take the risk if he wasn't. No doubt, he bore in mind the fact that he was only filling out a Presidential term. Later he had a thorough investigation and detailed report made and he became convinced thereby that conditions warranted the anxiety of those responsible for the safety of the President. Accordingly, in the spring of 1927 we vacated the house and went to live at No. 15 Dupont Circle. The furniture from the two upper floors was moved down into the East Room and the State dining-room, after being properly labeled as to the place from which it was taken, and covered with canvas to protect it from the dust of upheaval. The walls of the rooms on the first floor were hung with muslin for the same purpose. The flooring above was covered with heavy carpenter's paper and boards and the work was started.

Demolition was begun in the middle of March, and the roof, the third floor, and the ceilings below were removed, all of the material being conveyed to the ground by huge derricks or through covered shoots constructed for the purpose. The old wooden beams were replaced by steel girders and all of the new material was as enduring and indestructible as it was possible to obtain. There had been about sixteen inches waste space between the ceilings of the second floor and the flooring of the story above. By dropping this and changing the slope of the roof it was possible to provide more rooms on the top level without raising the roof, which would have detracted from the architectural beauty of the building. A canvas covering for the protection of the workmen and materials was put in place, and many were disturbed by the

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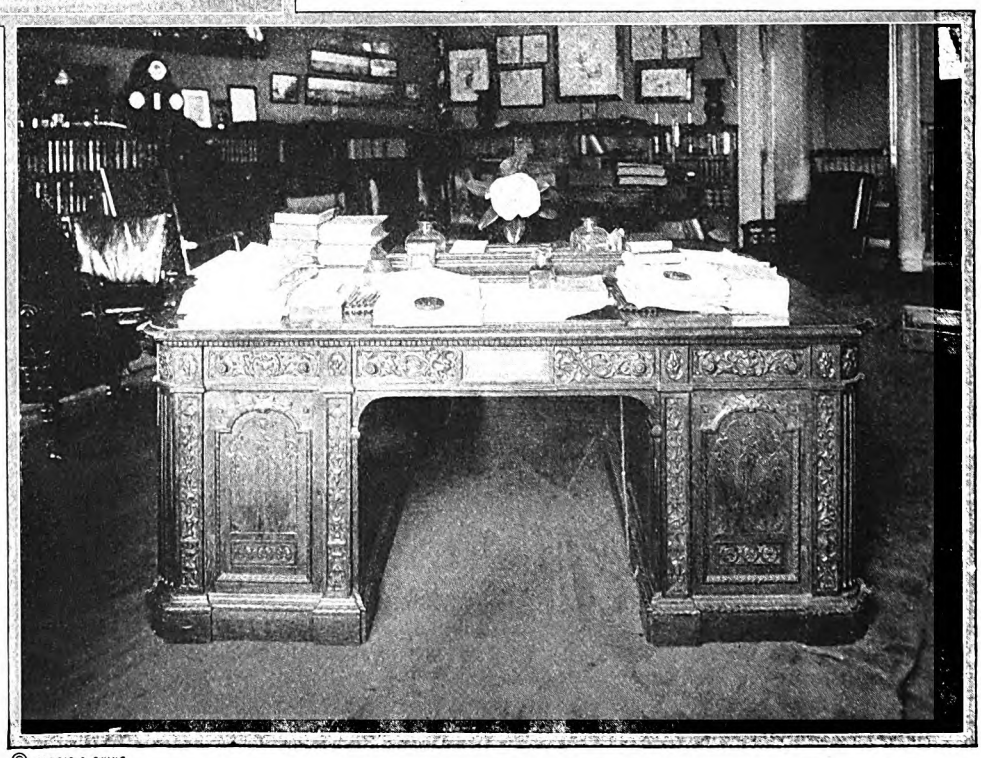

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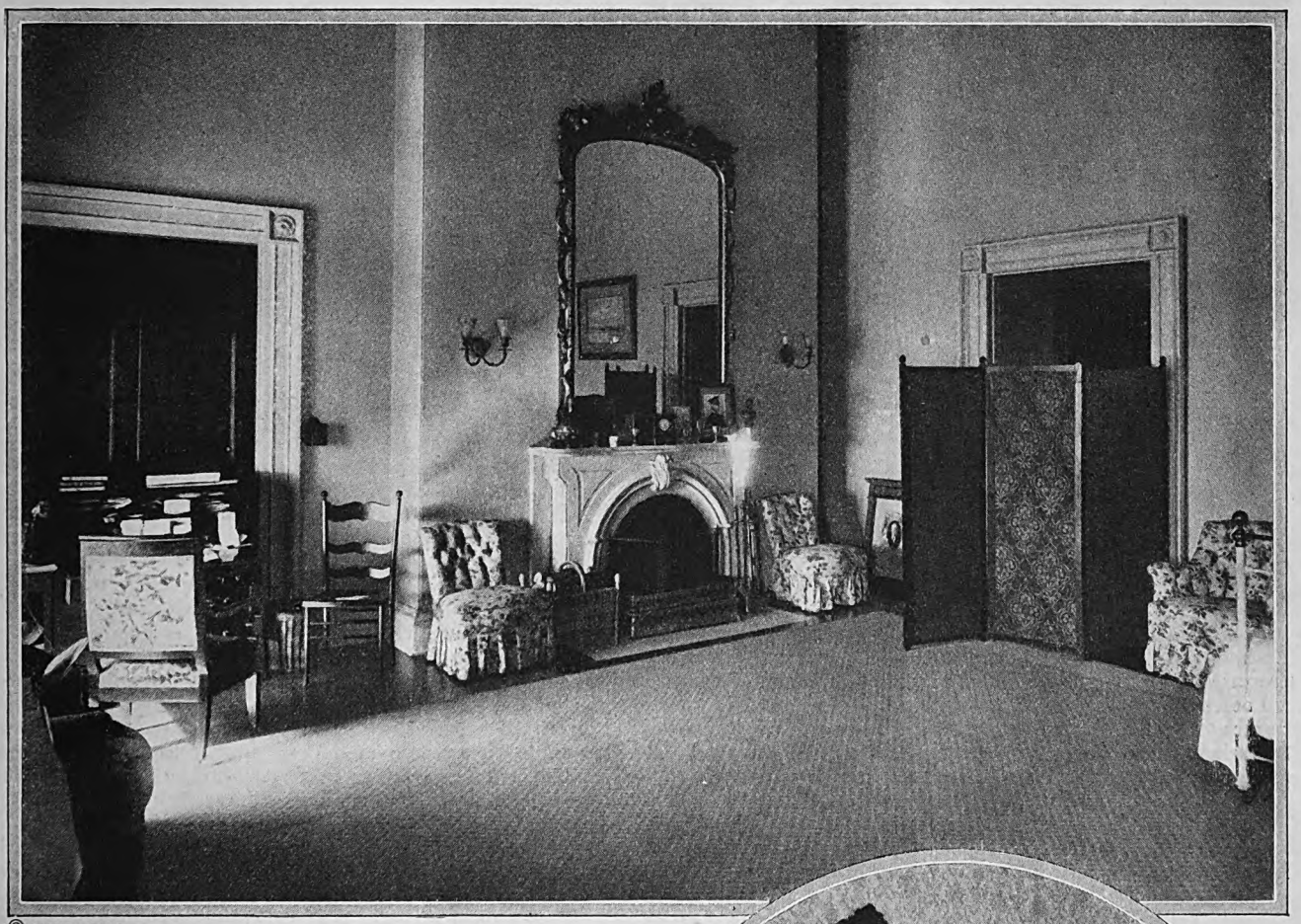
Ourselves *at* Home White House



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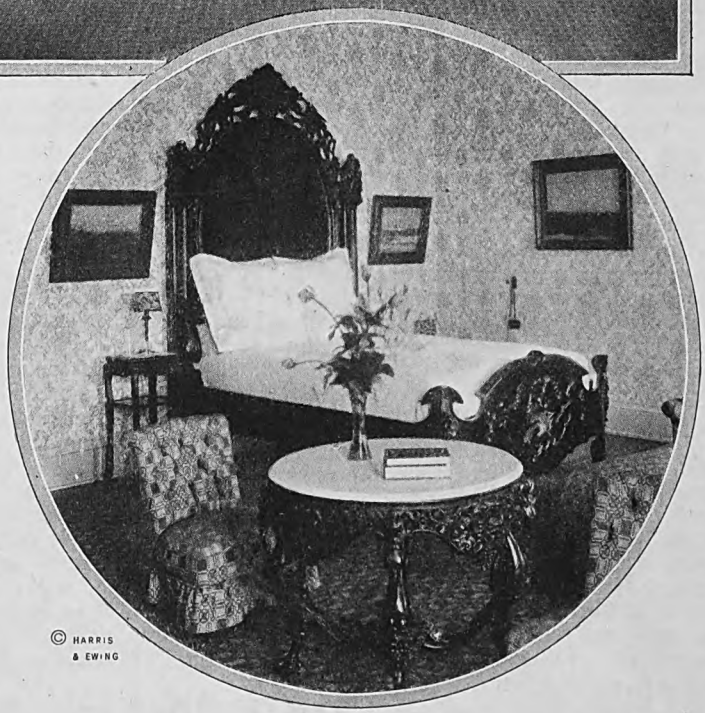
supposition that the new roof was to assume its proportions.

Work proceeded with surprising rapidity, and before we departed for the summer in the middle of June, it was possible to obtain a fairly clear idea of how the finished construction would look. The only way of gaining an entrance to it was by means of a temporary but substantial wooden stairway on the outside of the east end of the house, and I mounted it several times in order to watch the progress of the work. We had not expected the house to be ready for occupancy when we returned to Washington in the middle of September, but the contractors kept well ahead of their schedule and by the first of the month had completed their work. Then the cleaning force went in and began clearing away the débris. By working nights and Sunday of the last week before we were expected, they were able to send us word that all would be in readiness for us.

WE WERE as enthusiastic over the new third floor as any householder who has remodeled a part of his own home, and took much pleasure in showing it to some of our friends. One day, shortly after our return, the Chief Justice lunched with us, and the President thought that as a former resident he would be interested to see the changes. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the meal, he gave directions for the elevator to be run to the top of the house. Our guest was taken into every nook and corner and appeared duly impressed and displayed the proper amount of enthusiasm, but after he had departed the head usher, who had been there for nearly forty years, (*Continued on page 159*)



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(Above) One of the White House bedrooms. (Circle) The "Lincoln" bed, which is also sometimes known as the "Prince of Wales" bed

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New Plumes for Old

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

AFTER dinner—it was Sunday—George Potter went from the table to the hall, and after a moment of hesitation put on his hat and drew on his overcoat and lighted a cigar.

"Where are you going, George?" Mrs. Potter asked, for after his Sunday dinner Mr. Potter usually sat and bored himself with a book.

"Nowhere," he answered. "I thought I would sit on the porch a while and smoke."

"I wouldn't, George," Mrs. Potter said. "I'm afraid it is too cool. You'd better sit in the living-room."

Although Mrs. Potter could not see his face, it hardened. He had thought of it only lately, but didn't she always propose something else whenever he suggested that he would do anything? Always! No matter what, no matter how trivial.

If he said, in the morning, "I think I'll comb my hair now," didn't she say, "Hadn't you better shave first?" If, in the evening, he said, "I think I'll walk around the garden a few minutes," didn't she say, "Hadn't you better wait until after dinner?" or "Dinner will be ready in a few minutes, hadn't you better just look at the paper?" A sign she was not wholly satisfied with him, wasn't it? Or with something.

"I'm going to sit on the porch," Potter said, and he went out, closing the front door because the September evening was cool. His cigar left a pleasant fragrance in the hall. For a moment Mrs. Potter stood in doubt, half inclined to go out and sit with George, but she decided that she would be too cool even with a wrap, and she went into the living-room and turned on the radio. Ella and Eldred were already in the living-room, quarreling.

"A lot you know about it!" Ella was saying. "You think just because you're a great big lummox, you know everything. I wish you'd keep your silly mouth shut when Father's around."

"Yeah? Well, you're not so much! You don't know it all. I can tell you what the fellows call the girls that go to the Whish Club if you want to know."

"I wouldn't quarrel like that if I were you, dears," said Mrs. Potter. "I wish you wouldn't quarrel at the table—it annoys your father so."

"Well, I was just telling her—" and "Well, if he wouldn't be shooting off that big mouth of his—" both began, and Mrs. Potter settled herself in her chair and said, "Ella, will you hand me the paper, please?" and, almost immediately, "Eldred, will you turn the radio down just a little, and see if you can't get something besides jazz?"

She glanced at the headlines on the first page and turned to the real estate pages, where she lost herself in the Farms and Country Places For Sale columns. On the porch Mr. Potter sat in a cane rocker and looked out at the night.

The rocker was painted a glistening yellow and had red canvas on the back and arms and a red cushion, all very pretty. The house itself was glistening with paint, and the lawn was rolled as smooth as velvet and as closely clipped. No grass grew between the red bricks of the walk. The lawn swept back to the house in a gentle incline, and at the sides the spacious property was outlined by well-trimmed shrubs, pleasingly irregular and forming little bays of green turf.

At one side of the house in the rear the flower garden—now with aster bloom for the most part—was as good as any in town, with marble composition bird bath and seats and neatly irregular crushed-bluestone paths, bordered with sweet alyssum. It was a proper home for a well-to-do merchant, and at forty-eight George Potter could congratulate himself that he had made it all himself.

HE WAS thinking of this now, but without elation. He was thinking of it with considerable unhappiness. He was, as a matter of fact, wondering why he was alive, and that was what he had come out onto the porch to wonder. He felt, he told him-

Eldred thought he was a darned old cheap-skate because he would buy the boy only an eight-hundred-dollar runabout instead of a real one

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"I used to see Father come home on foot from his shoe store, and then I'd see old black Remus driving those stallions and Jabe Ennis sitting back reading the evening paper in all his glory"

self, pretty sick of the whole blamed business.

There, for example, was Eldred. At Eldred's age George Potter had been working in a tannery, scraping stinking hides with eager enthusiasm and paying his mother three quarters of his wages as board, and the board was just about one-tenth as good as the food Eldred got for nothing and constantly complained about. He knew what Eldred thought of him—Eldred thought he was a darned old cheap-skate because he would buy the boy only an eight-hundred-dollar runabout instead of a real one.

There, also, was Ella. He knew what Ella thought of him, too. He had overheard Ella say what she thought of him because he let her have only a regular old cow of a horse instead of a jumper. It hurt George Potter to have Ella say, when she came in all rigged out in riding breeches and with shining boots, "Oh, yes! I guess I had a good ride—if you can call riding on that old cow a ride." The statement seemed to lack enthusiasm.

AND there, too, was Grace herself. Very reluctantly Mr. Potter admitted to himself that there, too, was also Grace. For twenty-odd years Mr. Potter had avoided admitting that Grace was "also." Grace, in spite of everything, had been Grace, and he had resolutely refused to permit himself to count Grace among his disappointments. She was his wife and he had chosen her, and he would not permit himself to think of Grace but with love and affectionate approval, but tonight he knew that Grace was one of his irritations.

Mr. Potter moved uneasily in his chair and flicked his ash over the porch railing with a gesture of annoyance. Forty-eight years of life, and what had he for them? Two children who were outspokenly dissatisfied all day long and all the time, a wife who was evidently not satisfied, and a business that brought in the money but was the same always. He went down to the store at half past nine on January second each year, he bought goods and his clerks sold them, and the next January second at half past nine he went down and began another year. He was forty-eight now, and he had been thirty-six when he built the house, and thirty-two when he opened the new shoe store, and twenty-five when he married Grace—and nothing at all when he was born. He felt pretty blue about it.

The moon just then crept above the maples and shone in his eyes, as glittering as polished silver back of a white lamp, and Mr. Potter moved back out of the moonlight. It annoyed his eyes. His chair touched a hanging magazine pocket, tacked to the house wall, and Mr. Potter moved his chair a few inches to the left. The chair, in moving, tilted the magazine pocket and a magazine fell out and onto the floor, spreading open with its face down, and Mr. Potter seemed to hear the voice of Mrs. Denbury—long since dead—saying, "It is no matter, George; no harm done." He saw himself an awkward and barefooted boy trying to edge back of Alice Denbury's chair and tipping the magazine pocket with his shoulder.

"It is no matter, George; no harm done."

A voice like the voice of a gracious sovereign. What was that word?—a chatelaine. A *grande dame*. George Potter had built his house as nearly like Amos Denbury's house as a modern architect would permit, and the house was as good—it was better than Amos Denbury's house had been. George Potter himself had bought the magazine pocket. The Denburys' house had had a magazine pocket on the porch; this magazine pocket was a better one. The suit George Potter was wearing was a better suit than Amos Denbury ever wore; George Potter knew he was better fixed in every way than Amos Denbury had ever been. He had done all that Amos Denbury had ever done, and he had done more than that, and yet he felt discouraged and disillusioned. He was as successful as his most eager hopes had visioned and yet he felt it was all worthless and dull, and he felt as if he could weep. "I was a fool all right," he told himself. "A lot of work and nothing for it."

He had overheard Ella say what she thought of him because he let her have only a regular old cow of a horse instead of a jumper

IN HIS bitterness, his resentment centered against his wife. When he met her he had fallen irresponsibly in love with her and nothing would do but that she must marry him. He told himself he had been a fool there; he should have waited until he had some sense and he should have "looked around" until he found the right girl, and he should not have leaped into marriage with Grace just because he was crazy about her at the moment.

The "right girl" was someone vague, but like Amos Denbury's wife as she had seemed to him when he was a boy with the seat of his pants in rags. She was someone who would be gracious and queenly and make his home a sort of manor. She would have children who would be happy and grateful—thankful with gently joyous pleasure for all he had given those two complaining youngsters of his. That was the sort of wife he had thought of when he was a boy and on rare occasions went to the Denburys.

Grace was all right; she had been a good wife, but she was no Mrs. Denbury. He remembered one day when he had gone up onto the Denburys' porch with El Denbury, and it was a hot afternoon. El had a straw hat with a blue band and was wearing white linen, and Mrs. Denbury was sitting in a painted cane rocker reading a

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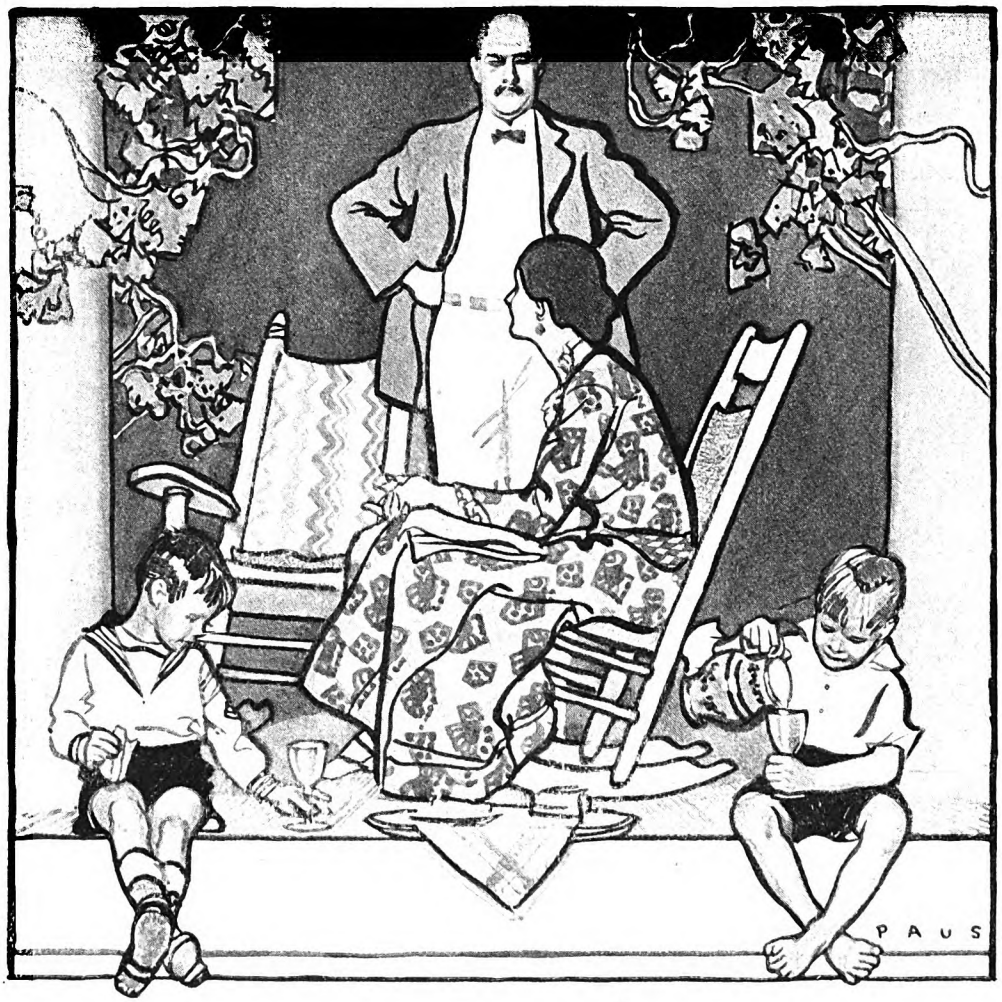

In her cool, slim dress Mrs. Denbury had seemed better than any queen

book. She had smiled at the two boys.

"I know what you'd like," she said. "You'd like some nice, cool lemonade and a piece of cake."

She put down the book, and presently she came out of the house with a tinkling pitcher and two glasses on a tray, and there were dainty fringed doilies and cocoanut layer cake on thin little plates with gold bands. The house had wire screens, almost the first in town. There were matting rugs on the porch. The lawn was clipped as close as a convict's hair. In her cool, slim dress Mrs. Denbury had seemed better than any queen, queens always having seemed rather stuffy to George Potter, who got his idea of them from a picture in his history book showing Queen Elizabeth receiving Sir Walter Raleigh.

While he still sat on the step—it was a large pitcher of lemonade—Mr. Denbury had come home for supper, dinners then being noon meals, and he had seated himself in one of the cane chairs.

"HOW was business today, Amos?" Mrs. Denbury asked.

"Very good—two hundred and eighteen dollars," the shoe merchant answered. "It is keeping well ahead of last year right along. We should go over the six thousand for the month."

"That's wonderful," his wife said.

Six thousand dollars' worth of shoes in one month! And George Potter sat in bare feet and knew that he would be lucky if he was given a pair of the cheapest shoes before the ground froze; if things were as usual with his father there would be no new shoes, but a half-worn pair from the "Society." The Denburys' maid came to the door and said, "Supper's on the table, please," and Mr. Denbury arose.

"Well, I guess I'll go now," George Potter said, and Mrs. Denbury said, "Come again," and George started down the steps.

"One minute, young man," Amos Denbury said. "You're young Potter, ain't you? Drop into the store tomorrow after school; I think I've got a pair of shoes that will fit you. You won't forget?"

"No, sir," George said, and he ran all the way home—ran favoring one foot that had a cut sore on the bottom. The next day he went to the shoe store and tried on the shoes and they were too small for him. He almost cried, but Mr. Denbury did not hesitate. He turned and called his clerk Benson.

"Benson," he said," just hand me a pair of those 538J black calfs, 3B, will you? You're not going to have the walk all the way down here for nothing, son."

A regular prince, that was what Amos Denbury was!

"I'm going to be like him," George Potter had told himself. "I'm going to be rich and have a shoe store."

Well, he had given away shoes to poor boys, too. He could remember easily the first month that his sales went over five thousand dollars and what a thrill he got out of that, and now a five-thousand-dollar month would mean miserable business. Amos Denbury had had a phaëton and two horses that also served as saddle animals, while George Potter had three cars in the garage and the best one had cost him well over four thousand dollars. George Potter had electric lights and electric everything else, while Denbury had had only gas and thought that was nifty.

Counting things in that way, George Potter should have been happier than Amos Denbury, but he knew he wasn't. He was not happy at all. He was miserably discontented.

ELDRED came out of the house and walked to the car that was standing at the curb. He raced the motor a minute and then shot down the street, intent on some interest of his own. Presently another car came to rest where Eldred's had stood and Mr. Potter thought, "One of Ella's beaus," but he was wrong. The man who got out of the car was stocky. He took off his gloves and dropped them into the car and came up the walk. At the top of the steps he saw the light of George Potter's cigar and spoke to him.

"That you, George?" he asked.

"Yes, just sitting out here a while," Potter said, going to meet his visitor. "Glad to see you, El."

"Well, I came to talk business, as a matter of fact," El Denbury said "Something's just come up that I've got to talk to you about."

"Shall we go inside?"

"We can talk it here," Denbury said. "We want to buy your building, George. If the price is right, that is. We can go to seventy-five thousand but we don't want to pay any more."

"I don't—" Potter began, intending to say, "I don't want to sell," but he changed it to, "I don't know that I want to sell, El," because he did not know that he did not want to sell. He was pretty sick of the business and of everything else.

'ANYWAY," his boyhood chum said, "I can tell you what I've got to tell. We've got an option on the Janes and Hufflin buildings and the Parry building around the corner on West Street. That gives us seventy-five feet on Main, running back one hundred and twenty-five on West, and we'd like to take in your twenty-five feet, giving us one hundred feet front on Main. But we don't have to have it, George. We can take the Dieterling building on West and make our building seventy-five by one hundred and fifty. We'd rather have it the other way."

"What's the idea?" Potter asked.

"A department store," Denbury told him. "We're going to put up a six-story elevator building and give this town a real department store. I'll tell you, George—we had three appraisals on your place and seventy-five thousand is just fifteen thousand more than they averaged."

"It's a fair enough price," Potter agreed, "but what would I do with my business?"

Well," said Denbury slowly, "there are several answers to that. You could move. Or you could get a store temporarily and then we'd rent you space and you could

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"I'm going to be like him," George Potter had told himself. "I'm going to be rich and have a shoe store"

run your shoe business as a department of our Big Store. Or, if you say so, we'll buy you out and hire you to run our shoe department. We're reasonable; we'll try to please."

"Let me think about it."

"Yes, take time to think about it," Denbury said. "I'd like to know tonight, but we won't be unreasonable. We've got to know soon; we'll want our architect to get at the plans."

"Who is in this scheme?" Potter asked.

"I am, and Joe Trent and Herb Goddard and the two Kinneys."

"It's a good crowd," Potter admitted. "How come you're in it, El? I thought you had a pretty good dry goods business already."

"Well, yes," agreed Denbury. "So I have. I suppose I ought to be satisfied with that, but men are funny—some of us are, I guess. I don't suppose you remember old Jabez Ennis very well, do you, George?"

"Yes, indeed! I certainly do. He had the dry goods store where the post office is now. What about him?"

"YOU'LL laugh, I guess," Denbury said, "but did you ever see Jabe Ennis and his family driving out, back in the days when he had the double phaëton and the two black stallions and old Remus Cole in wine-colored livery handling the reins? And do you remember the young castle he lived in, with about fourteen turrets and cupolas and spires on it? Well, George, I thought all that was the real pumpkins! Yes, sir, I used to see Father come home on foot from his shoe store, and then I'd see old black Remus driving those stallions and Jabe Ennis sitting back reading the evening paper in all his glory, and I said to myself, 'When I grow up I'm not going to be a one-horse shoe dealer, I'm going to be a dry goods prince.'"

"You did!"

"Yes," laughed Denbury. "I surely did. I certainly admired Jabe Ennis and all that was his. You remember that his store was fifty feet wide? And Father's shoe place was only twenty-five? Six clerks, that's what Ennis had! And I was the most sincere admirer his wife ever had. She was a queen! She was more than a queen, George—she was an empress! It's a funny thing—"

"What's a funny thing?" Potter asked, as Denbury paused to laugh.

"Why, I always thought when I was a kid that my wife would have to be something like Mrs. Jabe Ennis. You remember my mother—pleasant and graceful and all that? I loved her a lot, you bet, but my wife wasn't going to be like my mother—no, sir! My wife was going to be a regular empress like Mrs. Jabe Ennis. And do you know what, George?"

"What?"

"When I fell in love with Dorrie I forgot all about what sort of wife I had planned to have. 'Not like Mother,' I had told myself, and then I married Dorrie and she's a living repeater for Mother!"

"Well, by George!" exclaimed Potter.

"What say?"

"Oh, nothing!" Potter said, but he knew why he had uttered the exclamation—Grace was almost a living repetition of his own mother! "Nothing, El. You were saying—"

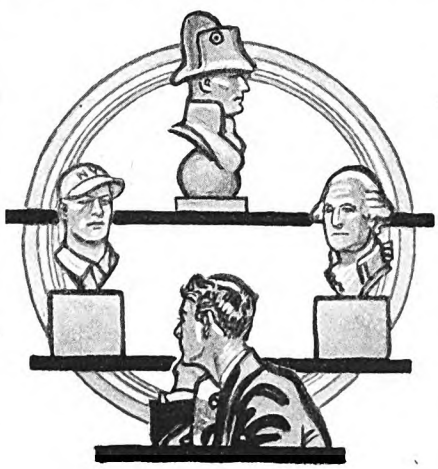
"I was saying that that was how I was," Denbury went on. "Jabe Ennis and his business and his wife and his family and his house were kings and fairy principalities and queens and royalties and palaces to me, and I wanted to be what they were. Huh? I wanted to be a dry goods man and the biggest dry goods man in my town. Father once told me—"

"Wait a minute," begged Potter. "You weren't satisfied to jump in and continue your father's business, El?"

"No. There was no fairy-prince-coming-riding in that for me. As I was saying, George, Father once told me why he got out of the fish business—"

"Fish business!"

"Yes, he ran a little fish store first, down on the levee, in a shanty boat. He had an uncle who ran one, and when Father was a boy he thought it would be the grandest thing in the world to have a fish store of his own, so he started one when he was twenty. It got so that he couldn't stand the smell of fish, but whenever he went to buy a new pair of shoes he loved the smell of the shoe store, and he made up his mind that as soon as he could scrape enough money together he would have a shoe store. His plume, he called it."



"His what?

"Plume. That was a notion he had. 'Son,' he said to me once, 'we men are always more or less boys, and we've got to have plumes. Plumes are the only things that keep us happy. We've got to grab a plume and stick it in our hat and say, "I'm Napoleon!" or "I'm A. T. Stewart!" or "I'm Henry Ward Beecher!" or we're not able to do our best and enjoy it. That's what the shoe merchant was to me—a plumed knight—and I wanted to be that.' You get what he meant, don't you, George?"

"More or less—yes."

"I UNDERSTOOD it the other day better than I ever did before," Denbury told him. "When I began to get stale, I mean. Here I have a fine big business and yet life began to look stupid to me, and all at once I remembered what Father had said—'When life begins to bore you, son, get new plumes!' He meant that a man has to keep trying to be somebody bigger than he has been, if he don't want to feel he is going stale. That's at the bottom of all this 'bigger and better' business, George."

"It sounds sort of sensible."

"Maybe it isn't sensible, but it's so," El Denbury insisted. "What else are heroes for? A boy puts Babe Ruth's plumes in his hat and he's a coming Babe Ruth. We're all like that—we want to be as rich as Rockefeller, or as noble as Washington, or as good a dry goods man as Jabe Ennis—and when we pick out plumes that are too cheap or too easy to live up to, we've got to get new plumes. That's what Father said, anyway. What I mean, George, is that I began to feel that I had outgrown my Jabe Ennis dry goods plume and wasn't getting any joy-kick out of it any longer, so I thought I'd try a bigger and better plume. I'm sporting a department store plume, now, George."

For a while George Potter was silent. His cigar had gone out and he tossed it into the bushes.

"I don't think managing a shoe department would be (*Continued on page 132*)

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Illustration by
JACK SHERIDAN

ROCKNE Made Football What *it is* Today

and the FANS are Satisfied

By JOHN KIERAN

FOOTBALL is decidedly big business, and it didn't get that way entirely by accident.

The biggest single factor in bringing about the almost startling growth of the game and the gate receipts in the last two decades was the forward pass. Grizzled veterans of the gridiron like to sob and sigh for the good old days when boys were men and line plunges were football. They rave against "basketball on the gridiron." But it was the smart old-timers themselves who saw the game losing ground through meaningless and almost motionless mass plays that got neither side anywhere. There were bloody noses and cracked crowns but with the opposing players all milling around on the same few feet of ground, the spectators didn't even have the pleasure or excitement of watching these individual delicacies given or received.

THE late Walter Camp and others realized that something had to be done to open up the game for the players and widen the view for the spectators. Hence the forward pass, which was legislated into existence a quarter of a century ago.

But the forward pass didn't do it alone. Somebody lent a magnificent helping hand. That somebody was Knute Kenneth Rockne of Notre Dame. It was left to Knute Rockne to stamp the imprint of his own personality over a nation-wide football field and to contribute more than any other single individual to the growth and improvement of the modern game. The famous Notre Dame coach is worth knowing, and for what he is as much as for what he has done.

The principal ingredients of this piece have been gleaned from personal observation of Notre Dame teams and the Notre Dame coach over a span of years,

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LEDGER PHOTO SERVICE

UP AND AT 'EM!

You have heard of flying tackles. How do you like this for a flying rush? It happened in the 1928 game between Cornell and Pennsylvania.

All together now; spell it out the long way! Hip! Hip!

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PHOTOGRAPH BY M. L. COHEN CO., OAKLAND, CAL.

WATCH OUT FOR

IT LOOKS as if Benny Lom, star California half back, might shoot one over the top of the St. Mary's tacklers. Or, on the other hand, he might keep trotting right through behind that stern-faced interference for an end run. The uncertainty made possible by the forward pass,

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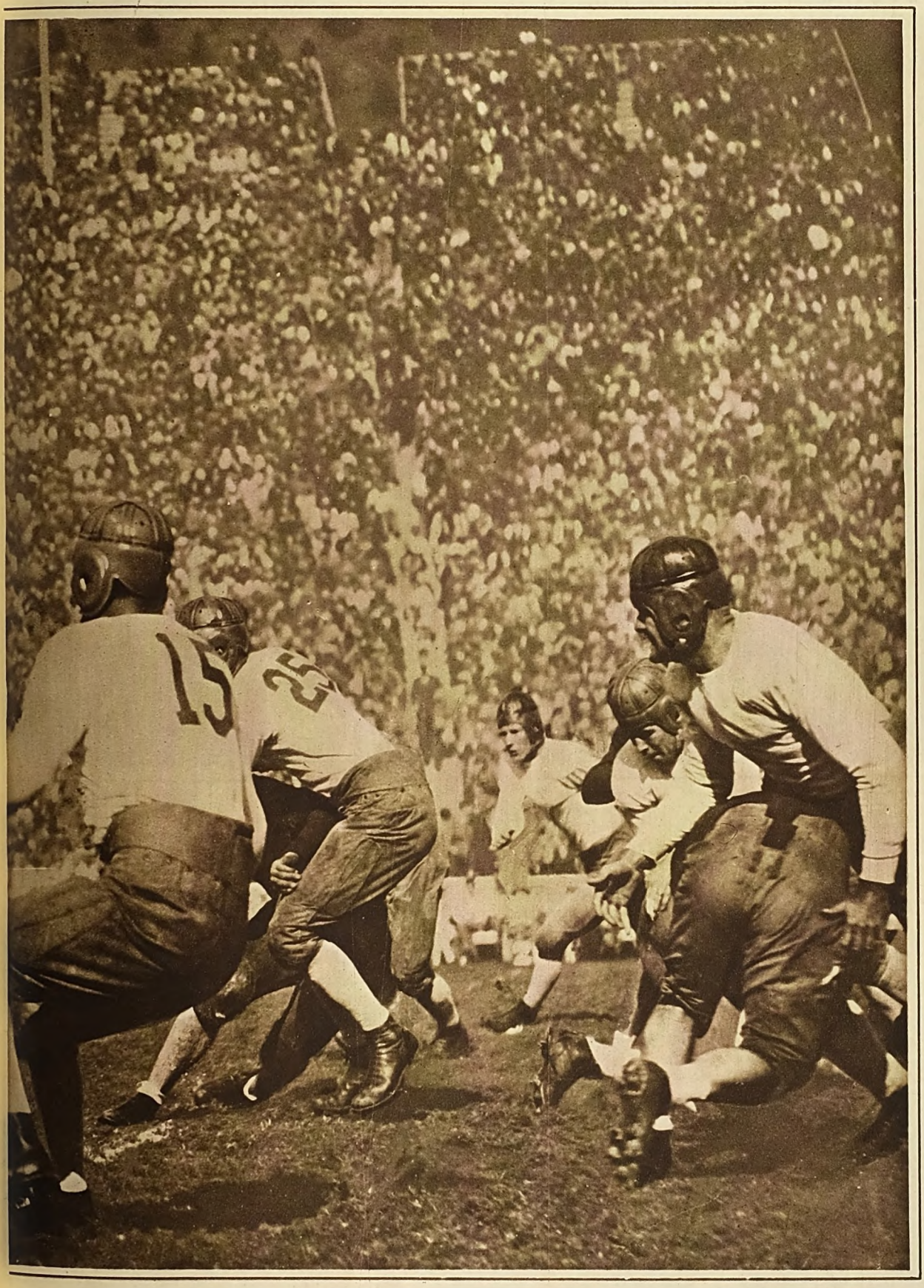

A FORWARD PASS!

which might almost be called Knute Rockne's gift to football, provides much of the thrill of the game as played today. In this particular play, Benny had no intention of letting that pigskin out of his clutching fingers. The yardage he gained helped California to defeat their old rivals 7 to 0.

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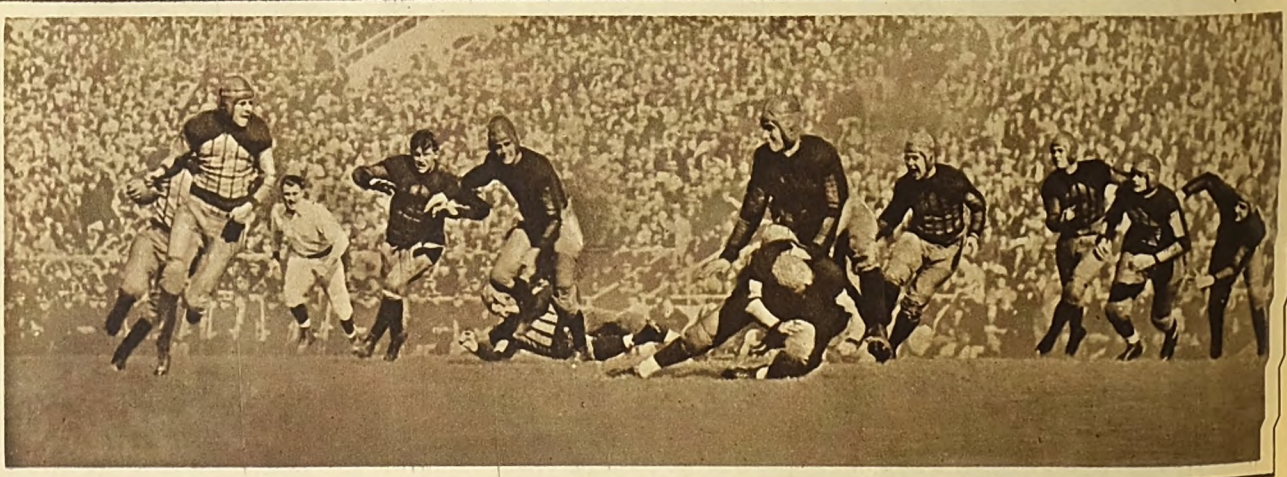
PHOTOGRAPH BY WIDE WORLD

GET THAT MAN!

IN THE good old days, the center snapped back the ball, and the fan waited patiently for the boys to untangle to see whether his team had gained a yard or lost a foot. All he saw was a splotch of assorted jerseys, and maybe here and there an elevated heel or a dislocated nose-guard. (Remember 'em?)

BY WAY of contrast, see how the boys are spread out (and sprawled out) for all to see in this Pennsylvania-Columbia game of 1928 (above). And as for the Illinois-Indiana game of the same vintage (below), well, a fan would get his money's worth if he couldn't see anything but the fierce expressions on varsity faces.



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WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Coach Rockne gives his squad a few pointers on tackling

from talks "in line of duty" with Rockne before and after big games on the gridiron and, best of all, from intimate conversations with him—or, as he puts it, "hand-to-hand-talks"—over the luncheon salads or the coffee cups at dinner.

Rockne was born in a small town in Norway just a little more than forty years ago. His parents brought him to this country when he was two years old; and he grew up in and around Chicago. When he first appeared at Notre Dame as a student he claimed he was a track athlete. An investigating committee discovered that he was telling the truth. He could run a respectable half mile. He was a good broad jumper. He did 12 feet 4 in the pole vault, which was a quite decent vault for those days.

He had other accomplishments. He played in the college band. He blew some complicated kind of horn, and occasionally hit a right note; but as a musician at Notre Dame he is best remembered for the terrific and grotesque faces he made while trying to blow the horn.

"My parents didn't belong to the idle rich," Rockne told me, "and in vacation time I had to get out and earn money to pay for my schooling. One summer I worked on a farm. Another summer I fired a boiler on a Great Lakes steamer. Still another summer Gus Dorais and I took jobs as waiters at a summer resort—Cedar Point, Ohio, not far from Sandusky."

AND thereby hangs a tale. When the dinner dishes were washed and packed away, the young and handsome waiters (Rockne was young and Dorais was handsome) used to don their bathing suits and go swimming. They always took a football with them. Coming out of the water, they would throw that football back and forward on the beach for an hour at a time. That was where the famous Dorais-to-Rockne pass was perfected. That was where modern football got under way.

The forward pass had been in the rulebooks for seven or eight years, but few teams had tried to demonstrate or develop its possibilities until a brisk Notre Dame team climbed the cliff at West Point in 1913, and bewildered a strong Army team with the first real and flashing air attack in gridiron history. That exhibition was the start of modern football as the average spectator now knows it.

Dorais-to-Rockne was the forward passing combination on that Notre Dame team of 1913. Gus Dorais was the quarterback and the propeller of the passes. Rockne was the end and the receiver. After the whirlwind had swept over the plain at West Point, it was evident that a great change was at hand. Here was a game that was played in the open where the spectators could see it. Here was a game at which the small or medium-sized fellow, if he were fast enough or clever enough, had a chance with the lumbering giant who had filled the picture almost entirely—and blocked the view—up to that point.

The genesis had come earlier. This was the revelation. Other teams were quick to follow the trail and results were soon noted in various parts of the country. But that was just the start of the Rockne movement in intercollegiate football. The important advances were to come.

THE autumn after his graduation from Notre Dame, Knute returned as assistant football coach and instructor in chemistry. He knew his oxides as well as his pigskins. To the undergraduates he was the ideal type of instructor, combining wit with wisdom. Incidentally, he continued his work in the Notre Dame chemistry laboratory and lecture hall for eight years—long after he had made his mark as a football coach of national distinction.

Jess Harper retired as head coach at Notre Dame in 1918, and Rockne took over the position.

"Those were the days" said Rockne to me a few months ago. "The college had no money to spend on luxuries for athletes or teams and, believe me, I was a one-man merger on a big scale. In addition to being chemistry instructor and head football coach, I had to act as graduate manager, director of athletics, track coach, treasurer of the athletic funds, trainer, waiter, valet, and jack-of-all-trades. Beyond that I didn't have a thing to do. It was tough going but I wouldn't have missed it. It taught me a lot."

In his first seven years in full charge at Notre Dame, Rockne's teams played 64 games, of which the "fighting Irish"—a sad misnomer, by the way—won 57, tied 3, and lost 4. There were two successive years in which the team went undefeated; and half a dozen times since Rockne took hold at Notre Dame the South Bend boys might fairly have claimed the mythical "championship" of the year. Certainly in the last decade no football combination can approach the magnificent record of Rockne and his Notre Dame teams.

"In words of one syllable, what is your football system?" I asked Rockne.

"Well, here it is," said Knute, leaning forward with a grin on his bronzed face. "With us, football begins in the spring. I blow assembly call and it's a come-all-yez. Anybody can get in. The more the merrier. I divide 'em all up into teams and give each team a name—Army, Georgia Tech, and so on—opponents of ours on the Fall schedule. There's a little psychology in that. The boys get stirred up to 'beat Wisconsin' or 'beat Army' and the like o' that. Well, the teams play a round robin and I take a good look at all the players. Then I give the winning team a beefsteak dinner, and I want to tell you that if we don't turn out champion teams every year, we never miss turning out champion eaters for that beefsteak dinner."

"That's in the spring. What about the fall program?"

"Ah, that's different. No come-all-yez there. Admission by card only. Strictly formal. Only those who make good in the spring are invited to join the varsity squad in the fall. But the others don't give up football or they soon find me on their trails. They play on class teams, dormitory teams, corridor teams—any kinds of teams as long as they play football. We had—I think—more than nine hundred men playing football on teams of some sort at school last fall. Plenty of fellows from these lesser teams come along later as late-blooming heroes for varsity honors. Anyhow, they learn the game and play it, and that's the big idea, isn't it?"

"WHAT is the varsity training program in the fall?"

"About the same as it is at most other places. Enough scrimmaging to keep the boys tuned in and sharpened up, but not enough to bog them down and have them bruised and battered for Saturday games. You can't make drudgery of it and get anything out of (*Continued on page 149*)

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Blue Whiskers

By

DIXIE WILLSON

Illustrated by

JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

Diana put up the parasol with a little click. "Well, Big Boy," she said, "bye-bye.

"A WOMAN at a race track, Lucy," Mr. J. B. Dobbs said to the little mouse who wore his wedding ring, "is about as much sense as five wheels on a wagon!"

It was September. Sunshine like intoxication! Vagrant, tantalizing little gold breeze; the Stock County races; Mr. Dobbs, in sports flannels, just ready to go—in fact, as far on his way as the front porch, with its flaming trumpet vines.

"I could get dressed in—in ten minutes, J. B.—or five," Lucy told him with timid eagerness.

"Well, Lucy, you can't go," he said. "You *cannot* go! Do you think I want my nice little pretty wife at a dirty, rough race track? That's no place for ladies, Lucy!"

Lucy caught the ruffles on her apron.

"But, J. B., if it's rough and dirty," she said, "I don't want you there either!"

"Now, Lucy, be reasonable," J. B. argued firmly. "*I* don't mix around. And if I do, it's not like I was a woman. But *you* out there, Lucy—why, you don't know horses, nor a pace from a trot, and the betting gets noisy and—"

"But couldn't we just sit up high," she begged, "and see all the horses and miss all the men! Oh, J. B., when the wind blew the music down from the Fair Grounds—yesterday—I never wanted to be anywhere so bad in my life! I've got a new hat, J. B., and a new dress, and my red shoes . . ."

J. B. cleared his throat—flecked a squirming grass worm off the knee of his flannels.

"Well—Lucy—I hate to disappoint you, Lucy, but, honestly, races aren't any place for you."

He reached down and kissed her hastily. She was little. Wistful as a flower in a sweet old garden.

"Now, Lucy," he said to her, "it's hot—and—and today all the Woodmen will be crowded out there, and what you're going to do is stay home like a good girl. You don't want a headache, do you? And there's plenty other races!" He pulled a crumpled bill out of his pocket and gave it to her. "Go take Em'line to the movies," he said— "All right?"

"Well, J. B., will you promise me something?" she said, her voice unsteady. "Will you promise you won't do anything you wouldn't do if I was there? Will you promise you'll act just the same as if I was with you, J. B.?"

J. B. DOBBS turned away from her abruptly and looked out across the drive.

"*Some* confidence you got in me, Lucy," he said. "If a man has to punch a time clock when he goes away from his wife, and get leave-of-absence papers—"

Instantly she was sorry. Instantly her little housekeeping hands were in his.

"Oh, J. B.," she said—and put her cheek down against the monogram she'd embroidered on the striped silk shirt he wore—"I only care about one thing, and that's if you love me." She looked up, adoring him—little scar on the corner of his chin—shady flecks in his eyes—stray lock of hair always just that way across his forehead.

"*Do* you love me, J. B.?" she begged—her eyes reaching up

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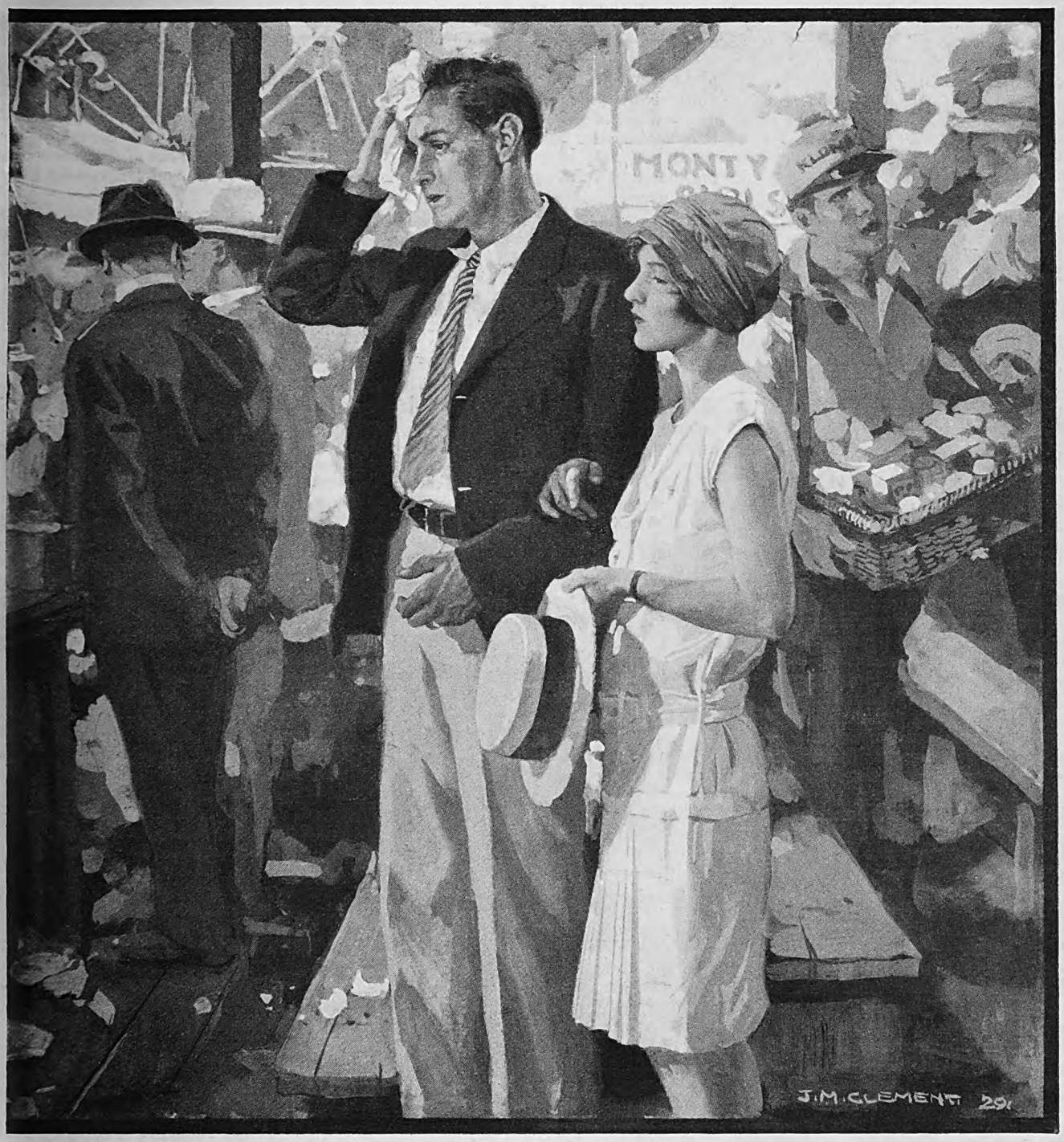

I ain't one of these 'Fate' hounds, but, believe me, I know it's something more than fast legs when a carcass like that comes out in front!"

to him—full of him—idolizing him. "If you love me I don't care about the races or anything! Would you—like a surprise, J. B.?" The corners of her mouth came up in a little smile. "Would you like—rhubarb pie for supper?"

J. B. straightened his tie, and looked down at her—and folded one arm around her and took her chin between his other thumb and finger.

"You bet I would," he said. "*You* know I love you, Lucy. When I'm watching the races I'm only thinking of you. Maybe I won't even *go* to the races today. Maybe I'll just go down to the office and get the mail, and then come home and help with the rhubarb. Maybe I won't even—"

Out of the next-door garage Petey Hickson came backing his red roadster—a bunch of balloons on the spare tire—a yellow aster in Petey's hat.

"Hey, J. B.," he called. "Ready?"

J. B. put a loud kiss somewhere on Lucy's face.

"Yeah," he called back to Petey. "Hold on!"

He snatched a petunia from the porch box, hoisted himself over the rail, and ran through Lucy's young fern bed, fumbling the flower into his buttonhole. Lucy watched the scarlet streak of Petey's car skim the block to the corner. From downtown, she heard the faint megaphone of a street show.

J. B. turned and waved to her. Her little handkerchief answered him.

THE Clifton House had put green awnings and green tables and chairs on the porches for race week. The place was a young Monte Carlo.

When Petey's car turned into Main Street, J. B. adjusted the petunia, pulled down his coat shoulders, and asked if they couldn't drop around by the Clifton.

"Get a coke before we go out," he suggested.

"Sure," Petey agreed.

So, presently, along the Clifton veranda, Petey Hickson and J. B. Dobbs were looking for a shady place at one of those stylish summer tables. Under a beach parasol suspended from the ceiling, a slim little blond girl in an ultra-smart frock was tapping white kid shoes and looking impatiently from one end of the veranda to the other—wide-awake eyes, a fluff of gold hair under a shiny gold hat, a dimple or two.

"Well, what do you know about that!" J. B. remarked.

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"There's Diana Van! Why can't we ask her to go along?"

Petey looked sideways at the girl in the gold hat. She was smiling at them, crooking a lifted pink, polished finger. On her bare arm a circle of diamonds and sapphires caught the sun like blue fire.

"Gee!" Petey wanted to know—"*Who's she?*"

"Oh," Mr. Dobbs said, "she's in town this summer, singing at the movies."

They strolled towards the table.

"Well, you're certainly late enough, Dobbsy," the little gold canary said crisply, consulting a jeweled wrist watch. "Hope you've got the races trained like you have *me*—to wait till you arrive!"

Petey looked at J. B., surprised a moment, then he laughed—shoved back his hat—pulled out the chair next to Diana Van, and sat down.

"Oh," he said. "So *that's* how the land lays!"

IN THE little black rocker, in the checkered sunlight of her back porch, Lucy pulled the silky, curling, pale green strings from the stalks of rhubarb.

Across the clothes reel, and across the Billings' vacant lot, was the Main Street Bridge—bunting fluttering on the high iron arch, carnival echoes riding on the windy sunshine, faint pig-squeal of balloons blowing up and whistling.

She cut the rhubarb into little pieces.

Muffled with the drowsy distance, she could hear, away on the track, that light pud pud pud of horses. And now, in the gas works block—in that space through the Billings' lot—came marching the band of the Modern Woodmen of America! Green uniforms! Silver helmets! Marching to the Fair Grounds! Friday. Woodmen's Day. Against the turquoise sky, under rippling flags, the Woodmen's float! Wheels covered with roses!

Trilling piccolo! Drum tattoo! Stars and Stripes Forever!

"Ta——da——de-da-da-a-a-a-——de-da-de-da-de-da-a-a——da-a-a——"

Lucy got up suddenly, and went inside, and shut the back door. She put the rhubarb down on the kitchen table and hurried into the front room, away from the Main Street Bridge—and the Billings' vacant lot.

Through the open windows came a buzzing stillness. Bugs in the grass. Pale nothings of butterflies hovering around the petunias. Shades drawn halfway, against the sun. Tendrils of trumpet vines creeping up the screens.

Under J. B.'s chair were his house slippers—the purple heels showing—on the smoking stand his pipe. Beyond the gravel driveway, the wide-open doors of Petey Hickson's garage stared at her stolidly—seemed to say, "Well—you're left. So am I. Races—and you aren't there! What of it?"

But it wasn't the races—it wasn't the band or the squawking balloons—or the horses beating that quick time on the track. No, no, no! It was J. B! Only to be where *he* was—part of his day—part of his consciousness—not just something he came back to after everything else was over, as he did to his slippers and his pipe—and his old leather chair.

She dabbed her handkerchief at tears that began to creep down her cheeks. Then she pressed her hands against her eyes. Then suddenly she turned her face to the wall, and before she could choke it back, she was crying—sobbing out loud as if she could never stop; in her apron pocket, a hot little hand closing convulsively over the perfumed note that had dropped out of J. B.'s wallet when he had been looking for his pass to the grandstand. A pale blue note, with round, backhand, purple writing—and jasmine perfume—

> Dobbsy Darling—The bracelet is wonderful. Maybe we shouldn't have made such a big stake if your horse lost, but you know I told you I'm superstitious about a bet. Win or lose, a bet is keeps with me. So I hope you feel the same. I'm crazy about the little string of rocks, honey, and I'll wait Friday, at two, at the Clifton.
>
> Your adoring Diana.

Just one more breath of the jasmine that had clung to J. B. with delicate, persistent fingers, through June and July—and August! Jasmine after all those evenings of "late business" at the office. Jasmine after all the meetings of the Elks' "committee on membership." Scraps of jasmine notes like sears of a branding iron; Lucy, living through jasmine-perfumed days and nights, serving out that prison sentence we call—"love."

Petey's garage stared stoic and stolid.

A grasshopper whacked against the screen.

THE big voice from the judges' stand shouted through the megaphone:

"Sunnyside wins the heat. Miss Frisco second. Time, 2:4."

"No pair of babies ever romped a faster mile than *them* bright eyes," Petey Hickson said.

The trotting race next. Horses up from the stables. Tricky little pud pud pud! Whisper of sulky wheels. Flash of bright satin coats past the judges' stand. Dang dang dang of the bel.. Quick high C! Dang dang dang!

Diana sat between J. B. and Petey, one arm around J. B.'s neck, diamond and sapphire bracelet along his shoulder. Petey, coat off, suspenders gleaming, watched the track and ate peanuts. J. B., with Diana's parasol across his knees, looked the trotters over, through his binoculars, and included the lady in the first box.

"Nifty dame down there dressed up in the lace whoosis," he said.

Petey looked to see the nifty dame, but the only dame he saw was—

"Sufferin' snakes!" he said. "Here comes Lucy!"

Very pretty in white linen, a scarlet hat, little scarlet shoes, Lucy Dobbs was coming up the high steps of the grandstand.

"Hello, J. B.," she said. "Hello, Petey. Petey, I've got another seat. Will you trade with me?"

She had a seat check in her hand. Petey and Diana and J. B. stood up, Lucy the only one of the four who didn't look foolish.

Petey stepped out in the aisle.

"Sure," he said. "Sure thing!"

Diana reached down for her parasol that J. B. had dropped. J. B. pushed his hat back.

"Why, sure," he said. "Petey and Diana can go some place else."

"Diana don't have to go anywhere," Lucy said. "I only got one seat."

She turned away a little from the waxy fragrance of—jasmine.

Diana picked dirt and peanut shells off her parasol.

"Thanks!" she said.

Petey helped Lucy into the seat he had gotten out of.

"Well—see you after," he said, and tipped his hat and went away in the direction of the number of the seat check in his hand. J. B. and Diana and Lucy sat down.

"My, it's a great day for races, isn't it?" Lucy said to Diana. "I heard you sing 'Swanee Blues' one night, with slides, and I've wanted to meet you ever since."

"Thanks," Diana said again.

Pud pud pud on the track. Woodmen's band on the bleachers. Stars and Stripes Forever. Judges' bell, dang dang dang!

"You know all about races, don't you?" Lucy said to Diana. "J. B. says when you bet you always win. He says you're awfully clever that way!"

Diana laughed—little high-pitched voice.

"Gee, if he tells all he knows," she said, "I guess my cue is to *stay* clever!"

"Oh, I don't suppose he tells it *all*," Lucy reassured her. "It's only in his sleep he tells anything. I just couldn't think why he kept his nails and his clothes so nice lately—until I found out in his sleep it was for you. I think everybody needs variety! He's been married to me eleven years! That's too long."

There was a raveling inside the pocket of Diana's dress. She made herself busy getting it out!

"The reason I came," Lucy said, "is because I thought it would be a good chance to decide about J. B. It looks like he just can't make up his mind between us—so I thought in the last race today *you* could pick a horse—and *I* could—and the one that's ahead in the finish gets J. B!"

Down against the rough boards where nobody could see, her fingers shut together till the nails cut her hands.

"I thought it was a real good idea!" she said. "As long as we've got to decide *some* way! If I lose—I'll get a—a divorce and give him to you, and if *you* lose, you can go away and leave him for me."

"PIPE down, Lucy," J. B. said hoarsely.

Diana laughed.

"Why pipe down?" she said. "You're some kid, Mrs. Dobbs! That's what I call *real* stakes! And I've been dying for a thrill. But listen—" she looked squarely around at Lucy—"whoever wins," she said—"it's for keeps! I'm superstitious about a bet. I only win or lose—for keeps!"

"Oh, sure," Lucy said. "That's what I mean!"

J. B. took his handkerchief out of his pocket and blew his nose loudly.

"Well, Baby, if you want to bet for J. B. with me, you certainly bought something!" Diana said. She had a quarter in her hand. She closed her fingers over it.

"Heads you pick *your* horse first—tails *I* do," she said. She flipped the quarter down on the wooden seat between them. It was heads.

Lucy brushed her handkerchief across a grass stain on her knee. "I—I'll take Blue Whiskers for mine," she said.

Diana stared at her.

"Blue Whiskers!" And then she laughed. "That (*Continued on page 178*)

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IF YOU ASK ME:

It's the Men Behind Who Make the Man Ahead

THIS noon I left an office building by way of a revolving door. I like revolving doors. They cannot be left open, blown open, or slammed. They keep out the weather. But you have to watch your heels and shoulders when you step into one.

That's not the fault of the doors. It's the fault of some of the impetuous, self-centered human squirrels who whirl in and out. Speed clashes with comfort—as usual.

Just ahead of me today was a barrel-backed chap with a jutting jaw. Quite plainly he was in a hurry. He plunged inside, mindful only of his purpose, and I was spewed in his wake from my own compartment.

Revolving doors have been in use only a little more than a generation. But they show up a kink in human nature that has been riding high since Cain coined the phrase: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Stand and look at one of these doors a few minutes if you want to find out about folks. They are a mechanical register of character. Every tenth or twelfth person in the procession forgets courtesy and the rights of others as he dashes on, shoves the door to a swifter sweep, and gives it a thoughtless push in exit. Children, women, and timorous men are sometimes caught in the whirl and must go around the circuit again before they escape. One rude individual has disturbed and irritated a half dozen of the rest of us.

The revolving door is the world in little. It dramatizes an age-old issue—the right of the man behind. It will pay you never to forget the man behind. If you do, you are dishing up trouble, interrupting orderly progress, and revealing your own boorishness. On such disregard is built the belief that to "look out for Number One" is the royal rule of life.

The business executive who fails to consider the man behind—or who makes him an afterthought rather than a forethought—breaks up the parade in his office, shop, or salesroom. Incidentally, he usually writes his own ruin. Lone-hand players with inflated egos soon fade from the picture in modern industry.

Years ago I spent a week-end in Florida with the late Henry P. Davison, one of the greatest bankers of our generation and head of the American Red Cross during the World War. One evening as we sat on the porch after a day's hunting, conversation turned to the important figures in Wall Street whom Mr. Davison had reached into the ranks for and helped up the ladder.

"You talk as if I deserved a lot of credit for this," he remarked, fixing me with his steady blue eyes. "Perhaps there was some credit in picking the right men—although in most cases they had made themselves perfectly manifest. So far as giving folks a lift is concerned, however, that's the best thing a man can do for *himself*.

"If you are fortunate enough to get a little above some of your fellows, there's a much better use for your hands than patting yourself on the back. Reach down and lift some of the rest up beside you. Immediately you have started a group of boosters, whose good will and gratitude will do more to help *you* than you could possibly do to help them."

Banking is supposed to be a hard-headed business. Henry P. Davison was a practical man who could see a little farther and a little surer than his fellows. These qualities would have made him big anywhere, but they would never have made him great. His greatness lay in his knowledge of human beings, his genuine interest in them, and his continuing desire to help as many as possible of them to realize their inherent possibilities.

One-man enterprises have gone out of fashion. Teamwork is today's watchword in business. Organizations are merely groups of men and women keeping step and carrying the same tune. To disregard the rights, the self-respect, or the reasonable hopes of any member of the organization is to break the rhythm. It's the men behind who really "make" the man ahead.

Merle Crowell

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Alley Rat

By

EDMUND WARE

Illustrated by
JOSEPH
CHENOWETH

"What d'ya know about 'at!" said Hogan. "Some stiff went an' knocked off the tree. . . . Know who done it, Tiny?" Hogan scrutinized the pallid, old-man face

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"Tiny" Hearn was a Huck Finn of the slums —Hogan was the finest cop on the beat— and thereby hangs a thrilling tale

GREEN and Verde Streets!—Some sardonic builder of slums must have grinned when first he wrote those two misnomers on his blueprints, for Green and Verde Streets were the color of a sick man's face, or a cloud drifting through the smoke above a city, or snow that has lain too long in gutters. The odors of Green and Verde cast no rumor of new-mown hay and orchards. The brown earth had yielded to paving and curbs, the sky to the brooding effrontery of stone.

Once a small elm tree stood at the corner of Verde Street and Ocean Avenue, sprouting naïvely out of the sidewalk. But one night in March, Tiny Hearn cut it down. While Patrolman Hogan warmed himself in the back room of Birch's all-night drugstore, Tiny hacked up the tree and lugged away the pieces for firewood.

Tiny Hearn was Huck Finn without sunlight or a river or a well for laughter in his heart. A pair of thin, unmatched legs made him choose to steer his life alone and suffocated his sense of humor. On his head hung an old brown cap, visor low over his eyes. He had rescued his first pair of long pants from a dump on the salt marshes, adjusting the waist measure by looping the top buttonhole over the first suspender button on the right side. Odd-looking little ragamuffin—hard, unflinching face.

Once a social worker saw Tiny standing on a street corner. He was moved by the droop in the boy's shoulders. He smiled and said: "Hello, young man." The social worker felt that it pleased boys to be addressed as young men. But here, daggering him from under a dirty visor, was a pair of blue-burning eyes. Here were feet that didn't shuffle, a mouth that neither spoke nor trembled.

"Where is your home?" the social worker asked.

Over Tiny's cheek bones the white skin drew tight. A boy of seventeen with an old man's face—futile, defiant, brooding. A weakling's body: small ill-shaped bones; arms a little twisted; legs that scarcely recognized each other. But the eyes gazed steadfastly, seemed to burn like ice afire.

The social worker smiled again, cleared his throat: "Well, well, now. If you won't tell me where your home is located, perhaps you'll tell me where I can find your father?"

"They're both in hell," said Tiny, and probably he spoke the truth.

The walls of Green and Verde Streets, where Tiny lived, were dusty-windowed shops and dwellings. The women were wrinkled, and their corsets made ridges under their dresses. Mothers, many times. Their deepest longings were for rest and silence, as their deepest knowledge was of toil.

Girls learned swiftly in these streets—early death to legends of Cinderella and the Stork. The good girls and the homely girls clung to an orthodox virtue and learned stenography at the School of Secretarial Science uptown. The bad girls, whether from love or longing, curiosity or blindness, said, "What's the use?" and ever afterwards wore smiles which repeated the question.

The shoes of the Green Street fathers were heavy and thick. They clumped stolidly on the pavements to and from the glue factory, the packing plant, or the foundry. At night the fathers slept in their underclothes beside their wives and the youngest of their children. "The woman," "the old man," "the brats." Mother, father, children. . . .

THE morning after Tiny cut down the elm tree he came shuffling along Verde Street and looked up at the place where the tree had waved against the sky. Kind of phony, he thought—a guy missing a tree. But it got your goat, looking at the yellow chips crowding around the manhole grating. Boloney! That was a Salvation Army feeling! Swell Aggriponi would say you were balmy, or had pigeons in your eaves, if he knew you had such feelings about a lousy elm tree. Swell packed a black automatic, and in the poolrooms sometimes they said how Swell had knocked off more than one guy, and so it was goofy to fuss about a skinny gray tree. . . .

Tiny spat. He shrugged his thin shoulders; and, turning from the stump, looked squarely into Patrolman Hogan's eyes. Hogan, the cop! Every fiber tightened in Tiny's body.

"What d'ya know about 'at!" said Hogan, frowning at the haggled stump. "Some stiff went an' knocked off the tree."

Tiny hunched forward. "Yeah? What's it *to* yuh?"

"Know who done it, Tiny?" Hogan scrutinized the pallid, old-man face.

"Sure I know. Nuthin' gets by me."

"Well, then, who knocked off the tree?"

TINY'S breath caught as his gaze traveled up and down the length of Hogan's body. Thinking of his own misshapen legs, he felt a strange submerged longing to get close to Hogan and touch his long, tough muscles. It was always like that. Even the guys in the Dunbar A. C. looked twice at Hogan. And every frail on Green and Verde would crawl through fire for a soft word from him—the big brass-buttoned bum! All strength an' shoulders, he was—an'—an' straight legs. You hated a bird like that.

Hogan reached for Tiny's shoulder. Tiny moved a little and the hand never touched its mark. Hogan smiled: "All right, kid. All right—who done it?"

Tiny hooked his thumbs in his trousers pockets: "Sandy Claus," he said, "—wid his little hatchet!"

Staring curiously, Hogan drew Tiny into a gray doorway. "What's the trouble wid me, Tiny?"

Trouble with Hogan? Tiny didn't rightly know. But it was a frame for one guy to have the build that Hogan had, and another guy to be born different from anyone else, with bum shanks and skinny arms and a limp.

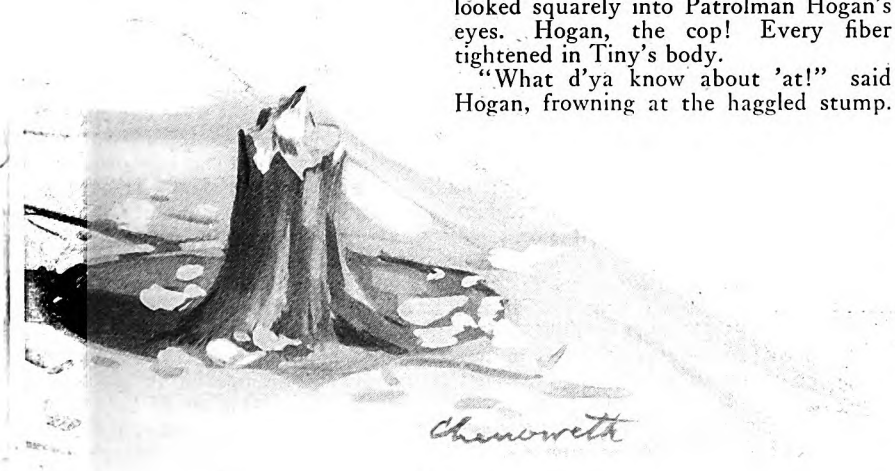
Tiny flung out his hand, like a thin knife sweeping: "Brass buttons is the trouble wid you. That's all—see?"

Hogan let his voice slide down into his throat. It was husky with half-smothered kindness. "Listen, kid—ain't no use you buckin' me. Any trouble we had started wid you. I watched you since you was knee-high. An' a lot of times I ought to taken you to the station. But I didn't do it 'cause I liked you—see? An' always you're givin' me the hard eye. But now—I'm givin' it to you straight—if you don't lay off guys like Swell Aggriponi an' Saint Rourke, you'll take a rap some day. Up the river—see? No more prowlin', kid. You can't win."

Tiny jerked his cap until it nearly covered his eyes. He tried to escape the presence of the tall man standing so close to him. Something about the sight of Hogan hurt him, made his fingers flutter. "Aw, button that stuff!" he cried. "Tell it in the mission!"

Hogan watched three men with dinner pails walk by, following the swirl of pipe smoke behind their heads. He said again: "Will you tell me what I ever done to put you on the warpath?"

It was just an emotion that seemed to twist Tiny inside out. It brooded in him, defying explanation. He felt it when he saw Hogan laughing with people on his beat. It came when he heard Hogan's voice. Most of all it ached and ached in him when he thought of Hogan's shoulders and arms, of Hogan's legs.



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"You're just a lousy cop!" cried Tiny. "Lemme alone, will you? Lemme alone an' quit tailin' me!"

"I'll tail you till you keep better company, an' you can take that or chuck it, kid. See?" And Hogan strolled away without looking back at all.

Tiny Hearn's mother had no time for his supervision during the day. She worked in a laundry. And at night she used mop and pail in the King-Seaview Building, and was able to pay twenty dollars a week to the sanitarium that housed her first-born, a daughter. Her upbringing of Tiny had long since reduced itself to lowest terms. Whenever Tiny sidled toward the door, bound on one of his nocturnal journeys, she rested her fists in the bottom of the dish pan and said, as if to the wall behind the sink: "Where you goin', Tiny?"

"Nowhere."

"What you goin' to do, Tiny?"

"Nuthin'."

Then she looked at the alarm clock and dried her hands and hurried to the King-Seaview Building. Tiny—grim, ungainly waif—slouched away through the Green Street alleys.

TINY learned a lot about certain things. He had seen a Chinaman killed with a knife. He knew that you could get a snuff of snow or an opium layout in the den above Long Shin's laundry, and often he visited there—stood silent, fascinated, watching the dreamers in their flops, listening to the clack-and-shuffle of bamboo dominoes, sniffing the strange, unearthly air.

At Long Shin's Tiny first saw Swell Aggriponi. Swell's hair was blue-black and shiny, like his eyes. He wore a derby and a blue, tight-fitting overcoat with arrow lapels and a velvet collar. Swell's mouth, clamping over his cigar, looked thin and relentless, like the closed jaws of a wolf trap. In a holster under his left armpit he carried a rod. Made you shiver to see the black gun hugging tight against his body when his coat was off.

ONCE, standing in the shadows, Tiny heard Swell say to Saint Rourke: "When that bull gets too nosy we'll smoke him up." Tiny knew they meant Hogan.

Swell had plenty of money, and always near him stayed two or three guys with hands in their side coat pockets. Smooth guy, Swell. In the poolrooms you heard how you could get a good car cheap from Swell's garage. Tiny thought that was why Hogan wanted him to keep away from Swell. But was it any of that cop's business who a guy picked for his friends? Couldn't they lay off you? Thinking of it, a flinty laugh scraped in Tiny's throat.—Swell Aggriponi with a gat under his coat!

Hogan, the cop! Two hundred and ten pounds of him walking straight up and no limp. "He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest." Sometimes Tiny dreamed he was Hogan. In the dreams he always ran, and played baseball, and sparred in the Dunbar A. C., and lifted things for the sheer joy of feeling them surrender under his own great strength. And once he shook hands with Strangler Lewis, but he knew it was a dream then, and woke up crying. He said

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aloud to the darkness: "Gawdamighty, fix my legs like Hogan's!"

The sound of his voice admitting his weakness filled him with shame, and it seemed as if he hated Hogan more desperately, and forever would. He couldn't understand why. Things began to twist him inside. He wanted to destroy Hogan. He began to move emotionally, impulsively, utterly without fear.

It was natural that he thought more frequently of Swell Aggriponi, a thought that welled from the maelstrom in his heart and aimed at the downfall of Hogan, the cop.

When Hogan said: "Tiny, keep away from Swell Aggriponi," he had no glimmering of the turmoil that loosed itself in Tiny's mind, no way of suspecting—

TINY went that night straight to Swell Aggriponi's garage in Verde Street. Slinking across the cement floor, he pushed open the door of the back room, walked slowly up to the gangster.

The room was small and square. It contained a clock, two chairs, a table, and a calendar. Saint Rourke, with snow-white hair at twenty-eight, sat on the table swinging his legs. Swell Aggriponi sprawled in a chair facing the door.

Tiny came close to the gangster, plucked at the sleeve of his tight-fitting coat, and said: "Swell, gimme a look-in. I'm a right guy."

Swell took the cigar from his mouth (*Continued on page 153*)

It didn't help much to look at Swell and Saint Rourke . . . two blank faces staring at you. Tiny licked his dry lips and faced the door through the partition. It stood a few inches ajar

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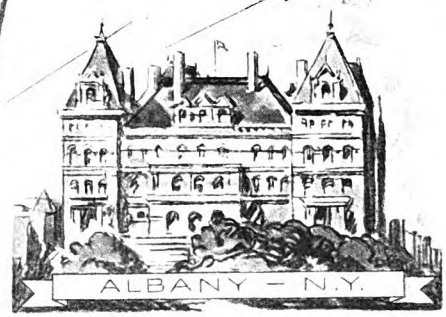
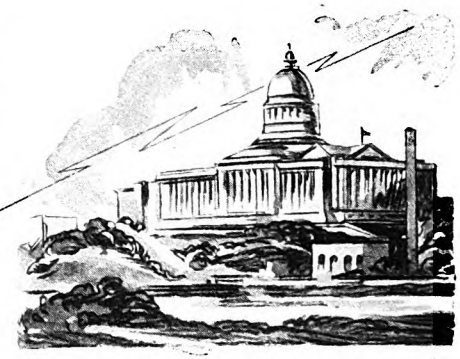
MINUTE

Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim silencer, is the founder and president of both the American Radio Relay League and the International Amateur Radio Union





WHILE in Hartford, Connecticut, not long ago, I spent a morning with Hiram Percy Maxim, one of that trio of famous engineers who during the past half-century have made their family name renowned wherever firearms and explosives are in use.

Among Mr. Maxim's numerous inventions in the fields of ordnance and electricity that of the Maxim silencer is probably best known to the public. He is president of the Maxim Silencer Company, a member of innumerable scientific and engineering bodies, and the founder and president of both the American Radio Relay League and the International Amateur Radio Union.

It was of the two latter organizations, closest to Mr. Maxim's heart, that we talked—he is probably the world's foremost radio amateur. And as he talked and I listened, I found myself possessed, first, by a thrill of wonder and then by sheer amazement.

He told me of the existence in this world of ours of an adventurous band of brothers, thirty thousand strong and scattered over five continents, who hold communion almost at will in the empyrean spaces.

He told me of men, and boys, who, at the touch of a key, can leap around the world; who have wiped out for all time the age-old barriers of race and language and distance; who have even dared, intrepid souls that they are, to shoot their messages into the void of the infinite and to challenge answers of the stars themselves!

There, in that prosaic business office, he told me of matchless heroism in flood and disaster—of a great emergency system of communication which stands ready to "carry on"—which has carried on, when all other means have failed He told me of a mighty University of the Air in whose thousands of laboratories toil thousands of volunteers nightly. And all for the love of the work and the thrill of achievement!

And when Mr. Maxim had finished, I was amazed, not alone by the tremendous scope of this thing, but equally was I amazed by the manner in which it had been built. This whole grand enterprise of world dominion, this Gargantuan kingdom of space, had been conceived and executed by amateurs in the face of ridicule! It had been built without capital as such, without exact knowledge as the scientific world defines it. In large part it had been built by schoolboys!

THINK back for a moment over the years. Do you remember, in the old days at school, that boy who above everything else was "interested in electricity"? Up in the attic of his home, often as not on the humble back street, he was always up to queer things with wires and coils and evil-smelling jars. The attic was his "experimental laboratory," that odd jumble of junk his "apparatus."

He built electric motors and batteries to run them; he assembled Wimshurst static machines; he constructed back-yard telegraph lines, and rigged up a burglar alarm in the house that kept older folks on the verge of heart failure. Later, he mastered the Continental Code and plunged into the intricacies of "wireless"—a tousled, patient, eager-eyed enthusiast filled with an insatiable curiosity and undaunted by a thousand failures.

Yet he was a lonely figure. The baseball field now saw him but little. Nobody thought of inviting him to parties, because he never came if they did. He was girl-shy, often laughed at, rarely taken seriously, seldom understood. And in every town of the land there was such a boy, each isolated in his attic.

Then came discoveries. Wireless apparatus, even that of the homemade breed, began to lose it crudeness. The coherer and microphone detector gave way to the crystal, with its enormously increased sensitivity. The single-slide tuner displaced the straight aërial-to-ground hook-up, and was itself displaced by the more flexible three-slide tuner. Improvement followed improvement.

THERE came a time when somewhere in one of those isolated attics a boy flashed a call into the night, as he had flashed it a hundred nights before. But this time his heart almost stopped in its beat: Back at him came a staccato answer, the dot-dash reply of a kindred soul! He jammed his earphones against his ears until his head

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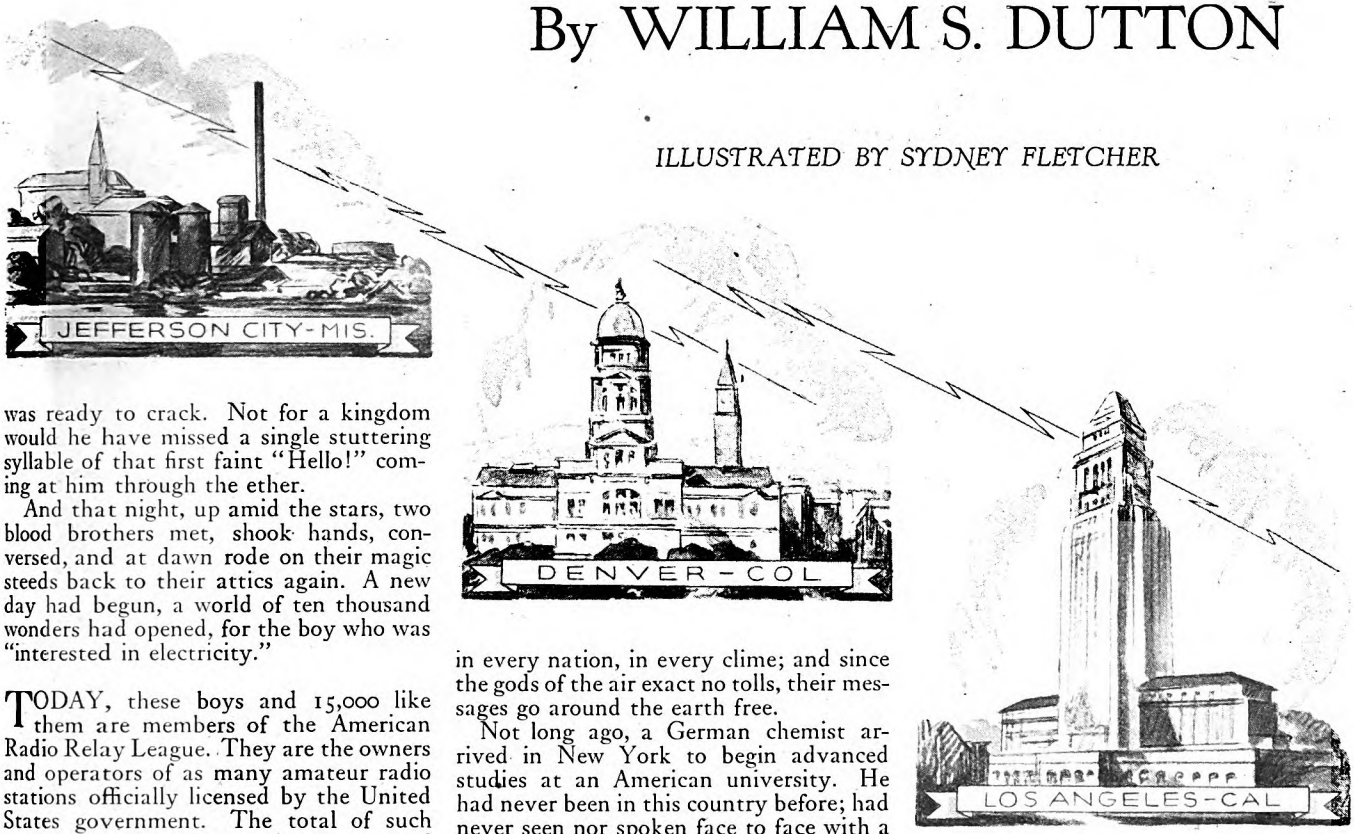
Men of the Air

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY FLETCHER

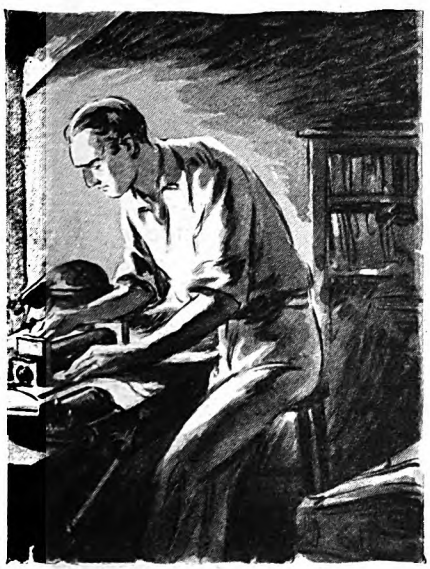


was ready to crack. Not for a kingdom would he have missed a single stuttering syllable of that first faint "Hello!" coming at him through the ether.

And that night, up amid the stars, two blood brothers met, shook hands, conversed, and at dawn rode on their magic steeds back to their attics again. A new day had begun, a world of ten thousand wonders had opened, for the boy who was "interested in electricity."

TODAY, these boys and 15,000 like them are members of the American Radio Relay League. They are the owners and operators of as many amateur radio stations officially licensed by the United States government. The total of such stations in this country is 17,000, and 13,000 more are in other nations of the world.

On short-wave radio sets, mostly built and developed to a high efficiency by their own efforts alone, these amateurs talk with Sydney and Capetown and London, with Byrd in the icy dooryard of the South Pole, with adventurers at sea, with explorers in the jungle of Borneo, while cities a mere thousand miles away are to them as if on the opposite side of the street. Their friends are in every town, in every nation, in every clime; and since the gods of the air exact no tolls, their messages go around the earth free.



Not long ago, a German chemist arrived in New York to begin advanced studies at an American university. He had never been in this country before; had never seen nor spoken face to face with a single person in America. And yet, when the German stepped from the boat, he was enveloped in the arms of friends. At an informal dinner that night more friends shook his hand, called him by his first name. He had not seen one of these friends before, but he knew and had met them all, not once but a hundred times, somewhere in the air above the turbulent Atlantic!

That is what amateur radio has done for the boy in the attic—that boy whom, in the old days, both you and I knew. . . .

"Long before anybody dreamed of radio as we know it now there were amateurs experimenting in it," Mr. Maxim told me. "It is a matter of record that at least one American amateur built a receiving set in his home and attempted to receive the letter 's' at the same time that Marconi was making his epochal transatlantic test. That he failed doesn't matter. It is typical of the amateur spirit that he had the courage to try.

"DURING the next ten years the aërials of amateurs were run up in every part of the country. The sets were homemade, crude in design, and lacking in the power that was then deemed necessary to transmit messages any distance. The dot-and-dash code was used exclusively. The transmission of a message from one part of a city to another a mile or two away was hailed as an astonishing success."

Mr. Maxim smiled at the memory.

"But we grew better," he went on. "I recall a little meeting of amateurs held here in Hartford in 1913. We had picked up each other's signals, had become acquainted, and had formed a club. Most of the members were young men; a few, mere boys. Some were rich, some poor, some worked, some were in school or college, but the one thing which mattered was that we were all amateurs.

"THAT evening a young man announced that he had established communication with Windsor Locks, a town about twelve miles away. We were electrified by the news.

"An excited discussion followed. If Hartford could reach Windsor Locks, why couldn't Windsor Locks reach Springfield, a similar distance to the north of it? And if this feat could be accomplished, why wouldn't it be possible for us in Hartford to send a message by relay to Springfield, and possibly receive an answer back in an hour?

"The idea fired the imagination of every person present. I know that I went home to sit up the rest of the night perfecting the efficiency of my transmitter that it might be up to such a test. The next night we did reach Springfield! It was the beginning of a great adventure.

"We asked, why stop with Springfield? Why not relay a message on to Pittsfield, and even to Albany? Yes, and the fellows over in Albany could get in touch with Utica, and (*Continued on page 171*)

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The Witness in the

ILLUSTRATED BY

I SHALL always remember this famous case.

To me there were romance and mystery and wonder in it. It stands out Homeric in my youthful fancy.

It was tried, as the lawyers say, before Judge Edmond Lewis and a jury, but it was tried, also, before Virginia. For the county came into that trial. The people filled the courtroom to the doors, crowded the county seat, and overran the taverns.

Old Edmond Lewis and his court, and the litigants and their attorneys, were, for the term of that trial, famous. They passed from the tavern to the courtroom through a lane of excited faces. Those who could not force a standing in the courtroom were at least determined to see the actors in the drama, even if they could not see the drama staged.

In this respect I had a great advantage.

My grandfather was a relative of Judge Edmond Lewis and I went in with him. I was a small boy, holding to my grandfather's hand. But I was old enough to understand the great event, and I missed nothing of its drama. We had a chair inside the court's railing by the judge's bench, where the lawyers and the officials were assembled.

There were famous men of Virginia in that courtroom.

Judge Edmond Lewis was a large figure in this portion of the commonwealth west of the mountains. There was something big and undisturbed about him, something almost Oriental in its immobility. He filled the huge armed chair behind the judge's bench, and his very presence gave the proceedings in his court a serenity as of some majestic justice above the affairs of men, and of which he was, here, merely the vice regent.

And the litigants were romantic figures: One could not look at Blackmer Har-

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Metal Box

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

W. H. D. KOERNER

rington and at once withdraw the eye. The man held one's attention, he was so markedly the desperate adventurer; a tall, hawk-faced man in the maturity of life, with a cruel, relentless face that mirrored a will determined to go its way against any barrier. It was a face moving through adventure tales that are read in storybooks, sprawling by the fire; a face to sack a city, or to run a pirate ship in a boiling sea under the Jolly Roger!

It held me with a dreadful fascination. And the other! One fell back on the storybooks in vain, to equal her. She came like a fairy thing from the city of Zeus, bringing the wonder of that city with her. For she had, in fact, come overseas from France to defend her inheritance in this court, and she brought into this frontier of Virginia the dress and the manner of that far-off, vaguely imagined land of elegant demeanor. This seems overdrawn for the truth, and I write it here with some misgivings. But it was the profound impression of my youthful fancy, and one cannot disentangle actuality from that golden glamour.

The case I knew thoroughly in detail, for I had heard it discussed in every direction before it came up in the court. It was the most important litigation of the time. There was a great estate to turn on the issue of it, and there was something more than that bare decision to stimulate one's interest.

The facts about the case were not involved:

The suit in itself was over the will of Alexander Harrington. It was supposed at the time that he had died intestate, leaving his great properties to pass by operation of law to his daughter, for he had no other child. This daughter had been sent for her education to France, and was there when her father died. But to

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the amazement of the county, this younger brother of Alexander came forward with a will leaving the estate to him, with some minor provisions for the daughter.

It was a brief will on a single sheet of paper, written by the dead man, and signed after his manner, "A. Harrington," with an immense, intricate flourish under the signature. It was this signature that stamped it as authentic. That big arabesque of a scrawl could not be imitated. It was known to everybody. The deeds and contracts executed by the dead man and lodged about in the courts all bore that distinguishing evidence of the signature. There was no living man who could duplicate that scrawl.

Mr. Dabney Mason, the clerk of the circuit court, and an authority, held the thing impossible, and this was also the certain opinion of every scrivener in Virginia; that free-hand, intricate flourish, entangling itself below the name, was the sole artistry of the dead man. There could be no two opinions on that point. It was the signature of Alexander Harrington at the foot of this testament, and as it was thus a holograph will, it required no witnesses.

Harrington had endured no long illness at his death. He had been stricken in the fields at harvest, and had got down from his horse in the shade of an oak tree; from there, unconscious, he had been carried into his house. As the daughter was in France and there was no near relative but this younger brother, word of the illness was sent over the mountains and the man arrived. Alexander Harrington remained for some time in life, but only in periods of fitful consciousness.

IT WAS not known what talk the two men may have had together after the brother arrived, but this was hardly an important feature, as the will was of an earlier date. If it had been of this date, it would scarcely have stood before a jury: the incapacity of the testator was too apparent.

But the question did not come up. After Harrington's death, the brother called in some of the representative men of the county, and this will was found among the dead man's papers. It came, therefore, into the court with all the safeguards of the law about it and the required formalities to make it legal: a holograph will found among the important papers of the testator, in his possession, at his death.

It seemed no intricate case to try.

There was only the validity of the will to prove, and, after that, to meet whatever attack the contestant might bring up. And no one could see any firm ground for an attack. The stock ones in such cases could hardly be seriously urged: senility in the testator or undue influence. But who could be found to say that Alexander Harrington had any weakness of the mind? He was not advanced in age, and there was no abler man of business. And how could undue influence in this brother be even vaguely shadowed? He lived at a distance over the mountains, or went adventuring about the world, and the testator was here upon his estates.

There seemed no possible point of entry against the testament.

This was the consensus. But here was Colonel Braxton appearing for the daughter, and the experts about the courtroom wagged their heads. One never knew the issue when this eccentric lawyer was involved—a gold eagle from the mint, assailed by him, would be in doubt!

It was not the case, it was the man behind it that perplexed the experts.

I remember my grandfather and old Edmond Lewis talking in the judge's room in the crowded tavern. They could see nothing here but the formalities of a trial. What could Braxton do, or any other lawyer? A jury might be moved in its emotions to the daughter's aid. But clearly there was no issue for a jury. There must be some evidence against the will for the jury to consider, exclusive of innuendoes and vague doubts.

Braxton knew this. But he was an enigma, even to the judges. What did the man have up his sleeve?

It was anterior to the time when judges were considered such feeble creatures that the facts of a case could not be talked of before them, and I have heard Judge Lewis state the facts in more than one involved matter, for my grandfather's comment. He cleared the brush out, as old Edmond used to say.

TO ME, on the morning of this trial, the scene was a thrilling thing.

The whole country was present, as though the hills and valleys had emptied themselves into the county seat. The crowd seemed to press in on the courthouse. Long before the court convened, the room was crowded. It was difficult for the sheriff to make a way for the court and the litigants to enter. I sat on a step of the judge's bench, beside my grandfather's chair, with a feeling of immense importance, as though I, too, were a part of this tremendous drama.

I overlooked no detail of that scene: the vast sea of faces, the jury in their chairs, the big, placid body of the judge leaning forward on the bench, and below him the clerk, Mr. Dabney Mason, dressed like a Bond Street print, in his English clothes. And the litigants and their attorneys! It was like a romance of Arthur. Who would win when they presently shocked together in this arena—this adventurer or this damsel in distress?

I cannot tell you how the thing thrilled me. There was a fascination about this Black-Sheep Harrington, as they used to call him, with his hawk face and his adventure legends; and his counsel, young Pennington Carlisle, was a model held up for us all; a brilliant, rising lawyer who filled the courthouse when he spoke. He had no equal before a jury, or before the people, when in a political campaign he took the stump in Virginia.

I had a sinking of the heart when I turned to the other lawyer's table.

What could this Colonel Braxton do for the lovely creature who sat beside him? A big man, like the judge, filling his chair, a handkerchief spread over his shirt front to screen it from the ash of his cigar; his eyes half closed, his body relaxed and inert, as though it rested at ease after some exertion.

The man required to be awakened!

This was no time to drowse idly in a chair. I thought Destiny had mixed her figures. The adventurer with his ruthless face should have come in with this attorney, and the brilliant Carlisle should have championed the girl. This Colonel Braxton was no knight-errant for romance, unless—and I got a thrill with the idea—unless he were a magician appearing for a fairy princess. I hugged the notion with a consuming joy. That was it—a magician! And, in truth, to saner minds the absurd conception had a sort of color.

The lawyer had a small metal box on his table. And it was the only thing he had. Paper and law books cluttered the table before young Pennington Carlisle; cases from Virginia and the English courts, to refute every possible point that could be made against him, and he had witnesses waiting to be sworn: to establish the legal formalities about the will and to prove the signature of the testator.

But this Colonel Braxton had only his metal box!

The amazement in the thing reached beyond one small boy seated on a step of the judge's bench. It extended to the sea of faces; to the very officers of the court. What had this mysterious thing to do with the case at issue, this circular metal box sitting on a lawyer's table?

THE thing became more conspicuous when the clerk called the witnesses to be sworn. The adventurer stood up with the reputable citizens that Pennington Carlisle had called to establish the legal formalities about the will. They took the oath, and the judge turned to Colonel Braxton.

"Call your witnesses!" he said.

The lawyer took the smoldering cigar out of his mouth and laid it down carefully on the table. He looked vaguely about the courtroom as though it had, but now, come to his attention.

"I have no witnesses, Your Honor," he replied, "except the witness in this box . . . and I fear it cannot stand up to be sworn."

He put out his hand, touched the mysterious object beside him, and was silent.

That was all he said, and that was all we knew about his case.

I know that old Edmond Lewis, like every other man in that courtroom, was profoundly puzzled. He spoke of it with my grandfather. What was Braxton about with this confounded mystery? But my grandfather was equally in the dark.

He's on his way!

With a twelvefold Christmas gift of year-long happiness—your gift to your friends *this* year. You send it only once, pay for it only once. But Santa Claus will see that your friends receive it *every month.*

SEE PAGE 178

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I had a sense of a superior understanding of this thing.

I had got a light flashed on it in the drama of the courtroom: This Colonel Braxton was the magician out of a storybook. He would not be breaking lances with young Pennington Carlisle. He would entrap him with some enchantment. He had come in with his metal box to restore to the fairy princess her houses and her lands; and presently we should see the working of his sorcery. I could hardly wait for the time to pass.

I alone understood the thing. And in a certain fashion I was right!

I watched the case move forward, from my place on the step of the judge's bench. And it was the opinion of the experts that Pennington Carlisle managed the thing with skill. He established the legal requirements about the will, to cover any attack on it from the point of its holograph requirements; the testament, itself, was already before the court. He proved the signature by the most reliable persons in the community. And then he put Blackmer Harrington on the stand.

His purpose, behind the legal pretension, was, in fact, to show the confidence of the testator in his brother, and to exclude any wonder at the bequest of the estate to him rather than to the daughter. He brought forward the fact that the claimant had for some years acted as the trusted agent of the dead man in the sale of wild lands east of the mountains.

Such lands were the principal subject of speculation at this time in Virginia. They were purchased in great surveys for a trifling sum and peddled out in small tracts to the settlers. Blackmer Harrington handled this business for his brother; had, in fact, exclusive control of it and—as Carlisle skillfully drew out—the complete confidence of the dead man, as shown by the options and power of attorney in blank sent to him to use as the requirements of these transactions demanded. The confidence of the testator in his brother was, in consequence, evident beyond question.

The motive for the testament was more difficult to disclose. It was not Carlisle's intention to bring it out. He was too clever to do that. He would shadow it out vaguely, and let it lie, confident in the gossip and the imagination of the jury to supply what the lure of the idea required to fill it. His diplomatic instincts were sound here. But the horse he rode bolted.

The witness, once on the way, could not be pulled up. He elaborated the great aspect of his adventure; the lure that had won his brother to him; the plan to seize some islands in the West Indies and add them to the Republic. This estate was to be used to that magnificent end. That was the motive for the devise to him. Again and again he had laid the plans before his brother, and finally in the end had won him. It was a vast, splendid dream, that required, for reality, only funds and a man of courage.

ONCE seized, the American Government would annex the territory, and by that much the Republic would be advanced on its manifest destiny. As he warmed to his subject he grew more voluble. And the manner and the declaration of the man reached a certain element in the courtroom, and got a visible reaction. A vast empire extending itself into the sea fired their fancy. It had been a dream of the early men and it remained vaguely in their descendants.

And yet one could see Pennington Carlisle uneasy in his chair.

But he could not stop the thing that he had unwittingly set going. Finally he did break in to ask if the witness knew that the will had been executed. Harrington replied that he did not know it, until the will was found among his brother's papers after his death. He had convinced the dead man; but he did not know of that success until the testament was found.

And so Carlisle finally got his witness silenced.

My grandfather and Judge Lewis talked together gravely in the chamber behind the courtroom at the noon recess.

"Edmond," my grandfather said, "it will never do for Harrington to win this case. The wild fool will involve the country in a war, with some filibuster into the South or some piracy on the sea."

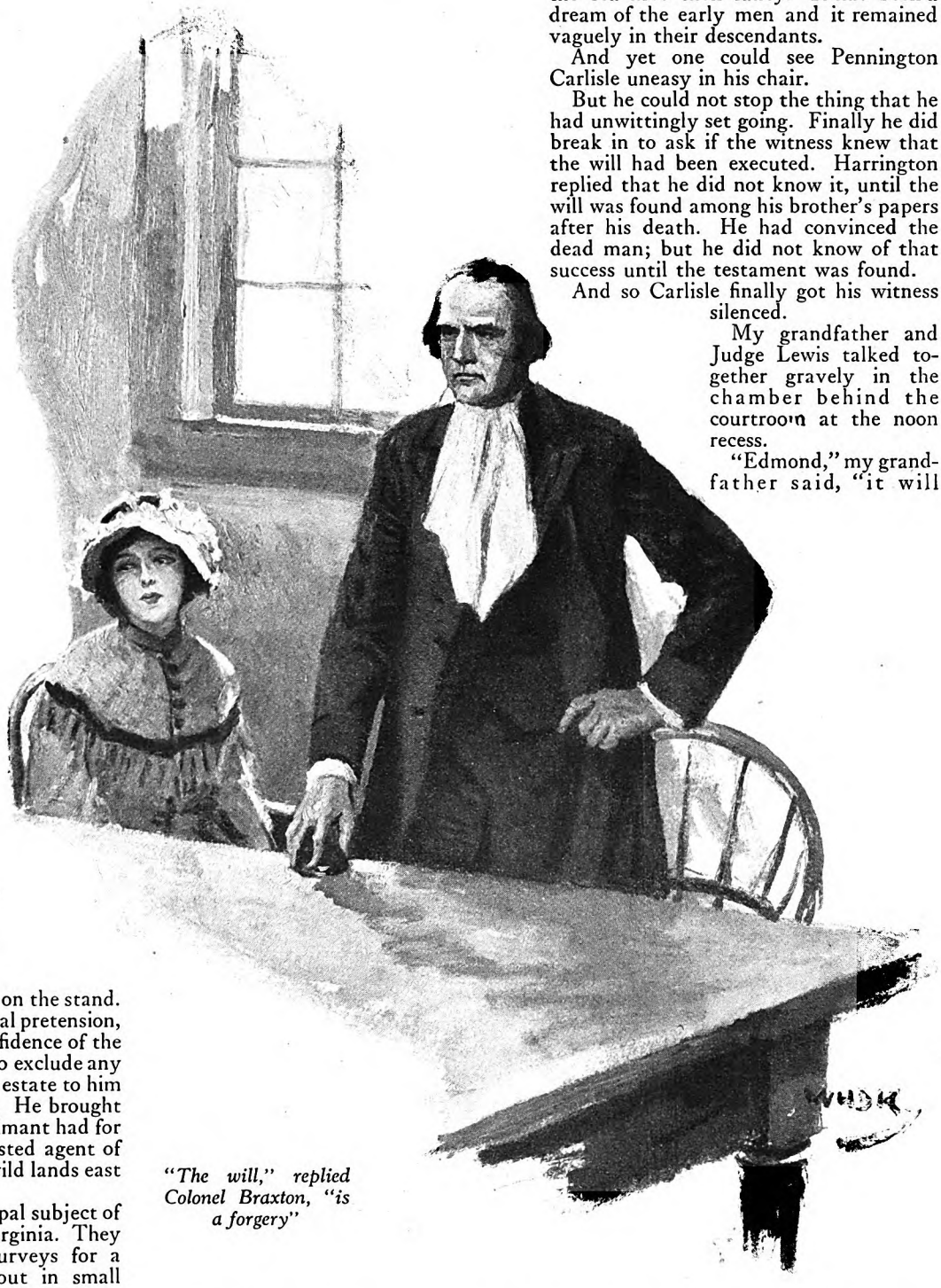
Judge Lewis stroked his big face with his hand.

"But what can I do?" he replied. "This intention is not an issue here. The sole issue is the validity of this will. What the prevailing litigant does with the estate he gains is not before me."

But my grandfather was not to be thus silenced.

"The welfare of the nation is before us all," he said. "What did Marshall do, or the great Virginia judges, when a doctrine of law threatened the whole people? The courts take their authority from the people, and in the ultimate exercise of that authority they must protect them."

"Yes," said (*Continued on page 134*)



"The will," replied Colonel Braxton, "is a forgery"

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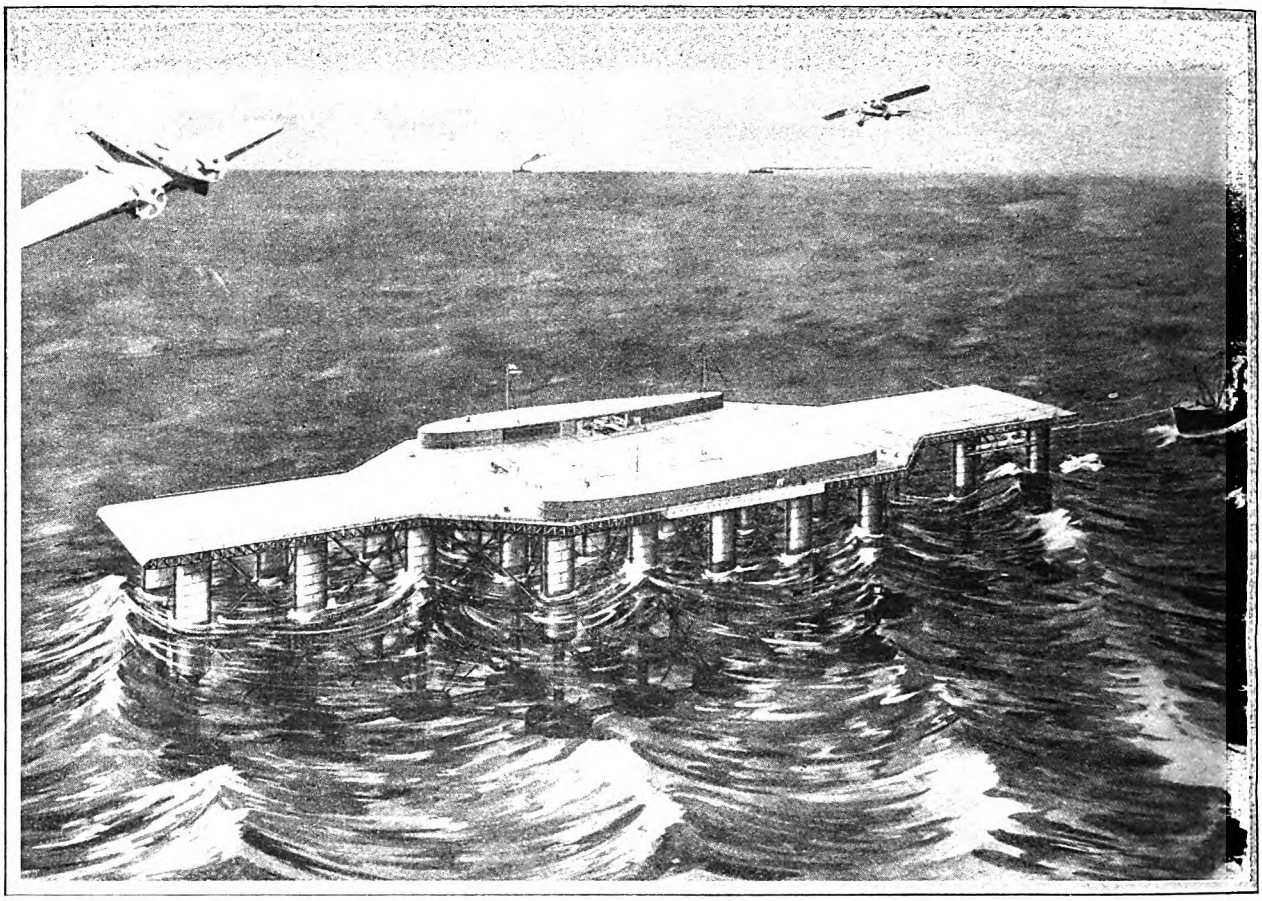

How the Seadrome will look by day (left) and by night (right).

Bridging *the* Ocean *with*

The wonder story of a new idea that offers you the possibility of flying the Seven Seas with speed and safety

What Aviators *and* Scientists

While Mr. White was engaged in getting the material for this article, certain laymen with whom we discussed the idea expressed skepticism concerning the practicability and feasibility of man-made islands on ocean routes. So we asked Mr. White to let us know what some of the leaders in aviation thought about it. He has carefully collected the opinions of these leaders. You will find them below. THE EDITOR.

By PAUL W. WHITE

FROM the United States to Europe in a hop, skip, and several jumps. From New York to London in less than thirty-six hours. Swift flight across the Atlantic in comfort and safety. And all this to be accomplished within five years.

The center of such a vision is the seadrome, a steel island to be anchored in the ocean as a resting place for fleet passenger planes. Eight of these man-made oases would be spaced across the waving desert

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh:

"In my opinion, future Atlantic crossings will be made as long runs on railroads are made today. In other words, there will be floating islands where planes may land and reship their mail, cargo, and passengers into a fresh plane with a new pilot, who will take off for the next point."

Commander Richard E. Byrd:

"Certainly there will have to be landing stations along the way. . . . I am convinced that a proposed seadrome or floating hangar such as the one designed by Edward R. Armstrong will soon prove practicable. The idea is sound. . . . They can be built."

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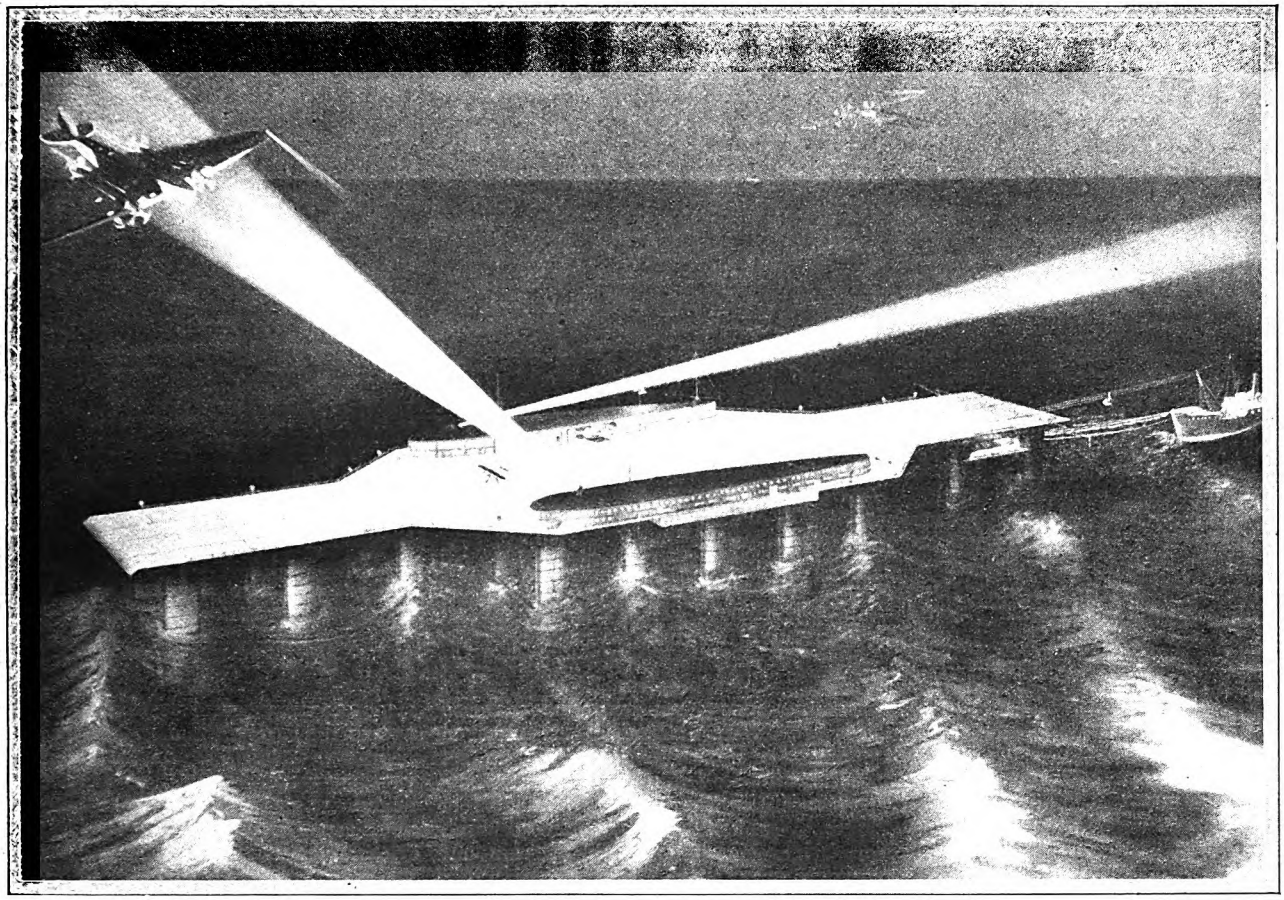

The tank steamer is shown transferring oil to the 'drome

MAN-MADE Islands

think *of the* SEADROME

Lieut. Walter Hinton, *Pilot of the NC-4, the first American airplane to cross the Atlantic Ocean:*

"... But there remains the question of flying the Atlantic with paying loads, passengers, mail, and express. ... I believe it is susceptible of solution today—and a majority of those in aviation circles will agree with me—with the invention of Edward R. Armstrong, of Wilmington, Del."

Elmer A. Sperry, *President, Sperry Gyroscope Company; President, American Society Mechanical Engineers:*

"I am a firm believer in all the principles of your seadrome. ... In my judgment, the apparatus is perfectly sound in every particular and is bound to be successful."

Louis Bleriot, *President of Bleriot-Aëronautique, the largest manufacturer of planes in France, and the first man to fly the English Channel (1909):*

"In my opinion, you have the best and only construction possible for a sea station. ... I am now designing planes for use with your seadromes."

Dr. Ing. E. Rumpler, *Berlin, Germany, who, during the war, was the largest manufacturer of airplanes in Germany, now devoting all his resources to developing large flying boats for ocean routes:*

"Your daring ideas without doubt will prove to be successful."

sea for the transatlantic service. Fourteen others, strategically lodged between continents, would link the land airlines of all nations.

Five hundred and sixty airplanes could carry a million passengers a year between American and European seaboard cities. The monotony of flight—and it is only a question of years now that aviation will carry no more thrills to the veteran than does a modern train trip on a commuters' local—would be relieved by stops at the seadromes. There the passengers might rest in superbly appointed hotels, dine at their leisure, visit well-stocked bars, and —should they care to delay their voyage or should a storm postpone departure—go to a movie, indulge in deck games, or gather about the bridge tables.

ALL this, to repeat, is at least five years away. But every innovation must have a beginning, and in only a few months the first seadrome will be completed and towed out to a point approximately halfway between New York and Hamilton, Bermuda, for anchorage. Opening of passenger service to and from Bermuda next June or July will be the first test of the floating island project. On its success and the popular support accorded it depend the fate of the others.

The inventor of the seadrome is Edward R. Armstrong, who is on a leave of absence from his post as a consulting engi-

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neer for the Du Pont Corporation. Armstrong has received the backing of men prominent in Du Pont and General Motors affairs, who are financing him to the extent of $2,500,000, the sum believed necessary to construct one seadrome and begin operations on the Bermuda service.

Armstrong decided as early as 1913 that non-stop flights across either the Atlantic or Pacific would prove impracticable, that floating islands must be constructed for the sake of safety and economy.

"IT HAS long been assumed that regular air transportation between the two leading continents is a necessity of the future," Armstrong told me at his home in Hollyoak, Delaware. "The saving in time and money would be enormous. To consider one item alone, compute the reduction in interest charges if bank paper could be brought from Great Britain to New York in one fifth of the time now required!

"But flying across the ocean without a stop, we know, is dangerous. The history of attempts to span the Atlantic shows few to have been successful. And even had all the planes arrived at their destination there would have been no saving of time. For a crossing of the short northern course—the only one that seems practicable in a non-stop flight—must await favorable weather. There have been instances in which pilots have held their planes to the ground for weeks because of the fog and adverse winds so prevalent above the 'cold wall' that lies between Labrador and Ireland.

"Three nations—the United States, England, and Germany—are leaders in the race to construct huge lighter-than-air craft to haul passengers and freight. But even the firmest adherents of the dirigible admit that high winds are apt to drive the big bags off their course and that failure to be near a mooring mast in times of stress may prove disastrous. One must also consider the limited passenger space in a dirigible in comparison with the expense of construction.

"There is left the idea of floating islands, rectifying the failure of geology to put more land in the ocean. These islands must, of course, be immovable. They must not be subject to the pitch and toss of waves. They may change direction with the wind but must not have side-to-side motion as do ships."

The seadrome, as seen from the air, will resemble an Etruscan cross elongated at both ends. The length of the platform on which planes will land is 1,100 feet. The width at the ends is 180 feet. But at the center this width will be increased to 340 feet.

Thus at the middle of both sides there will be an 80-foot bulge. On one side will be built a hotel, with sleeping accommodations, restaurant, and bar. On the other will be erected a hangar; a meteorological station, and powerful radio apparatus.

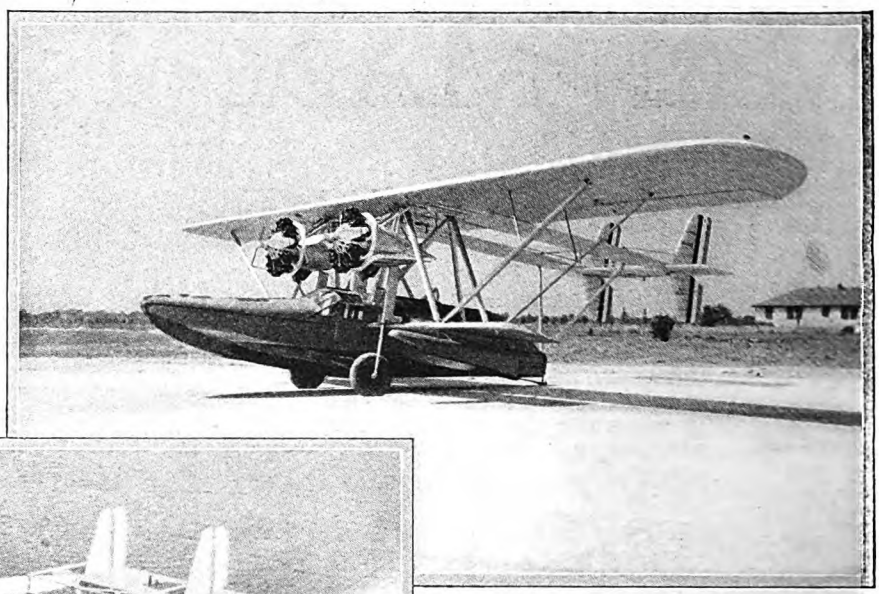
Below the stern there will be a boat and storage deck of dimensions as extensive as will prove necessary. The platform itself will be 12 feet deep, which will permit a subway through it, so that it can be crossed even when strong winds are sweeping over the seadrome.

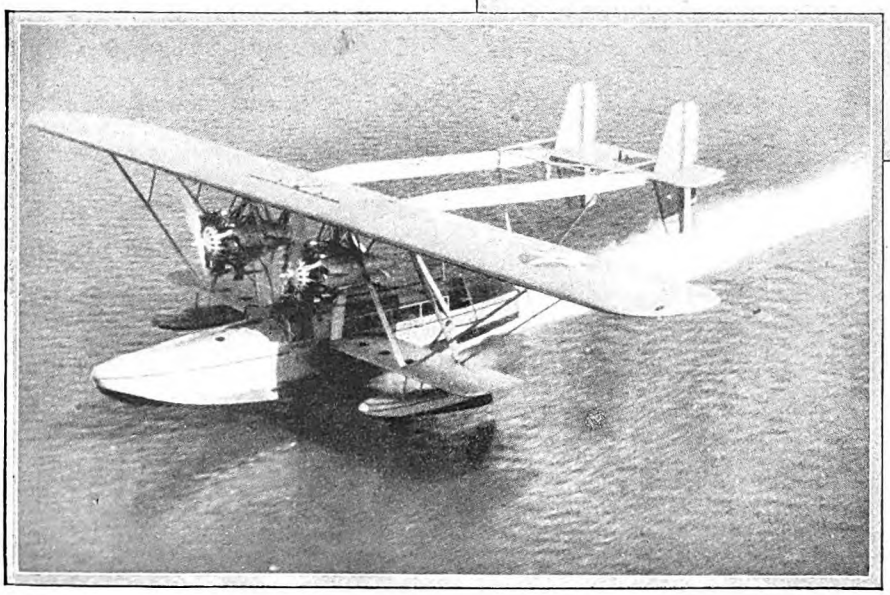
The 'drome will be supported by 32 "legs" and the platform will ride 80 feet above the water line. The streamlined supports will continue 20 feet below the water line, where they will encounter huge buoyancy chambers, from 26 to 34 feet in diameter, supporting from 600 to 1,000 tons each. These chambers are 30 feet in depth. The legs then will extend 100 feet farther into the sea, flattening at the bottom into disk-like ballast tanks, 20 feet high. These tanks will be loaded with iron ore weighing 250 and 450 tons, the amount varying in accordance with the weight it has to support in each tank.

These figures may have been a little difficult to follow, but the main point is that the maximum depth of the seadrome is 250 feet, with 80 feet above the water.

Anchoring the seadrome has been one of the greatest engineering problems confronting the inventor. To begin with, there was the necessity of ascertaining how far down was the ocean floor. Captain W. W. Smyth, commanding officer of the U. S. S. Hannibal, hydrographic survey ship, was sent out by the United States Navy Department to take soundings around the halfway point between New York and Hamilton. He reported discovery of a plateau at a mean depth of 12,000 feet, or a little more than two miles below the ocean surface. It is roughly six miles long by four miles wide, and surrounding waters go down 18,000 to 20,000 feet. The plateau itself is the center of a circle whose periphery, roughly, would pass through Boston, New York, Atlantic City, Cape Charles, Cape Henry, Cape Hatteras, and Nassau, the Bahamas. On this plateau, the first seadrome will be anchored.

IN CONSIDERING the means of anchoring the seadrome, Armstrong realized from the first that it was impossible to attach the anchor directly, because of the enormous downward pull of the anchorage cables. Accordingly, he designed an anchorage buoy composed of cellular buoyancy tanks that at the water line would withstand a horizontal anchorage pull of more than 600,000 pounds. This buoy will be connected with the seadrome by means of a great cable 1,000 feet long.





Amphibian planes of the type the backers of the Seadromes expect to put into trans-oceanic passenger service

From the bottom of the anchorage buoy will descend twin cables, each four inches in diameter for their first 2,500 feet. The total length of the cables will be around 18,000 feet, the succeeding stretches varying in diameter in accordance with the strain to be put upon them. At the bottom these cables will each be linked with about 50 feet of forged steel chain, attached to the anchor.

No standard type of anchor could be used, because the seadrome itself will shift in direction with the wind and it might

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M. I. BORIS STUDIO, N. Y. C.

Edward R. Armstrong, inventor of the Seadrome

conceivably pull one day northward and the next day southward. The ordinary anchor, you may recall, is fitted with a prong that digs into the sea floor. Such a prong might be pulled out.

Armstrong believes his anchorage solution lies in a double-faced disk of cast steel, weighing 30,000 pounds—15 tons. Even were such an anchor to fall on its side it would still hold.

ENOUGH, however, for the purely technical phases of the venture. The imagination of the average person is at once captured by the possibilities of the seadrome. But as the layman thinks about this proposal, he begins to doubt, even in this day of mechanical wonders. There are so many seeming factors of peril. The "what if's" come into being.

With some of them in mind, I put the inventor through what might pass in the newspapers as "a searching cross-examination." Thus:

Q. You have just said, Mr. Armstrong, that the weather was the chief danger in present transatlantic flying. How would this danger be minimized by seadromes?

A. In several ways. For one thing, our route over the ocean would be south of the 'cold wall,' thus reducing fog and contrary winds. For another thing, the seadromes would be so close together—some 400 miles apart—that accurate information could be obtained from the meteorological station just ahead.

Q. And in case of bad weather?

A. In case of extremely inclement conditions we should merely put the airplane in the hangar until the storm subsided. But in latitudes planned for the route it is seldom that any storm lasts more than twenty-four hours and thus no trip would be long delayed.

Q. You say that the seadrome is to rise only 80 feet above the water line. Will it not be swamped by waves?

A. No, that is quite impossible. Contrary to general belief, it is rare that any wave goes above 30 feet. Indeed the highest one on record under any kind of scientific observation was 48 feet. You may say that sometimes a wave is felt on shipboard at a 60-foot level, but the answer to that is that a wave bouncing back from the ship's hull has joined an incoming wave to make a mountainous crest. The seadrome is so constructed that it would not cause this to occur.

Q. How would a pilot be able to find a seadrome, which, in the last analysis, would be merely a dot on the ocean?

A. By beam wireless. The beam will go out from two stations and the pilot will have before him a visual indicator which will keep him (*Continued on page 165*)

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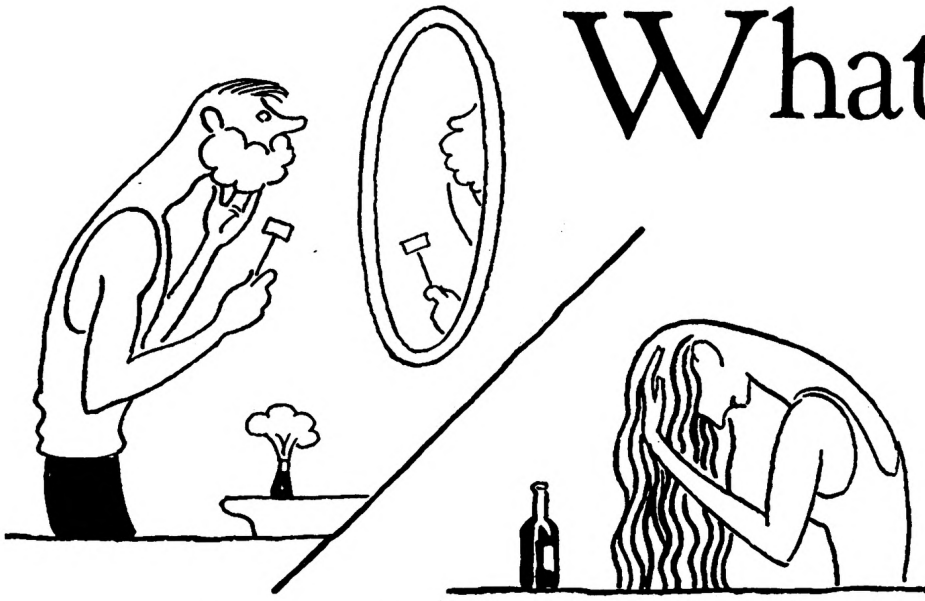
What *it* Costs



By RONALD MILLAR

DO YOU ever grab a paper and pencil and try to figure out what becomes of your money? If so, here's an item you probably never thought of putting down. It's the cost of keeping clean.

Ten cents out of every dollar you spend goes for that. Provided, of course, your expenses are fairly close to those of a normal, moderately prosperous American family.

Those ten cents slip out here and there in small bits. They hide away as unimportant fractions on a dozen of the regular family bills. That's why you don't notice them. But stack them all together at the end of the year, compare them with the money spent on other items in your cost of living, and you will find they make a very considerable pile. Food and shelter are in the lead, but keeping clean is more expensive than clothes, education, amusements, owning an automobile, or many of the other things that may figure far more prominently in your household budget.

Let's begin with the most obvious item in your cleaning bill—soap. If all the soap manufactured and sold this year in the United States were equally divided among the people, your share would be about as follows: 12 cakes of toilet soap, 33 cakes of laundry soap, and 10 pounds of soap flakes, soap powders, and liquid soaps.

Of course, you will actually use or have used in your behalf a good deal more than your equal share, because even in this country—ranked as the cleanest in the world—many people continue to regard soap as a luxury of doubtful value. Most of the theoretical quota of these unbelievers is consumed by the regular washers.

You would, for example, have to be mighty sparing of suds to make one cake of toilet soap last a month. Little Johnny, playing in the bathtub, can melt up a half-cake in ten minutes without getting the grime off his knees or the back of his neck. Likewise, any laundress will tell you, if you don't know it already, that one person's weekly wash, whether done at home or outside, will put an end to a cake of laundry soap, thus disposing of 52 cakes a year.

But let's be conservative and assume that you manage to get along with the minimum allowance of all kinds of soap. That means an outlay for yourself and for each member of your family of at least $4 a year. Not such a very big item to start with. But wait and watch the items multiply!

To keep things polished up around your house, including the furniture, silverware, brasses, stoves, floors, and so on, costs you $2.25 a year for materials alone. The price of labor on this and other jobs we will talk about later.

Such things as benzine, borax, bluing, and other cleaning powders and liquids add a mere 70 cents to the bill. But you pay $3 a year for the disinfectants, sprays, and other concoctions and devices with which to kill (or try to kill) germs, flies, moths, ants, and other living pests.

THIS disposes of the general ammunition you have to buy in your private war on dirt and its unwelcome allies.

Let's now inspect the arsenal where you keep the tools and weapons used in the never-ending battle. There we find first of all a vacuum cleaner. For we shall assume that your home is one of the six million in the country that are protected by these machine guns of cleanliness. Now that carpet tacks and hairpins are no longer fashionable, a good vacuum cleaner will last about five years.

Provided the master of the home does not try to repair it himself when something goes wrong, it probably costs you about $10 a year to own it. Using it about four hours a week, with a fair rate for current, you ought to find about 25 cents a month additional on your electric bill.

If you have in your basement an electric washing machine (there are four million in use the country over), what auditors would call the "interest and depreciation" on it amounts to another $10 a year.

The power to run them, considering the elbow grease they save, is surprisingly cheap—about three cents per weekly wash, or $1.50 a year.

An electric iron costs about $1 a year to own, and, with three hours' use a week, about $6.25 a year to heat it. It is a fact not too well known that devices *heated* by electricity add a great deal more to the light bill than those which are *run* by electricity. On the other hand, heated units are much less costly to purchase than motored units. So that breaks about even.

ALTOGETHER, the electrical corps in your anti-dirt campaign can be equipped and powered for about $32 a year.

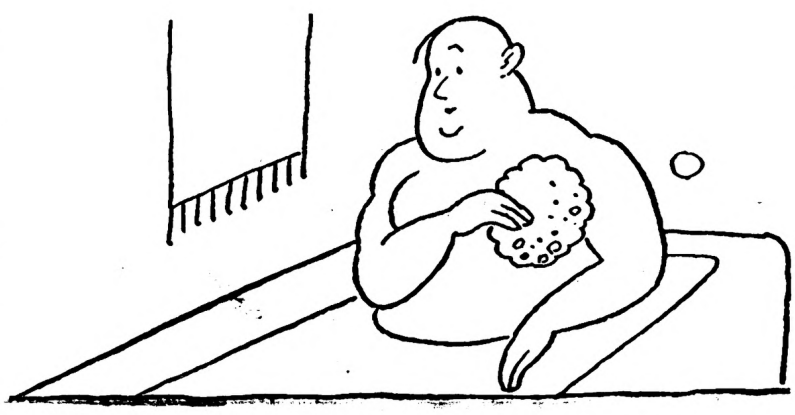
If you look into the closet under the stairs or the one nearest the kitchen, you will probably note all or the greater part of the following equipment:

Carpet sweeper, $3.00; plain broom, 75 cents; plain mop, $1.00; oil mop, $1.25; floor brush, $1.50.

Taking into consideration their length of life, based on the number of new ones produced and sold annually in the United States, it costs you a total of $3.25 a year to keep this complement up to full strength.

The equipment so far considered forms a part of your offensive strategy against dirt. But there is here, as in every campaign, a defensive side of tremendous importance and considerable expense.

The Department of Agriculture is authority for the statement that 97 per cent of the women in the United States wear aprons. Two aprons a year appear to be made and sold for every woman in our population over fifteen years of age. Similarly, each household in the country seems to use up every twelve months one pair of working gloves—either leather, cotton, or



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You *to* Keep Clean

ILLUSTRATED BY REA IRVIN

rubber. These things add a huge sum to the national cleaning bill, but since the total is spread out among so many different persons, the individual cost is small—about $1.25 for you.

The principal storehouse for defensive equipment is your linen closet. To the average man this is a mysterious and usually forbidden territory. And for good reasons. Reaching into it for a face towel, he usually ends by wiping his face on a pillowcase. Left to his own devices, he is likely to dry himself after a shower with the bath mat, while he stands on the best Turkish towel in the house. And guest linen has for him no sanctity.

Under proper guidance, however, it is possible to make a detailed inventory of these sacred premises. What will you find there? The average American family buys each year 20 face towels, 13 bath towels, 11 wash cloths, and 18 dish towels. If you buy your quota of fairly good quality at the lowest current prices, it costs you about $22.

You probably have to buy two new tablecloths a year at $3 each. A dozen new napkins every year at 50 cents will bring your whole outlay for table linen to $12. If you use doilies instead of large tablecloths, this amount will be considerably reduced.

Considering the fact, which anyone can verify, that it is far warmer of winter nights to sleep between bare blankets, the use of bed linen must spring from a desire to keep clean, and its cost is properly included here. With safety-first laundering, a quiet sleeper will not wear out more than three sheets and three pillowcases a year. Add to these one bedspread, and the annual charge for each member of your family will be about $8.

SOMETHING like 350 million handkerchiefs are sold every year in the United States—three for each man, woman, and child in the land. Does this seem a small quota, considering the number that are lost, ruined by the greasy hands of amateur automobile mechanics, and abstracted by romantic lovers? Perhaps, but the truth is that a surprising proportion of the population does not use manufactured handkerchiefs. A survey among regular handkerchief consumers indicates that a dozen new handkerchiefs a year per person is a conservative estimate. Item, about $3 a year.

LET'S now inspect the very shrine and fountainhead of cleanliness—the bathroom—and see what further expenses are there in evidence.

We open the medicine chest and, tucked away in the least desirable corner, almost crowded out by the array of old medicine bottles, jars of salve, lotions, pastes, disabled atomizers, and other impedimenta, lies your shaving tackle. This, at least, is the frequent report of married men.

A man's whiskers grow at the rate of about five inches a year. There are approximately thirty-three million males in the United States old enough to shave. If their beards were allowed to flourish freely, they would produce an annual tangle of facial herbage 2,600 miles long. Anyone will admit that this would seriously interfere with modern hygiene. Therefore, we are justified in including shaving under the general head of keeping neat and clean.

To try to tell a man what it costs him to shave is a risky business. It's easier to guess his politics, his favorite music, or his average golf score than to foresee his behavior when he stands in front of the bathroom mirror to attack his beard. At that moment the most placid and conventional male becomes temperamental. And temperament in this masculine ritual has a big influence on the expenses involved. There's the man, for example, who clings grimly and as a matter of principle to the notion that he must try to break the record for getting the largest number of shaves out of one blade, no matter how many hairs he pulls out by the roots. There's the man who sticks loyally to the first razor he bought in his adolescence, and the man who tries every new gadget and patent that comes along. Painstaking research even discloses the fact (*Continued on page 184*)

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The Race *is not* Always *to the*

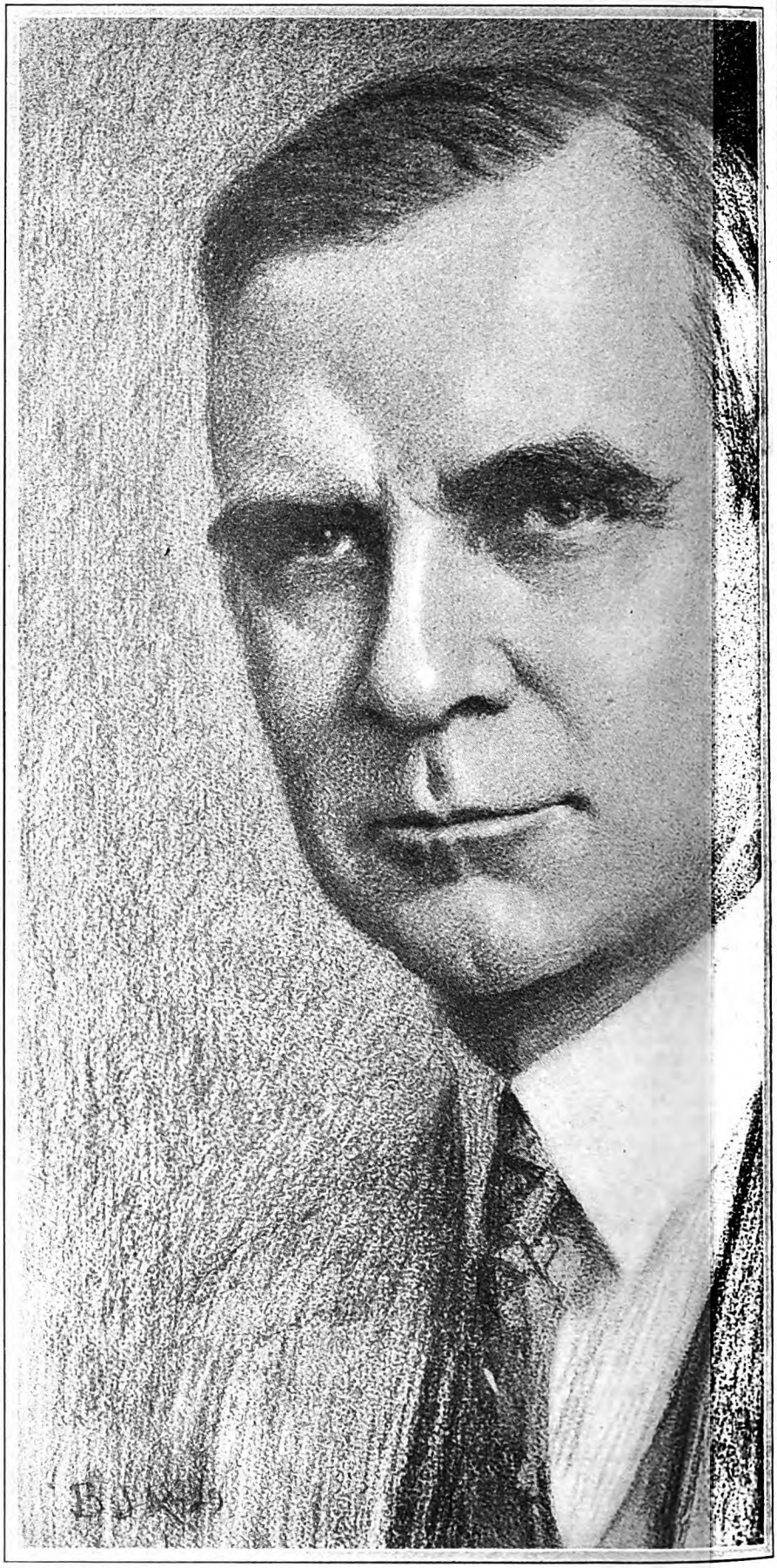
Here's a Way *to* Cast *your* Own Horoscope

WHEN Paul Shoup was a young railway clerk in Santa Fe, he joined a half-dozen other young men in forming a debating club. Today, one of those young men is a Federal judge; another is a State Supreme Court justice; a third is a United States attorney. Paul Shoup himself is the head of a great railway system. *Without a single exception, all became distinguished citizens.*

Did each of these youngsters make his mark in the world because he belonged to a debating club? Of course not. The point I want to make is quite different. Moreover, it is a point highly important to you and to me. Paul Shoup and his friends gravitated together just as inevitably as does the gang that hangs around the corner drug store in your town and mine. People who get together and stay together belong together. Like water, we are all constantly seeking our own level. Nine times out of ten, you *can* size up a man by the company he keeps. Birds of a feather *do* flock together.

If you happen to be fairly young and want to know where you will be ten years from now, take a look at the folks you play around with, and figure out where the majority of them are headed. There's a clue to your answer!

THE EDITOR.



DRAWING BY R. J. ROSENMEYER

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to: Swift *nor to the* Hard-boiled

When the presidency of the Southern Pacific Company fell vacant, its hundred thousand employees cried, with one voice, "We want Paul Shoup." In thirty years and twenty jobs Shoup had made himself both indispensable and popular; and he had found that sentiment plays a big part in business

By MAGNER WHITE

SOMETIMES the quickest way to size up a man is to take a look at him through the eyes of someone else. That's why I'm going to present Paul Shoup, President of the Southern Pacific Company—or "P. S. of the S. P.," as he's known up and down the western coast—by letting you see him first through the eyes of two men who have long been associated with him. For obvious reasons, both men shall be nameless:

"Several years ago," one of them said to me, "another railroad company, with which we were jointly interested in a construction project, wired in for permission to go ahead with the job. Mr. Shoup's department had the say-so about the work, but Shoup himself was down in Arizona somewhere and we couldn't get in touch with him immediately. I didn't know just what to do. Our man on the job was frantic and insistent, and so were representatives of the other railroad.

"The course seemed obvious. The work was needed; it had been practically agreed upon. Finally, knowing the work would surely be ordered anyway, and wanting to keep things moving as usual, I wired our man to go ahead—and I signed Mr. Shoup's name to the telegram.

"In about an hour, here came a copy of a telegram Mr. Shoup had sent the New York office asking permission to go ahead with the work!

"I felt like the world's prize boob.

"By that time, of course, Mr. Shoup had received a copy of *my* telegram. For several hours I was very uncomfortable. Suppose the New York office should say 'No'!

"But presently there came a copy of another telegram which had been sent by Shoup to our man on the job:

Referring my telegram authorizing work please if possible hold up day or two longer so I may give matter further study.

"He had shielded me from my own error!

"When he came in, he never mentioned the subject. He never has. He doesn't need to!"

The second man through whose eyes I got a good look at Paul Shoup is now an officer of the Southern Pacific. He said:

"I am going to show you a letter Mr. Shoup wrote several years ago—one I rescued from the files. I keep it on my desk as a guide, and sometimes I show it where it will do the most good.

"A department head had written a biting letter of criticism to one of his men. The man who was criticized took the matter up with Mr. Shoup, who sat down and wrote this letter to the department head:

I don't think letters of adverse criticism should ever be sent out unless written personally and signed by the head of the department, then allowed to lie on the desk for at least three days, after which, if the conviction is the same, the letter ought to be torn up and the man to whom it is addressed asked to drop in for a little conference on the question at issue.

I know of nothing that takes the heart out of a man quicker than to have a letter of criticism written by someone who couldn't have done any better if he had been in his place and perhaps is not appreciative of the surrounding circumstances, and as a result the recipient of the letter is left with the feeling that he and his efforts are misunderstood and not appreciated.

"Now that isn't all of the letter. 'P. S.' is a great postscript writer. He added this postscript:

PS. This, perhaps, having some of the elements of a letter that ought to be allowed to lie on the desk for a day or two, you and I had better look it over together.

"He put the letter by a day or two. Then he never sent it. Instead, he called in the department head and, face to face, ironed out with him the difficulty. The man never knew that the letter had ever been written!"

WHILE I'm about it, I might as well go on and tell you what a flagman said to me about Paul Shoup. This was some time before he was made president.

I was on the Southern Pacific's "Daylight Limited," en route from Los Angeles to San Francisco. We had stopped on a switch to let a southbound train by. As we pulled back onto the main line, the flagman climbed aboard the observation platform. Just then I recalled what a Los Angeles business man had told me: "Ask any Southern Pacific employee what he thinks of Paul Shoup, and you will get a line on a wonderful personality."

I watched the flagman tuck his flags into their rack. Then I said to him, "Have you ever heard of a man named Paul Shoup?"

"You mean the vice president of the S. P.? Sure, I have. I don't know him personally, but he is a mighty fine fellow. Ask anybody."

"Well," I continued with my experiment, "when Mr. William Sproule retires in the next two or three years as president of the Southern Pacific, do you think Paul Shoup will get the job?"

"Say, listen," said the flagman enthusiastically, "if he don't, about six of us around here are *going to quit!*"

NOW, *what* can inspire such fighting loyalty as that?

"I'll tell you," one of Mr. Shoup's associates said to me eagerly. "You'll find that same spirit in every part of this building; you'll find it throughout the S. P. system. What the flagman meant was simply this:

"'If Paul Shoup shouldn't be named president, then there is no use in *anything*.' All the things we continually point out to the young people in this country as essential to progress in the business world—and in life, for that matter—are just so much excess baggage.

"Hard work; a deep sense of responsibility; a willingness to give the last ounce of energy in service; scrupulous consideration of the rights of others under all circumstances; strict, disciplinary personal habits ('P. S.' does not drink, smoke, or swear)—all these things would have gone for naught had not Paul Shoup been recognized when his time came."

I don't mind telling you that after listening to all this first-hand evidence I was pretty eager to take a look at the man Shoup for myself!

I met him by appointment in his office in San Francisco. I found him to be slight in build—a figure trimmed by careful habits for endurance and efficiency. You never forget his heavy, bushy eyebrows, or his steady, magnetic glance—the poised look of a man much given to concentration; the confident look of a man who has piled minor victory onto minor victory until, in the aggregate they had made an outstanding career.

Mr. Shoup warned me I should find nothing spectacular in his record—and I didn't! But it's like this: The brick, the stone, the cement, the steel, and the glass that make up a skyscraper are not, of themselves, (*Continued on page 174*)

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For the First Time *the whole authentic and men who held out despite hunger, thirst, and*

The Lost

DRAWINGS BY C. L. BALDRIDGE

IN THE Argonne Forest in France, along the side of the Charlevaux Valley, is a road—a streak of gray through the dense green. A little below the road, down the slope in the matted undergrowth, are some holes, almost filled with earth and grass which half conceal bits of corroded metal and rotted cloth.

There, in October, 1918, a starving, haggard, dogged little force of Americans held out against surrounding Germans for five horrid, splendid days and nights. It was the most poignant incident of the American part in the World War, and its biggest newspaper story. It echoed around the world.

But echoes are seldom clear, or quite truthful. To sift out the truth of the episode has been a real job, even for one who was in the Argonne Forest at the time, as a newspaper correspondent, and who knew the principal actors. It has been done in talks and correspondence with most of those named in this narrative, and human memory has been buttressed by study of official records, archives, histories, and a dozen books, magazines, and newspaper articles. And since it takes two to make a battle, the only way to get the whole truth was to go also to German sources, such as the journal of General Wellmann, who directed the efforts to wipe out the Lost Battalion, and the records of the German 76th Reserve Division.

And perhaps it is as well to point out a fundamental error of the echoes at the outset. The Lost Battalion never was lost. It was, as General Wellmann has written, surrounded and then beleaguered. But it knew exactly where it was all the time. Incidentally, it was not a battalion.

THE vast battle of the Western Front, which threw six million men at one another's throats, began on September 26th. British, Belgian, French, and American armies pushed forward along a 250-mile line, from Flanders to Verdun, to break the Hindenburg Line. The American sector was the Meuse-Argonne.

Of all the American divisions participating, none had as wide a front as the 77th, composed originally of men drafted in New York City, but at that time sprinkled with Westerners. At first assigned the task of "mopping up" the Argonne Forest, which was to be pinched out by French and Americans, left and

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stirring story of a few hundred gallant death and so became immortal as

BATTALION

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON

right, the 77th had been stopped dead on September 30th by the German "*Hauptwiderstandslinie*," the main resistance line where the opposing German divisions had to hold or die. And so the 77th's mission was changed. It was no longer merely to mop up; it was to attack.

Major General Robert Alexander, the 77th's commander, was a fighter. Now he received news that the 28th American Division on his right had run into strong German resistance in the dark and treacherous Argonne Forest, and that the French on his left, just west of the forest, had been thrown back. And his own front line was stopped.

GENERAL ALEXANDER saw only one thing to do—put his head down and buck the center, hoping somewhere in the forest wall to find a soft spot. He ordered his four front-line battalions to attack, to push on through the forest for about a mile to the northern slope of the valley running west, cut by the Charlevaux Creek.

Brigadier General Evan M. Johnson, commanding the left brigade of the 77th, comprising the 307th and 308th Infantry Regiments, protested against the order, as did Colonel Cromwell Stacey, commanding the 308th. They declared that both flanks of the 77th were more or less open, because contact was poor with the French on the left and, to some degree, with the 28th American Division on the right. Contact between the regiments within the brigade also was poor, they said.

"Attack anyway," said General Alexander, "regardless of flanks."

The attack started at 6:30 on the morning of October 2d, and by ten o'clock General Johnson's brigade was stopped in its tracks, with little or no ground gained. Then came another order from General Alexander. He would not take no for answer. The attack that had failed in the morning should be resumed at 12:30.

PACH BROS.

(Above) Major (later Lieutenant Colonel) Charles W. Whittlesey, the scholarly New-England-bred lawyer who led the Lost Battalion. (Left) Captain (later Major) George G. McMurtry, second in command

Now, the First Battalion of the 308th Infantry was under the command of Major Charles W. Whittlesey, the tall, conscientious young New-England-bred lawyer whom many, ignorant of the facts, have blamed for "getting lost in a forest" and "leading his men into a trap." In the morning, Whittlesey had tried to press up a narrow ravine running north into Charlevaux Valley, only to meet a deadly hail of machine-gun bullets from Germans

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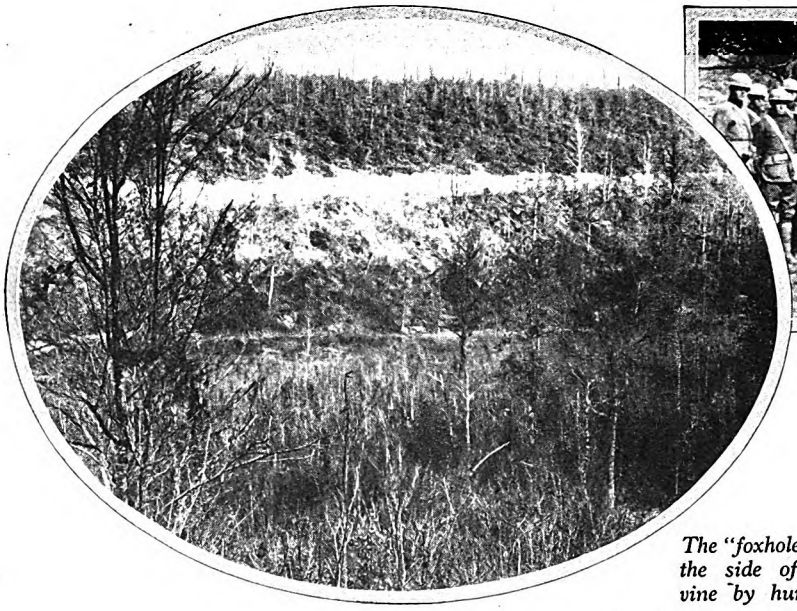


The "foxholes" dug in the side of the ravine by hunted men

All that were left of

perched on the high, western slope. Colonel Stacey had then drawn Whittlesey back, and told him to look on the eastern side of the ravine for a chink through which his men could filter.

When General Alexander's second order came, Stacey forwarded it to Whittlesey in the following message:

The advance of the infantry will commence at 12:30. *The infantry action will be pushed forward until it reaches the line of the road and the railroad generally along 276.5, where the command will halt, reorganize, establish liaison to the left and right, and be ready for orders for a further advance.* This does not change the plan as given you by myself. You still leave two companies on your left as a containing force, that is, the remainder of the First and Second Battalions. The General says you are to advance behind the barrage regardless of losses. He states that there will be a general advance all along the line.

WHITTLESEY received this order at 11:35. Leaving two companies behind to watch the Germans on the impassable western side of the ravine, he immediately took the remaining companies of his battalion and sections of the 306th machine-gun battalion across to the eastern side to look for the "chink" and to make the main attack.

This was one of the two occasions of the whole episode when Whittlesey violated any order—and he did it to obey another. For it was a standing order of the A. E. F. that front line and support units must not mingle. Whittlesey had a mingled force from the First and Second Battalions—the latter commanded by Captain George G. McMurtry of New York City, Harvard graduate and former Rough Rider. Instead of the full 1,600 men, the mingled companies numbered fewer than 700.

The scheme worked; they found their opening in the forest wall. Up the eastern side of the ravine they scrambled, onto the western slope of a ridge that separated them from the Charlevaux Valley—and discovered that the forest at this point was almost deserted. They gobbled up two German officers and twenty-eight men, who didn't try to work their machine guns. American casualties—about 90—were all caused by sniper fire.

The hole rhrough which they had slipped was the joining point of two German corps—one commanded by General Wellmann and the other by General von Oven. Both's business was neither's, and thus little barbed wire and few trenches barred the gap. Furthermore, the 307th Infantry was making a successful attack to the east and so engaging the attention of the Germans that few had been left to guard this weak spot.

Whittlesey pushed through.

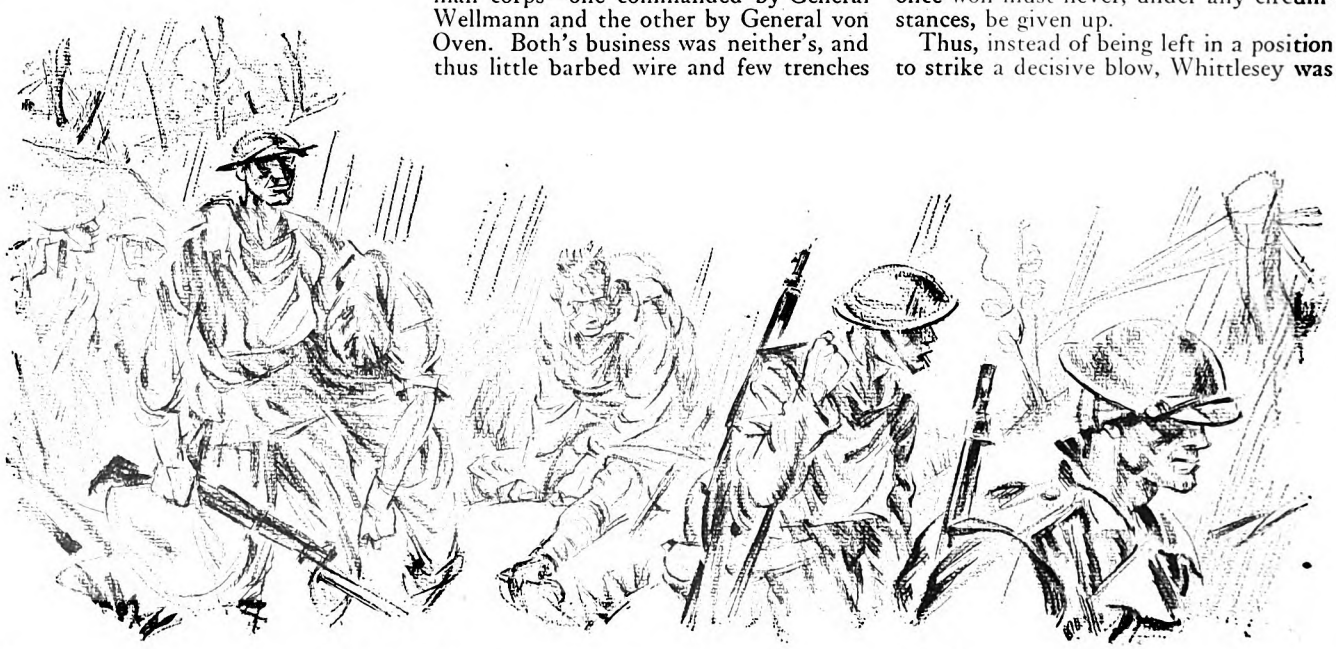
Now, here is one of the strangest, most ironical things about the whole episode. While Whittlesey was advancing, a company of the 307th had ripped through the German line just on Whittlesey's right, and swept clear the western end of the ridge. Here was the way open, indeed, to the Charlevaux Valley.

And, though it was less important tactically to Whittlesey, a French company also broke through a mile or two to the left. A chance for a general advance!

But the irony of it was that in the dense forest nobody knew what the other fellow was doing. The advance was being made "regardless of flanks," according to orders. And just when Whittlesey seems to have been in a key position to strike a decisive blow—aided by reinforcements which could have come through the hole made by the victorious company of the 307th—that company withdrew and abandoned the ground it had taken.

IT HAD been a costly advance, and the two officers in command of the company, out of touch with the other troops of the 307th, as well as with Whittlesey's men on the other side, had decided that they must withdraw or be wiped out. They withdrew despite orders issued a few days earlier by General Alexander that ground once won must never, under any circumstances, be given up.

Thus, instead of being left in a position to strike a decisive blow, Whittlesey was



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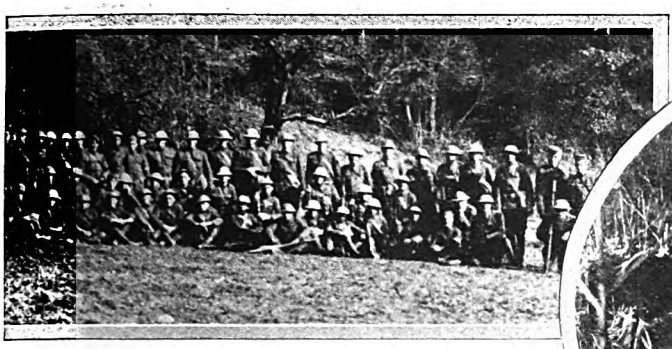

them—left of six hundred

The waterhole where thirst drove many to die by machine-gun fire

left in a position of the utmost danger.

Colonel Eugene H. Houghton, commander of the 307th, never knew until a few months ago, when it came out at an impromptu gathering of ex-officers and one ex-war-correspondent in a hotel room in New York, that a unit of his command had reached its objective and then withdrawn. I shall never forget the look on his face when, after we had fought over the 307th's part in the Lost Battalion episode all one afternoon and evening, he realized that after this company had taken away from the Germans a vital part of their *Hauptwiderstandslinie*, it had been handed back again and nothing said to him about it.

The French company, in the meantime, having pierced the line, soon found itself surrounded, and surrendered.

NATURALLY, Whittlesey's men knew nothing of these other victories or of the failure to take advantage of them. Crawling through underbrush and trees, they passed over the western end of the ridge, crossed some empty German trenches—the vital *Hauptwiderstandslinie*—and finally, at a quarter after five, their first patrols burst from the forest onto the edge of the southern slope of the valley.

They had only to reach out and take the road, their objective, which lay across the marshy valley, a streak of livid gray in the dark green and brown of the wooded slope. The only two Germans in sight ran at a rifle shot. But on the left could be seen no French, on the right no 307th. Had they been there—had those other two punches been followed up—who knows what might have happened? The Germans were exceedingly scarce

But Whittlesey was alone, and to advance might be to walk into the Germans' parlor.

Nevertheless: "Our objective is the other side of the valley, not this side," said Whittlesey to his officers. "Our orders say to cross the valley and occupy the ridge. Take your men forward."

To Whittlesey, no other decision was possible. A conscientious New Englander, he obeyed orders to the letter, neglected no jot of duty. After experience as operations officer of the 308th, entailing special knowledge of troop movements and maps, he had been promoted. He was considered one of the best officers of the regiment.

But that decision, inevitable as it was, was the final factor in "losing" the Lost Battalion—as much as it ever was lost. Then, if ever, Whittlesey "led his men into a trap" or "rushed ahead of everybody else" or made some other awful blunder.

But what else could he have done?

Had he stayed where he was, after the only two Germans between him and his objective had run away, he certainly would have been court-martialed. He had no doubt what to do; nor had McMurtry, his second in command.

The Lost Battalion crossed the valley and the creek, spread out for three hundred yards on the slope just below the road, and in the underbrush-covered ground dug the holes that today are their only monument. In accordance with the order Whittlesey had received, they held "the line of the road . . . generally along 276.5," though not that of the railroad just beyond, also mentioned in the order. That was because Whittlesey believed his men would be safer from German artillery fire where they were, and this proved correct. He had picked a strong position—later to become famous as "The Pocket."

Whittlesey's men felt good that night. They had broken the German main resistance line, the *Hauptwiderstandslinie*. They had done just what General Alexander had wanted and ordered them to do. But nobody else had. All alone, they stuck into the German front line like a knife.

THAT evening Whittlesey and McMurtry, expecting the rest of the division to come up soon, got "ready for orders for a further advance." They sent patrols to try to "establish liaison to the left and right"— (*Continued on page 80*)

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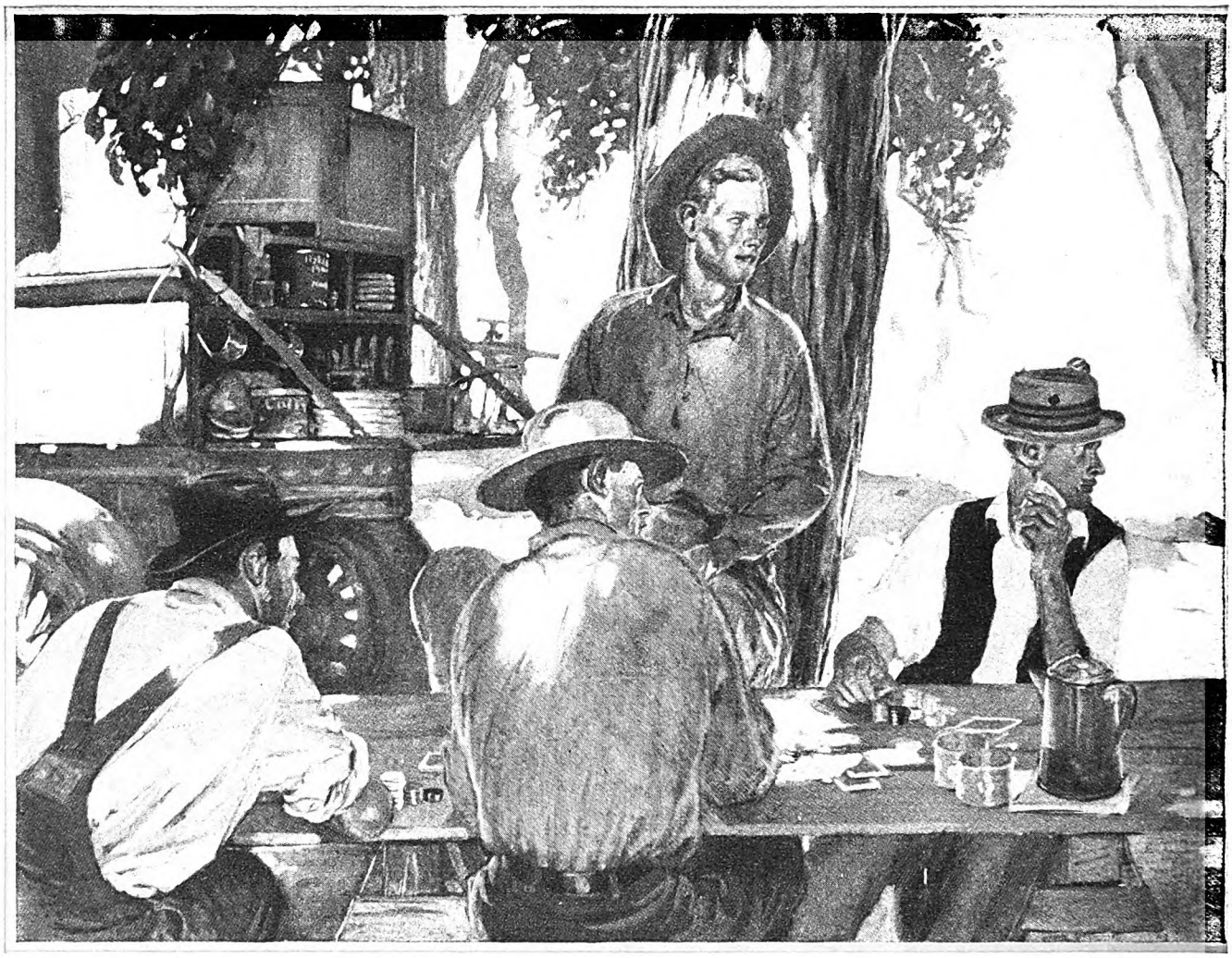

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

PETER B. KYNE'S *Epic Novel of the New West*

LOVELY Lorry Kershaw was the last of the clan of old Robin Kershaw, who had given Eden Valley its name—and then proceeded to make that name into a piece of bitter irony. From '49 to '70 Robin was undisputed master of the richest land in that part of California, and piled up a fortune in pure-bred cattle. Then Joel Hensley came—with money to buy the land to which Robin had no title, in the lower end of the valley; land not so favored with water, but a valuable property and a part of Eden Valley, as distinct from Forlorn Valley below, which had to depend upon an artificial supply of water. When Hensley refused to fence his part of the range, the famous Kershaw-Hensley feud was born, and from that day the men of the clans went armed and sooner or later met death at one another's hands.

Thus was Eden Valley outlawed by the settlements in Forlorn Valley, and thus matters stood until a week in 1917, when Owen Kershaw—last of the male Kershaws—and Nate Tichenor—last of the Hensleys—enlisted, and went away to France. There Owen was killed, and only Lorry and her father, Ranceford Kershaw, were left of the clan. Before the war was over, Nate's mother had died, and he was the only survivor of the Hensleys, who had in recent years prospered greatly, while the Kershaw fortunes ebbed. For nine years Nate remained in the East—and the day after his return he answered a call of distress from a car in the road before his house, to find old Rance Kershaw dying in Lorry's arms. That was the end of the Kershaw-Hensley feud—and the beginning of a new feud, between Forlorn Valley and the Outlaws of Eden.

PART II

WHILE Fate was busy staging a long-drawn tragedy in Eden Valley, Forlorn Valley had not been overlooked by the land-hungry. By 1880 practically every acre of agricultural land in the valley had been homesteaded; the district developed into a dry farming section and later into "mixed" farming. Those who preëmpted farms riparian to the small streams that flowed down into the valley from the mountains on the eastern and northeastern rim developed rich apple and cherry orchards and prospered exceedingly, but of the majority the best that could be said of them was that they made little better than a frugal living.

Gold Run was the county seat, and in the heart of Forlorn Valley a settlement known as Valley Center gradually developed into a village of around three hundred inhabitants. The entire valley was stagnant and drab until about the year 1902, when a large hydroelectric company erected its steel pyramids across the valley to support its high-tension power transmission lines.

Thereupon an enterprising farmer had a deep well drilled on his ranch and developed a surprising flow of water which rose almost to the surface. With a cheap centrifugal pump driven by a ten-horsepower electric motor he was enabled to irrigate his quarter-section farm, seemingly without appreciable effect on the water level.

Almost at once Forlorn Valley was the victim of a boom. Land values skyrocketed; well-boring became the leading industry of the section. Gradually the brown lands became checkerboarded with vivid green patches, as the planting of alfalfa developed. Orchards were planted; the raising of hogs and cattle for beef and dairying increased; an adventurer from nowhere appeared and laid out a subdivision of the "thriving city" of Valley Center.

A former Middle West bank clerk,

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"Thank you, but I never play cards," Babson replied virtuously, "and particularly on the Sabbath"

Outlaws of Eden

Silas Babson, who had inherited an Iowa farm from his parents and sold it for seventy-five thousand dollars came to Valley Center and started a state bank in a pleasant little red and white brick building on Valley Boulevard. With a paid-in capital of one hundred thousand dollars and a board of directors consisting of the most prosperous citizens of the valley, the Bank of Valley Center was prosperous from the start.

Babson was a son of the soil; thrifty, shrewd, rapacious, competent; he had all of the attributes necessary to success in his chosen field of endeavor. Also, he had the acquisitive instinct, and his busy mind was never free from thoughts of money-making save while he slept. Forlorn Valley knew him to be cold-blooded, but they also respected his judgment, deferred to his leadership, and bowed to his dictates.

From banking he reached out and interested himself in such local enterprises as creameries, a lumber yard, the largest local garage, with the agency for a popular cheap automobile and pumps; he sold insurance of all kinds. He dabbled in nothing upon which he could not keep a watchful eye; he was the big frog in the little puddle; he knew it, and rejoiced in the knowledge. Thus, in time, he developed more than a little arrogance, as his influence and power increased. As a camouflage for his cold-bloodedness in business matters, he wore a garment of piety and was the pillar of the local church.

Now, a big frog in a small puddle never ventures farther than the confines of his puddle. Silas Babson did not gamble; he played certainties for small but steady margins of profit; he shrank from playing a big game for big profits, since such games demanded risks he could not face with equanimity. His rise to the position he occupied in Forlorn Valley at the time of Ranceford Kershaw's death was, therefore, slow but steady.

ONLY once did Babson lose his perspective on values and that was during the Great War, and for this it would seem he was not to be blamed, since all of his fellow countrymen lost theirs simultaneously. The rapid advance in the price of farm commodities had brought the usual boom of prosperity to Forlorn Valley.

Farmers who had been content with automobiles costing less than a thousand dollars now bought cars costing more than three thousand, and if they didn't have quite money enough in hand to pay for these luxuries, they borrowed it from the Bank of Valley Center. The bank, sharing in the general and unusual prosperity, presently had a glut of money on deposit, and, since banks exist by loaning the funds deposited with them, Babson, with so much money on hand and faced with the problem of making that money pay dividends, let down his guard, so to speak, and loaned money on farm mortgages, the loans based on wartime land values, which, of course, were from seventy-five to one hundred per cent higher than the pre-war values.

And, since he had trained himself not to loan his bank's money on collateral beyond the confines of his arena of operations, where every risk, moral and material, was as an open book to him, it followed that Forlorn Valley absorbed all the money he had to loan. Lulled into a feeling of security by the evanescent prosperity of the time, the farmers were all anxious to borrow to further grandiose schemes, and, since they were quite confident of increasing profits and their ability

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to repay, they did not object when Babson raised his interest rate two per cent.

Then the post-war deflation period arrived and the values of farms and farm products dropped almost overnight below the pre-war marks. As Babson contemplated the bank's unsecured notes and frozen assets in the shape of mortgages on farms for eighty per cent of their present value, he had a very clear vision of hard times in the immediate offing.

And there was nothing that he could do about it, really. If he foreclosed his mortgages he would have the farms on his hands—likewise their taxes and the loss of interest; and after a while the superintendent of state banks would force him to charge them off to profit and loss or carry them at one dollar in his statement of assets. Such action would make enemies for him, also, and a bank dislikes the making of enemies. Consequently, as the controlling owner of the Bank of Valley Center, Babson had, figuratively, to carry his customers on his back.

IT RUINED his rest and spoiled his disposition, for he lived in daily fear of a run on his bank, and that would spell ruin. He loathed himself for not having affiliated his bank with the Federal Reserve system . . . such excellent insurance when disaster threatened. And now, when he tried to make amends for that old error, the conservatism of the Federal Reserve fellows defeated him.

Then the pendulum commenced to swing the other way very slowly, and one day early in 1926 Mr. Babson was heard humming a little croon of his own devising as he worked at his desk. This was because a brilliant thought had just leaped into his harried brain.

He decided to transfer his financial burdens to the capable hands of the rightful receiver of all gold bricks, to wit, the government. The excellence of his plan for salvation almost caused him to whoop aloud. From the joint stock land banks established by the government to aid the stricken farmers and stock raisers he would induce his debtors to borrow on mortgage, at five and a half per cent, sufficient funds to pay off the existing mortgages at eight per cent held by the Bank of Valley Center.

Promptly he bulldozed a farmer into making application for such a loan, and with commendable celerity a government farm appraiser came up from San Francisco to inspect the proffered collateral. It required something less than thirty seconds for this individual to make his appraisal and decision.

"The government," he said, "will not consider loaning money on California farms which are listed as dry farming lands."

"But these lands are irrigated," Mr. Babson reminded him gently, as one reminds a child of a minor peccadillo.

"Yes, so I observe, but from deep wells. But as more and more wells are bored and the farming in this valley tends more and more toward intensive cropping, thus requiring more and more water for irrigation, the water levels will recede and the cost of pumping the water to the surface will increase proportionately with the lift, until a point will be reached where the water will be tinctured with red ink. Following a succession of dry years, or subnormal snowfall in the mountains hereabout, a still greater and more rapid recession of the water will take place. We have ample evidence to prove our conclusion, Mr. Babson—hence, such lands as these are listed as dry farming lands and constitute a loan risk the government is unwilling to assume. It will loan only on lands that are surface irrigated and with an assured and continuous source of water supply."

WHEREUPON the devilish appraiser got into his automobile and departed, leaving Silas Babson to his despair.

He made a survey of the water situation and discovered, to his horror, that the water levels were indeed receding. Where ten-horsepower motors once operated the pumps, thirty- and forty-horsepower motors were now installed; the original lift of thirty feet had increased to sixty and the situation was general all over Forlorn Valley.

"Creeping paralysis! That's what it is," he soliloquized. "And the Bank of Valley Center is the richest patient and will have to pay the heaviest bill for medical attention."

And he went home and had an attack of nervous prostration that lasted three months. As he confided in no one, old Doctor John Donaldson, who attended him, ascribed his illness to twenty years of unselfish devotion to the interests of Forlorn Valley and none at all to himself. He prescribed for Silas Babson his first vacation in twenty years, and, to the worthy doctor's vast surprise, was roundly cursed for his pains. For, under stress, and strictly in private, Mr. Babson was a master of profanity.

Ill as he was, depressed as he was, the old ability to scheme his way out of a tight hole did not desert Silas Babson. He reduced his situation to its least common multiple. If surface irrigation, from a never-failing and ample source of water supply, could be brought to the lands of Forlorn Valley, then Forlorn Valley lands would be classed by a hideous government as irrigated lands, whose value would immediately return to the old wartime figure. And the Federal Land Banks would then have no hesitancy in loaning up to sixty per cent of the appraised value.

The situation was perfectly clear; therefore, the thing to do was to secure surface irrigation for Forlorn Valley.

"Eden Valley Creek," Babson cried aloud, and pounded the bedclothes with his fist. "A dam in that gorge in the lower end of Eden Valley will do the trick!"

The next problem was that of acquiring the water, but this Babson did not regard as a difficult one. He had but to buy the dam site from young Nathan Tichenor, sole owner of the Bar H Land and Cattle Company, whose lands stretched from the dam site far up Eden Valley. The land which would be inundated by the lake that would be formed when the dam should be built was next to worthless; Babson decided the Bar H Land and Cattle Company would be delighted to get rid of it at a price not exceeding ten dollars an acre, although as grazing land it was not worth that.

HOWEVER, Babson decided, he would pay ten dollars an acre. There were hydroelectric possibilities inherent in the enterprise that would be worth millions alone. . . . He must approach this delicate matter cautiously . . . it would never do to let a single soul in Forlorn Valley suspect his grave plans. . . . If Nate Tichenor should ever suspect the purpose Babson had in view, the young outlaw would demand a preposterous price for his worthless land, and that would necessitate the formation of an irrigation district in Forlorn Valley and a fight in the open, with a resultant loss of profit for Silas Babson. An irrigation district was a public service utility, in addition to being a political subdivision of the state, and, accordingly, was empowered to acquire by a condemnation suit, at a price set by a jury, the lands Nate Tichenor might—and could—decline to sell to an individual.

The banker pondered further. It would not be good business to approach Nate Tichenor with a request for a price on the lower portion of the Bar H Ranch only. He might suspect something and scheme out a holdup. No, the thing to do was to buy the Bar H Ranch in its entirety . . . by Jupiter, there was an idea for you!

So Mr. Babson decided instantly to buy the Bar H. With the title to the ranch vested in him—no, a dummy—Babson must not appear in the deal—it would be a simple matter to sell the dam and lake site to the Forlorn Valley Irrigation District for a cash consideration that would leave him the remainder of the ranch without cost! He'd run cattle on it himself, then, and he wouldn't have to fight Rance Kershaw for water in dry years, either. He had Rance where the hair was short.

He considered the Kershaw ranch and decided he would not bother to acquire that, even if he had the money to buy it cheap. It was worth not a penny less than a million dollars, but there was

He lifted Rance Kershaw's body out of the car and carried it into the house

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Lorry could ride, rope, and brand, and could "bust her own saddle stock"

a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar first mortgage on it; the mortgage was due, Rance Kershaw (Babson knew) could not meet it, and Babson doubted if he could refund it in these trying times; hence, it would be foreclosed. Well, he might pick it up for the mortgage at the sheriff's sale.

In the darkest hours of adversity courageous and resourceful men can usually be auto-hypnotized into a childlike faith in the cloud with the silver lining. Long years of power had instilled arrogance in Silas Babson, and optimism is ever the handmaiden of arrogance. Having decided upon his course of action, he fell into a refreshing slumber; the next morning he rose at six o'clock, as (*Continued on page 90*)

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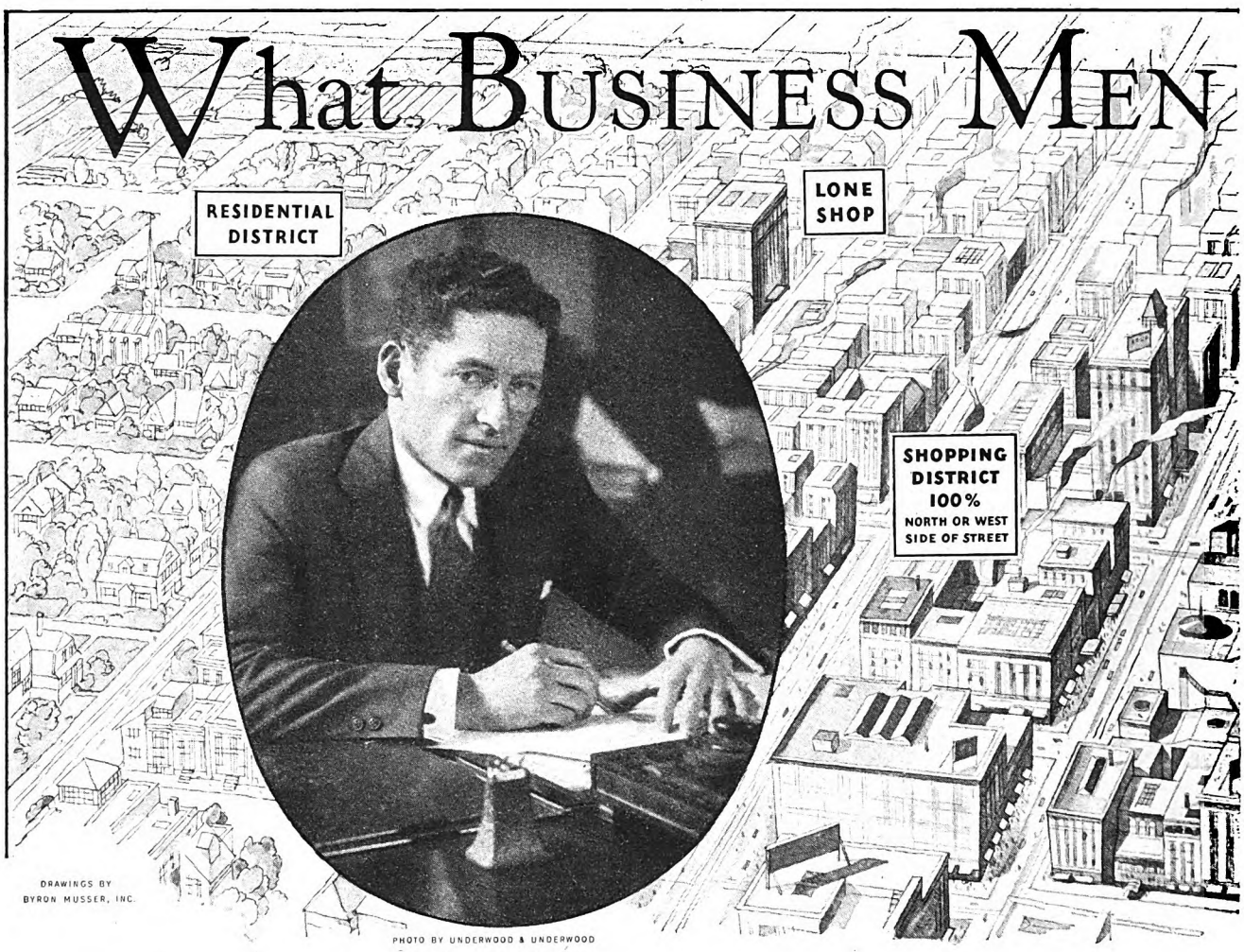
What Business Men



Charles C. Nicholls, Jr.

You Can Tell What A Woman Will Do

Suppose a woman lives over in the residential district of the city pictured above. Suppose, further, she wants a certain article of merchandise. Fairly near by is a lone shop. Will she go there for the article? Not unless she is in a great hurry. Instead, she will go the extra distance to the shopping district.

And having arrived in the shopping district, is it a pure matter of chance what store she will visit? Hardly. She may—and probably will—visit several. But all of them are pretty sure to be on the *woman's side of the street*. There is a woman's side and a man's side.

These and many other characteristics of women are known by wise merchandise men, and disclosed by Charles C. Nicholls, Jr., in this interesting interview.

By SHERMAN GWINN

WHEN your wife goes into town to buy a new dress and returns home with dress, hat, shoes, stockings, a dozen water tumblers, and an eight-day clock, don't blame her!

Through no fault of her own she has been caught in a web spun for her by the spiders of modern business and, if anything, she is to be commended for restraint.

It is nine times easier today for a woman to spend money than it is for a man, which is to say, conversely, that it is nine times harder for her not to spend it.

A gigantic conspiracy has been entered into by business, which is man-controlled, against the American woman!

Woman has been trailed, analyzed, and catalogued by the nation's shrewdest merchandisers for the express purpose of making it as easy as possible for her to buy and as difficult as possible for her not to buy.

Her habits have been card-indexed, her tastes and whims microscopically studied, and her most casual shopping tours have been made the subject of intricate charts and maps.

It is known just how often she will get the "buying mood" and, what is most important, at what time and place after she leaves her home doorstep this mood will come upon her most strongly.

The side of the street which she prefers is known and the strategic spot in a shopping district which finds first place in her favor is marked with a very black "X," and there real estate values and store rents soar to dizzy heights.

It is known whether woman will go upstairs or down, to the left or to the right, how to lure her deepest into a store into which she has no intention of going, and, once she is inside, how to entice her along aisles of greatest temptations.

Decoying woman into the golden web of business to the end that she will spend has become a highly remunerative science, as well as one of the most important professions affiliated with retail selling.

THE other day, in New York City, I sat down with Charles C. Nicholls, Jr., who is one of the chief executive links in the several Schulte-owned chains of stores, and he told me a great deal about this new profession which uses us, the people who walk the streets, as its raw materials for experiment, and which, it happens, Mr. Nicholls was largely responsible for founding.

Since 1914 some of our largest chain-store organizations have been learning about the requirements and shopping habits of women from Mr. Nicholls. (In passing, let me say that today the term "chain store" includes stores in almost every field of retail selling, from orangeade stands to department stores.) The shop-

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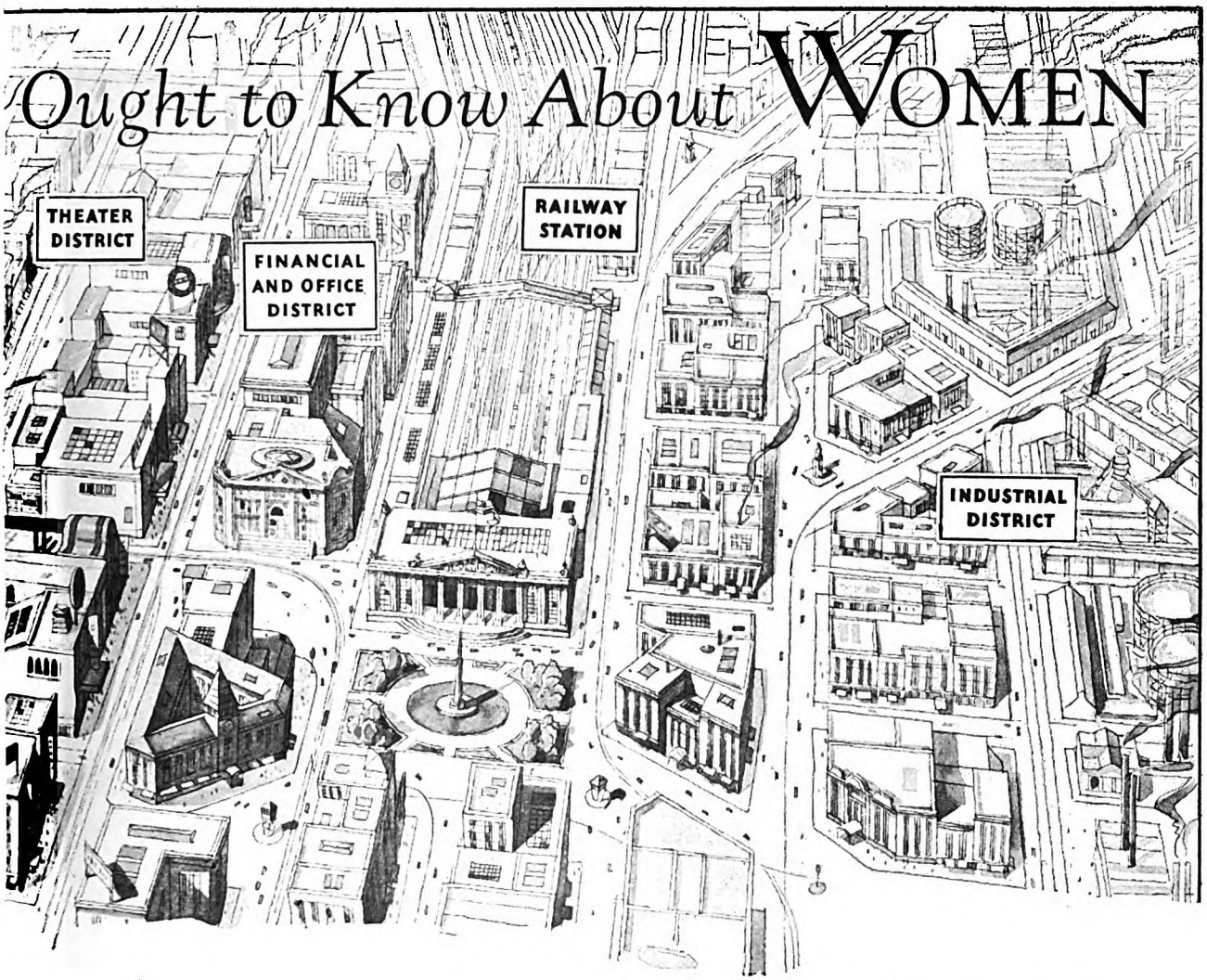
Ought to Know About WOMEN



ping habits of men are also known to Mr. Nicholls, but as the bulk of retail shopping is done by women, the fair sex is his chief concern. Mere man, outside of attending to his strictly personal wants, usually confines himself to stating his opinions and preferences in the family council, and lets friend wife go hunting for the items they have decided upon.

MR. NICHOLLS, who is forty-three and a graduate of Princeton, began his career as a real estate operator in St. Louis. He endorsed another man's notes, lost every penny in consequence, and came to New York, $30,000 in debt but with a golden idea in his head: to study the habits of shoppers and to introduce science into the then haphazard business of retail store leasing.

That idea grew from a nugget into a gold mine. Within three years Nicholls was nationally recognized as an authority on store locations. Great chain stores hurried to consult him. Joseph P. Day, the real estate genius, took him into partnership.

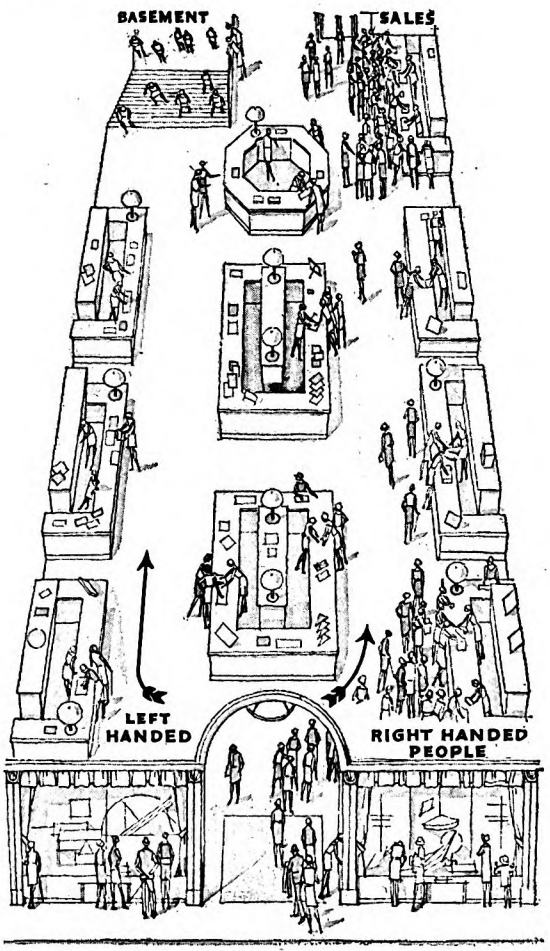
He was engaged by the Bedell Cloak and Suit Company, the W. T. Grant 25c Department Store, the Regal Shoe Store, and by chains all over the country to lease stores for them. In a single year he took more than 300 store locations at a prodigious total of rents. He engineered the largest chain-store lease ever made in America, that of the Æolian Building in New York to Woolworth. Then David A. Schulte, of cigar-store fame, who was rapidly expanding his interests, made Nicholls his vice president and store location expert.

That was in 1919. Since then Nicholls has taken more than 600 leases for the Schulte chains. He was the mainspring in the organization of Schulte-United, Inc., a company which proposes to put 1,000 junior department stores throughout America in the next few years, to specialize in goods selling from ten cents to one dollar.

All told, Mr. Nicholls has leased or directed the leasing of more than 4,500 stores—and the number of these stores that have failed to pay can be counted on the fingers of one hand, which is something of a record!

Now let's go back to that original idea of his, the idea that was to introduce a new science into retailing, based on an exact knowledge of shoppers' habits, and of women's habits in particular.

The time was 1912. Nicholls was twenty-eight, a very young beginner (*Continued on page 180*)



The line just naturally forms on the right in any department store

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"Well, Miss Mallon!" he said. Only that, but the double rising inflection flicked her nerves like a positive insult

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Mary Resigns

With results more surprising to herself than to anyone else

By WILL IRWIN

Illustrated by PERCY E. ANDERSON

WHENEVER Mary Mallon made the keys of her typewriter clatter in that machine-gun rhythm, the underlings of Bruce and Company prepared to dive into the dugout. Mary considered the office force just a litter of rabbits. In truth, they had to be timid and spiritless or they could not have lived for seven hours a day under a pair of personages so forceful, positive, and hard-boiled as Mary herself and Hobart Bruce. Of the two, they probably feared Mary the more; just as in all well-regulated and efficient armies the privates are more afraid of the top sergeant than of the general

In a final, vicious volley, Mary finished the confidential memorandum which she was typing; then tore out the paper with a dexterous jerk and slammed it into the private file. Hobart Bruce was keeping two telephones busy in the inner office. The sharp click of his voice, audible even through the ground-glass door, pulled Mary's head 'round. Her gray eyes glowered and her severely regular features twisted for a second into an expression of disgust.

"I hate," said Mary to herself, "I *hate* the whole darn family!"

Odd, she reflected a moment later, that she must drag this consideration into a business relation. But among ten thousand grudges which she held against Hobart Bruce were those dreadful office intimacies—his habit of dumping onto her the troubles of his heterogeneous family; the indecent frankness with which the Bruce tribe discussed their penetralia in her presence. Exactly as if she were the office cat and didn't count—except that she was expected to speak up and reply with tactful insincerities, and to do the ensuing chores.

Those chores! Every time Aunt Caroline took a journey, whether to Larchmont or the Riviera, Mary must transform herself into a travel agent, a porter, and a kennel-master for Aunt Caroline's dreadful, snappy little Pekingese. What a blessing that Hobart Bruce was a widower! His kind of wife would make her just a superior lady's maid.

Yes, she hated them all—Bruce with his subtle thrusts at her most sensitive feelings, Aunt Caroline with her vapid, pudding-like perversities, and that fat flapper, Fannie. Though if she had been honest with herself at the moment, Mary would have admitted that she excepted Fannie just a little from the maledictions she was casting over the entire Bruce family. But now, the alliteration rolled gratefully on the tongue of her mind. "That fat, foolish flapper, Fannie," she repeated to herself.

And then Hobart Bruce himself appeared at the door of the inner office, and:

"Well, Miss Mallon!" he said. Only that, but the double rising inflection flicked her nerves like a positive insult. It said by implication, "I have called you already. Are you deaf?" It said, "You are not sufficiently afraid of me!"

Just such a rising inflection, when she took the memorandum that morning, had driven Mary into this recurrent mood. As she followed him into the office, she was hating him in mass and detail—his disposition, his figure with its meretricious effect of being athletic, his meticulous tailoring, and especially those little tablets of clipped hair, like the germ of side-whiskers, which his valet allowed to grow just before his ears. But aloud, and for the benefit of the office, she said in a cheerful, respectful tone: "Yes, Mr. Bruce!"

When she closed the door after her, she repeated that phrase in another tone—the best imitation she could muster of his "Well, Miss Mallon!" But of course he didn't perceive it. While he could blast with an intonation, he was singularly deaf to that same process from other people.

"I told you yesterday to get into touch with Carson and Company," began Bruce.

"Yes, Mr. Bruce, but—"

"Always a but," interrupted the boss. "I only notice that you seem *not* to have done it, conspicuously."

AT THAT instant Mary, in all but action, quit her job—quit a hundred and fifty sure and certain dollars a week and the prestige of managing minor affairs for a man whose pool operations were tearing Wall Street wide open. She was hesitating only for the properly sarcastic word, when fate interposed to complicate the affair. The door burst open; and entered, with a breeze and bustle and confidence which seemed to fill and embroil the atmosphere, that fat flapper, Fannie.

She nodded casually but warmly to Miss Mallon, perched a moment like an overgrown pigeon on the arm of her father's chair, dropped a hasty kiss onto his forehead, sat down. The features of Mr. Bruce relaxed into a smile which even Mary admitted as genuine. Plump though Fannie was, she carried her superb weight with the ease and grace of a heavyweight boxer. She had the fair, firm skin which so often goes with that build, alert brown eyes, and firmly regular features marred only by a trifle too much jaw.

MARY rose; it was her way of hinting that she would withdraw if superfluous. Bruce caught the motion, and with a slight, imperious gesture commanded her to sit down. Evidently, Mary reflected, she was in for another session of invidious family intimacies.

Fannie was already talking with breathless speed. Her accent bore the hall mark of a correct New York finishing school; she even gave her "r's" that oily roll native to Cherry Street and affected of late by Park Avenue. Ridiculous, thought Mary—seeking fuel for her hate of the Bruce family—seeing that they started from a grocery business at Cosmopolis, Ohio.

"Dad," said Fannie briskly, "I've got a perfectly precious idea!"

"Yes," said Mr. Bruce with an indulgent smile.

"It's about Rennie McComber," pursued Fannie.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bruce, and his smile faded. But whatever he was going to say Fannie drowned out with:

"It's a way we can get married!"

"Ah, indeed." Faint amusement tinged his tone.

Fannie contracted her full, ripe-red lips.

"You know I'm going to marry him," she said decisively.

"So you've informed me."

"As soon as I think up a scheme for us to live. And now I've got it."

Mr. Bruce's smile was cynical.

"Haven't I signified already that I don't propose to put up a cent to buy tea and dessicated rose leaves for your bard?"

"Who's asking you? But I do want you to help. There's a splendid way for us to get enough money to live—oh, more than modestly—until I do what I propose to do with him."

"And what," said Mr. Bruce, "does our little daughter propose to do with her pretty poet?"

Fannie recognized this offensive irony only by a tightening of the mouth which in a less modern young woman could have

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been classified as a pout, and, a little nervously, began to rattle:

"You know, Dad, Rennie *does* write splendid advertisements. I thought of that scheme for him. He was afraid at first that it might ruin his real poetic gift—dealing with kitchen cabinets and such uninspiring stuff. It *would* have ruined an old-fashioned poet, but of course Rennie's modern. And I said, 'Rennie, just look at it as funny. Use your sense of humor.' He tried that—he laughed all the time he was doing his first ad. It was about Dunham's Depilatories. I saw Billy Dunham at a dinner-dance that night and asked him to slip it to the advertising department. And they took it and paid for it. Billy Dunham told me afterward that the advertising man said no one had ever seemed to grasp the spirit of the depilatory like Rennie."

"AND did it wreck the bard's artistry?" inquired Mr. Bruce.

"That's the perfect thing about it!" replied Fannie. "It didn't! The very night he finished the depilatory advertisement, he had an upsurge of the subconscious—"

"You don't say! Did he survive it?"

Fannie continued to ignore her father's shafts. "He wrote that night," she said impressively, "the piece that took the prize of the Lake Poets' Society. The one that begins 'Machine, machine, I have mastered you.' You remember. I read it to you the last time we had this out."

"You did. And I haven't been quite the same man since." Mr. Bruce glanced at his wrist watch. "Fannie, tiny daughter, this is a big day. I wouldn't give five minutes to the president of the Federal Reserve Bank. What, especially, is this all about?"

"Well, you see, Dad, I've proved that Rennie can really make a living and that it won't hurt his poetry. With our acquaintance, I'm going to build him up in the advertising game. Only that will take time. And, meantime, we'd have to live—"

Now really serious, her father interrupted: "Don't renew that proposition about supporting you two until—"

"Who made you any such proposition?" said Fannie, interrupting in her turn. Her large form was very still, and her brown eyes held steadily.

"It came to much the same thing—"

"It didn't. I asked you, when I broke the news, if you'd look around and find a way for Rennie to support us. I don't want my father to keep *my* man. You're hinting that I was hinting. I'm not fool enough to think I can live with him in two rooms in Greenwich Village, eating at horrible, arty restaurants and committing washery in the bathtub, and keep on caring for him—"

"She has one sane spot left," dryly

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commented her father to Mary Mallon.

"—And now—Rennie has five thousand dollars. Five thousand two hundred, to be exact. They've sold the old ancestral shack of the McCombers' up in Connecticut, and that's his share."

MR. BRUCE turned abruptly in his chair. "Do I understand that this is an announcement—"

"Not yet, Dad. Five thousand wouldn't keep me long—"

"Rather not!"

"But here's the idea. I've seen you make just hundreds of thousands out of five thousand. Everyone knows you do it. It wouldn't take a turn of your hand, Dad. That pool of yours—"

"Fannie," said Mr. Bruce, "I wouldn't do that even if I wanted to. Mary Mallon, what are my instructions to you, as my only confidential employee, regarding my operations?"

"I am never to play the market on any information which I have acquired in this office." Mary was quoting his exact words, and quoting them in mimicry of his office manner. But he'd never get that . . .

"And further," added Mr. Bruce, "I extend that rule to embrace my friends and relations. And in the present instance, my associates all pledged themselves to that same course when we formed this pool. I play a lone and dangerous hand, Fannie."

"Is that positively final?" asked Fannie icily.

"Positively. This bard of yours seems to eat with his fork and wash behind the ears. But I'm told he's a born poet, and science knows no remedy for that. Even if your Aunt Caroline and I wanted him in the family, to do what you ask would be immoral of me. We're well acquainted with previous little fancies of our charming daughter, aren't we, Miss Mallon? Now comes the dreadful result of having a poet read his stuff at the Débutantes' League. You're free, white, and just turned twenty-one, Fannie. So of course you can continue to do as you please—and probably will—"

He was talking to a back. With one of her light motions so surprising in a girl of her bulk, the speechless Fannie had clutched her gloves, hurled her fur round her neck, and flounced from the room. As she departed, she closed the door in a manner not taught by Miss Lorne's Select Collegiate Finishing School for Young Ladies.

"AND that," remarked Mr. Bruce, as he rang his desk-bell for resumption of telephone service, "is that."

A moment later, he was trying to talk into two mouthpieces at once. For this was a big day, preliminary to a bigger day. Preparations for the bull operation in American Core and Matrix were rising toward action.

Neither noticed nor dismissed, Mary sat respectfully (*Continued on page 190*)

"Make it twelve-thirty, Dad," said Fannie briskly. "The grand wedding tour starts at three-forty-five"

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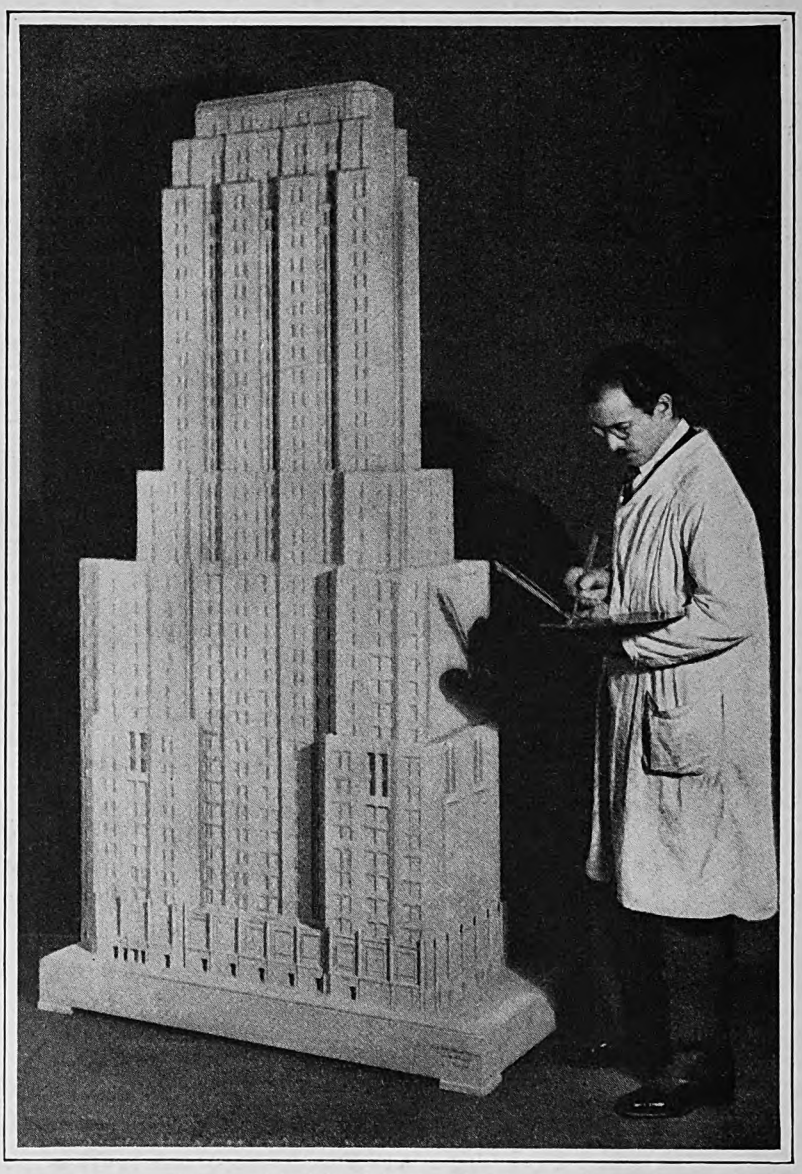

Jules Belasto with his model of the Palmolive Building, built exactly to scale. It took him, with the assistance of his three daughters after school hours, two months to complete it

Skyscrapers for Lilliput

JULES BELASTO'S white teeth gleamed, his black eyes danced, his flowing hair proclaimed him all artist. Standing, sitting, moving restlessly before the red-hot stove in the uncarpeted studio, he told how he came to be a builder of wooden skyscrapers seven to ten feet tall, that have been admired by hundreds of thousands of people.

Born in the little Hungarian town of St. George, in the shadow of the Carpathian Mountains, Jules Belasto did not come to this country until after he was married. His father was an expert cabinetmaker, an artist, restorer of fine old furniture for the nobility.

As a small boy, it was Jules' ambition to use the tools that were in his father's shop—but that joy was strictly forbidden him.

His little fingers, however, itched to shape things of his own. Dough, potatoes, and mud were all very well in their way, and out of them he fashioned many curious animals and flowers. But, ever in the back of his mind were tools—fine, delicate tools for every conceivable purpose.

One Sunday his father and mother left the eight-year-old Jules alone in the house with his grandmother. Grandmother nodded, as grandmothers are wont to do. Ah—ah—now comes the coveted opportunity—away to his father's tools.

In the shop is an antique chair which is being restored by Father Belasto for a neighboring baroness. This heirloom is the victim of the eager Jules. Soon it is hacked into a hundred pieces, and reassembled in weird fashion But in the boy's mind is creation, not destruction.

After many hours, there came the sound of footsteps. Grandmother stirs in her chair at last. Father enters with a smile, which soon freezes on his face. The chair is utterly ruined.

Sequel: Father tells the baroness. A few days before Christmas, her butler descends to the Belasto home bearing a command: Jules shall instantly present himself before the baroness!

The sun of the boy's joy in approaching Christmas vanishes. He imagines the anger of the great lady. He trembles so he can hardly walk to her house, and once there, falls on his knees, passionately begging forgiveness.

"But, my boy," she says kindly," you must not act so. Of course I forgive you. *Pha!* It was only an old stuffed chair. But what I wish to know is, what was in your mind? What wonderful thing were you making of my poor chair?"

Joy again! Jules talks unabashed, as to no one ever before. And presently, when it is time to leave, the butler fetches a box. In it are tools of every kind, of a size and shape to fit a boy's hand. Modeling clay, too! He flies home and instantly starts making a gift, a little image born of his fancy, that will say to the baroness what is in his heart.

As Jules grew older his father taught him fine cabinetmaking and later he was apprenticed to an architect in the neighboring city of Presbourg. Then some unknown benefactor, (unknown even to this day) secured instructors for him from whom he learned sculpture and mode ing.

One day he received a secret commission to make a model in wood of the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris. It was a marvelous piece of work, and his fame as a maker of fine models spread. Priests took the model away to the unknown who commissioned it, and to this day he does not know where it went.

In 1913, having taken on the cares of a wife and family, Jules Belasto decided to come to America. Leaving his wife and children at home, he sailed for New York. To support himself he took any kind of work: For a short time he was an actor, then, a few months later, he entered the studio of a world-famous sculptor as a common workman, studying, observing, learning all he could.

War came and passed, and finally he sent for his family.

As a free-lance artist, Belasto painted, made sculptures, did wood carvings, and made designs. But the way of an artist is hard, especially for one who is strange to the land, has his pride, knows nothing of selling what he makes, and never willingly makes the same article twice.

One day an architect told Mr. Belasto of the difficulties encountered in using plaster-of-paris replicas of skyscrapers. After a few handlings, it seems, they break; can never be really restored, and are not accurate to scale.

"I could make you beautiful models in wood," Belasto said, and told him the story of his Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Immediately a small commission followed, which he executed to the delight of

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both architect and owner. Perfect in detail and correct in scale, it had the great advantage over plaster-of-paris in that it could be altered or repaired.

After this small commission, bigger ones came his way. Of late years Belasto has executed many big buildings in miniature in wood, and his work has gained him fame among architects. Outstanding examples of his work are the Jefferson County Court House of Birmingham, the Chicago Daily News Building, and the Palmolive Building, of Chicago. The News Building, in particular, has been exhibited far and wide, in art galleries, before architectural societies, in the concourse of a great railway station, and has been seen by tens of thousands. When the actual building is finished, the model will have a place of honor in the lobby.

An enormous number of pieces goes into each skyscraper.

"How many?" The artist cannot guess. "But," he pointed out, "if there are a thousand windows, there must be a thousand pieces of wood to represent them. You may imagine the total number.

"The advantage of models of wood," he told me, "is shown by the Daily News Building. It was moved many times on trucks and trains. It was dropped. Things fell on it. Twice already it has been back to my shop to be repaired, and each time it has been made as good as new.

"What is a model for? Various uses. It visualizes the building for an owner who cannot read blue prints. It even helps the architect; sometimes he makes changes after seeing the model. It may be used to show the public what is going to be erected. Prospective tenants may see exactly what space they can lease."

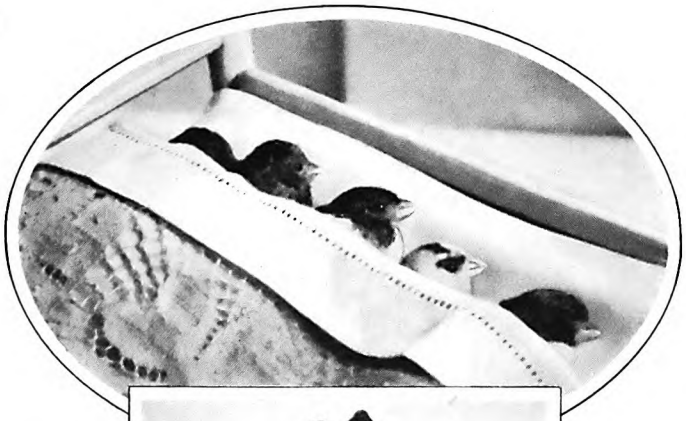
Many mathematical calculations go into making a skyscraper. Jules Belasto, as a schoolboy in Hungary, always failed in mathematics.

"But—" he said with a smile, "I can *measure!*"

So runs the brief saga of Jules Belasto. In an alien world, an artist, struggling through many difficulties, he has found a way to create, to make only "one of a kind," to preserve his integrity. That is very much indeed. And he is only forty-two.

NEIL M. CLARK

These Pretty Birds Make A Pretty Penny



Mrs. Jean Kosht, of Glendale, California, whose canaries are on Hollywood's payroll at forty dollars an appearance

ONE day Mrs. Jean Kosht, of Glendale, California, decided that she needed some interest in life besides her house and her friends. She wanted to do something that would keep her mind busy; she wanted an avocation. It happened that Mrs. Kosht had a family of eight canaries of which she was very fond. Said she to herself, "If people can train any kind of animal from an elephant to a flea to perform and make money for their trainers, why couldn't I do something with my birds?"

She had already taught her birds to do a number of little tricks. She now added to their repertory, at the same time adding to their number until she had sixty-five canaries. She did this because at poultry shows where she had exhibited her flock the interest in them was so great that she used to put on two or three performances a day before large and interested audiences. Thus was born a thought.

"If these people are so interested in my birds," she said, "why not give folks all over the country a chance to see them act?"

So the first moving picture of the flock was made. It was a two-reeler, with the birds as the only actors. They did all their regular tricks for the camera, including taking a bath, preening their feathers, and even singing right into the lens. The mother birds fed their babies unconcernedly, the grinding camera not disturbing them in the least.

They did many other stunts that Mrs. Kosht had taught them. They perched on little chairs and ate their meals from a tiny table; they were tucked into bed with their heads on pillows; they rode on a Ferris wheel in a canary amusement park, and swung round and round on a bird carrousel.

Then Mrs. Kosht took the bull by the horns and, with a print of the two-reeler, visited the great picture studios at Hollywood. But no producer offered her staggering sums of money for the use of her birds. Everyone to whom she showed the print was politely but merely curso rily interested. She had done a great stunt, training those birds, of course, but what of it?

Nevertheless, patience was finally rewarded. A director, seeking a novel way to bring out a touch of symbolism in a picture, sent for her. He was making a story in which the leading male character was a gigolo, a gambler, a man who apparently had none of the finer instincts. And the director wanted to show that the gambler had a better side.

He talked the matter over with Mrs. Kosht. Could she bring some of her birds to the studio and let him see them work? If so, he had an idea for using them as the gigolo's pets.

Mrs. Kosht took a couple of her best actors to the studio. The set was the sun porch of the gigolo's apartment. He entered, walked across to the cage, opened the door, and put his finger across the opening. Then Mrs. Kosht, just out of camera range, began to talk to Mary Lou and Tinker Bell.

"Come on, Mary Lou; come out." Mary Lou hopped on the extended finger. "Now climb, Mary Lou, climb." The bird hopped up the man's arm to his shoulder. "Now you, Tinker Bell, come out." Tinker Bell followed Mary Lou. The actor reached up and Mary Lou again hopped on his finger. He raised her to his mouth. "Kiss him, Mary Lou," said Mrs. Kosht, and the little thing pecked softly at the man's lips. He reached up again and Tinker Bell, following instructions, also hopped on his finger, and then both birds put their bills against his lips, pecking him softly.

"Tinker, get up on his head," said their owner. "Up! Up!" And the little green chap fluttered away from the hand and lit on the man's head, Mary Lou staying where she was.

The members of the company could hardly believe it possible, even though

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they saw it done. The birds took direction as intelligently as a trained dog, and much more so than some humans. That one tryout established Mrs. Kosht as a bird trainer and also established her flock as movie actors. More, it established an income for her, for she has plenty of work for her pets, and they bring her forty dollars every time any of them are used.

"In many ways," says Mrs. Kosht, "a bird is harder to train than any other animal because, instead of teaching him what you want him to do, you have to make the best of what *he* wants to do. There is always the danger of frightening him and undoing all the training you have done. I learned that if I fed them myself, they became, after the first ten days, so accustomed to me that I could carry them all around the house.

"The thing that frightens them most is sudden motion. To accustom them to persons moving about, I used to take eight or ten of them on my arms and waltz with them around the room. They would cling to my sweater, and even perch on my head. Some of them had the trick of alighting on my feet and picking at my stockings until they loosened a thread to which they could cling."

Even the advent of the "Talkies" is not going to annoy Mrs. Kosht, because she is already training her birds for that new development. There is Babe, for example. Mrs. Kosht stood in front of a perch on which were a dozen little green birds, all of them apparently just alike.

"Come, Babe," she said, and one of them fluttered to her finger. She whistled a bar of a popular song, and, after much stepping about and cocking his head, Babe echoed the whistle, with a little trill of triumph at the end.

One day a careless person left the aviary door open and practically all the birds flew out, perching on trees and fences around the house. Until the novelty and excitement had worn off, Mrs. Kosht could do nothing with them. But, after an hour, she went out on the steps and began to call them by name. One by one, as the names were called, they flew to her hand and she carried them back to the house, not one being lost. FRANK POPE

Fellow Pumpers of Pipe Organs, Hear Ye!

Chet Shafer, originator and Grand Diapason of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers

WERE it not for Chet Shafer, the juvenile labors of several thousand worthy Americans would be forever forgotten. He is the man who thought of founded, and pumped up interest in The Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, a "non-sectarian, non-partisan, non-profitable, and non-essential organization," that has no cable address on its letterhead, and no territory map in its main office with red, yellow, and pink tacks to show the geographical location of its members.

"Pump, for the Wind is Fleeting"—that's the slogan of this organization. Æolus, the Greek god and keeper of the winds, is its divinity. A firm grip of the hands, with three up-and-down pumping movements of the arms, is its salute, and Sunday clothes constitute the official uniform. It is the only organization in the world that has no dues and that has never drawn up a lot of Whereases, followed by a Now Therefore. There is no button to be worn in that left lapel buttonhole. There are no committees, no duties, and there is no purpose in the thing except to have a little fun. Membership is open to all those who, in the years before electric motors took over the pneumatics of our religious life, pumped up the bellows of a church organ in the good old-fashioned way—by arm and back—and who have five dollars, the life membership fee.

"There are fifteen hundred of us now," says Chet, "and we are having a good time and will continue to have a good time as long as we can steer clear of such words as Efficiency, Coöperation, Coherence, and Economy. The only kind of incentive we need is some such thing as conserving the wild cast-iron animal life of America. That's our program for 1929, and as soon as we can find a genuine, antique cast-iron pug dog, we'll have a national banquet in New York, and sing all the old hymns, such as 'Alas and Did,' 'Just as I Yam,' 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross,' and the others that Pumpers remember with pains in the back because they required such a lot of wind in the old organs."

A few years ago Chet Shafer was funny man on the Detroit News and he happened to write something in his column about the old-time pipe-organ pumpers, one of whom he had been.

The reference in Shafer's column to the Pumpers brought an immediate response from several men in Detroit. James Couzens, former partner of Henry Ford, and now United States senator, was one of those who responded. The first money he saved was some that he got for pumping. He did better with his savings than any other Pumper extant, though some of the others have done well, too. There's Julius Rosenwald, for instance; he's an F. P. And Tony Sarg, Clarence Budington Kelland, H. I. Phillips, Will Hays, they're Fellow Pumpers. They are found, these Pumpers, in all sorts of high places. "Which proves," declares Shafer, "that all successful men did not begin their careers selling newspapers."

After a while Shafer found himself in demand as a humorous speaker on the rôle of the pipe-organ pumper. Then he put forward his idea about founding the Guild, of which he is the Grand Diapason. (All the officers of the Guild are named for stops on a pipe organ.) He quit his regular newspaper work, came to New York as a free lance, and does manage to do quite a bit of writing when the Pumpers give him the time to do it in. He is the whole show in the Guild; writes all the letters and arranges all the dinners—and he gets nothing for it. "It's a swell job," says Chet. "Pays almost as well as pumping did back in the nineties."

So far, no Pumper has ever been found who was not eager to join the Guild, and even some who are not Pumpers have tried to crash the gates of glory, but Chet has kept them out. There is, however, a sort of pumpers' auxiliary, formed out of a sense of justice to include a few who tried hard to pump when they were boys, but were not allowed to. There was, for example, the sad case of Bruce Barton and a few others whose experiences parallel his. He wanted to pump the organ in his father's church, (*Continued on page 152*)

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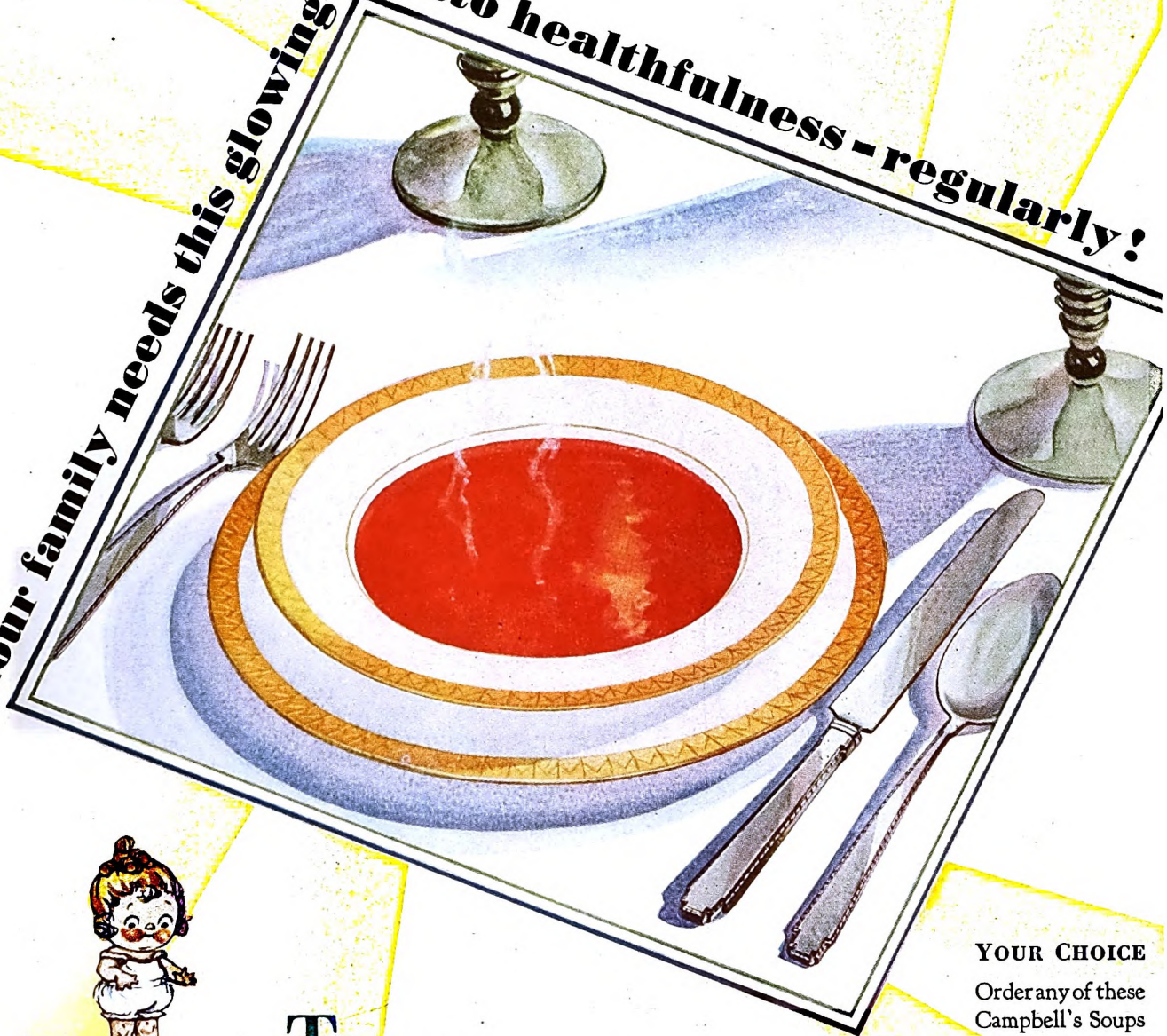
Your family needs this glowing tomato healthfulness - regularly!



It makes you feel healthy
From your head to your heels
When Campbell's Tomato
Is served with your meals!

TOMATOES are among the most valuable foods we can eat. The food experts tell us so. But do you know the most delicious and convenient way to enjoy tomatoes and get their extraordinary benefits? Campbell's Tomato Soup! Because it's all the rich, tonic goodness of luscious red-ripe tomatoes. And because it's already cooked. 12 cents a can.

YOUR CHOICE

Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

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Mutton
Ox Tail
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Vegetable-Beef

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

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CRISP, DELICATE FLAKES

. . . *and so effective!*

No wonder millions prefer Post's Bran Flakes for keeping systems clear

Post's Bran Flakes is the nation's choice among the bran cereals, not only because millions have found it the safeguard that's effective against constipation — but because it's so normal and gentle in its action.

And it's so good to eat, too! These toasted, delicate flakes, made more nourishing with other parts of wheat, are so temptingly flavored that people eat them every morning *gladly.*

In these hustling days when there's so little time to choose food carefully, so many men and women are apt to get too little bulk. Give Post's Bran Flakes a trial yourself regularly every morning, for the next two weeks. Enjoy it sometimes with milk or cream, sometimes with fruit — sometimes in the world's most delicious bran muffins. See if you don't feel better!

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

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TRY IT THIS WAY, TOO!

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour
3½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter, melted
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg and milk. Add flour, stirring as little as possible. Add butter and Post's Bran Flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN."

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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CONFUCIUS

The Secret of China

By WILL DURANT

Genius in Miniature

DO YOU know that China has had civilization—i.e., economic provision, political order and security, morals and manners, letters and arts—almost without interruption these last four thousand years? It began when the pyramids were being built, and continued undisturbed when the Pharaohs fell; it gave Lao-tse and Confucius to the world a century before Socrates and Plato appeared in Greece; it invented printing five hundred years before Gutenberg, and the compass five hundred years before Columbus; it discovered gunpowder long before the Christians, and had the good sense to use it only for fireworks; it treasured 54,000 MSS. in the Imperial Library when Rome was in ruins; when all Europe slumbered through the Dark Ages, a thousand poets flourished, invented free verse, and wrote the most delicate lyrics in literature, under the dynasty of the cultured T'angs; and a thousand artists, under the T'angs and the Sungs, made the most perfect drawings, and the loveliest pottery, in the world. What a civilization!—the longest lived, and perhaps the profoundest, of all. What is its secret?

Let us personify the secret, and call it Kung-fu-tse—Kung the Master—Confucius. Never has one man so written his name upon the character and institutions of his people. For here was a philosopher accepted by the world; acknowledged and studied as a great teacher by the most powerful emperors; molding the souls of millions in every generation as the students memorized his simple and intelligible books; (*Continued on page 74*)

Reach for a Dollar Instead of a Cent

(*Continued from page 19*)

been on the job a month, Pop asked me how the art work was getting along—in other words, how much nearer was I to that million?

"Fine," I told him. ' Mr. Bassford says I can run errands faster than any A. D. T. boy in St. Louis and that I'm making a record for myself in the way I sweep out the office. If I keep it up, he says that in another six months I'll be able to rub the pencil marks off the drawings after they've been inked in. Mr. Bassford says I have a swell future behind me."

ONE day, when I had finished my artistic chores of brushing off the desks with a feather duster, Bassford discovered me sketching some figures on waste paper. He stopped in front of me so abruptly that I expected a bawling out for being so wasteful with the waste paper.

"That looks like a woman's head with a lot of hair on it," he remarked. "What had you intended it to be?"

"You'd be surprised, but I intended it to be a woman's head with a lot of hair on it," I answered.

This was the first time Bassford had ever guessed right about the things I drew. Usually when I made pictures of what I thought was a woman's face, he would frown and say that I would never get anywhere with that landscape stuff.

"Well," he continued, "my fashion artist is home in bed with a slight attack of delirium tremens. His wife just called up to say that she didn't think he would be able to report for work until he had captured at least six pink elephants and seven heliotrope yaks. You're about the only thing around here simple enough to pinch-hit for him. Make some fashion pictures for next Sunday's supplement. I'll square it with the readers by running an editor's note on the page offering cash prizes for those who guess what it is."

Women readers of the *Republic* were apparently as cuckoo as Bassford thought I was. They wrote in that they liked the voluminous coiffures with which I adorned the fashion ladies' heads So, even after the regular artist had rounded up his pink elephants and heliotrope yaks and had returned to the job, I was permitted to continue as a contributor to the supplement. Owing to his friendship for Pop, Bassford was very unhappy over the turn of events. He saw the ruin of the best errand boy the *Republic* art department had ever had.

By the summer of 1903 I had saved up something more than two hundred dollars toward that million. Fate stepped on the gas at that point. On the day the Futurity was run at Sheepshead Bay, New York, Rastus, the office bootblack, gave me a tip on Hamburg Belle, the Whitney entry. Rastus was a student of race horse lineage. Hamburg, the papa of Hamburg Belle, was his favorite sire.

"All Hamburgs is stake hosses," he assured me.

"You mean all hosses is Hamburg steaks," I wise-cracked.

"Says how?"

"I say Hamburg steaks is all hoss."

"I reckon you're right. She's a high-class stake filly."

"In other words, a filet of steak."

"Yassir; she's done mighty well."

"That's how I like my Hamburgs."

"How, Boss?"

"Well done."

I WENT over to the bank, drew out two hundred dollars and took it around to Pool Alley, back of the *Republic* office, where the bookmakers gamboled. Red Galligan was in the cashier's cage at the poolroom. I shoved the wad toward him.

"Plank this stake on that stake filly in the big stake," I instructed.

"Young man, you sound like a lot of mistakes. Your order, please."

"I refer to Mr. Hamburg's fastest daughter."

"Oh, the Belle. What is she, a ringer?"

"Rastus says she'll chime dollar notes. Kindly place those two hundred berries on the lady's chin."

Rastus was right. The Belle tinkled home in front. I collected my winnings and went straight to Homer Bassford.

"You'll have to hire another hairdresser for your fashion page. I'm quitting the barbers' union," I announced.

"Terrible! What shall we do about it—suspend publication?"

"I'm going to New York and be a comic artist."

"If you went to Timbuctoo you couldn't be more comical as an artist."

IN NEW YORK I learned what makes comic artists funny, if so, and how. It's the experience they go through trying to hitch onto newspaper payrolls. A raw young artist looking for a job is the city's biggest scream. Art editors hold him up before the class as something that might have been, but isn't, never will be, and why bother? Fellow artists show their sympathy by ining up in the front row of the raspberry chorus. Snickering office boys escort him past the elevator to the nearest stairway, with a parting caution not to slip on the way down, as it annoys the publisher to have artists with broken necks cluttering up the exits.

The bank roll Hamburg Belle had staked me to looked like the tag end of a wasted life by the time I finally landed my first job. My expenditures at that moment aggregated nothing a day, which was just a little more than the amount I had. Six months had elapsed. The evening before the break came my last dime went for two glasses of beer and a course dinner of liverwurst, bologna, sauerkraut, potato salad, and pretzels at one of my favorite free-lunch counters. If we had had prohibition at the time I guess that sumptuous feast would have dwindled to the pretzels.

In the matter of subway fare to Park Row next morning, I was only a nickel short. I walked over to the Twenty-eighth Street station to see what kind of face the ticket agent had. I had hoped it would be a kind face, but instead it was just a kind of face. Yet I learned from him that faces are sometimes the most

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GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(Continued from page 73)

persuading his countrymen to gentleness and moderation, to the love of learning and the cherishing of peace; and at last gratefully worshiped by them as a god. No other except Christ has wielded such influence.

We cannot love everything in him. There was a Puritan strictness about him that must have kept happiness at a timid distance; and he put such store by manners and ceremonies as would hardly suit our democratic tastes. "All virtues have their source in etiquette," he wrote; "and even in killing men one should observe the rules of propriety." "In driving with a woman one must drive with one hand," he advises, in thoroughly modern style; but then he continues, with a strange error in the pronoun, "and keep the other behind his back."

But see him as his disciples saw him, as Tseng-tse describes him:

"Ability asking instruction of incompetence, abundance sitting at the feet of insufficiency, a man of every virtue who thought he had none, solid in character, yet making himself a cipher, trespassed against but never retaliating." As he strode through street and field, teaching the pupils who were to be the statesmen of the generation after him, he must have made a queer picture to the mob—an almost hairless head gnarled and knotted with wisdom, and a face whose seriousness gave no inkling of his kindliness and humor. Out of the two thousand who sought instruction from him he could afford to select his students, and to retain only the most assiduous and intelligent. "I do not expound my teaching to any who are not eager to learn. If, after being shown one corner of a subject, a man cannot discover the other three, I do not repeat the lesson." To his favored ones he revealed the core of his philosophy in a paragraph crowded with wisdom:

The illustrious ancients, when they wished to make clear and to propagate the highest virtues in the world, put their states in proper order. Before putting their states in proper order, they regulated their families. Before regulating their families, they cultivated their own selves. Before (Continued on page 76)

deceptive things people wear on their heads. He let me through without a ticket, which made me sorry I didn't like his face better.

Florence White, of the *World*, had promised me a job, if and when possible. As several months had passed since he had made that promise, I reached his office believing this was going to be just another day. It wasn't. With the hotel waiting to give me the air, with the last hole punched in my meal ticket, with the bread line ready to welcome a young recruit from St. Louis, White staked me to the long-waited job that morning. It was one of the fifty-dollar-a-week variety. If it had paid fifty cents down and two dollars a month, I would have snatched it.

My first offering was a strip called "Ready Money Ladies." The idea was that women argue endlessly about which will pay the street car fare or some other trifling bill. It was rotten. However, I didn't know that, nor did the editors, and I doubt whether the public was any wiser. The reason for this far-reaching epidemic of dumbness was that nobody knew much of anything about comic strips then.

SUCH Utopia couldn't last. The American public is quick to find its bearings. In a little while outraged readers began bombarding editors with protests against the suffering comic artists were inflicting upon the American people. Fortunately for me, I had hit upon a new idea before the storm broke. At the time the "Ready Money Ladies" cashed in, I had a series called "Panhandle Pete" running in the Sunday supplement. *World* readers were more tolerant toward "Panhandle Pete." At least, no casualties were reported, and in the house-cleaning that took place Pete escaped getting the bum's rush. I also invented a daily under the title "Let George Do It," based on an expression I had heard a friend use. The phrase, becoming popular, drew attention to the strip. Nearly everybody thought I had created the phrase. The credit goes to a friend. If I could remember which particular friend it was, I would now immortalize him.

All this is relevant to the making of that million. Pop was more bullish than ever. Every time I got a jump in salary I'd notify him by wire, and he'd bounce right back with the assurance that it wouldn't be long now. I take my hat off to Pop for being the first man in the United States to see where comic newspaper art was heading. His insistence that "there's millions in it" was recorded at a time when there were fewer lowlier worms on earth than a newspaper artist. The syndication idea hadn't even been heard of then. I don't say Pop had anything to do with putting over that idea, but the point is he sensed that something was about to break.

THE plot of "Let George Do It" was that George was always being elected to perform a task nobody else wanted. With this as the only workable gag, it had limitations. My search for a substitute brought forth "The Newlyweds." I tried an experiment in that series. Art editors and syndicate managers believed that newspaper comics had to contain a slapdash style of humor, done in rough, vigorous lines, in order to get across with the reading public. "The Newlyweds" went democratic on that theory. The lines were fine, even decorative. Mrs. Newlywed was a very pretty young lady. When visualizing what she ought to look like, I said to myself, "Now, what kind of girl would you fall in love with?" Mrs. Newlywed was it. Medium height, delicately featured, the clinging vine species, she typified my ideals of feminine charm and beauty.

It was a toss-up whether readers would take to the novelty of a pretty girl in a comic strip. So I tempered the idea of excessive beauty by making Newlywed and Snookums, their only child, the goats. Both of them had fierce mugs, cut from the same pattern. Snookums was a spoiled, bawling brat. I had often seen beautiful mothers with that kind of children. It used to puzzle me how and why such miracles of nature could be. Then, the father of one of these juvenile monstrosities would heave in sight and all would be plain. It may be true Ziegfeld Follies beauties catch big fish, but all the average good-looking woman catches is a flounder.

Gentlemen with delinquent mugs need not think I'm taking an underhand crack at them. What I'm saying goes equally for myself. I've never had any delusions that I am a flaming sheik, nor has anyone else, for that matter. The beauty judges have never elected me Mr. Universe. I couldn't even win the prize as Mr. St. Louis. Yet a beautiful lady, after full and ample opportunity to study the motif of that parcel of landscape known as my face, accepted it for better or worse. Not sentimentally, but merely to record a fact, I must chronicle that I was the lady's slave even before I had seen her. She was the living image of Mrs. Newlywed, my dream girl. I met her, Miss Florence Bergere, in New York.

"Why, Miss Bergere," I asked, "do you fix your hair that way?"

"A fashion artist on the *St. Louis Republic* gave me the idea. My home is in St. Louis."

"Eke!" I exclaimed.

"Did you speak?"

"Glug," I chortled.

She laughed. "Isn't it funny how our ears deceive us? Do you know what I thought you said? I though you said 'eke' and 'glug.'"

"I did—both. The significance is that I'm the St. Louis artist you speak of. I've been making pictures of you for several years. Not until now did I know it was you, nor did you know that I was making 'em. Isn't life a wow?"

Soon thereafter she became a Mrs. Newlywed in real life, as well as the model for that lady of the funnies. I was tempted to remold Mr. Newlywed into a replica of myself, but kind friends said he was already funny enough looking.

THE idea of "The Newlyweds" lacked elasticity. There was only one gag—the devotion of the young couple to their bawling, much-spoiled brat. I looked for an idea that would stand as a permanent fixture. It had to be human, to strike at the everyday emotions. What things in life are the most human? Well, I thought, there is the henpecked husband. Time has established him as a venerable and honorable laugh producer. I elected him to become the central figure.

I named him Jiggs. With all due re-

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Accept this 7-day trial tube at our expense. Prove these remarkable claims for this unique shaving cream. Mail the coupon

GENTLEMEN: With a product such as ours the advertising problem is chiefly to get you to make this 7-day test. For results have proved that 86% of men adopt Palmolive Shaving Cream—once they try it.

A seven days' test on your own face beats all the laboratory tests that *we* can make. *That* is where sales are made. And that is how Palmolive Shaving Cream attained leadership in a competitive field in so short a time.

Now, if you will return the coupon above, we will give you new ideas of shaving comfort. For we believe in proving our claims first—*then* asking you to buy.

How it came about

Shaving preparations had not kept pace with shaving needs. We studied long, then asked 1000 men's advice. They told us others' shortcomings. And we set out to fulfill them. 129 formulas, tried and discarded, finally brought success. Five unique features were attained. 4416 A

Now the test, please

Suited or not, you owe it to yourself to try this remarkable shaving cream. *You* are the judge—it either pleases you or not—you take no risk. So won't you mail the coupon now?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

These 5 Supremacies

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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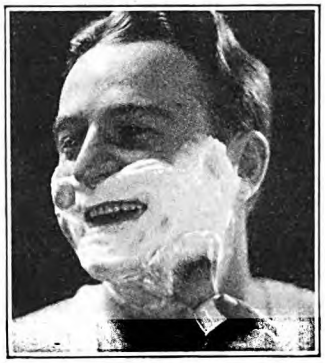
To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream.



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GENIUS IN MINIATURE

(Continued from page 74)

cultivating their own selves they perfected their souls. Before perfecting their souls they tried to be sincere in their thoughts. Before trying to be sincere in their thoughts, they extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such investigation of knowledge lay in the investigation of things, and in seeing them as they really were. When things were thus investigated, knowledge became complete. When knowledge was complete, their thoughts became sincere. When their thoughts were sincere, their souls became perfect. When their souls were perfect, their own selves became cultivated. When their selves were cultivated, their families became regulated. When their families were regulated, their states came to be put in proper order. When their states were in proper order, the whole world became peaceful and happy.

In the year 501 B. C., Confucius was

made chief magistrate of the city of Chungtu, and did so well that he was soon advanced to be Minister of Justice in the duchy of Lu. The historians who are prejudiced in his favor tell us that "a marvelous transformation ensued in the manners of the people. There was an end of crime. Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of the men, chastity and obedience those of the women." Happy days!—they will never come again.

But he had enemies, and by ancient strategy they contrived his fall. They sent to his master so choice an assortment of harem-girls that the Duke forgot all the commandments, roistered with the ladies, and ignored the protests of the stern philosopher, whose whole theory of government rested on the example of the governors. Confucius sent in his resignation and went with his disciples into voluntary exile, saying, "I have never seen a man who loved virtue as much as he loved beauty."

Many years he wandered, but he found no second Dionysus. He lived till 478 B. C., dying at the age of seventy-three. His pupils buried him with pomp and ceremony proportioned to their love; and, building huts by his grave, they lived there for three years, sorrowing for him as for a father. When all the others had gone, Tse-kung, who loved him beyond the rest, remained three years more, mourning alone by his Master's tomb.

spect to the Jiggs family, I think they have a funny name. I named his wife Maggie. With all due respect to the Maggies, I think their parents should have called them Consuelo or Daphne or Ysobel. My idea was that all the principal characters except one should have mugs. The exception would be Nora, the daughter of Jiggs and Maggie. This would typify one of those miracles we so often meet—how parents with ugly maps frequently have beautiful daughters.

POP cut back into the picture. As a boy I had met many of his actor friends—Sir Henry Irving, William H. Crane, James O'Neil, Nat Goodwin, Willie Collier, Stuart Robson, and Richard Mansfield. The idea now occurred to me that out of all the stage make-ups I had seen these actors wear, I ought to get one that would fill the bill for the Jiggs mug. It came to me at last, but not from the foregoing list. Billy Barry was it. I had seen him play at Pop's theater in a comedy called "The Rising Generation." He took the part of an old Irish tad who lived with his family in a shanty in the upper section of Fifth Avenue, New York, on the fringe of aristocracy. The tad had a beautiful daughter. The son of the rich banker who lived across the street was in love with her.

I now had Jiggs and Nora pat, which left Maggie on my hands. So I invented her. I also invented a fourth principal character, Dinty Moore, a prize loafer who was always getting Jiggs in Dutch with Maggie. The main props for the cast were corned beef and cabbage, beer and a rolling-pin. Jiggs and Dinty ate the corned beef and cabbage and drank the beer, and Maggie used the rolling-pin.

Corned beef and cabbage had much to do with the making of the million. As a member of the food family it's just common folks. It's never been able to crash the Social Register. It's the most unaristocratic edible known. Hot dogs are much higher up the social scale.

I called the series "Bringing Up Father." One night, after it had been running about a year, I dropped around to see my good friend, the late Dave Montgomery, then Fred Stone's partner in the musical comedy team of Montgomery and Stone. He asked me to have supper with him at a little restaurant opposite the stage door of the Globe Theater, where he was playing.

"There are two reasons why I like this place," said Dave. "In the first place, they have good corned beef and cabbage. In the second place, why bother about any other reason?"

A bar ran along one side of the restaurant. Back of it was a burly Irishman in white apron and shirt sleeves. Back of him was a kitchen range.

"That's the boss," said Dave. "He does everything—draws the beer, mixes the drinks, and cooks the chops and steaks."

There was one other customer in the place.

"Judging," I eagerly observed, "from the rush-hour throng storming his combined hashery and ginmill, he'll never die from overwork."

"His wife cooks the corned beef and cabbage upstairs. Also the beans."

"The boss and his wife must have enormous appetites."

"Why?"

"To eat all the food they cook."

Dave greeted the boss.

"Hello, Jim. I want you to meet my friend here. He's the fellow who does 'Bringing up Father.'"

Jim made a face at me. "Hah," he said.

Never having been in the place before, I said "Hah" at him. That ended the conversation.

I LIKED Mrs. Jim's corned beef and cabbage much better than I liked Jim's system of greeting a stranger. I was introduced to him altogether about fifty times. Each time he would make a face at me and say "Hah." If he hadn't talked volubly with others I would have thought it was the only word he knew.

His name was Jim Moore. After he had been "Hahing" at me for a year or so, I noted that business had become extremely brisk in his place. Steaks were singing on the range. Chops were crooning a lullaby of prosperity. Beer was drawing. Drinks were mixing. Corned beef and cabbage were cascading down the dumbwaiter from Mrs. Jim's upstairs kitchen.

On a certain eventful night I went to Jim's by myself. There was no friend around to introduce me to Jim. So I felt safe from his "Hah." Long since had it come to me that Jim's "Hah" was a synthetic species of raspberry.

My elbow was bent. A thump on my back unleashed a flood of Pilsener from the goblet I was balancing. It splashed through my right cuff, gurgled to my right shoulder and sluiced down my right ribs.

"HAVE a drink on me," said Jim. It was Jim. He wore a hard-boiled shirt. In the center of it was a diamond the size of a red, ripe strawberry and with the candle-power of Diamond Jim Brady's brightest headlight.

"Have a drink on me," repeated Jim.

"Hah, I've had it. It's on me. You'll find it under my vest. It's now approaching the lower pocket on the right side."

"Have another," urged Jim.

"Such hospitality from the likes of you convinces me I'm all wet."

"Forget it," pleaded Jim. "It was the Dinty Moore business. You put Dinty in jail and had Jiggs take corned beef and cabbage to him."

"What about it? Wasn't corned beef and cabbage good enough for him?"

"It was the jail. I was going to tell you there have been more McManuses in jail than Moores. I didn't like the idea of your putting Dinty Moore in jail."

"He's my Dinty and I can place him anywhere I want to," I protested.

"But they call me Dinty. They named me Dinty after your Dinty. And when your Dinty went to jail they began kidding me."

"You should be honored," I said with dignity. "My Dinty's a well-known man. I don't see any flies on my Dinty."

"Hah!" exclaimed Dinty; but he made no face at me. "Now we're keeping step. It's your Dinty that's made a million for this Dinty. It pays to advertise."

And that, kind friends, is the million I made. Pop was right. There's millions in art.

But not for the artist.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Pineapple
Picked *ripe* from the Hawaiian crop. In a shell of chocolate with a center of syrup.

Cherries
Favorite of all fruits in chocolate. An Italian tid bit floating in a fondant cordial.

Pecans
Perfect whole nuts from Texas, in clusters, imbedded in chocolate.

Walnuts
Pick of the Chabertes from France—sweet, sound, whole nuts uniform in flavor. In clusters wrapped in chocolate.

Strawberries
With the matchless flavor of the soil and the climate of Hood River Valley in Oregon. Also a liquid center.

Raisins
Selected giant clusters from California. Dipped in fondant and then in milk chocolate—forming a liquid center.

Almonds
Crisp, and sweet, genuine Aetna nuts from Sicily. A perfect cluster of delights.

Brazil Nuts
A tropic favorite imbedded directly in the famous Whitman chocolate, without fondant.

Filberts
Delicately flavored nuts from Turkey where the best filberts grow. Clusters in chocolate.

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Each individual piece has a character of its own.

Each won a place in this very precious collection by its peculiar excellence and popularity.

Out of all the Whitman line (The Quality Group) this is the one selected to carry the jolly Hallowe'en wrap—

An Ideal Gift *for* Hallowe'en

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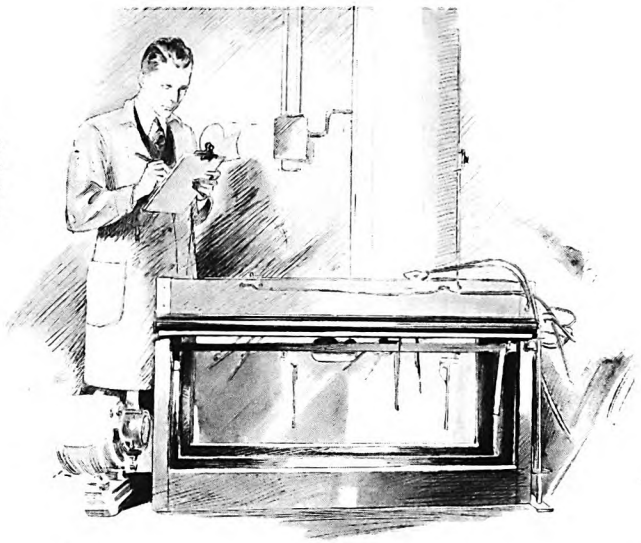

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The perfect functioning of such a rarely-used device as the switch for a dome-light may seem unimportant. But this small device, like every other element of structure and equipment, goes through a grilling trial.

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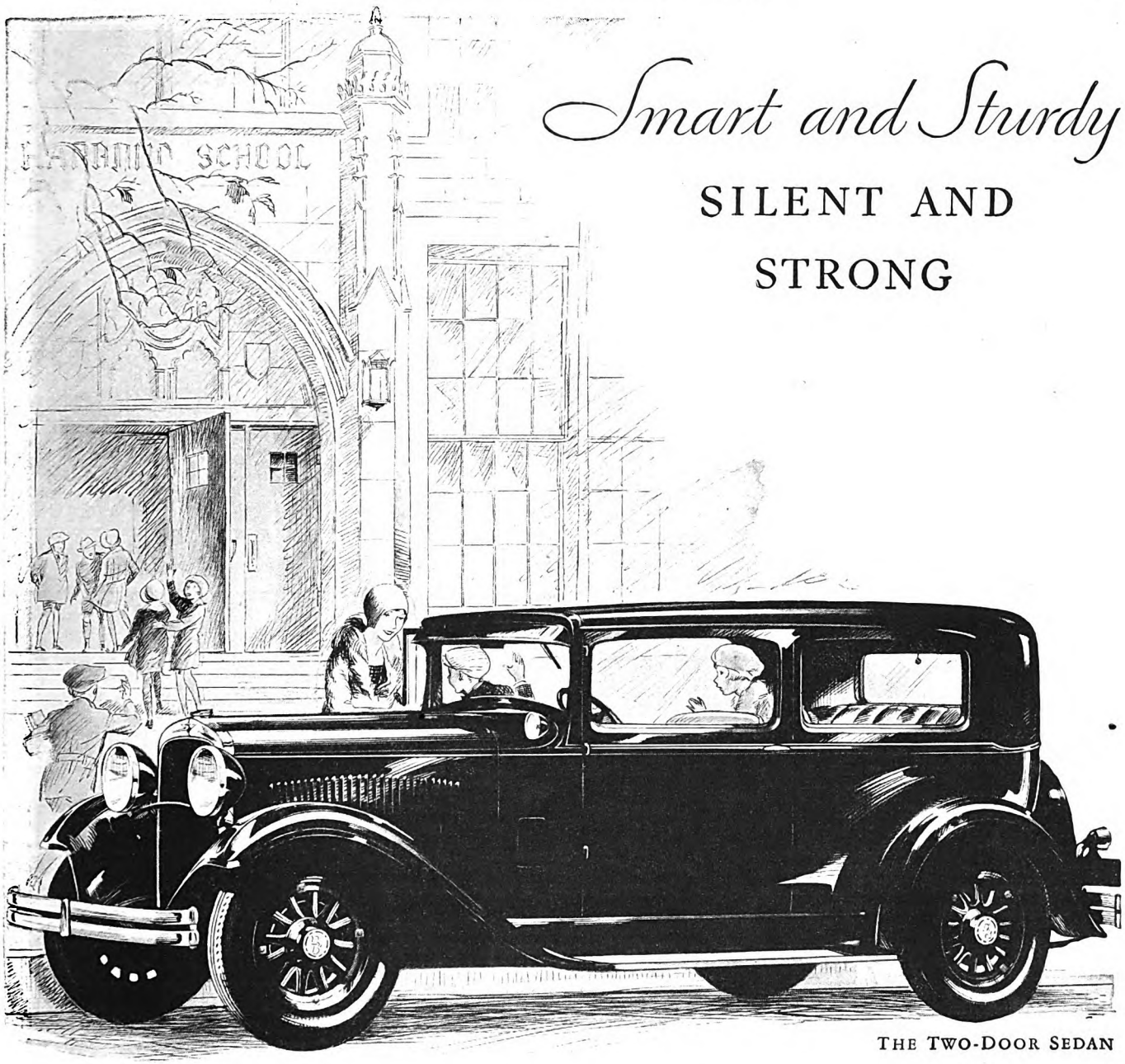

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SILENT AND STRONG

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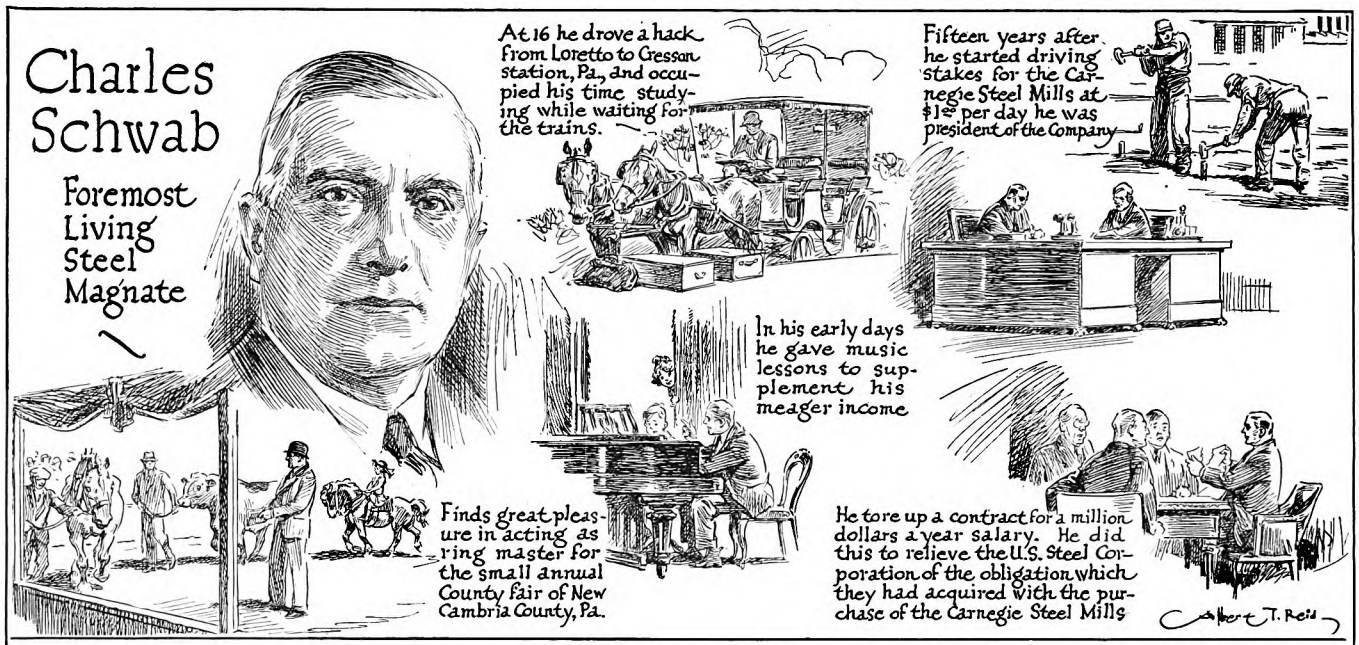

How They Got That Way

By Dale Carnegie and Albert T. Reid

The Lost Battalion

(*Continued from page 57*)

unsuccessfully, of course. They had dropped off runner posts each two hundred yards, and they sent a runner back with a message for Colonel Stacey, to report their success and keep connection with him.

Neither Colonel Stacey nor his operations officer, Captain Bradley Delehanty, remembers ever seeing that message. Nor is it to be found in the official files. Probably the Germans got the runner who carried it.

But there is another possibility. After the 77th came back to New York, the case containing many of the records of the Lost Battalion disappeared. Was someone trying to cover up something? Or did a mere souvenir hunter steal the records? These are unsettled questions, but it is possible that whoever has the records may also have the message sent back to Colonel Stacey, as well as other important data.

AT ANY rate, Whittlesey, having sent back the runner, began to think of his next step. He had left Lieutenant Paul Knight in command of the two companies west of the ravine, and had planned, upon reaching Charlevaux Valley, to send another company back to attack in the rear the Germans facing Lieutenant Knight's command, so that all three companies could come up at Whittlesey's left, at the mouth of the valley. Had that plan succeeded, it might have prevented the Germans from surrounding the Lost Battalion.

But it had taken so long to get through the forest that it seemed too dark for such a risky venture. If he sent back a company, it might get lost or be gobbled up by the Germans. And this was no order from a superior, but an agreement with a subordinate. He waited for daybreak.

Over on the left the French had been repulsed that day, and had fallen back near Binarville, about opposite the Lost Battalion's starting point, where Companies D and F had been left behind. Knowing that, and realizing that there was a hole on his left, General Alexander took steps about four o'clock that afternoon to plug it. He told General Johnson to move up the Third Battalion of the 308th Infantry from Brigade Reserve.

BUT the ideas of the two Generals as to how the hole should be plugged differed General Alexander thought General Johnson would string the reserve battalion along the western edge of the forest, facing west and northwest, its right in contact with Whittlesey's left flank. Instead, the battalion ended up during the night facing north, a half mile or more in Whittlesey's rear and not in contact with him. The official explanation at the time was that they could get no farther in the darkness. They had not plugged the hole.

Other measures were taken that night that would have put a different face on matters had they worked out. Whether or not Whittlesey's first report got through, General Johnson and Colonel Stacey got some inkling of what had happened—that he had advanced successfully and reached his objective, and was in danger because nobody else had kept up with him. So did Colonel Houghton, of the 307th, who now ordered four of his companies to slip through the same chink Whittlesey had found, and join him to await the renewal of the attack next morning.

It was a good idea, but it didn't work. In the pitch darkness, two companies went along the western side of the ravine instead of the eastern, ran into German machine-gun fire, and stopped. Another company got lost, and its commander was ordered in arrest. Only K Company, commanded by Captain Nelson M. Holderman, of California, followed Whittlesey's runner posts, and that night reached the southern slope of the valley, where it waited until morning before crossing to join Whittlesey.

Had all four companies got through, not only would the Lost Battalion have been secured, but a wide German retreat might have been forced several days earlier than it was. Whittlesey's few hundred men had broken the German *Hauptwiderstandslinie*. They had a chance to play havoc with the whole German front in the forest. Reinforced, and with orders and artillery coöperation, they might have gone ahead and done it. So says General Wellmann, who thinks Whittlesey not too bold, but too cautious, and blames him for not having driven home the successful thrust; declaring that even without reinforcements the Lost Battalion at that time outnumbered the German forces in the vicinity. But Whittlesey had neither orders nor authority to do anything of the sort.

MORNING of October 3d found Whittlesey and his men still well pleased with their advance of the day before. At six o'clock, Whittlesey sent E Company, under Lieutenant Karl Wilhelm, of Buffalo, to join Lieutenant Knight. He also sent another message to Colonel Stacey, and while this also appears to have gone astray, Whittlesey was given cause to believe his runner posts still working and uncut when up came Captain Holderman and his men, having got forward during the night by the runner posts. Whittlesey sat tight, expecting at any minute to receive the promised "orders for a further advance." And when, at 8:30, the German artillery began feeling for his force, he felt safer than ever, for no shells reached the carefully chosen position.

In fact, General Johnson began to worry

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of 55 pieces every Wednesday night over W E A F and associated N B C stations.

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Motorists answered:

"It lasts longer"

When the New Mobiloil had been in use several months, we sent investigators to call on motorists in different parts of the United States and Canada. We wanted their unbiased opinion of this new oil.

Our investigators asked: "What do you notice first about the New Mobiloil?" Motorists everywhere answered: "*Mobiloil lasts longer.*"

What is the significance of these three words "Mobiloil lasts longer"? Perhaps they sound unimportant at first glance. But as a matter of fact, they are the most significant words in the science of lubrication. For, in comparing oils of similar "body", engineers have proved that the oil which lasts longest, also lubricates best.

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

What Two Women Accomplished

WHEN two civic-minded women resolutely make up their minds that a certain scheme is to be put through—well, it's almost as good as done.

In 1924 the California Development Association sponsored a "Get Out the Vote" competition, offering a cup to the city making the best voting record during the following four years.

Thereupon, the enterprising Chamber of Commerce of Ramona, in the southwestern part of the state, began to covet the cup and assigned the job of winning it to Mrs. Clara K. Graham and Mrs. Elisabeth Green.

Once only in the four years did little Ramona fail to head the list of towns, and in 1928 it led all other communities in California with a polling record of more than 98 per cent of its voters.

Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Green, working in perfect harmony, pressed into service all resources available: telephones, high-school pupils, and all of the motor cars they could obtain. For days before the election they kept tabs on the plans of the voters. Those who expected to be out of town were asked to fill in absentee certificates.

One voter driving a herd of cows to Los Angeles was overtaken by boys and sent back to vote, while the lads kept the herd moving until the owner rejoined it. For a farmer who sent word that he had a sick cow and couldn't leave it, a veterinary was dispatched to his place to look after the cow. Bands of high-school students were sent after those who showed little interest in voting.

Nobody was allowed to forget this civic chore. As a result Ramona has become one of the most intelligent voting communities in the country.

MAGNER WHITE

about Whittlesey's situation before Whittlesey did. At two o'clock that morning, he telephoned to General Alexander that it looked as if Whittlesey's runner chain had been cut. But that happened often in the forest, and "this information did not, at the time, make a very deep impression." Anyway, General Alexander had ordered another attack by the whole 77th for dawn, and he hoped it would reach the valley and join Whittlesey.

THE morning was not far advanced when it began to come home to the men of the Lost Battalion that all was not as it should be. At nine o'clock, Captain Holderman on the right and Lieutenant William J. Cullen on the left sent out patrols to see what they could see. A half hour later the patrols reported that they could see neither Americans nor French, but that on both flanks were German patrols flitting through the woods.

Right afterward came worse news. Lieutenant James V. Leake, of Texas, and eighteen men of E Company returned breathless, some wounded, to report that while trying to get back to Lieutenant Knight's command, the company had been scattered by a strong force of Germans. Lieutenant Wilhelm had ordered Leake to return and warn Whittlesey of the Germans to his left rear.

How about the right rear? Whittlesey told Holderman to take his company back across the valley, to drive off any Germans he might meet, and to try to get satisfactory contact with the rest of the division, reporting the Lost Battalion's position. As Holderman and his men started, they were startled to hear a German voice near by, shouting across the valley what was happening.

Reaching the southern slope, they found much new German barbed wire, and were fired upon, front and flank. Fighting, they pushed ahead through two belts of wire, always with more Germans firing upon them. Holderman decided that they were in danger of being surrounded by a superior force. Carrying their wounded, he and his men worked back slowly to Whittlesey's position, which they reached at half past one.

The men of the Lost Battalion, crouching in their foxholes, knew that the Germans were on both flanks, in front of them, behind them. They were not lost—but they were surrounded.

Whittlesey and McMurtry talked it over tensely. General Alexander had ordered that no ground once won should be given up. They undoubtedly could fight their way back to the rest of the division. But that was not what they had come up there for. They passed to their company commanders this word:

> Our mission is to hold this position at all costs. No falling back. Have this understood by every man in your command.

Cautiously, silently, the company commanders crept among the foxholes, passing the word to grim, serious men, who nodded that they understood. Suddenly, in their midst came the explosion of a trench mortar shell, followed by the dread sound of machine guns and rifles. Bullets clipped twigs from the underbrush. A ring of fire surrounded the foxholes. The siege had begun.

The Germans, in addition to surrounding Whittlesey, had gotten back into the trenches of their *Hauptwiderstandslinie*, and had strung more barbed wire and mounted many machine guns. Somehow, there had been a hole about a mile wide separating Whittlesey's left from the French near Binarville and also from Companies D and F which he had left west of the ravine. Somehow there had been another hole separating his right from the left of the 307th Infantry. It was through these holes—and apparently mostly through the first—that the Germans had slipped.

HOW had this been made possible? Whittlesey himself has been blamed, largely, for things with which he had nothing to do. So have the American negro troops of the 368th Infantry. So have the French, and, finally, the 77th's various higher officers, including General Alexander, General Johnson (now dead), and Colonel Stacey. The attempt to pass the buck to the negroes has been made by some authorities who should have known better.

But however it happened, the German trenches were reoccupied, and when the new 77th attack started at dawn, the way was barred. New barbed wire was strung; machine guns were chattering death. The rest of the division could not get through to its lonely outpost.

WHITTLESEY and his men had heard the noise of the attack to their rear. The "thump-thump-thump" of the Chauchat automatic rifles had come slowly nearer. But then the firing had receded, died down, stopped. It was as if their only link with friends had been cut. The Germans had repulsed the attack, and were free for a time to destroy the *Amerikanernest*, as they called the line of foxholes along the road. They didn't know what a task it would be.

The capture of the French company to the left the day before had whetted the Germans' appetite, and they were crazy to gobble up the Americans likewise, as at once a thorn in their flesh and a tempting prize. And, incidentally, they may have thought the prize bigger than it was, for General Wellmann insists that there were still more surrounded Americans than surrounding Germans, and that the latter concealed their weakness in the forest cover, using Indian-like ruses, calling and shouting and making all manner of noises to give the impression of great numbers.

But while General Wellmann, of course, knew the scarcity in numbers of his own troops, it is possible that he was misinformed as to the number of Americans.

Whittlesey and his men settled down to resist the determined German attack. Only the trees saved them, for trunks and branches deflected bullets, and safe holes could be dug under the roots—only the trees and the splendid courage of the men. The Germans called them *Hartnäckig*. They endured everything.

Soon hunger added to their trials, for they had started short of rations. The living ate the rations of the dead. Before it ended, they were eating leaves. Water could not be obtained from the muddy stream in the valley, because of the watchfulness of snipers and the constant slashing of machine guns. Some who volunteered to fill canteens did not return. It was cold and rainy. And there was no

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Lucky Babies

LUCKY indeed is the baby who has a mother wise enough to follow the doctor's advice—"Bring the baby to me when he is six months old and let me protect him against diphtheria. That is one disease he need never have."

Last year more than 100,000 children who were not inoculated had diphtheria. About 10,000 of them died—an average of more than one every hour of every day in the year.

Will 10,000 innocents be sacrificed next year because some doctors have failed to warn mothers or because mothers have forgotten their doctors' warning?

Even when diphtheria is not fatal, it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts, damaged kidneys, ear trouble, or other serious after-effects. The majority of deaths from diphtheria are of little children less than five years old. If your child, so far unprotected, has not been stricken by this arch-enemy of childhood, your good fortune is a matter of luck—not precaution. If he is more than six months old, take him to your doctor without delay and have him inoculated.

Diphtheria can be prevented by simple, painless inoculation which is lasting in its effect. Call up your doctor now and make an appointment.

Prevention of diphtheria through inoculation with toxin-antitoxin should not be confused with *treatment* of the disease by means of anti-toxin. The latter is a cure—the former prevents.

This disease has practically disappeared in many cities where the people have backed their health authorities in preventing diphtheria by inoculation with toxin-antitoxin. But diphtheria finds its victims wherever people have been misled by false reports as to the alleged danger of inoculation or have not learned to seek the protection which inoculation gives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly cooperate through its local managers, agents and nurses, with State or city authorities to stamp out diphtheria. Detailed reports showing how various cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria" will be mailed free of charge. Ask for Booklet 119-A.

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surgeon—only three Medical Corps men, who bound the wounds of the living with bandages or even the wrap puttees taken from the dead.

Time after time the Germans attacked, calling false orders in English; sometimes approaching with great noise; again sneaking quietly through the underbrush. Sometimes they shot Very lights among the figures crouching in the foxholes, and by their glare threw down hand grenades from the top of the ridge. Then the trench mortar would throw in shells, or the machine gun would rip the trees with sheets of bullets. And the Lost Battalion was dwindling fast.

No wonder that at 4:05 that afternoon Whittlesey sent back by a carrier pigeon a message that ended:

> Present effective strength of companies here, 245. Situation serious.

It became more serious next day. At daybreak, scouts crawled down into the valley, hoping to get through to the rest of the division, but machine guns and rifles drove them back. At 10:55 Whittlesey sent his next-to-last pigeon with another message ending:

> Situation is cutting into our strength rapidly. Men are suffering from hunger and exposure; the wounded are in very bad condition. Cannot support be sent at once?

Instead of support, came the hardest, most crushing experience of the whole siege. They became the target for a barrage—from *American* artillery. Shells from the south, where the rest of the 77th Division lay, burst on the southern slope, then rapidly crossed the valley and settled straight on the bewildered, cowering Americans.

That "friendly" barrage lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes. Branches, earth, and stones crashed into the foxholes, burying some of the men and ripping off cover so that those who remained were more exposed than ever. Thirty Americans were killed or wounded. From the smoking, flaming midst of the barrage, Whittlesey sent his last carrier pigeon with this message:

> We are along the road, parallel 276.4. Our own artillery is dropping a barrage directly on us. For heaven's sake, stop it.

There seems to have been some effort to hush up that occurrence.

WHITTLESEY'S message of the morning, asking for support, had been received at about the same time as airplane information that many Germans could be seen in Charlevaux Valley. It was decided to support Whittlesey by shelling these Germans. But in modern warfare, of course, the artillery fires at things it cannot see. And someone figured the map references wrong.

Who? Captain Delehanty, then operations officer of the 308th Infantry, says it was an artillery liaison officer; that he, Delehanty, protested in vain. The error has also been charged to 158th Brigade (General Johnson's) Headquarters, which passed the charge along to Whittlesey himself. General Johnson said that until the last pigeon message came, during the shelling, Whittlesey had never reported his position correctly by the map. Unfortunately, the messages which would prove or disprove this are among the records that disappeared when the 77th came home.

But McMurtry says: "Every message we sent gave our exact position, the correct map coördinates. There is no possibility of doubt about that."

A message written by Holderman on the morning of October 3d, after his company had joined Whittlesey, is before me. It is plainly marked: "At 294.7—276.4," the correct map-reading of the position. If Holderman so reported it, surely Whittlesey, his superior, did. Whittlesey was hardly one of those officers who could not read a map correctly. He had made good as regimental operations officer.

There is additional evidence in this word from General Alexander: "The information that reached me gave Whittlesey's position accurately. There was no chance for error, as the landmarks were well defined in his vicinity."

Yet a former high artillery officer of the 77th says: "Your statement about the battalion in Charlevaux Valley coming under artillery fire is not correct"—then changes the subject.

THAT barrage was, to the Lost Battalion, the most harrowing experience of the whole nightmare of events. It nearly made them do what nothing else could—give up their position. It was so desperate that Whittlesey and McMurtry thought of moving, despite orders. But where should they go? There seemed strong German forces west and south, and some north and east. If they moved from their reported position, they might be shelled again by their own artillery. To clench their decision to stay where they were, an Allied plane flew overhead and fired a rocket, in seeming token that it had seen the white cloth panels they displayed.

The airplane, and others that came later, were trying to get messages and food to the beleaguered force. Two planes were lost in this attempt. But neither food nor messages reached the Lost Battalion. Some of the food fell among the Germans. As for the messages, the first one General Alexander wrote—at just about the time Whittlesey was deciding to remain where he was—said:

> Defend yourself in your present position. Help is coming to you.

Thus, even if Whittlesey had received it, the message would have served only to confirm the correctness of his own decision.

By night, the pain of the wounded was too great to bear silently any longer, and they had to moan and cry out, even though it might bring a burst of German fire. Gangrene added to the horror. The wounded loaded rifles during the attacks; some even took part in the shooting.

The next day, October 5th—third day of the siege—the men were almost too weak to bury the dead, but they pulled themselves to the task. Suddenly, again came shells from the south—"friendly" shells. And the first thing the men remembered was that Whittlesey had released his last pigeon the day before. But this time the shells soon leaped over the crouching Lost Battalion and landed right atop the ridge whence the Germans dropped their hand grenades.

Accounts differ about this barrage. The official version, which McMurtry believes to be correct, is that it was an American barrage, but this time an accurate one. Another version says it was a French barrage, fired over the protest of General Alexander, on the theory of the French commander that the Americans in the valley must have been wiped out, or else have surrendered. Holderman and Cullen thought the shells came from the direction of the French forces.

In the afternoon came a new ordeal. For twenty minutes the Germans turned upon the foxholes a fierce storm of machine-gun fire. Whittlesey and McMurtry lay side by side in their hole, making themselves as small as possible.

"*Most* unpleasant," remarked Whittlesey blandly.

Another grenade attack from the north ridge had to be beaten off. The sound of firing told the rest of the division that the Lost Battalion was still there. Not that Whittlesey had failed to make every effort to send the information. Daily he had asked for volunteers to take messages back, and found them. The Germans had captured all but three.

Starving, chilled, drenched, sleepless, threatened with death from all sides, the men hung on. Among them, calm and smiling, crawled the scholarly, bespectacled Whittlesey; or, laughing and joking, the optimistic McMurtry, with a bandage around a knee that had been injured by an American shell and part of a German grenade sticking from another wound in his back.

"We'll get out sure, tonight," they would tell the others.

Meanwhile, the Germans could hear their wounded moaning and crying.

"*Kamerad*, will you?" some Germans shouted across.

The reply went back: "*Kamerad* yourself, you ——."

THE fourth day of the siege, October 6th, seemed interminable, with fire from trench mortar, machine guns, and snipers, and with another grenade attack that the Americans beat back with rifles.

October 7th, dawning, found none with strength to bury the dead. The few who were able to crawl out to see whether the Germans were still there were fired upon at once. The wounded suffered terribly, and the unwounded scarcely had strength to fire a rifle.

Earlier in the siege, nine men from Captain Cullen's company had slipped off to the rear without orders to look for the food dropped by airplanes They ran into Germans, who killed or captured all of them. One of them came back, sent by the Germans with the following message:

> To the Commanding Officer of the 2d. Batl. J.R. 308 of the 77th Amer. Div.
>
> Sir:
>
> The bearer of the present, Lowell R. Hollingshead, has been taken prisoner by us on October —. He refused to the German Intelligence Officer every answer to his questiones and is quite an honourable fellow, doing honour to his fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.
>
> He has been charged against his will, believing it doing wrong to his country, in carrying forward this present letter to the Officer in charge of the 2d Batl. J. R. 308 of the 77th Div. with the purpose to recommend this Commander to surrender with his forces as it would be quite useless to resist any more in view of the present conditions.

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Its active, penetrating foam removes decaying impurities from those hard-to-reach places where the ordinary toothpaste cannot go.

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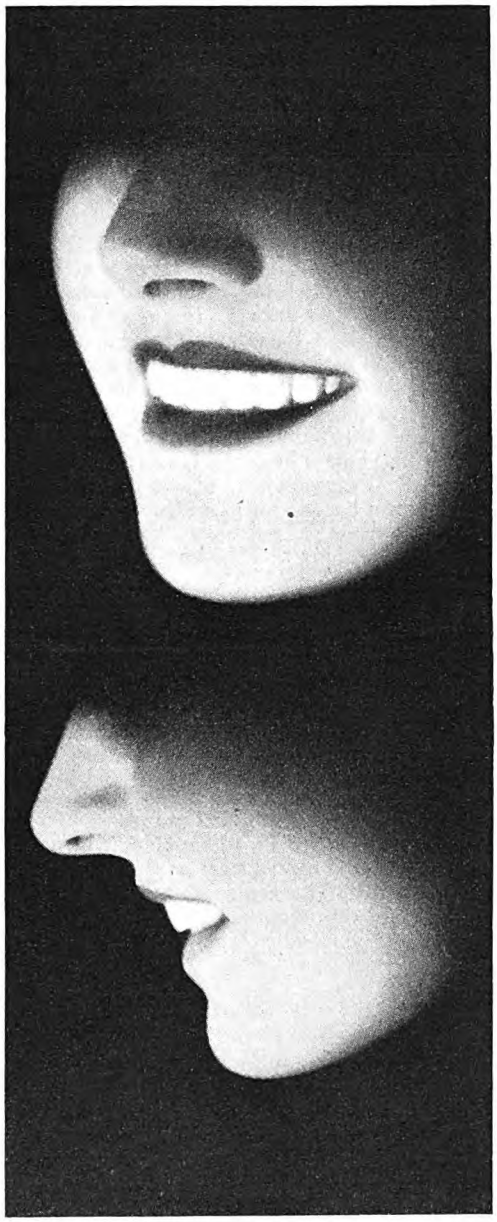
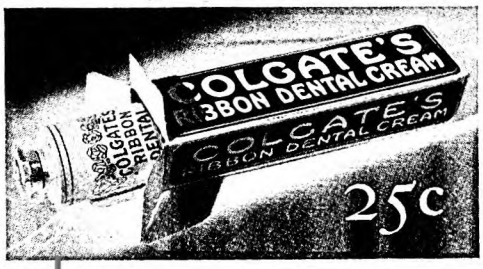
Therefore, the sluggish toothpaste which merely scrubs the outer surfaces fails utterly to give your teeth that thorough, scientific cleansing which really protects. Your toothpaste should be able to go down into the crevices and clean them.

A recent test . . . made by a well-known, impartial laboratory . . . proved that Colgate's active foam possesses a greater penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

The reason for this lies in a truly remarkable property (called low "surface tension") which this foam has. This property enables it to sweep down to the very bottom of the tiniest pits and fissures, washing away impurities in a bubbling, detergent wave . . . purifying and cleansing every part of every tooth as no other toothpaste can.





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Remember, too, that Colgate's is most economical—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand selling at 25c.

This low price is due to volume production—Colgate's is the largest-selling dentifrice in the world.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

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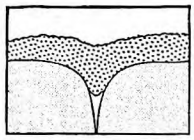
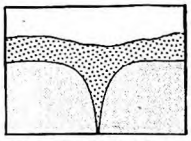


Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



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The suffering of your wounded man can be heared over here in the German lines and we are appealing to your human sentiments.

A withe Flag shown by one of your man will tell us that you agree with these conditions.

Please treat the Lowell R. Hollingshead as an honourable man. He is quite a soldier we envy you.

THE GERMAN COMMANDING OFFICER.

The writer of the letter was Lieutenant Heinrich Prinz, who had lived in Seattle, Washington, before the war. I met him after the Armistice in Coblenz, and he expressed the highest admiration for the bravery of the battalion.

BUT his ruse did not work. Later on, when newspaper correspondents first got the "story" of the demand for surrender from General Alexander, their immediate question was: "What answer did Whittlesey send 'em?"

"What answer would he send 'em?" replied the enthusiastic division commander. "He told 'em to go to hell."

That answer went to a hundred million readers. It was, as a matter of fact, Whittlesey's attitude, though not his words.

McMurtry and Holderman were squatting near by when the note was delivered. Whittlesey read it aloud to them—and smiled. They also smiled. Whittlesey then folded the note, with the precision of a New England lawyer, and put it in his pocket. Turning to the soldier, he said: "Go back to your post."

In his written report of the incident, Whittlesey said: "No reply seemed necessary."

But after putting the note in his pocket, he immediately ordered taken in the white cloth panels with which he had attempted to signal American airplanes. He was taking no chances that they might be mistaken for "withe Flags."

Yet he and his men were living—those who still *were* living—on nerve alone. The unremitting strain of killing and being killed, practically without food, water, or sleep, for nearly five days and nights was having its effect on all.

They could not know of the excitement their predicament was causing in every American headquarters, or that newspaper readers, in the world outside, were scanning every edition with breathless interest for news of their relief. It was, indeed, the biggest American newspaper story of the war. Here was a polyglot force of men from the sidewalks of New York, interspersed with Western cowboys—not a lumberjack or woodsmen among them—struggling through a sort of Robin Hood forest, cut off from their friends, surrounded by a German ring of fire. It was the sort of story that a correspondent could write with every bit of his imagination working—and still fall short of the whole truth.

And while the world was reading about it, General Alexander, helped by Major General Hunter Liggett, was moving heaven and earth to untangle the snarl. Ever since the morning of October 3d, he had been hurling forward his infantry. But the *Hauptwiderstandslinie* was now an unbreakable wall, barred by fiercely fighting Germans.

Colonel Stacey, commanding the 308th, worn down in health and finding himself with only 250 men left fit for duty—about one-fourteenth of full strength—asked to be relieved rather than continue with such losses.

General Alexander ordered General Johnson to take the reserve battalion forward and personally to supervise the attack. He relieved Colonel Stacey, and placed Captain Lucien S. Breckenridge in command of the 308th.

General Alexander also persuaded the French to help, and they attacked time and again, only to be hurled back again.

At length, General Alexander decided to save Whittlesey, even at the cost of giving up the ground he had won. On October 5th he sent this message by airplane:

Retire with your forces to the regimental post of command. The attention of the enemy in your rear is being held by our rifle and machine-gun fire. This should enable you to locate the enemy by his fire and strike him in rear and flank.

Whittlesey never received the order.

On the same day, over on the German side, General Wellmann was told by a superior that he must soon withdraw from the forest, because of the American advance up the Aire Valley, on its eastern edge. Late on October 6th the order came to start the withdrawal. But that would release the Lost Battalion. General Wellmann didn't want to give up that quarry. He asked for another day and some extra troops, a picked *Sturmbataillon*, to wipe out the Americans. The extra day was granted, but when the *Sturmbataillon* arrived it numbered but sixteen men. Wellmann begged for more troops, but in the meantime started to use what he had in dealing a blow that he hoped would be final and crushing.

The attack that followed was the hardest the desperate Americans had to withstand, for after the trench-mortar shells and the machine-gun bullets came the cruelest of all weapons—liquid fire. Oily black smoke reached for the weak Americans, setting fire to the forest growth. But, though liquid fire is supposed to be the most terrifying thing in modern warfare, even the wounded and those too weak to stand drew themselves to the firing line, and blazed away at the advancing enemy. The stronger ones, cursing with rage, went forward to meet the flame-throwers, and killed the Germans who carried them.

SO ENDED the last attempt to wipe out the Lost Battalion. The extra time granted to General Wellmann was almost up and, to make the German situation more difficult, American troops now were swarming up the Argonne bluffs. General Wellmann had to get out of danger, Lost Battalion or none.

Meanwhile, the 77th Division itself had found a way to come to the rescue. Colonel Houghton, of the 307th, had discovered a back door to Whittlesey—a gap in the barbed wire through which his men might wriggle, one at a time, and then work their way westward through Charlevaux Valley toward Whittlesey's right.

By the morning of October 7th, even before the flame-thrower attack, Houghton had a little force creeping slowly over the marshy ground, taking every scrap of cover, hoping they were not too late. Into their midst crawled two pale, hollow-cheeked, filthy, ghostlike men from Whittlesey's force. The Lost Battalion, they said, was still there and fighting—what there was left of it. Furthermore, they had seen small parties of Germans scurrying out of the valley.

At seven o'clock that evening, the first small party reached the foxholes that the Lost Battalion had held so long—so terribly long. Behind came more—whole companies. The siege was ended.

And none too soon. Hand grenades were all gone; ammunition, almost. Only two of the nine machine guns were left, and no gunners to handle them. To meet the next attack, the men were sharpening on stones and earth the best weapons they had left—their bayonets.

They did not cheer as the support came up. Silently they shook hands with one another, or crawled to the wounded to tell the good news. If there were tears, darkness hid them. Whittlesey remarked that the thumping Chauchats, coming nearer, sounded like the pipes of Lucknow. That night the Lost Battalion ate all the food the 307th had, and slept safely for the first time in five nights.

NEXT morning brought General Alexander early to the valley, to shake hands with Whittlesey, McMurtry, and the rest, whom he called "heroes, every one," and to offer Houghton promotion or decoration. Soon afterward occurred something that brought tears to the eyes that saw it—as I can testify, for I was one of the correspondents present.

Up from the foxholes—pits where dead lay with the living—rose 194 of the 679 men who had attacked five days before—many of the 194 bearing wounds. They were all who could walk out of the Charlevaux Valley, which they had taken and held, as ordered. The foxholes were the graves of 107. The rest had to be carried.

The 194 walked heavily, numbed by utter exhaustion, clothes tattered and filthy, faces like drawn masks of putty, eyes fixed in stares of determination. Worn out, dirty, hungry, thirsty, they would not give in. Those of us who saw them, as the first spadeful of earth was turned for their dead comrades, knew that here was a holy place.

A little later a few newspaper correspondents found Whittlesey sitting on a stump at a forest crossroads. Near by squatted his handful of men, bearded, dirty, dazed.

"Don't write about me," said Whittlesey, "just about these men."

He spoke of how fine they had been, how patient and game. New Yorkers and Westerners—all fine, he said.

Modest, gallant gentleman that he was. Not one thing had he asked his men to do that he would not do himself. Not one thing had they done that he had not done himself.

Except that some of them had died.

Perhaps that was why, three years later, he decided to go the full distance with them—to join those men whom he, as simple military duty, had led to their death.

He leaped from a steamship into the sea, leaving behind him one of the World War's most glorious traditions.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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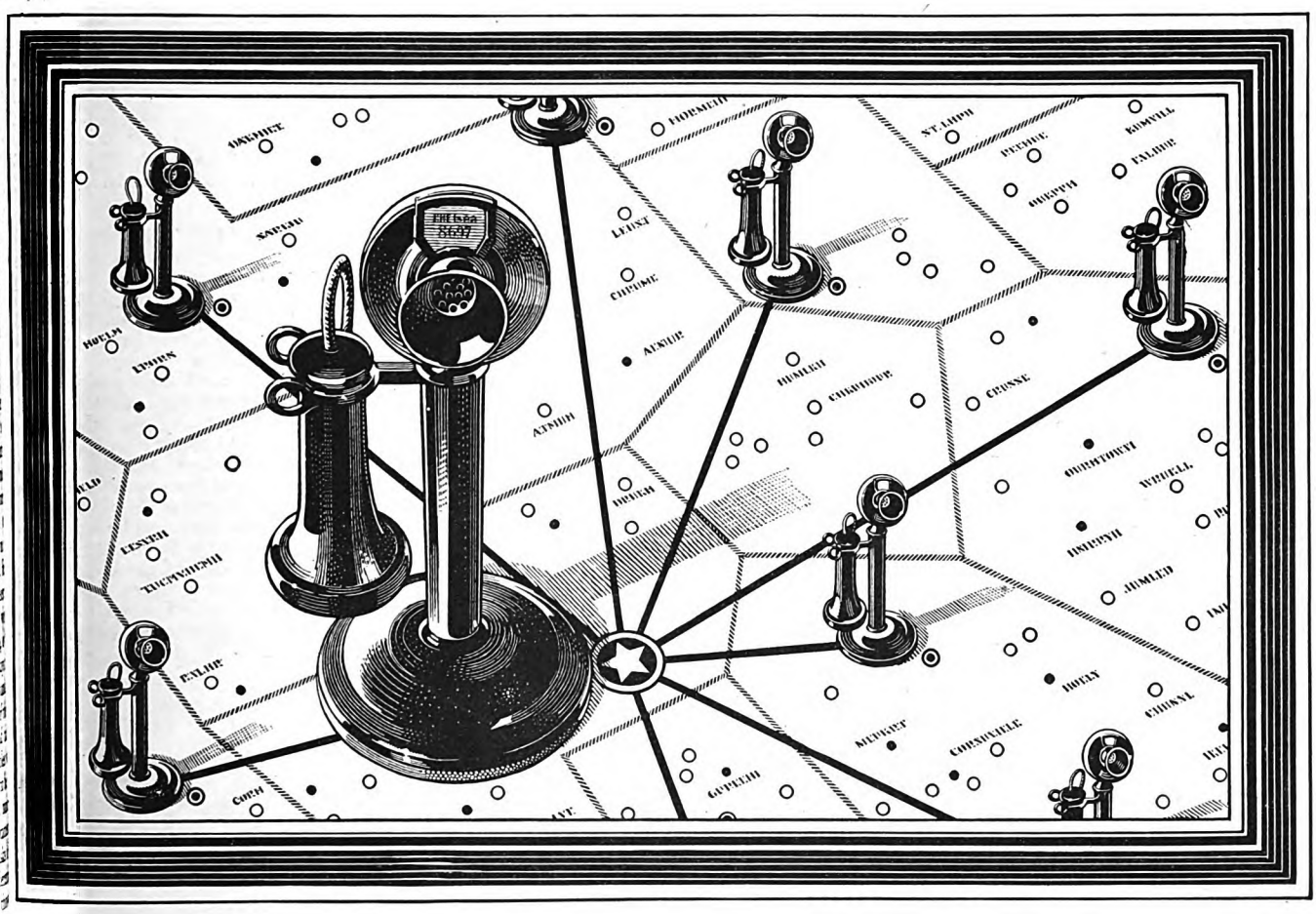
Cover your Sales areas by Telephone... the Key Town plan



The modern way to keep in touch with customers is by telephone from centrally located towns. For information and arrangements about the Key Town plan, go right to your local Bell Telephone Business Office.

A soap salesman went to the telephone office in Forest City, Arkansas, and placed 30 calls to 10 surrounding towns.

Twenty-five sales resulted in $2000 worth of business in 3 hours. Cost of the calls, $12.90. The salesman estimated it would have taken him 2 weeks plus traveling expenses to visit the towns and dealers individually.

The Bell System has prepared national and regional Key Town maps suggesting convenient centers for reaching the entire country by telephone.

Sequence lists filed with the operator in advance enable calls to be put up quickly, one after another.

Classified telephone directories help in developing prospects and new outlets.

The credit plan used in connection with the Key Town plan obviates carrying cash for telephoning and keeps a detailed record of the calls.

Why not telephone your local Bell Telephone Business Office now for the Key Town maps and information? They are free. Bell Telephone Service is *Convenient . . . Economical . . . Universal.*

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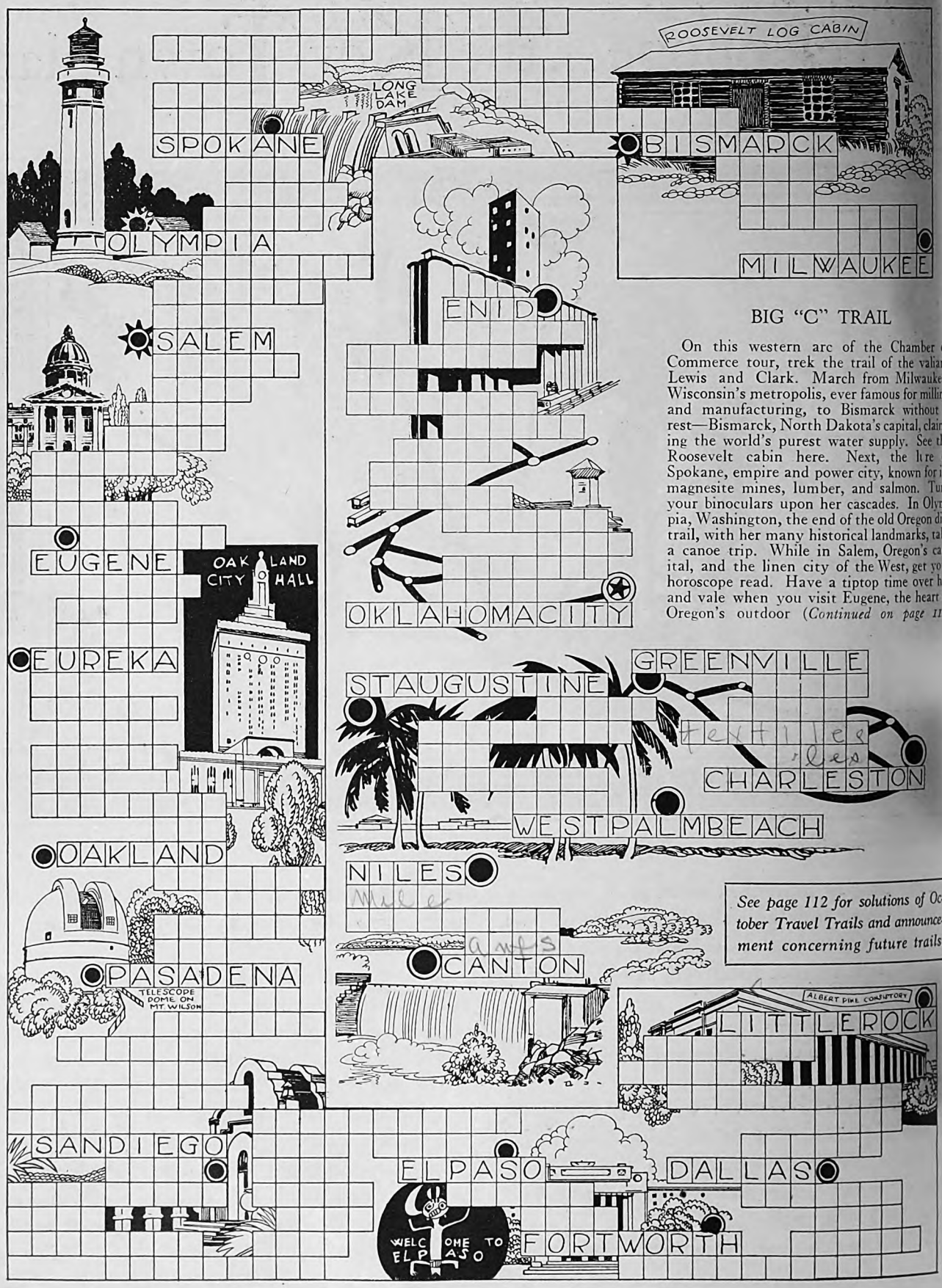
The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

Travel Trails

By ARTHUR EBENHACK and LOREN STOUT

Chamber of Commerce Home-Town Trails



BIG "C" TRAIL

On this western arc of the Chamber of Commerce tour, trek the trail of the valiant Lewis and Clark. March from Milwaukee, Wisconsin's metropolis, ever famous for milling and manufacturing, to Bismarck without a rest—Bismarck, North Dakota's capital, claiming the world's purest water supply. See the Roosevelt cabin here. Next, the lure of Spokane, empire and power city, known for its magnesite mines, lumber, and salmon. Turn your binoculars upon her cascades. In Olympia, Washington, the end of the old Oregon dirt trail, with her many historical landmarks, take a canoe trip. While in Salem, Oregon's capital, and the linen city of the West, get your horoscope read. Have a tiptop time over hill and vale when you visit Eugene, the heart of Oregon's outdoor (*Continued on page 112*)

See page 112 for solutions of October Travel Trails and announcement concerning future trails.

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Something to it.
There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years. Listerine Tooth Paste, 25¢.

At the first sign of SORE THROAT GARGLE with LISTERINE

Gargle with full strength Listerine night and morning, especially during winter weather. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

How to prevent a cold
Physicians say that most colds are caused when germs are transferred from the hands to food which then enters the mouth. They advise rinsing the hands with a little Listerine before every meal.

NEVER make the mistake of underestimating the menace of a cold or sore throat. Either may develop into serious or fatal complications. You can probably recall such a case among your friends. Statistics show that every year respiratory diseases cause more than a million deaths.

At the first sign of a troubled throat gargle with full strength Listerine and call your physician. If the irritation is mild, Listerine will usually check it. If it is not, the doctor will diagnose the real trouble and treat it properly.

Kills *germs in 15 seconds*

Against ordinary colds and sore throat, however, full strength Listerine is amazingly effective. It has nipped in the bud thousands of cases of sore throat. That is because it is fatal to germs which cause infection.

Even such virulent organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds. Repeated tests in bacteriological laboratories of national repute prove this beyond question.

Harmless to tissue

Yet Listerine used full strength is absolutely safe to use in any body cavity—an ideal antiseptic not only harmless to tissue, but actually soothing and healing in effect.

Remembering that the mouth is the open door for infection, protect yourself by gargling with Listerine at least twice a day.

Mothers, note this

And if you wish to be particularly careful, rinse the hands with Listerine before each meal; for hands are among the principal carriers of disease. This is good advice to mothers about to prepare food for children. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

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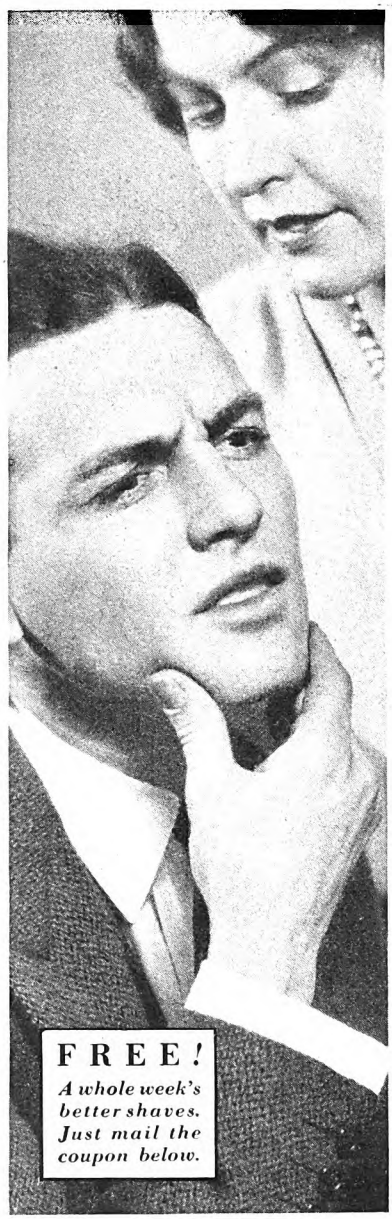


Does your morning shave last as long as you wish?

Now millions of men can answer "yes" because they've adopted small-bubble lather.

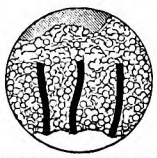
WHAT a satisfying morning shave ... when you know it's close enough really to last. No supper-time worry as to whether you need a second shave. No evening embarrassment. That satisfaction is known to every man who uses Colgate's small-bubble lather. He moistens his beard scientifically, so it comes off close.. that's why his shave is longer-lasting. Small bubbles moisten the hairs at their base, as big bubbles can't.

Compare with ordinary lather

We invite a critical comparison—your present lathering contrasted with the Colgate way.

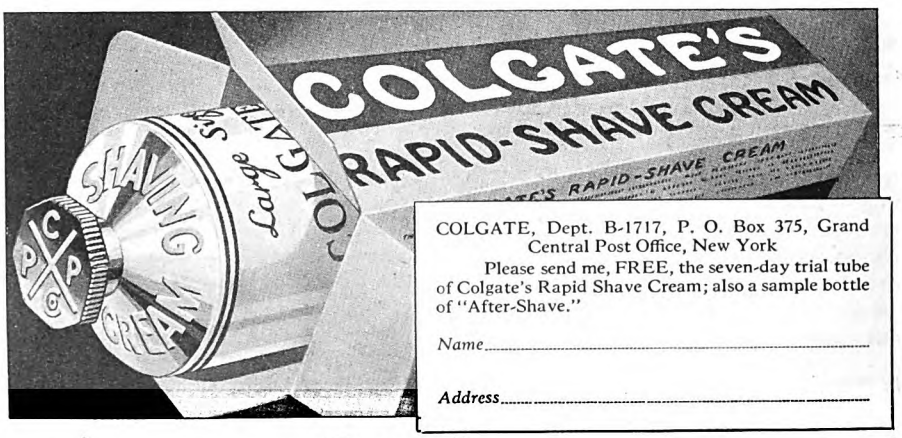
The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base ... ready for your razor.



COLGATE LATHER
Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle, scientifically authenticated and proved out by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER
Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1717, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York
Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name.....

Address.....

Outlaws of Eden

(*Continued from page 61*)

usual, did his setting-up exercises, ate a hearty breakfast, watered his lawn, and was down at the bank at eight o'clock, looking quite his old self and wearing a white rose in his lapel. Emblematic of hope, doubtless.

Shortly after the bank opened, crippled Rance Kershaw limped into the bank to borrow a thousand dollars to meet his payroll. Babson demurred in regard to loaning it, but finally compromised, with a warning that this indiscriminate borrowing would have to cease very soon, and urged Kershaw to sell some half-fat steers and reduce his indebtedness before the bank examiner got around again.

"By the way," he said, as he initialed his approval on the note and sent it over to Henry Rookby, the receiving teller, paying teller, and cashier, to credit to Kershaw's account, "are you going to hold onto your lease of the Bar H Ranch?"

"I think not," Kershaw replied, with an embarrassed grin. "It expires next month, but I'll be hanged if I know where I'll get the money to pay for a year in advance."

"Better retrench," Babson advised. "Let the Bar H Ranch go, sell off half your cattle, get out of debt, quit paying interest, and be happy. Where does Nate Tichenor reside now?"

"I don't know. I only know his lawyer's address. Why do you ask?"

"There was a man from San Francisco in here some time back. He'd been looking at the Bar H Ranch and had a notion he'd like to buy it. I think he's some rich fellow who wants to buy it for a plaything—raise some high-class cattle and horses and have a splendid hunting and fishing preserve." Babson smiled his most winning smile. "I thought perhaps I might get in touch with Tichenor, negotiate a sale of his ranch for him, and clean up a few dollars commission. As you know, I have a real estate broker's license. However," he added virtuously, "I didn't want to take any step in the matter until I knew I wouldn't be tossing a monkey wrench into your machinery, Rance. And yet, if you renew the lease, it may militate against a sale."

"Go ahead," Rance Kershaw replied sadly. "I'm not going to renew the lease. You've been pretty good to me, Silas, and I won't stand in the way o' your turnin' a profit."

"Thanks," Babson murmured. "And this lawyer's address?"

Kershaw gave it to him, and a week later an attorney in San Francisco wrote Nate Tichenor, in care of the latter's attorney, requesting a price on the Bar H Ranch in behalf of a client of his.

TEN days later Babson knew that the Bar H Ranch was not for sale; whereat the banker had an immediate return of his former nervousness. The situation was thoroughly beyond his comprehension; he had decided that Nate Tichenor would sell the Bar H, and Nate Tichenor had disappointed him; and whenever anybody disappointed Mr. Babson after Babson had decided he must not be disappointed, the Babson glands of internal secretion immediately started working overtime,

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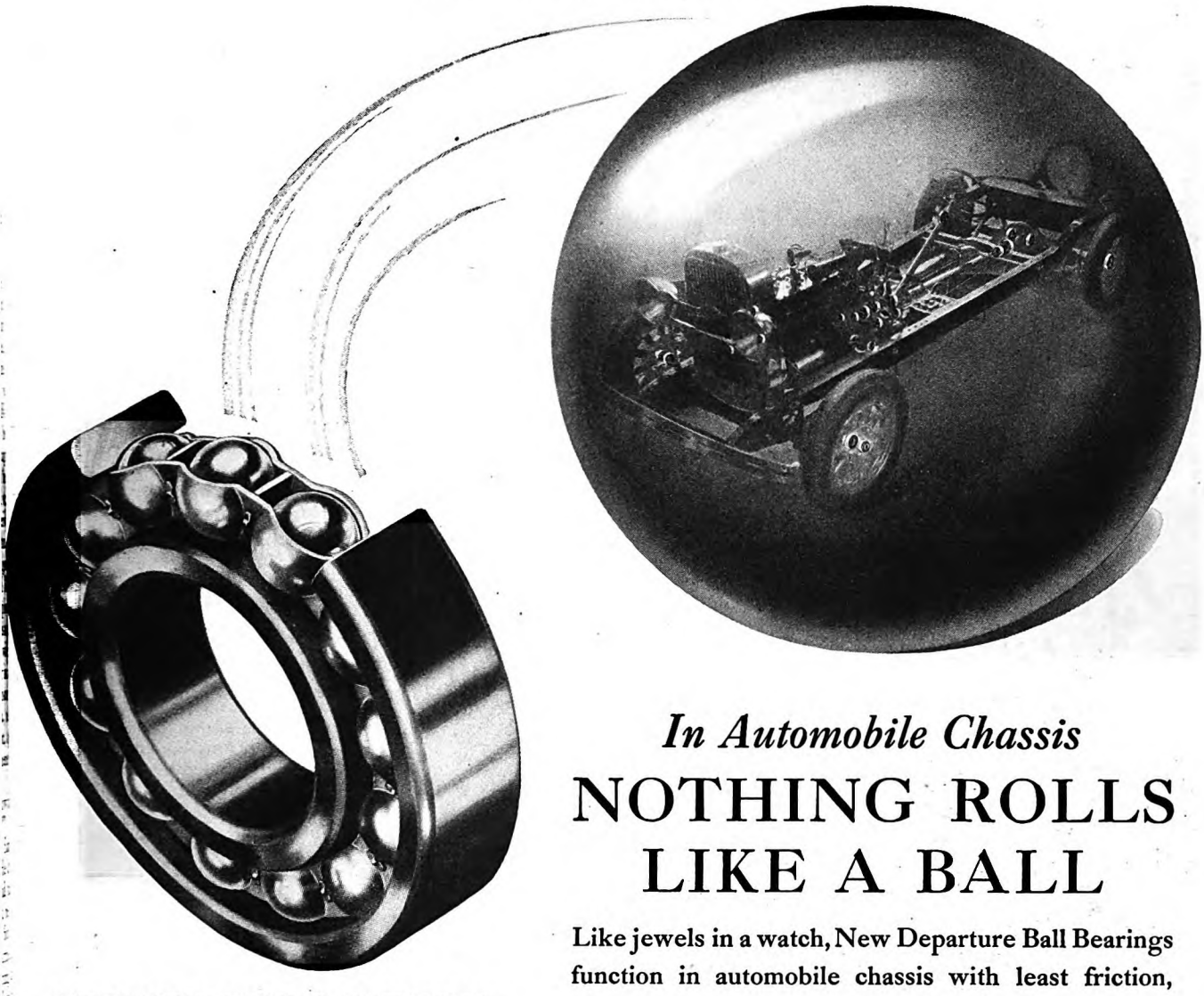

In Automobile Chassis

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Like jewels in a watch, New Departure Ball Bearings function in automobile chassis with least friction, wear and waste—never requiring adjustments to take up wear—for *nothing rolls like a ball*—so easily, so accurately, so silently.

For these reasons the builders of 47 out of the 49 makes of motor cars use New Departures either exclusively or partially, notwithstanding their higher cost over other types of anti-friction bearings. They cost more because they're worth more.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.,
BRISTOL, CONN.
World's Largest Ball Bearing Manufacturer

NEW DEPARTURE EQUIPPED

The 1929 passenger cars listed here all employ New Departure Ball Bearings as standard equipment

Auburn	Falcon-Knight	Oakland
Blackhawk	Ford	Oldsmobile
Buick	Franklin	Peerless
Cadillac	Gardner	Pierce-Arrow
Chevrolet	Graham-Paige	Plymouth
Chrysler	Hudson	Pontiac
Cunningham	Hupmobile	Reo
De Soto	Jordan	Rolls-Royce
Dodge	Kissel	Roosevelt
Duesenberg	La Salle	Stearns-Knight
DuPont	Lincoln	Studebaker
Durant	Locomobile	Stutz
Elcar	Marmon	Viking
Erskine	Marquette	Windsor
Essex	Moon	Willys-Knight
	Nash	

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

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Protected in this simple way . . .

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, III

. . . a skillful horseman at twelve

Since babyhood he's had a care all mothers can give

He sits his horse like a southern gentleman — this tall blond boy of twelve.

Stephen B. Elkins, III has a right to his quality of distinction. He comes from a long race of "gentle folk." For generations West Virginia has been represented politically by an Elkins.

Stephen has all a boy's enthusiasms—camping, football, and above all, riding.

One reason the boy is so strong and well is that his mother follows the advice of famous child specialists. His outdoor life is planned to give him a sturdy body. His hearty boy's appetite is led along the lines it should go.

A food to start the day right

Stephen stows away his due portion of the food physicians urge. *Hot, cooked* cereal. Quite naturally, it is the cereal called the children's own —Cream of Wheat.

Stephen loves camping in the Maine woods and all sports. His dog, Rowdy, is usually to be seen with him

"When Stephen was a little baby his specialist recommended Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Elkins. "Stephen ate it regularly and we are just as careful about it now that he is a big boy."

Today the matter of eating cereal is being given new emphasis by men eminent in child care.

We recently made an investigation, in four great cities. 221 members of leading medical societies were asked their views. *Every one of them* answered that he approves Cream of Wheat.

You probably know why. It's because Cream of Wheat is abundantly rich in energy. And because it is so amazingly easy to digest.

Your boy and girl can join Stephen in this important habit. Plan to start them off, regularly, with a bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. P-26
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Name of child.....

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT © 1929, The C. of W. Corp.

with resultant upset to his bodily chemistry, accompanied by severe headache and profanity.

Of course, in a larger sense, Nate Tichenor's decision not to sell could not affect the interests of the Forlorn Valley Irrigation District (Mr. Babson had decided to call it that), since the district could acquire the property via the condemnation suit route. The Babson indisposition was due solely to the resultant loss of revenue to him, personally.

Immediately after church the following Sunday he motored up to Eden Valley, ostensibly to fish, but with the intention of spending several hours inspecting the dam site and lake site. To his signal perturbation he discovered in the gorge a camp of three tents, a motor chuck wagon and five shirt-sleeved young men he had never seen before playing a modest game of poker under the shade of a cottonwood tree. Under an adjacent tree a field drafting table stood; it had a sheet of tracing paper tacked to it, and hard by this table a surveying instrument was set up.

"Hello," Babson hailed them cheerfully, confident that his rod and creel would excuse him of undue inquisitiveness in penetrating to the camp. "What are you boys doing here?"

One of the young men glanced up and said cordially but meaningly: "Playing poker, sir. How about taking a hand? Two bit ante and four bit limit."

"Thank you, but I never play cards," Babson replied virtuously, adding—"and particularly on the Sabbath."

"You do a little fishing, however, I notice. In some states that's considered very ungodly. And as the fishing this far down the creek is very poor, indeed, and you know that, I take it you're not above being inquisitive on the Sabbath."

MR. BABSON, not being accustomed to such gentle rebukes, flushed and passed on down the creek, leaving the engineering crew to their non-Sabbatical pleasure. He thought he knew now why Nate Tichenor declined to entertain an offer for the Bar H Ranch. Evidently Tichenor had sold, or was about to sell, his dam site and lake site to a power company, which had sent an engineering crew to make a preliminary survey and report before deciding to close the deal. Indeed, Babson had often wondered why some power company had not long previously discovered the advantages of this site, for from the lake level a ditch could be run along the flank of the hills on the south to a point where the water would have an eighty-five-degree drop of about six hundred feet to a splendid site for a hydroelectric plant in a cañon at the foot of the range.

His curiosity aroused, Babson crossed the creek, climbed to the side of the hill and was rewarded by finding the stakes of the engineering party. He followed them readily, for each stake had a piece of white rag tied to the top of it; they led him over the approximate route which any man with a fair eye for contours would have selected for the ditch to lead the water to the penstocks.

As a country banker, Silas Babson had a far better knowledge of the law than most laymen; hence he realized now that if Nate Tichenor's dam site and lake site had been acquired by a power company, which is a public service corporation, *no*

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Greater power Greater freezing speed Greater beauty

the famous "Cold Control" *and all for less money*

EVEN the lowest priced household Frigidaire now brings you the greater convenience of the "Cold Control." Instead of waiting for desserts and ice cubes to freeze at *average* speeds, you simply turn the lever of the "Cold Control." This results in intense cold in the freezing compartment—and shorter freezing time.

And no matter what the size... no matter how low the price... the Frigidaire you buy today has a surplus of power. Day and night you'll have refrigeration well below 50°. You can keep your kitchen as warm as you like and know that your foods will stay fresh and wholesome.

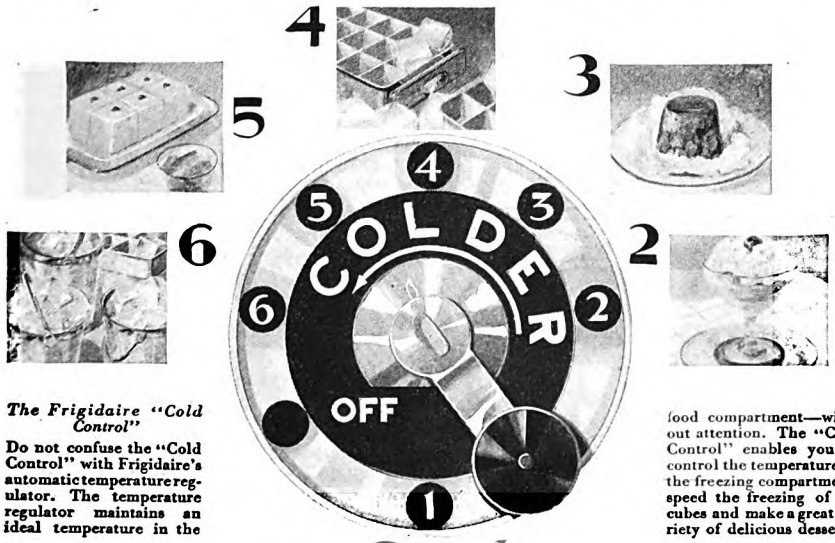
FRIGIDAIRE

More than a **MILLION** *in use*

These added features actually cost you nothing. Frigidaire gives you *more*—but costs you *less*.

With power and safety and convenience, the new Frigidaire also brings greater beauty to your kitchen ... exteriors of Tu-Tone Porcelain-on-steel... interiors of Porcelain-on-steel in gleaming white. And there is no exposed mechanism. Everything is inside the cabinet. There is nothing to catch dust or dirt. Surfaces, inside and out, are as easily cleaned as chinaware.

See for yourself the greater value offered by Frigidaire. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room. Get the low prices. Find out about General Motors liberal terms. In the meantime, mail the coupon for a complimentary booklet that gives you facts you'll want to know about electric refrigeration. We'll also send you a copy of the Frigidaire recipe book—free. Mail the coupon today. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.



The Frigidaire "Cold Control"

Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment—without attention. The "Cold Control" enables you to control the temperature in the freezing compartment, speed the freezing of ice cubes and make a great variety of delicious desserts.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Dept, C-109, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send complimentary booklet and free copy of the Frigidaire recipe book.

Name.....

Address.....

(In Canada: Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ont.)

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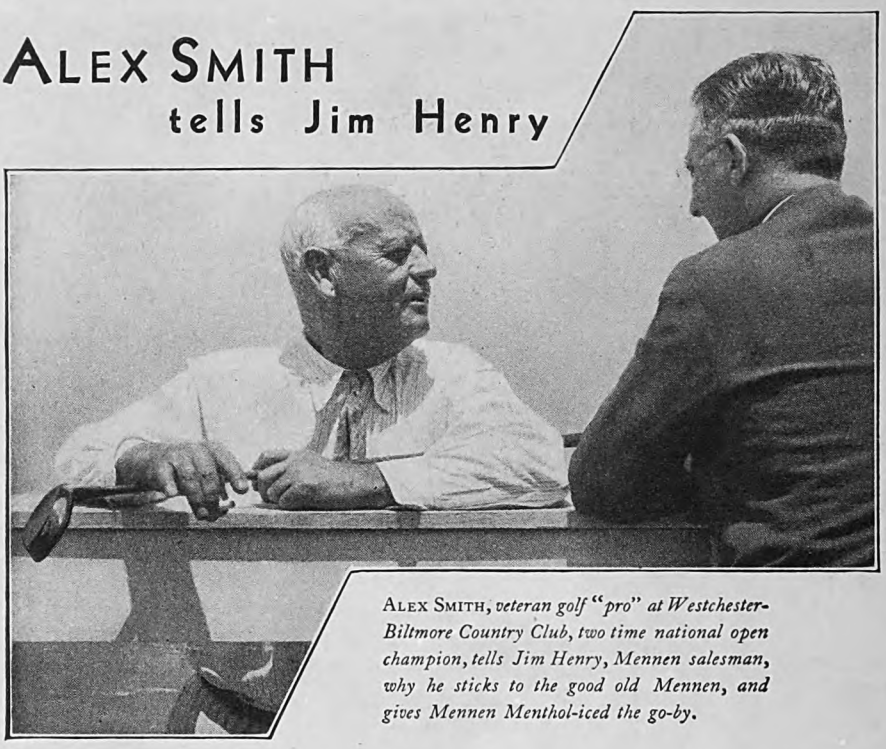
ALEX SMITH tells Jim Henry



ALEX SMITH, *veteran golf "pro" at Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, two time national open champion, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he sticks to the good old Mennen, and gives Mennen Menthol-iced the go-by.*

"D---!! your new Shaving Cream!"

"I'VE been a Mennen fan for fifteen years, so when I first read about your new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream, I had to give it a try-out. It's the same great Mennen shave, Jim, that you sold me years ago—but the lather's too cool to suit me. I see you call it the 'young man's' shave. Let the young fellows have it, Jim. I'll stick to the good old Mennen that I've used for years."

Funny thing about this new Mennen Menthol-iced. Either you like it better than any cream you ever used—or you don't like it at all. No half way about it. In fairness to your face, try Mennen Menthol-iced. It gives a triple-cool tingle that is a brand new thrill for those who like a menthol lather.

Of course, if like Alex Smith you don't like menthol you don't have to keep on using it—for the good old Mennen without menthol in the familiar green stripe carton is still on the job . . . and always will be.

Both creams have *dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process which softens the beard, lubricates the blade, and tones the skin.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

For your Face and your Disposition

Here's the finest after-shave "tonic" I know of — Mennen Skin Balm—a cream-like lotion in a tube. No oil or grease in Skin Balm. Dries in a second.

It's really different — try Skin Balm just once is all I ask. Wow! What a bracing, million dollar tingle it gives your skin. Heals tiny razor nicks. Cleans out the pores, preventing pimples, blackheads, and blotches. Leaves your skin smooth, cool and comfortable.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

other public service corporation could condemn its property! Once more the Babson soul was steeped in despair.

The following morning Mr. Henry Rookby, his cashier-paying-teller-receiving-teller-confidential-man, came to Babson's desk and laid upon it a copy of the last edition of *The Gold Run Nugget.* Mr. Rookby had marked, in blue crayon, an item under the head of Real Estate Transfers. "Ponder that, Mr. Babson," Rookby suggested, and went back into his cage.

The item recorded the transfer, by deed of gift, of four thousand acres, more or less, of certain lands, from Ranceford Kershaw to Lorraine Kershaw. While the record indicated the deed had been executed three years previous, it had not been recorded until the week before *The Nugget* went to press.

"Can't be a portion of the Circle K Ranch," Babson decided, and drew down from its case a map of the county, showing the townships and their subdivisions. From the legal description of the lands as given in *The Nugget* he blocked off on the map the areas represented. . . . Presently Mr. Rookby heard his chief crooning a little croon of his own devising, infallible sign that his soul was at peace.

And it was, for Mr. Babson had made a most surprising discovery. He had always assumed that Rance Kershaw owned no land east of the fence that divided the Circle K from the Bar H—that fence which had been the seed of the Hensley-Kershaw feud. To his amazement he had discovered that Lorry Kershaw was now the owner of four thousand acres, more or less, in that portion of Eden Valley which, in the event of a dam's being built in the gorge, must constitute all or the greater portion of the area that must be inundated when the dam filled up! And Babson had thought Nate Tichenor owned that land!

He could have cheered. No matter what Nate Tichenor might do with his dam site now, he would have to consult Lorry Kershaw before selling it to a power company, and Babson thought he knew what the girl's answer would be. A deadlock between the two survivors of the feud!

WITHIN the week he had arranged his personal finances and purchased the first mortgage held on the Circle K Ranch. The mortgage was overdue a month and was a year's interest in default, so the savings bank was delighted to get its money back without the bother of foreclosing.

With the mortgage in his possession, Babson dictated to Ranceford Kershaw a letter as firm as granite and as cold as a penguin's tail. He informed Kershaw that unless the mortgage was paid within five days a suit in foreclosure would be instituted. Then he dictated another letter, which he signed as president of the Bank of Valley Center, calling some thirty thousand dollars of Kershaw's notes, with a firm threat of suit and attachment to enforce collection if the same were not paid within five days.

As a matter of fact, Babson was not nearly so ferocious as his two letters indicated. He was merely desirous of frightening the Kershaws by a savage display of his weapons, because he knew from long experience that frightened people are very easily dealt with. He was striking at Rance Kershaw over the shoulder of the latter's daughter, quite confident that she

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He tells of a simple curb for one health menace

Headed 60 hospitals in World War

Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini of the University of Rome, is physician at the dispensary of King Umberto and Queen Margherita, and Knight of the Crown of Italy. As head of 60 field hospitals in the World War he organized the famous Alpine donkey ambulance system.

"SO many ills result from constipation," Dr. Cherubini says, "that every forward step in its prevention and cure is a boon to humanity. Unfortunately, many so-called remedies irritate the intestine and do harm rather than good.

"Yeast promotes intestinal activity, aids digestion, is precious in the treatment of pimples and boils."

Millions of *living* yeast plants in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast give it great purifying, stimulating power. In the intestine they soften the poison-bearing wastes and gently encourage the weakened bowel muscles. Easy, natural elimination results. Digestion resumes its normal course. Your complexion, your very disposition reflect your new internal health!

And now, the *new* "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast brings you an *added* health protection. Fleischmann's Yeast is today the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin.

The "sunshine" vitamin, just like the sun itself, makes your body harder, tougher. It builds strong bones and sound, even teeth. It is especially important for those of growing age (under 25), and for expectant and nursing mothers.

"Millions who are 'sunlight starved,'" Dr. Cherubini says, "should derive untold benefits from the 'sunshine' vitamin now in fresh yeast."

Eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast to check constipation poisons, to correct indigestion, to clear the skin. And now, eat it for the hardening, energizing "sunshine" vitamin it contains.

A New Radio Hour! Fleischmann's Yeast-for-Health Hour. Tune in Thursday evenings with the National Broadcasting Company — 47 coast-to-coast stations.

"Eating delicious 'junk' ruined my stomach"

"Too many parties. Late hours. I had constipation and auto-intoxication and could hardly eat anything," writes Mrs. E. Scott Lahr of Tampa, Fla. "I weighed only ninety-eight pounds . . . I had tried dieting, tablets, oils and other remedies. Finally I tried yeast. Today I can eat anything and never need laxatives."

(Right)

"Athletes often have this trouble"

"In spite of training table food athletes often get 'tied up' inside—irregular in their elimination in other words," writes Eric Lambart, former Columbia University football and crew man. "Another big trouble is boils. Eating Fleischmann's Yeast keeps me fit."

(Below)

"What the great doctors say about yeast worked out with me"

New York City

"Playing the organ for a motion picture requires a clear head and quick thinking. But for several months I had been badly run down. I had an obstinate case of constipation, with its usual accompaniments—dizziness, pimples on my back, nervousness.

"A friend's unusual experience persuaded me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Now my constipation is entirely gone, and all the other troubles, too."

(Mrs.) FLORENCE CHRYSTAL

NOW ON SALE!

The New Fleischmann's Yeast. Contains vitamins B and D.

EAT THREE CAKES of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly every day. Eat it just plain or dissolved in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. For free booklet write Health Research Dept. J-70, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

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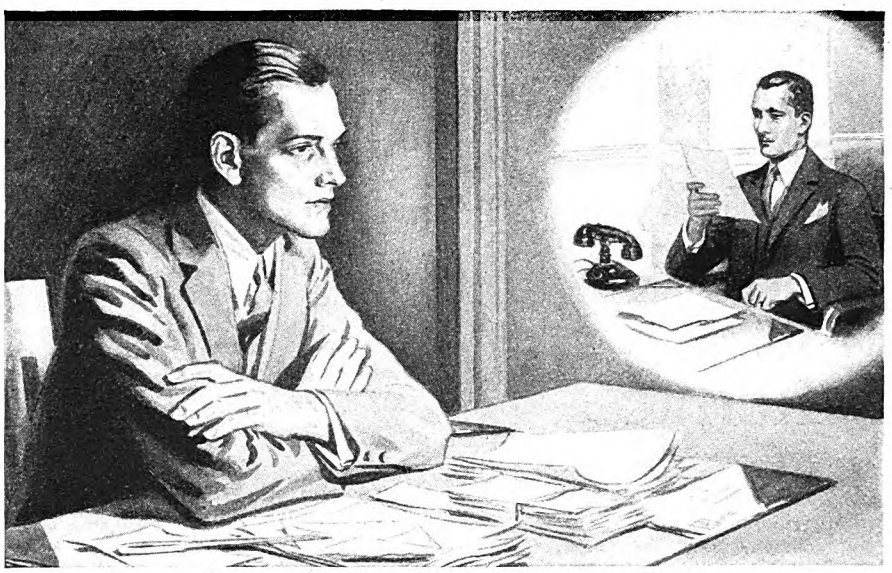

"Do you really want a better job?"

ARE you really trying to get ahead? Have you ever picked out a definite job that you'd like to have? Could you make good in that job if you got it?

No matter what line or kind of business you are in, your advancement will depend largely on the thoroughness of your training.

The only difference between success and failure is a matter of training. The big men in business today did not reach their present success through luck or chance.

They got into the work for which they were best fitted—and then trained themselves to know more about their jobs than any one else. When Opportunity came—as it always comes—these men were ready to grasp it and turn it into fame and dollars.

If you really want a better job and are willing to devote a little of your spare time to getting ready, the International Correspondence Schools will help you, just as they have helped so many other men in the last thirty-four years.

You're ambitious. You want to get ahead. Then don't turn this page until you have clipped the coupon, marked the line of work you want to follow, and mailed it to Scranton for full particulars.

Marking the coupon is simply the act of investigation—in justice to yourself you can't afford to do less—and it doesn't obligate you in the least.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X in the list below:

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☐ Toolmaker
☐ Patternmaker
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Bridge Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Plumber and Steam Fitter
☐ Foreman Plumber
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would protect her father when Babson suggested that, in return for a renewal of the unsecured notes and mortgage, *she sell him at a reasonable price that four thousand acres with which he planned to embarrass Nate Tichenor!*

Even if Lorry Kershaw should prove obdurate and hold him off for a price he was unwilling to pay, he would still have two weapons to threaten her with in the event she attempted to sell to Nate Tichenor. He realized that he must keep such a deal in abeyance until he could organize the Forlorn Valley Irrigation District, for, with the district formed before Nate Tichenor could complete his deal with the power company, the district could enter a condemnation suit against Tichenor, *and thus block the aspirations of the power company.* Later, he might do things to that power company. However, one step at a time.

He distrusted the local legal talent in a crisis loaded with potential legal dynamite, so that night he went down to San Francisco to engage the services of a legal firm noted throughout the state for its knowledge of water law. Indeed, Babson was rather in a hurry to get out of town, for he considered it good strategy to be absent when old Rance Kershaw should come into the bank to argue and plead. Leave a frightened, worried man alone for four days and he's much easier to handle on the fifth. So Babson departed, unconscious of the fact that his bluff, complicated with the sudden return of Nathan Tichenor to Eden Valley, was to kill Rance Kershaw and turn the current of the Kershaw hatred upon Silas Babson and all his works and pomps.

NATE TICHENOR, from early boyhood, had had more than his share of experience with sudden death and tragedy, and it had developed in him a certain stolidity and philosophy in such emergencies. For ten minutes he held Lorry Kershaw's head against his shoulder and neither spoke nor moved, for he knew the efficacy of exhaust valves when hearts are full to the point of breaking; he knew that Time is the great Cure-All, and that had God not invented it, life would be insupportable.

So he waited patiently until the girl's first abandon of grief had spent itself, when he lifted her face and with almost womanly gentleness wiped her wet face and eyes with his own handkerchief.

"Now, then, Miss Kershaw," he soothed presently, "this is no time for weakness. You're a Kershaw and none of your clan ever needed time out for that. And I wouldn't, if I were you, permit my mind to dwell on the thought of your absolute aloneness in the world," he continued. "That way madness lies. I know. After two years in the A. E. F., where I lost every comrade I managed to achieve an affection for; after losing my mother and aunts while I was in France and realizing I hadn't a single friend in the community where I was born and raised, I found myself, when the war ended, the loneliest human being imaginable. Yes, my dear, I was lonelier than you are, because you have a friend to lean on, and I had none."

"I was always your friend, Nate Tichenor," the girl quavered. "The Kershaw women never made hands at hating."

"I knew that the morning I went away to enlist. The memory of your coming down the garden walk that morning—

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Economical

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Economical to buy. Considering all the big car advantages which it embodies, today's Pontiac Big Six is the finest car available anywhere at its price. No other car listing for less than $1100 includes all the features which enable Pontiac to lead its field in performance, style, safety, comfort and long life. For that reason, purchase of a Pontiac Big Six represents an actual dollars-and-cents saving.

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Let the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer show you in detail why it is thrifty to drive the Pontiac Big Six. He will show you how you save in first cost, in operating cost and in maintenance. And while you are about it, ask for a demonstration. You will find that economy is only a small part of all that the Pontiac Big Six provides.

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Bumpers, spring covers and Lovejoy shock absorbers regular equipment at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

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For small homes, at a reduced investment, the new Oil-O-Matic Junior gives the same precise and exact service as the famous Williams Oil-O-Matic, now heating more than 90,000 homes. Oil-O-Matic Junior is a smaller burner of the same type. Mail the coupon below for complete information, names of users in your community and details of a special payment plan. Tear out the coupon *now!*

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Please send me your booklet, "Oil Heating At Its Best"—no obligation.

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your handshake—your word of honor that the Bar H should have the water while I was away—has never faded. Often I wanted to come back to Eden Valley and know you better, but—"

"Yes, I understand. Father was what he was, poor dear."

"Well, be that as it may, you're not nearly so badly off as you think you are, and one of these days, when you have time to think about it, I'll tell you why." He was almost abrupt. "I suppose we'd better get along."

"Yes, I suppose so," she agreed, and started her motor. Nate Tichenor followed in his car. Arrived at the Circle K headquarters, no men came out to meet them.

"Where are your riders?" he queried.

"They started with the cattle drive up into the Forest Reserve this morning."

"Had I known that, I would have brought my chauffeur along to help me. However, I dare say I'm not so puny I can't manage."

HE LIFTED Rance Kershaw's body out of the car, carried it into the house, and disposed it on Kershaw's bed.

He drew a sheet over the body and rejoined the girl in the living-room. "I reckon," he said, in the homely mountain idiom, "you Kershaws never have any truck with undertakers."

She nodded affirmation to his surmise.

"The Hensleys never did either. But you'll require a death certificate."

"Doctor Donaldson will furnish that. He has attended father off and on for years; he knew father had an angina."

"Lock the house up and drive in to Valley Center with me in my car. Have you in mind some woman friend you can bring back with you to keep you company until you make up your mind what you're going to do?"

Her lip trembled, the tears welled again. "I have no friends, Nate Tichenor."

He frowned, then smiled faintly. "I forgot we're the last survivors of two clans that were beyond the pale. Forgive my stupidity in forcing that hateful admission. . . . Well, we'll hire somebody. There must be a practical nurse in Valley Center. When we get there I'll telegraph my old superintendent, Rube Tenney, to come up here with his wife and two children. You've got to have company and protection."

She yielded without argument to his suggestions—commands, rather. With quite definite assurance he appeared to have taken charge of her and her problems, and she was content that this should be so.

DOCTOR DONALDSON made no comment when, in his office an hour later, Lorry Kershaw informed him of her father's death. He readily issued a death certificate and seemed far more interested in Nate Tichenor than in the loss of his patient. He had come to Valley Center after the war, and while he had never met Tichenor before, he was familiar with the story of the Hensley-Kershaw feud.

He was a gruff old fellow and not in the least politic, as Tichenor realized when Donaldson growled, "So you two have buried the hatchet, eh?"

He flushed as Tichenor's grave brown eyes rebuked him for his bucolic curiosity; he realized he should have known better than to ask. These mountain people never pried into other people's affairs and al-

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Your Rug is the DUMPING GROUND FOR ALL KINDS OF DIRT

TRUCK loads of sand and gravel, tanks full of oil and tar, wagons heaped with broken glass and worse debris—how would you like to have them dumped upon your rugs?

That, according to analyses of household dirt is, in magnified degree, precisely what is being tracked and ground into your floor coverings every day.

This destructive dirt sinks deep into the rug—too deep for the suction of ordinary cleaning to reach it. It cakes into oily masses—too firmly embedded for suction to dislodge it.

Only one cleaning method is effective against it. That is beating.

The Hoover—and only The Hoover—provides this beating by means of an exclusive cleaning principle, "Positive Agitation." So completely does "Positive Agitation" dislodge the ground-in masses of dirt from the tufts and pockets of the rug fabric, so effectively does it shake them to the surface, that The Hoover is able to remove more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner.

If you want to keep your rugs free of more than surface dust, if you want to protect them against the cutting, wearing action of embedded grit, you will choose for their cleaning a Hoover.

Any Hoover dealer will gladly give you a demonstration in your home. Two Hoover models, $63.50 and $79.50. With dusting tools, $76 and $92. Floor polisher, $7.50. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

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The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners . . . The Hoover is also made in Canada at Hamilton, Ontario

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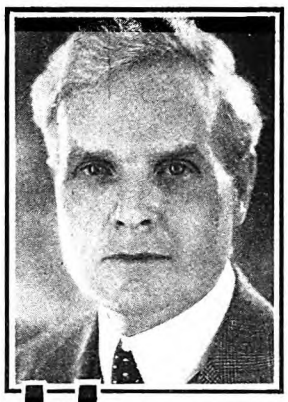
U-type dental curves can best be cleaned with the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Here's a perfect V-type dental curve — she needs the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic



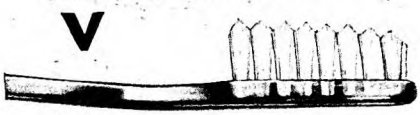
The square-type dental curve needs the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Does your tooth brush fit your *Dental Curve?*

DON'T say "yes" until you've read the next sentence. Do you know that *every* set of teeth is arranged in *one* of *three* dental curves . . . like a U . . . or a V . . . or more in a Square shape?

Unless you have the brush scientifically shaped to clean *your* particular dental curve, you clean your teeth only passably.

Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. Practically *the perfect brush* for U-shaped dental curves.



Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic. Designed to clean the sloped shape of a V-shaped dental curve.

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. For square-shaped dental curves and gums that need special massage.

That's why *Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers three new brushes — each carefully and scientifically designed to clean *one* of these dental curves . . . U . . . V . . . or Square.

It's a simple matter to decide which is the brush for you. Look in the mirror. If you have a round face, you want the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted. Slender-faced folks belong to the V-type—they need the Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval. Squarish jaws can best be cleaned by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso.

Pick your type . . . then the proper Pro-phy-lac-tic built for it. Drop in and see your druggist today. He has the Pro-phy-lac-tic brush that science meant for you. There are six colored handles to choose from. In the familiar sanitary yellow carton. 50¢.

*"Guarding or preserving against disease" — *Webster's New Standard Dictionary.*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

50¢ **Tooth Brushes** 50¢

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ways resented people who pried into theirs.

"It's none of my business, of course," Donaldson apologized. "I merely hoped for Miss Lorry's sake—" He was relieved when Nate Tichenor smiled at him.

"I understand, Doctor. No offense if your intentions were kindly."

"Thank you, they were. When will the funeral take place?"

"Tomorrow, at two o'clock," Lorry answered him. "I suppose you have a bill against my father's estate."

"No, he always paid cash, Miss Lorry." Tichenor, watching Donaldson's face, was certain the doctor was telling a kindly lie. "I'll telephone the coroner," Donaldson went on. "He'll take my word for it an inquest isn't necessary, and issue the burial permit."

As his two visitors were leaving, the doctor drew Nate Tichenor aside. "I hope you'll be a neighbor to that girl," he growled. "She's the best ever."

WHILE Lorry Kershaw waited in the car, Nate Tichenor scouted around town and succeeded in engaging the services of a Miss Lizzie Bachman, who in her youth had almost graduated from a nurses' training school in San Francisco, and whose services, as nurse and midwife, were in considerable demand locally.

Tichenor's next action was to call upon the editor of the local weekly paper, *The Valley Center Register*. "I am Nathan Tichenor, of Eden Valley," he announced. "Mr. Ranceford Kershaw passed away about three hours ago, very suddenly. No, I didn't kill him. He died of heart disease and will be buried in the Kershaw family cemetery in Eden Valley at two P. M. tomorrow. Friends and neighbors are invited to attend. And may I ask, Mr. Brainerd, as a special favor to Miss Lorry Kershaw and myself, that you do not take this opportunity to print a couple of columns of ancient history. The Hensley-Kershaw feud ended in 1917 and you'd merely be wasting printer's ink to rehash the sorry tale. Both Miss Kershaw and I would like to think that the matter is in the way of being forgotten, and we'll both be very grateful for your coöperation."

"My dear sir," Brainerd replied with dignity, "you mustn't presume to formulate my editorial policy."

"I'm not so presuming. I asked a favor of you."

"And I'm sorry to say I cannot grant it. The story has news value."

Nate Tichenor looked Brainerd over bleakly. "Very well, run it. Next week there'll be another newspaper in this town, with a real newspaperman in charge and you'll have a taste of active competition. I'll cut your income in two. And now that we understand each other, I want you to run off a hundred black-bordered death notices and send a man to paste them up in conspicuous places around town. That used to be the custom in this country."

He wrote out the copy for the job printer, paid his bill, and departed without further conversation. The editor stared after him. Finally, he put on his hat and walked over to the local hotel, upon the veranda of which sat Mr. William Rooney, the deputy sheriff of the Valley Center district.

"Bill," he queried, "what do you know about Nathan Tichenor?"

"Nothing bad. Why?"

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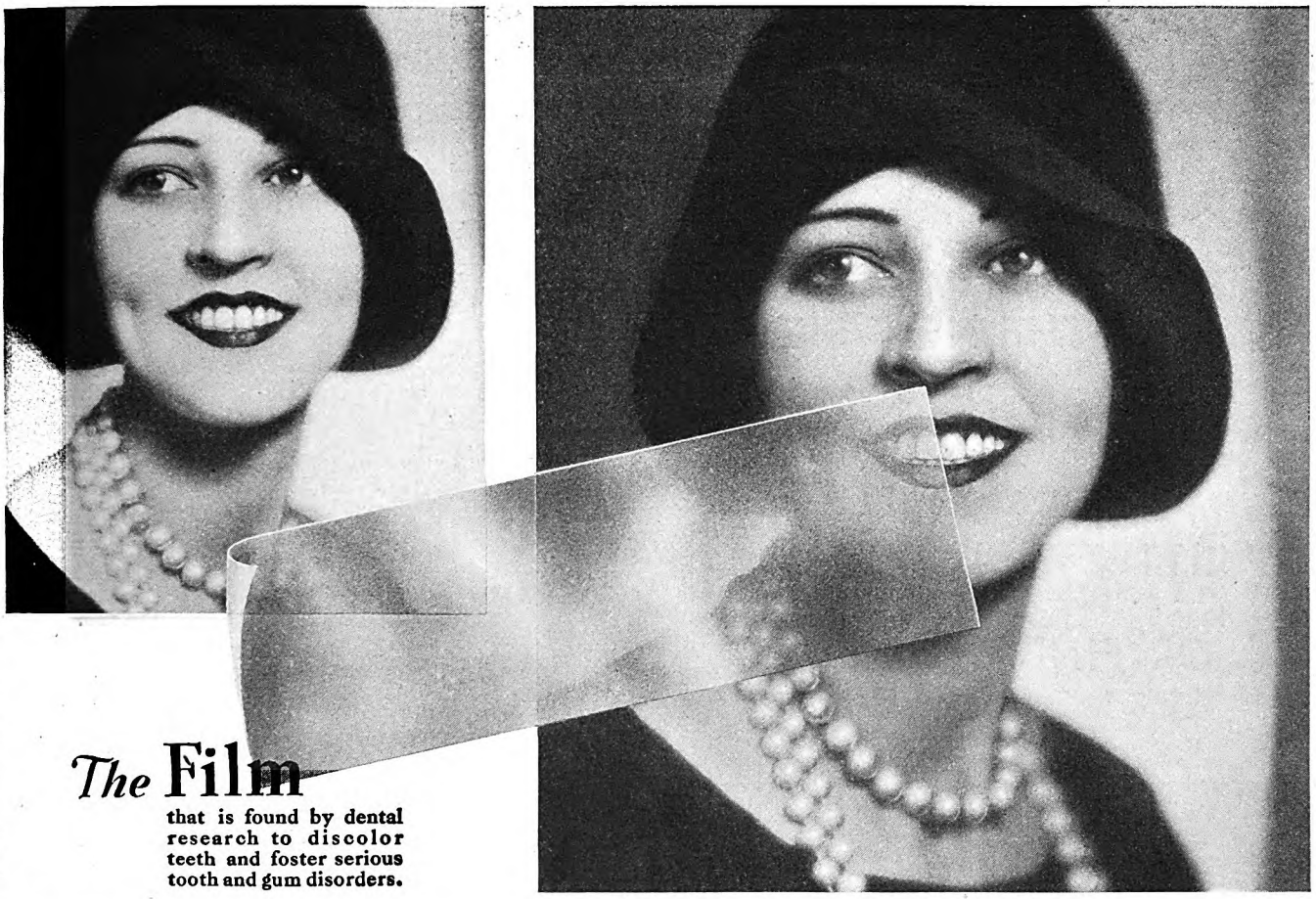

The **Film**

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE...where shall we send your 10-day supply of this amazing formula?

We want you to try the tooth paste millions find will whiten teeth as no other method known. The paste dentists urge so widely in combating tooth and gum troubles.

Of the people having pride enough to brush their teeth, ten million have mailed a coupon like the one at the right. That is one reason so many fascinating smiles reveal unbelievably white teeth.

One reason, too, why dentists have noted a declining tendency of many patients towards serious tooth and gum diseases.

Please send your name and address. Your supply of Pepsodent will be mailed you at once.

What happens to teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea and similar serious disorders.

How the new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated. And the danger of many ills that appear in later life may be immeasurably lessened.

Try this way—Free

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could not succeed with unattractive teeth.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon to nearest address for free 10-day tube. Do not delay. It will work wonders in gaining dazzling smiles.

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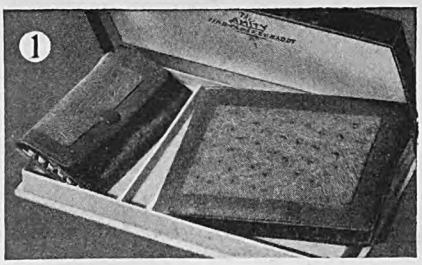
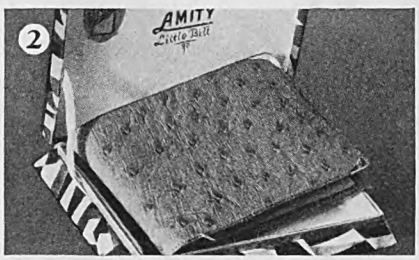
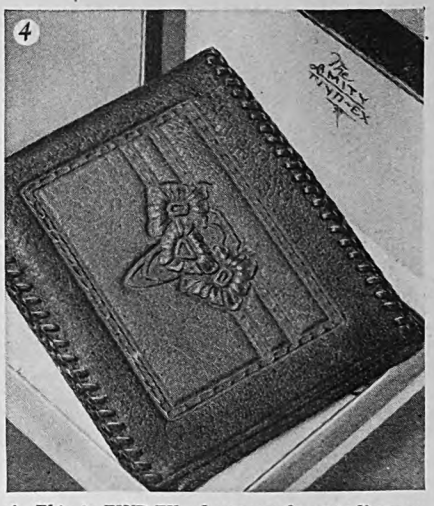




1. FIND-EX *and Key Kaddy come in beautiful matched sets, different leathers and designs to choose from.* $7 *in a handsome gift box.*

2. *The Amity* "Little Bill"—*made especially for the new-size currency. Featherweight and trim, it is one of the thinnest, most compact wallets made. Automatic expanding bill compartment prevents bulging.* $1 *to* $15.

3. *Amity ladies' handbag of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored and tool embossed, with attractively laced edges. Fitted with mirror and purse,* $16.50. *Other bags from* $5 *to* $25.



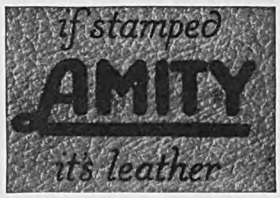
4. *This is* FIND-EX—*keeps cards, auto-licenses, etc., clean and orderly in a patented, removable, self-indexing, visible file. Has compartment for the new, small-size currency. Six designs,* $5.

NO GIFT for a man could be more timely, this Christmas, than an Amity *"Little Bill"* or FIND-EX—new-style wallets of rich leather, fashioned for comfort and convenience.

"Little Bill" is a small, slender, pliable singlefold, expressly designed for the new currency. It carries standard-size cards and auto-licenses in removable, transparent envelopes and there are three roomy pockets, one of which can be used for old-style bills.

FIND-EX is a singlefold wallet that systematically files cards, tickets, passes, auto-licenses and memoranda in removable transparent envelopes.

Other Amity gifts for men, all attractively boxed, can be selected at your luggage store, stationer's, druggist's, jeweler's, men's furnishing store or department store. And there are charming handbags of steerhide for Mother, Daughter or Sweetheart. Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wis.



Only genuine Amity leather products are plainly stamped with the name Amity. Look for it—it is a guarantee of quality.

"Is he a bluffer?"

"I'd be afraid to bet on that. None of his people ever were."

"Would you say that a threat of his should be taken seriously?"

The deputy sheriff rolled a comical eye at the editor. "I haven't seen the boy since he was in high school here, but from what little I know o' his tribe I should say none o' that breed ever made a threat. They made promises—an' kept 'em."

"I sized him up that way," the editor replied.

The deputy sheriff was instantly interested. "Where'd you meet Nate Tichenor?"

The editor told him. "Hum-m-m!" Mr. Rooney replied. "Back at last to clean up the Kershaw outfit. The whole county has been expectin' that finish for quite some time. By golly, this *is* news."

And he strolled away to distribute his tidbit of gossip around Valley Center. Almost the first place he went to was the Bank of Valley Center. Henry Rookby, in charge during Babson's absence, received him. Mr. Rooney leaned against the counter, shot a stream of tobacco juice at a distant cuspidor and missed it, was unembarrassed, and said casually:

"I see young Nate Tichenor's back in the country. An' Rance Kershaw's kicked the bucket. Died o' heart disease right smack in front of the Bar H gate, an' Nate Tichenor an' Lorry Kershaw've been in town together an' thicker'n thieves."

"That Nate Tichenor's a bad lot," Mr. Rookby murmured darkly. "I never liked him. D'ye mean to tell me he's around with Lorry Kershaw now, helping her out in her trouble?"

Mr. Rooney shifted his cud, scoured one side of his mouth with his limber tongue, and nodded.

"The hypocrite! He's back here to smash the Kershaw outfit. Not another reason in life, Bill. Rance Kershaw's estate must owe Tichenor more'n three hundred thousand dollars, an' for the past three years old Rance has been using clam shells and woodpeckers' heads for money. Interesting situation. Very interesting!"

When Rookby turned to wait on a customer, Mr. Rooney continued on to the Valley Center Garage to discharge another load of his interesting information.

ARRIVED back at the Circle K headquarters with Lorry Kershaw and Miss Lizzie Bachman, Nate Tichenor, after the fashion of a rural neighbor, did the chores. He realized that, with the men all away, Lorry would have had to do them, and a feeling of admiration rose in him as he contemplated the girl's willingness to accept this menial labor and her ability to perform it at a time when necessity demanded it. He had been trained to do his work no matter how hard or dangerous or distasteful, and to do it cheerfully; hence, he had little patience with those who could not do this and a masculine admiration for those who could.

The chores done, he sat silently on the front porch, waiting to be summoned to dinner. It would never have occurred to him to presume on his brief acquaintance and the girl's helplessness to assume the prerogatives of an old friend or a familiar acquaintance. He had to have encouragement for that!

He ate his dinner in silence, for both he

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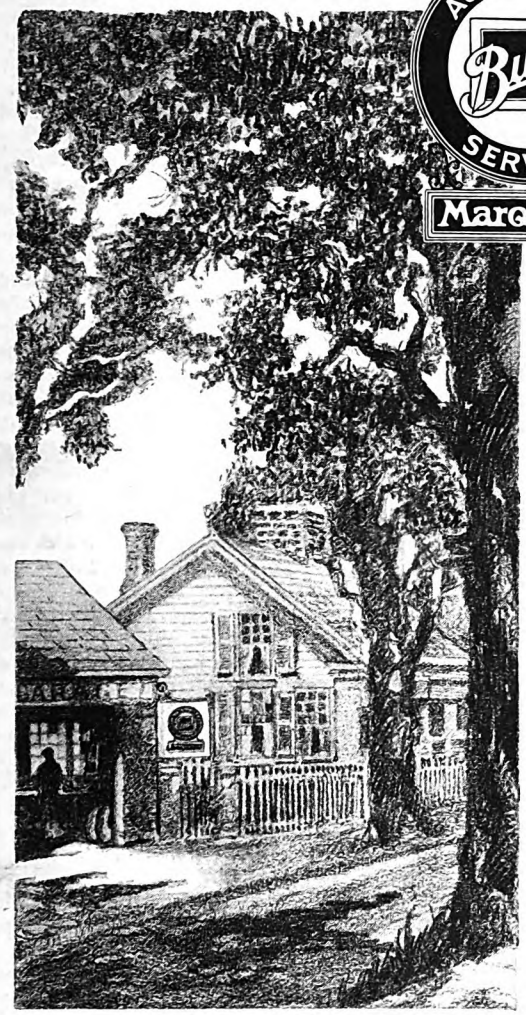

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makes all America a Buick-Marquette neighborhood

ALL AMERICA is a Buick-Marquette neighborhood—because more than 4,000 authorized Buick-Marquette service stations in all parts of the country are always neighbors to owners of Buick and Marquette cars.

The familiar blue and white insignia of authorized Buick-Marquette service extends a cordial service greeting to these owners wherever they drive, in large towns and small, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Buick built this far-flung service institution to provide an extra measure of owner satisfaction—to add *performance insurance* to the known reliability of its products—to assure Buick-Marquette owners perfect peace of mind.

Moreover, Buick pursues a constant program of service education, including field clinics for Buick service representatives, that Buick and Marquette owners may enjoy truly competent motor car service.

These stations are manned by carefully trained mechanics, proficient in every phase of Buick-Marquette construction and pledged to uphold Buick-Marquette standards of workmanship.

They are equipped with special factory tools and supplied with complete stocks of genuine factory parts.

Moreover, they dedicate themselves to the Buick service creed: to *satisfy the owner*—to serve him promptly, efficiently and courteously—to give him the maximum of service at the minimum of cost.

Buick-Marquette styling, Buick-Marquette performance and Buick-Marquette value have won universal favor. But there is this added reason why Buick and Marquette hold such outstanding leadership and have so many loyal friends:

Owners of Buick and Marquette ride under factory safeguard at home and on tour. They enjoy the highest degree of travel security of any fine car owner group. Country-wide service is standard equipment with every Buick and Marquette car.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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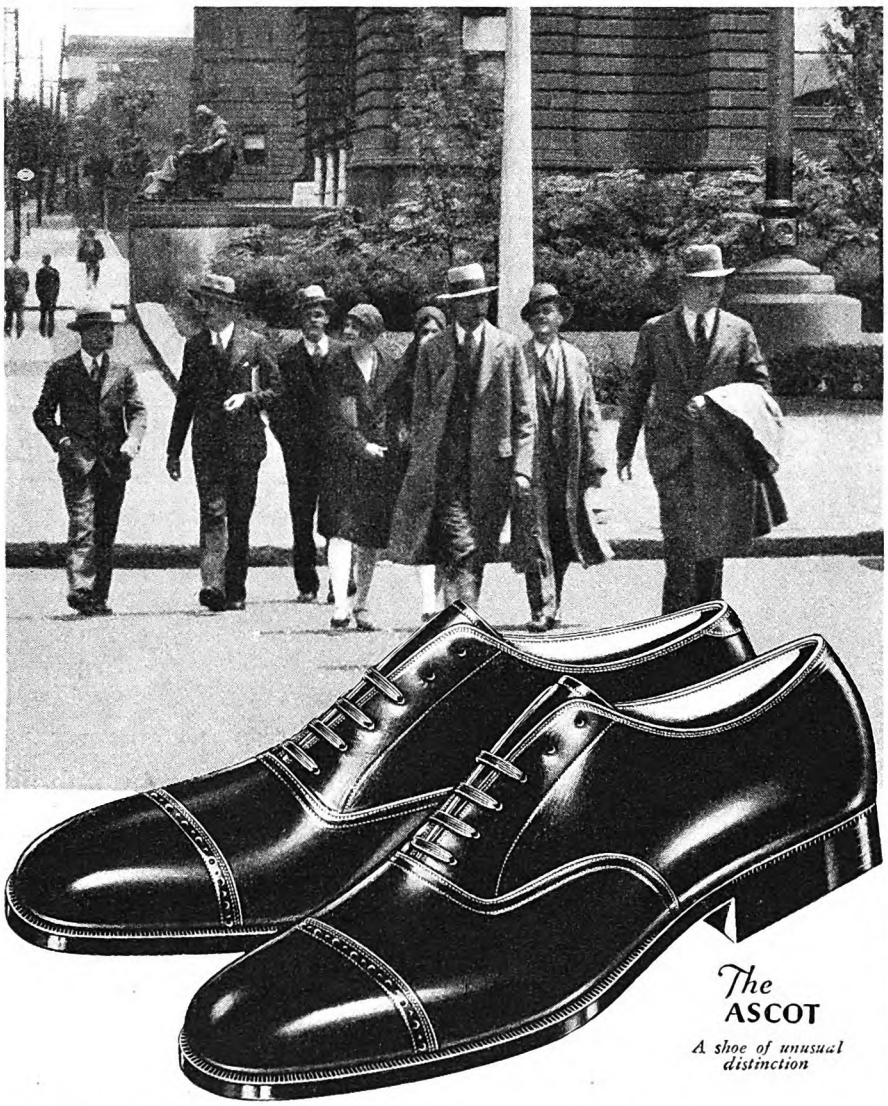
IN PITTSBURGH MEN WEAR

BOSTONIANS

SHOES FOR MEN



The ASCOT

A shoe of unusual distinction

CITY of steel mills and great universities. Center of trade, and center of international art. That's Pittsburgh—one of America's great cities. Smartly gowned women fill its shops. Well groomed men direct its vast activities. Being good judges of worth—having sharp eyes for distinctive style—these men wear Bostonians more often than not. In them they find a perfect combination of authentic smartness and individuality. See how completely the Ascot (pictured above) meets all the requirements of distinguished good-taste. You'll find Bostonians on sale at a nearby shop, selling for the amazingly modest price of $7 to $10 a pair.

BOSTONIANS Shoes for Men

Bostonians are sold by leading shoe and men's-wear stores. In Pittsburgh by Verner, 249 5th Avenue.

May we send you the Fall Style Booklet showing smart color harmonies? Just ask for Booklet A-11.

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WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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and Lorry were acutely aware of the presence of Miss Bachman and distrusted her; they were resolved to give her as little opportunity for gossip as possible. After dinner he kindled a log fire in the living-room fireplace and sat before it, smoking tranquilly, paying no attention to the two women, both of whom seized upon his abstraction to study him carefully.

He was well dressed in tweeds; his shoes were rather heavy, tan, English-made oxfords and his socks were very natty and matched his tie. His shirt was of sheer white linen, a negligee, and he appeared to wear his distinguished raiment easily and naturally. He had handsome hands; his fingers, long and tapered, gave no hint of early toil, and his fingernails were well kept. He wore no fraternal emblems in his lapel nor on his watch-chain; his hair was of a Titian hue that beauty experts strive in vain to emulate and was cut after the fashion of a military man. There were character lines around his mouth and little puckers of faint wrinkles around the corners of his wide, alert brown eyes.

He was a straight, well set up young man, not overly thick, but muscular; he had a little crescent out of his left ear and a faint white scar about three inches long ran across his left temple and disappeared into his hair. His teeth were strong, even, white, and well cared for. His nose, thin and high and a fraction too long, tended to spoil what would otherwise have been a handsome face, but upon second thought Lorry decided she would not have that nose altered even had she possessed the power. It lent to him an air of distinction. It was the nose of a thoroughbred, a thinker, imparting to his countenance an air of sagacity.

His face was lean and clean-shaven, and his cheeks were faintly rosy. His eyebrows, heavy and of the same color as his hair, were a bit overhanging, thus giving to his glance an expression of alertness and directness, particularly when he asked a question, at which times he almost made one feel that he suspected one's veracity and would have the truth at all hazards. Lorry had already observed that he moved with quick, precise motions, like one very sure of himself and in the pink of physical condition. His chin was masterful, the line of his firm lips not too thin.

ABOUT eight-thirty the nurse retired; as her bedroom door closed behind her Nate Tichenor arose, shoved an old easy-chair toward the fire and waved Lorry into it.

"For how long," he queried, "was your father's heart affected?"

"The doctor thinks he may have strained the muscles of his heart the day he dragged himself home three miles, after having had his hip shattered by Taylor Hensley. Business worries the past four years didn't help him any, Mr. Tichenor. You know what happened—he saw his chance to make a fortune and get control of the whole of Eden Valley when the price of beef skyrocketed during the war. That was why he leased the Bar H when your mother died, and mortgaged his cattle to do it—put himself in his enemies' power because he thought it meant final triumph for the Kershaws. Well, when the bottom fell out of the beef market after the war, you can see what it meant to *him*. Financial ruin whenever you chose to shut down

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"He had built a small shop for making screws"

"Today this young man is one of the largest depositors of this Bank"

Mr. Dick Miller, President of the City Trust Co., Indianapolis, Ind., tells a story of two young business men, and the contrast in their present fortunes

"THESE two young men furnish a dramatic contrast," said Mr. Dick Miller. "One of them inherited $35,000; the other, an experienced mechanic and a hard worker, started with a small savings account.

"The first young man came to me one day and said he wanted to sell out all his securities, that he had a chance to buy an interest in a Broadway theatrical production. 'I can make $150,000 in this thing, Dick,' he told me earnestly. 'It's a friend of mine who's staging the show, and he has had two successes in two years.'

"Nothing I could say could dissuade him. He sold out his $35,000 in securities, and put it into the theatrical production—'that was sure to be a whirlwind success.'

"Today he is working a few doors down the street for $30 a week.

"The other young man, the mechanic, came to us a few years ago, wanting to borrow the money to buy two automatic screw machines. We looked him up. He had a savings account with us. He had a modest reserve of sound securities. He had built a small shop for making screws and had paid for the machinery he already had out of his earnings.

"We gladly loaned him the money. He paid off his notes regularly out of his increased business, and the moment the notes were paid he started right in again saving money and making conservative investments.

"Today this young man is owner of a substantial, thriving business, and is one of the largest depositors of this bank."

+ + +

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Miller, they feel a very deep responsibility toward the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of investing.

Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

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Mr. Dick Miller, *President of the City Trust Co., Indianapolis, Ind., formerly President of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, is prominently identified with the business and industrial development of the Indiana metropolis.*

Send for this booklet—As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money". Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet K-1021.

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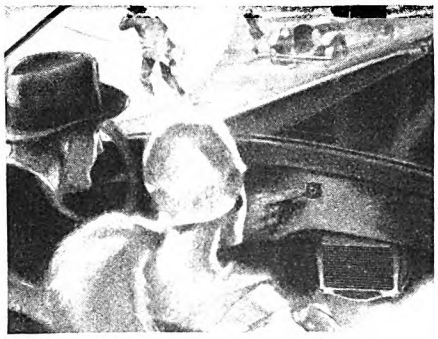

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—and a deathblow to his pride, in any case."

Tichenor nodded. "Has anybody been picking on him lately?"

"Our mortgage at the bank and some unsecured notes have been called. He received the notice this morning; it excited him and brought on an attack of angina pectoris. Then, when we saw smoke coming from your chimney, he had another attack—and that killed him."

"Too bad he wasn't here when I called this morning. I might have preserved his life for many years." Tichenor snapped his fingers. "Kismet!" he murmured.

"We thought you were waiting until we got in so deep we couldn't swim out—then you could smash us more easily."

"You've been in that uninteresting condition the past three years. Had I chosen to smash you a long time ago, there was nothing to stop me. You were helpless."

"Then why didn't you?"

"I didn't need the money and I knew I could always protect myself. The collateral had shrunk, but I could always have levied on the equity in the ranch."

"But to levy on the equity in the ranch would have necessitated your purchase of the ranch at the sheriff's sale, if and when the bank foreclosed."

"I would have done that and gotten the ranch at twenty-five per cent of its value. As a matter of fact, I did plan to buy the mortgage from the bank. Surely you do not think I am so careless as not to have kept a close watch on the Kershaws."

"Your people always wanted all of Eden Valley, of course. So you planned to buy the mortgage and foreclose?"

"No, I planned to buy it and hold it, because only in that way I would know the Kershaws wouldn't be annoyed. I planned to give you time to work out of the jam you are in; then, if you couldn't make the grade, I planned to buy your outfit, lock, stock, and barrel, at a fair price, so that you and your father could escape with sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. Owen was dead, your father was a cripple, and you couldn't operate the business—"

"OF COURSE, I could operate it," she challenged. "And I shall. The cattle business is bound to recover. It's getting better every day. All over this country the ranges are bare of cattle. But we have our breeding stock intact, and if I can have the time you planned to give us, the law of supply and demand will operate in my favor and enable me to work out of debt. Within two years beef will be selling at ten cents on the ranch."

"I do not doubt that. . . .Who is your father's foreman?"

"I am. For the past three years I have operated this business. I do a man's work. I know cattle and I know my job. I can ride, rope, and brand, and I bust my own saddle stock. I have kept my father's accounts, attended to his correspondence, signed his checks, and sold the cattle when we were forced to sell to get ready money. I hire and I fire. I've *had* to do it."

"And you want to keep on doing it?"

The girl nodded, then said, "But I cannot unless you buy the ranch mortgage to protect me—and yourself, otherwise it will be foreclosed. And I need operating capital."

"In a few days," he suggested, "go to see Babson and say that I am inclined to grant you additional time, provided he will do the same. If that plan is agreeable to him, the mortgage and the unsecured notes will have to be placed in good shape, of course. The interest will have to be paid to date and kept paid."

"I'll have to sacrifice some half-fat steers to pay it."

"You have some cattle that aren't mortgaged, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"Well, hold them over for better prices when they are quite fat. Meanwhile, mortgage them to me and I'll advance the money to pay your notes and interest and afford you working capital. Figure out what you'll need and let me know."

"I CAN'T understand why you are so kind, Mr. Tichenor."

"It's a fault I inherited from my father." A tiny smile flitted around his firm mouth. "Besides, if a fellow is going to be one's neighbor, he might as well be neighborly. Your grandfather tried hard to be neighborly to my grandfather, but grandfather was hard-boiled and mean and stupid and wouldn't play the game; as a result he spoiled all subsequent opportunities for his clan. It's my chance now and I have a curious yearning to make good, particularly since it will not cost me anything," he added bluntly, as if ashamed of his chivalry. "You're a business woman, so I'm doing business with you in a businesslike way. The loan will cost you six per cent; that's cheap for a ranch or cattle loan."

"Indeed it is, Mr. Tichenor. I thank you more than I can say. We've been paying the bank in Valley Center twelve per cent on our unsecured loans."

He arched his eyebrows. "How come?"

"When we wanted a renewal Mr. Babson boosted the rate from seven per cent to twelve before he would grant it."

"Well, twelve per cent is legal in this state, Miss Kershaw. However, strike Babson for a reduction to seven. He's as hard as a picnic egg, but he may have an unsuspected soft spot."

"I wish I could agree with you, but I find that impossible. Our ranch was mortgaged to a bank, but recently Babson bought it from them—"

"Personally, or for the Bank of Valley Center?"

"Personally. He called it at once."

"I don't know the man," said Nate Tichenor, "but I do know the sort of man he is. The Bar H used to carry an account in his bank, but we never owed him anything we didn't meet promptly."

He stirred the fire with the long poker. "Twelve per cent, eh?" he ruminated. "The sort that kicks you when he gets you down. A coward and a potential crook. Money-mad. A schemer. Miss Lorry, he wants the Circle K Ranch."

"I think so, and for this reason: He knows where he can sell it again at a large profit. He told Father about a month ago that a San Francisco man was desirous of purchasing your ranch—as a plaything where he would raise blooded cattle and horses and have a splendid hunting and fishing preserve. Father gave him your attorney's address. It's none of my business, of course, but did Babson write you?"

"Yes, through a San Francisco attorney, which proves to me that the San Francisco man Babson spoke of is a myth. The real purchaser was Silas Babson, but he wanted

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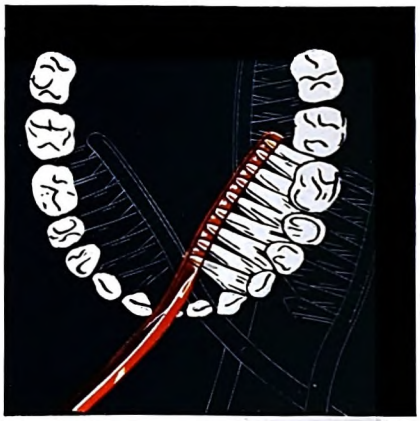
Every crevice penetrated by wide-spaced, accurately trimmed bristle-groups; a brush easily kept clean!

Two clues *to* WHITER TEETH



Correct size and shape; teeth far back are cleaned as easily as those in front; inside as well as outside!

Showing the differences that make such a difference in results — as millions have found out

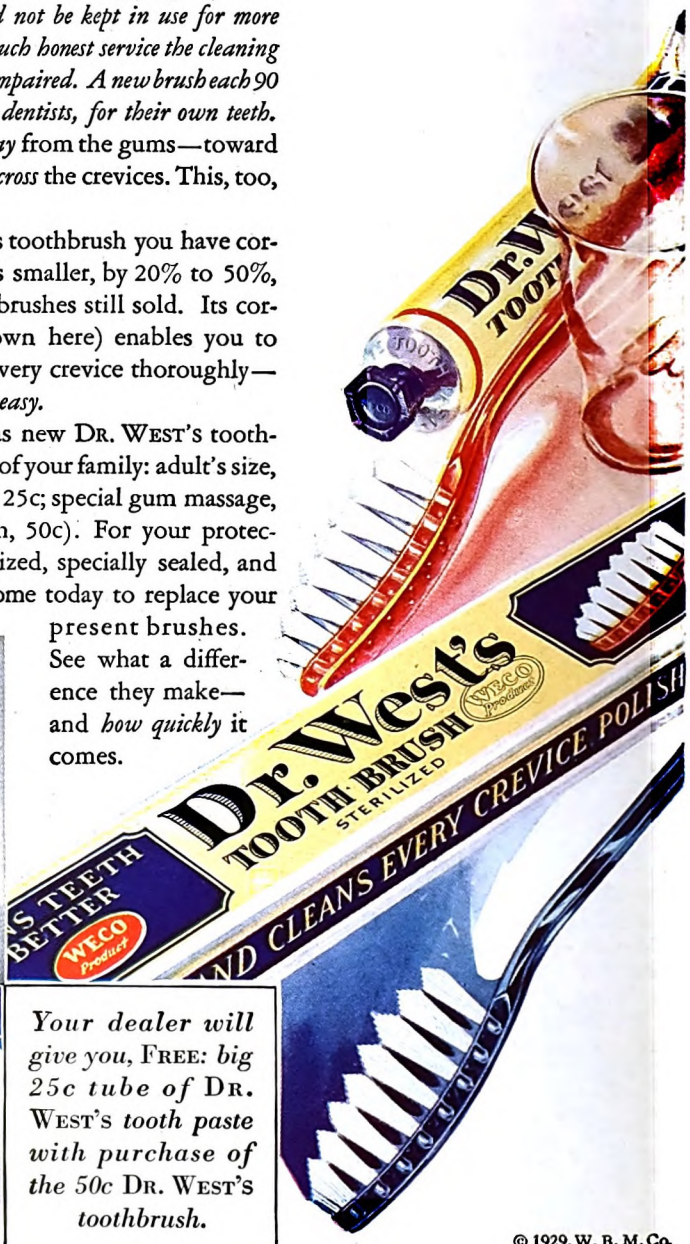
THERE is nothing difficult or complicated in having whiter, more attractive teeth. These plain, common sense facts may aid you.

You should choose a small, correctly shaped brush. Used twice daily, it should not be kept in use for more than 90 days. After that much honest service the cleaning and polishing qualities are impaired. A new brush each 90 days is the rule followed by dentists, for their own teeth.

Also, brush always *away* from the gums—toward the cutting edges; *never across* the crevices. This, too, is what dentists urge.

In DR. WEST'S famous toothbrush you have correct size and shape. It is smaller, by 20% to 50%, than awkward, old-type brushes still sold. Its correct, unusual shape (shown here) enables you to clean every surface and every crevice thoroughly—*and makes correct brushing easy.*

Your favorite store has new DR. WEST'S toothbrushes for each member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c ("professional" brush, 50c). For your protection each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, and fully guaranteed. Get some today to replace your present brushes. See what a difference they make—and *how quickly* it comes.



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to keep that news a secret from me—hence he approached me via his attorney. When he ascertained from my attorney that the Bar H was not for sale, he decided to acquire the Circle K, so immediately he purchased your mortgage."

"But he may have bought it for this prospective purchaser."

"I doubt that, because the mortgage is now in Babson's name. This mythical other man would not be likely to hand that amount of money over to Babson to play with for him; he would have come to your father and asked him to place a price on your ranch. This whole procedure is that of a principal who works by indirection, and Babson answers that description, does he not?"

"BUT why has he developed this sudden interest in Eden Valley?"

"I don't know, but I intend to find out. However, his activities constitute a case of love's labor lost. He'll never own the Circle K. Whenever you find yourself unable to hang onto it, I'm the rightful heir to it. Understood?"

"Perfectly. You're sure you will not permit him to crowd me? Sure this isn't a generous impulse because you find me in such a sad case today?—an impulse you may, with reason, regret next week?"

He drew a check book from his inner breast pocket, went to Lorry's desk, and signed a check in blank. "You fill that in for what your father's estate owes Babson and his bank," he ordered curtly, "and secure me with the promissory note of the estate as soon as you have received your letters of administration. I'm only a half-breed Hensley, but I play for keeps and don't you ever forget it!"

She tossed the check into the fire. "What's your interest in me?" she demanded. "I can understand sympathy and gentlemanly kindness, but not a blank check that could be filled in for nearly two hundred and ninety thousand dollars. I play for keeps, too."

"I met your brother Owen in France."

"He didn't write us about that."

"He didn't have time. It was before Cantigny. I was the chief of No. 4 section of my battery and my gun got bogged in a small shell hole in the road. And that road was under interdiction fire at the time. The teams were new, half-trained, and unused to draft—and the drivers were worse, so I had a lot of plunging and tugging—no coördinated effort—and there we stuck. There was an infantry regiment resting by the side of the road, and pretty soon a private came up and told the green lead driver to dismount and let him try. I saw by the way this doughboy soothed the excited horses that he knew horses—so I took the place of the driver on the swing team. Fortunately, I had a good driver on the wheel team, so presently, with the cannoneers and spare drivers at the wheels and pushing behind, we gathered our teams and made one steady, concentrated pull—and the gun came out. And when the infantryman dismounted from the lead team and we looked at each other, Owen Kershaw and I recognized each other. I said: 'Thanks, Kershaw. I'm obliged to you. Good luck to you.'"

"What did Owen say?" the girl asked softly.

"Nothing, Miss Lorry. His face sort of twisted. You see, we were all exhausted and hungry and thirsty, and we'd been through a lot of mud and blood, and I suppose we each had the same thought—that the Hensley-Kershaw feud was a pitiful thing; that everything in life was dwarfed in the presence of what we were doing now. I know that I had a vision of Eden Valley just then—peaceful, lovely Eden Valley off there across the world. Perhaps Owen did, too, because he commenced to cry. No baby boohooing, you understand, but silently; and then he came toward me and I commenced to cry, too—you understand, Miss Lorry, just why we were so soft, don't you?

"We didn't say anything, because there was nothing to say; just leaned against each other and thumped each other's backs and were quiet about it. And then there was an officer hazing me, ordering me to get going with my section and not block traffic. Owen walked beside me up the road a little, his arm through mine; and finally he said: 'Nate, you field artillery chaps have all the best of it. I hear your casualties average ten per cent if you use common sense. My outfit has lost fifty per cent in two days; and we won't be relieved and we won't get replacements until we've taken Cantigny; and we'll lose twenty-five per cent of what we have left. So maybe my dog tag will beat me back to Eden Valley. But if you take care of yourself, you're liable to go back with your dog tags; and when you do, call on the old man and Lorry and tell them it's an order from me that you're to stay for dinner!'"

"Did he say anything about the water?"

"Yes, he said we were to have it and that he'd write home about it as soon as he got the opportunity. So I told him you'd already promised to let my people have it, and that pleased him. And I promised him I'd be a good neighbor and fight as hard for the Kershaws hereafter as our clan had ever fought against them. That affected him very deeply and he dragged me off the road and we swore blood brotherhood, each to the other—and then we embraced like two sentimental Frenchmen and were ashamed of it because we were both hillbillies—and I went on with my section and he went back and flopped with his weary squad—and here I am, and I've been a long, darned time getting here."

"WHY did you delay, Nate?"

"I kept remembering him"—he pointed to the bedroom door—"and how he spoke to me that morning I came to ask for the water. I was afraid he'd never understand—that my gesture wouldn't get over with him—so I thought I'd wait and be nice to him and not bother him and gradually inculcate in him the belief that I wasn't a bad sort of citizen. I knew he was ruined; I thought it policy to wait until he was helpless and hopeless—he'd change with the years and adversity—we all do, you know. I see now that was poor strategy."

"Life," the girl said drearily, "is a game that is played to be lost!"

His hand strayed over and imprisoned hers. "Poor little sister!" he murmured. "So hopeless and bitter—and the sun just rising over Eden after a long eclipse. Life may be a game that is played to be lost, but we'll play it like sportsmen and go smiling to our defeat!"

(To be continued)

SIMONIZ YOUR CAR

Protects the finish

MAKES IT LAST LONGER

WHEREVER YOU GO YOU SEE Simonized cars. And, you cannot help but notice them, for even after years of driving they still look so new and distinctively beautiful.

The sooner you Simoniz your car the better. In Winter, as in Summer, Simoniz keeps cars looking new and beautiful for it makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Simoniz your car . . . it's easy. Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre to the finish. Then, Simoniz provides that beautiful and lasting protection.

***Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener*—and your car will always look bright and new.**

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

Easily Applied With a Cloth

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...in a cigarette it's TASTE!

GOOD TASTE demands skilful blending; to good cigarette-making, perfect balance is as vital as it is to brilliant exploits in the air. In Chesterfield, for instance, you will find no extremes of taste. Mildness, to be sure—but not mildness alone; sweetness—not over-done; character—without a hint of harshness.

* * *

It is no accident. Quality and balanced variety of tobaccos, to begin with; then a highly distinctive blend and cross-blend, the standard Chesterfield method. And as the natural result, a taste combination rarely achieved in cigarettes—a rich delicacy of aroma and flavor, uniformly smooth and appetizing.

* * *

In a cigarette, taste *is* what counts.

TASTE *above everything*

field

. . not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

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How to Make Real Money Just Doing This

GENEROUS OFFER

Probably you have heard of KRISS KROSS—the amazing stropper and razor blade-renewer pictured above. It makes any kind of blade keener than new and **prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRISS KROSS is one of the most surpassing money-makers ever seen. Many demonstrators and agents all over the country have made $200 to $500 in a month just taking orders for it in their home towns. KRISS KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but never sold in stores, so we must have people to take orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into real money.** Even spare-time workers earn $15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

AN ASTONISHING INVENTION

KRISS KROSS' mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like master barber. Eight "lucky" leather grooves do the trick in eleven seconds. Automatic reverse. Strops heavy at the start—light at the finish and leaves your blade with the keenest cutting edge steel can take! No wonder it sells like wildfire!

Profits Waiting For You

So great is the present demand for KRISS KROSS that agents are reaping profits almost beyond belief. During the month K. P. Rapf made $602. R. C. Walker (Idaho) made $9 his very first demonstration. H. King of Massachusetts made $66 in one day—and J. C. Kellogg cleared $200 in 7 days at spare time alone!

New-Type Razor Blade FREE!

To introduce Kriss Kross stropper, we are including this month free samples of a revolution in razor blade construction. Made to fit your present razor. Guaranteed to last longer and shave better than any other. Expect a new shaving sensation—Kriss Kross blades are made of a unique steel, made a new and better way.

Get Details—Special Offer

Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this money-making business without delay. See how simple it is to make $75 to $150 in a week with KRISS KROSS. Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon now!

KRISS KROSS CORPORATION, Dept. S-254
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Canadian Address:
CANADIAN KRISS KROSS CO.
30 Wellington Street East, Toronto 2, Canada

Kriss Kross Corporation,
Dept. S-254, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St Louis, Mo.

Send me details of Kriss Kross Stropper. Also send free sample of your new type razor blade for.....razor. (Fill in your make of razor.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

( ) Check here for agents' money-making plan, full time or spare hours.

Big "C" Trail

(*Continued from page 88*)

playground. Then Eureka, California, on a foreland, where the sun dies last in the United States; the forest of giant virgin redwoods close by. Oakland, a spot that will leave a lasting impression, is California's third city in size.

You're in the land of the palm now. Pasadena, city of beautiful homes, with her mile-long avenue of deodars, popularly known as "the street of Christmas trees." Next, drop anchor in San Diego's landlocked harbor, with water more transparent than the finest opal. Cradle of Western aviation. Also, help yourself to fruits of all kinds while here. Then eastward to the Lone Star state, where droves of lon - horn cattle once overwhelmed the range. In El Paso, gateway to Mexico, where the sun shines eighty per cent of the time. Renew your acquaintance with Fort Worth and Dallas. From Fort Worth, Texan metropolis, hundreds of cars of livestock are shipped daily. Dallas, busy manufacturing and industrial center. Either of these cities will adopt you if you have ability as a travel-trailer. The trail ends in Little Rock, Arkansas' capital, with eight trunk lines and a million-dollar airport. Now the orchestra can play, "Home, Sweet Home."

(This story contains 41 of the words required to follow the "Big 'C' Trail.")

Prize Winners and Clue Paragraphs

(*Each paragraph contains some of the words required to follow the trail between the cities mentioned in the paragraph.*)

It is both intriguing and difficult to follow Miss Clara O'Neil from Enid, once a tent city on the open prairie, but now Oklahoma's third largest, to Oklahoma City, milling, cotton, grain, manufacturing, and wholesale center, where also a souvenir can be bought for Mother.

"After you have visited St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, come for a rest to West Palm Beach, where summer spends the winter," Miss Elizabeth Pierce, of West Palm Beach, suggests.

"I hope you have to travel-trail more than a mile on your way to Canton, Ohio, the City of Recreation, from Niles, where President McKinley was born," says John B. Grainger, a lawyer, raised in Niles and now practicing in Canton.

From Greenville, S. C., famous for its mills and textiles, follow Miss Edna Barre, of that city, on her trail across the new Cooper River Bridge to Charleston, "The City Beautiful.'

PRIZES: The American Magazine offers a prize of ten dollars for every original Travel Trail accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. A Travel Trail, to be eligible for the contest, must not be longer than twenty words, including the starting point and destination. Also, it must have the home-town of the contestant as its starting point or destination.

Keep all cities and towns of your trail in the relative positions they occupy on a map.

Strive for an interesting, trail-like design. Limit the letters overlapping between any two words to a number as little in excess of three as possible. This helps to make your trail admit of only one solution. As far as you can, use well-known words.

This month—and in certain subsequent issues—special attention will be given to Travel Trails dealing with your home-town, its people, its interests, and its industries. Practically every Chamber of Commerce in the United States has expressed a willingness to coöperate in every way possible to get the home-town on the travel-trail map. This coöperation is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Your Chamber of Commerce or other civic organization will undoubtedly supply you with pamphlets containing the most suitable words to be worked into your trail and clue sentence. Send your trail to Travel Trail Editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.

Solutions of October Trails

HAZELHURST, ours, disbursement, entertainment, tenting, ingleside, ride, bridge, midges, gestures, resort, wort, work, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, renew, rent, Centre, transcend, ran, rancor, score, scold, college, legend, mend, endowment, end, endanger, dank, DANVILLE.

COLUMBUS, cold, oldest, destination, pioneers, verse, rivers, live, drives, vest, northwest, nor, enormous, mound, under, deride, arid, MARIETTA.

SPRINGFIELD, bring, ringer, germ, manger, sprang, rank, ankle, sprinkle, print, winter, terraces, err, BERRYVILLE.

DUBUQUE, toque, antique, Grant, grain, restraint, rest, president, lent, GALENA.

PHILADELPHIA, dell, delegate, ate, climate, material, winter, win, winning, ring, surpassing, pass, passport, ort, resort, rest, restate, star, AUGUSTA.

A book of hitherto unpublished Travel Trails can be secured from your bookstore or from Horace Liveright, Inc., New York

HOW TO FOLLOW A TRAVEL TRAIL

Each word must have exactly the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must have three consecutive letters that travel straight down (or up) through the same three letters in the word below (or above); and the word before the destination must also have three consecutive letters that travel into the same three letters of the destination, as illustrated by this sample trail solved for you.

The clue sentence with each trail contains a few of the words which can be used as legs of the journey. Proper names are not allowed in solving a trail, unless included in its clue sentence. A word cannot be used twice in the same trail. The solutions of these trails willbe published in next month's issue of The American Magazine.

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Keeping pace with pleasure

Modern mouth hygiene has brought new health and vitality to thousands because they guard The Danger Line

WOMEN who are popular frankly acknowledge that radiant health is their most valued charm. And still, many risk this priceless gift through neglect of such a simple thing as mouth hygiene.

Here is the danger: The same blood which nourishes all the tissues of the body, and carries off their waste, also comes in contact with the gums and teeth. Thus poisonous substances and disease germs are carried away from neglected teeth and lodged in some other tissue or organ. Heart trouble, nervous disorders, rheumatism may result.

You must guard The Danger Line

It is not enough to brush your teeth. You must visit your dentist regularly and use a dentifrice which can neutralize acids that cause tooth decay.

These acids form particularly in pits and crevices of your teeth and at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. There is one dentifrice which can bring protection. It is Squibb's Dental Cream which is made with more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. When you use it, particles of Milk of Magnesia penetrate into all the tiny crevices and neutralize dangerous acids where your tooth-brush cannot reach.

Of course Squibb's Dental Cream also cleans and polishes the teeth beautifully. It contains no grit, no harsh abrasives. It is extraordinarily soothing. You can safely use it to brush the gums.

At drug stores everywhere—only 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA, *from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

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SQUIBB'S
Dental
Cream

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Only J-M ASBESTOS SHINGLES insure *you* this *Lower Cost* per year

Colorful, fireproof, everlasting are the shingles being applied over this old roof. In this same way, you can re-roof your own home for the last time.

Here is *real roofing economy* . . . J-M Asbestos Shingles are *fireproof, everlasting* and *beautiful*

A good roof protects your investment in your home, and by its attractiveness reflects your good taste.

You can have the finest roof at reasonable cost by using Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. However you rate the importance of fireproofness, permanence or beauty these sturdy J-M Asbestos Shingles will more than satisfy you.

No matter what you pay you cannot buy a roof that will last longer than Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, nor one which will more attractively adorn your house.

Comparative Costs are Surprising

Do not leap to the conclusion that the superior qualities of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles mean that they are expensive. On the contrary, a roof of J-M Asbestos Shingles is the most economical roof you can have. It will never have to be replaced. Its first cost is its last cost. You are assured permanent protection against weather and fire.

Yet for all this value you may have a roof of J-M Asbestos Shingles for only about twelve per cent more than the average cost of eighteen-inch stained cedar shingles. That is real value for the home owner! About twelve dollars more on each hundred dollars and you have a roof that will never burn, and under which your grandchildren's children can live.

A Color Combination for Every Home

The pleasing shades of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are suggested here. They offer more variety than is obtainable in most other roofing materials. Yet we cannot show you on this printed page the full beauty of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. To see this ask your dealer to show you houses roofed with these beautiful shingles. Also study the dealer's samples. See for yourself how easy it is to select shingles exactly suited to your home and its surroundings.

The Name Spells Safety

Johns-Manville is a name that means safety. It is the world's foremost name in asbestos and its uses. Other products have made the trade mark J-M famous. These include packings, insulations for every range of heat and cold, motor car brake linings, and industrial roofing and flooring. When you buy Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you are assured of a perfect asbestos product. In order to protect you from disappointment your roofer will issue you the Johns-Manville Certificate when your roof is laid. This shows that your roof is registered at our sales office as of genuine Johns-Manville manufacture.

A Free Estimate by a Roofing Expert

Fill out the coupon below. Without obligation a J-M dealer who is a roofing expert will estimate the cost of a roof which will be the last roof you or anyone else will have to buy for the house it covers—that is a roof of J-M Asbestos Shingles.

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RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

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The Ten Greatest Women

(*Continued from page 13*)

became courageous; an accusation against her was inevitable; she remained instead of fleeing. Pericles himself came before the judges in her defense. His tears evidently saved her, perhaps also his prestige.

But not long afterwards, he himself was on trial. He was deprived of his office, his career was threatened, and, moreover, his two sons were taken away from him. And always the fearless woman stood close by to support him. But the reversal of Athenian favor, just as erratic and whimsical then as now, called him back. Finally the plague carried Pericles off, and Aspasia remained alone.

BATHED in the glow of fame, another group of women look down at us. The temptation is strong to select one of them; but this would be to confuse fame with greatness. For what is great in Cleopatra? Power, wealth, breeding—all of which she inherited? That Cæsar took pleasure in her for a time? After all, was she more than a spoiled woman, in whose whole life the only act that excites our admiration is her voluntary death? And so for the rest of her group: Was Beatrice a great woman because Dante saw her on a bridge and endowed her with the greatness of his genius? Was she more than Saskia, the immortal model of the painter Rembrandt? Or Lucrezia, daughter and sister of the Borgias, who has become a historic character because of her blond hair and the inspired madness of her brother? And was Josephine more than a past mistress at the art of love, who inflamed the young Bonaparte without realizing what a rôle fate had assigned her? Even Letizia, impeccable as a mother, remained without influence on Napoleon's career.

For inspiration and originality are required of a great woman, and the more feminine the nature of her activity, the more engaging is her picture. The purest forms of feminine greatness are the saint and the mother; even the sainted man strikes us as having a feminine quality. As examples we have Bridget of Sweden and Elizabeth of Thuringia.

CATHERINE OF SIENA, the practical saint, was born in 1347. The little Catherine, the daughter of a dyer and one of twenty-two children, was so charming that at first she was called Euphrosyne. But at the age of six she became silent and introspective, because she had seen her Saviour making the sign of the cross, on His head a triple crown. Later on she cut off her beautiful blond hair, hired herself out as a servant, and refused to eat meat. She scourged herself daily. At night she slept in a kind of coffin, her face aglow with the lovely ecstasy of adolescence. One evening Christ again appeared to her and, slipping a pearl ring on her finger, pledged His troth to her. Blinding beams of light streamed from His five stigmata, making her body tingle with pain. She afterwards told all these things calmly, almost analytically. With superhuman strength she continued to struggle against temptation, youth, and beauty.

And yet the course of her public life was quite worldly. Prompted by curiosity, a few nobles came to her and asked her to act as an arbitrator, as did also the town fathers of her native city, which at this time was again embroiled in a struggle between nobles and citizens. Her clear intelligence enabled her to understand these masculine dissensions and, being virtuous and unarmed, she tactfully carried out the measures that her powerful intellect advised. Soon prayers and ministrations to the sick could no longer content her active soul; the strife of the world interested her more. And so she, who could not write, dictated letters to the Italian princes and generals, even to the King of France, ordering them to discontinue their strife. From then on she had one purpose: to bring the Pope back from his exile and to end the disastrous schism which was disrupting the Church and the whole of Italy. Not yet thirty years old, the girl went before the council of the excommunicated state of Florence, and with all seriousness accepted the commission of propitiating the Pope at Avignon.

AND what letters she wrote him!—gentle, gracious, exuberant, yet both scholarly and threatening, like a more clever precursor of Savonarola—tactful and yet full of alarming prophecies, for she anticipated the Reformation one hundred and fifty years before its appearance. And at last the Pope set forth. The sea voyage to Genoa was so rough that he wished to turn back there; Catherine alone, who had preceded him on land, urged him onward. In long nightly discussions the little daughter of a dyer convinced the great Pope and even circumvented the malice of his cardinals.

Soon he could not get along without her. This time it was he who sent her to Florence, to arrange for terms of peace. She was accused of double dealing, and when the rabble attacked the governor's house, where she was staying, surrounded by her spiritual adherents she walked out toward the mob of armed soldiers, who lowered their swords before her. She was serene; always and ever did she court death. Not until the armed men withdrew irresolutely did she weep.

How differently she handled the next Pope, the rash Urban, how logical and statesmanlike her letters to him. And he, too, could not dispense with her. Then, at the age of thirty-three, she died from exhaustion, with the face of an angel, as reports have it.

Stronger in action than in meditation, diplomatic and worldly both from instinct and self-confidence, Catherine knew how to live among men without suffering temptation; this she had stamped out in her childhood and transferred all her energies into holy spheres.

THE life of a diplomat beside that of a soldier, short, dramatic with sudden victory and early death—such is the comparison between the powerful Catherine and *JOAN OF ARC*, the militant virgin. In the life of the Maid of Domremy everything is condensed; there were only seven years between her first visitation and her death. He who appeared to her was not

A Better Position With MORE Money After 15 Hours' Study

"After 15 hours' study of Speedwriting I could take dictation of unfamiliar material at 90 words per minute, and read it back without trouble. Almost at once I got a better position and more salary!" *Thomas McCabe, New York City.*

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Now the new shorthand of the business world is here. It is SPEEDWRITING, based on the most common sense principles of stenography. It can be mastered in a few hours' practice. Notes taken in SPEEDWRITING *never* get "cold." Here is the one shorthand always dependable!

Already Speedwriting is saving time in offices everywhere. Busy executives are using it. Tens of thousands of men and women are now using SPEEDWRITING. Their faster speed, their greater accuracy, their increased efficiency has brought them better positions and larger pay.

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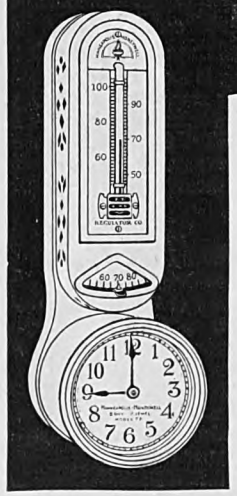
"I'm glad my daughter doesn't have to spend her winter days tending the fire"

"She'll find that the youngsters will be saved a lot of sickness"



This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control ▲ ▲ ▲

The modern mother never worries a minute all winter long about keeping her home warm and safe during the day—she turns the entire responsibility over to the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator ...This completely dependable electric servant operates the heating plant dampers automatically and keeps the temperature always uniform ... Mother is saved a good many tiresome trips up and down the basement stairs . . . She appreciates the family's bettered health since the regulator was installed . . . Those regular winter "sieges" of colds caused by fluctuating temperatures have disappeared . . . And father, freed from the drudgery of constant fire-tending, is his old cheerful self again.

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control . . . the foundation of automatic heating . . . in two ways: Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls). Or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful, automatic service . . . May be purchased on easy payments . . . Write for free booklet "The High Cost of Overheating".

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators) Executive Offices: 2763 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

the transcendental Christ, but Michael, mail-clad and masculine. Here everything is human and tangible, and therefore easier to understand. Her pious mother had taught her the lives of the saints, including that of Catherine, who had lived not so long before. If, to quench her fever, she had turned to the work closest at hand, she would have become a nurse. But Joan knew nothing of woman's work. She felt herself called to arms. Her firm self-confidence, disinterested masculine judgment, complete surrender to the truth of her instincts, drove the peasant girl into the world. She heard the first command of the voice one summer noon in her father's garden at Domremy. Then often came the repeated insistence: Prepare thyself to save France! Then she heard that her king was in danger. Promptly she went alone to his camp, dressed herself in male apparel, seized flag and sword, and announced that she would lead the army to victory. No will to death, but a will to victory.

Joan's work is not done for a gentle shepherd of souls; here it is a king, who has the young enthusiast thoroughly examined by holy men and wise men, until her spiritual strength convinces them. Her confidence in victory makes her victorious. In three days the seventeen-year-old peasant girl disperses the English besiegers. In eight days she brings the campaign to a victorious close. For five months she remains in command of the army, issues orders to generals and princes. This period was the most glorious in France's Hundred Years' War. Her career was really finished, or should have been, when she stood by the Dauphin at his coronation in the Cathedral at Rheims.

BUT, in His fashion, God is a dramatist and conducts His actors through many scenes in life until He has fully revealed their characters. This sainted girl He now permits to become foolhardy. She storms Paris without the king's permission. It is a case of the rolling wheel which can no longer stop. It is the demoniacal urge which alienates the hardened adventurer from all law, leads him to hazards and enterprises when he no longer can usefully employ his energy, and so brings him to an early end. Joan herself felt this, for her inner voice—this hidden law of every remarkable human being—which had dictated her policy, now announced a bad outcome. She took one last chance, and lost. The enemy captured her.

So much had she lost her assurance that now, in spite of the warnings of her patron saint, she leaped from her tower in an attempt to escape. Then she lay in prison, was at last put on trial, questioned again and again with English rigor and skepticism. In these examinations, when she might have been able to save herself, in these dialogues with cunning politicians and friendly clerics, the freedom of her soul and the subjection of her mind were revealed. She was an honest girl of the people, who announced that she was inspired and so disarmed all logic. Did she laugh at her wise judges? Everything was highly serious. "I will not answer today. I will not say anything about it. I have information about the King that I will not reveal to you. When my voice forbids me, what can you do about it? I would rather have been torn apart by horses

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For that finest gift a Guild Watch in solid gold!

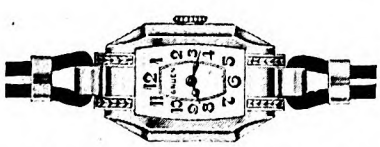
Here is the very newest Gruen Guild creation for women—dainty, reliable, smart, neatly engraved, modern in design, with an exquisitely finished 15-jewel movement, a guild watch in every respect. And 14 karat *solid gold.*

Yet the price is only $50! An excellent illustration of how the modern Gruen Guild carries out its purpose, part of its Guild ideal—to give you, in a watch of any type, the greatest value for every dollar you invest.

One of the latest conceptions in the Gruen Mode du Bijou series of diamond-set wristlets. Most original is this cord attachment of solid gold, looped through the ends of the new marquise-shaped gold case. A luxurious complement for the brilliant interplay of 10 diamonds encrusting the bezel. $250. *Other diamond-set designs,* $2500 *to* $60

(Pat. app. for)

Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid gold Crown-Guard case, with gold-filled flexible Guild bracelet, PRECISION *movement* $72.50



Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid white and coin gold case, with smart silk cord, $52. *Other solid gold wristlets,* $100 *to* $37.50

Gruen Cartouche, with gold-filled mesh bracelet, $40

Other ribbon models from $35

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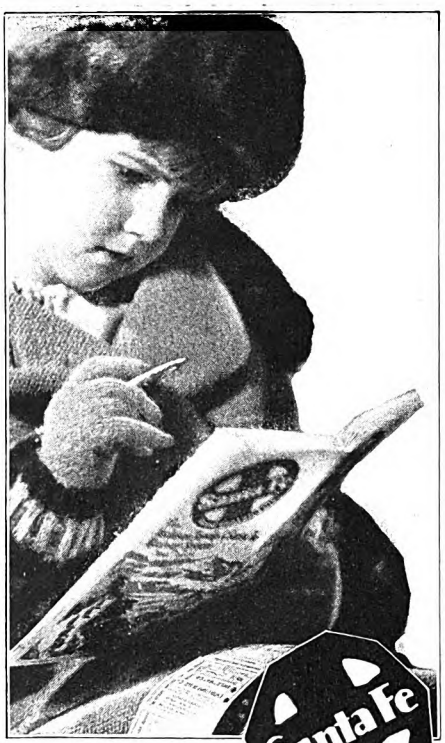

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than have gone to save France without God's command."

"Did Saint Margaret speak English?" asked one judge, referring to the voice of her saint.

"Why should she speak English, when she is not on the side of the English?"

"Do you know if Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret hate the English?"

"They love those that God loves and hate those that God hates."

Before such a woman men are afraid. Therefore, they first burn her, then call her holy.

AS RELIGION became less important in men's lives, kings once more assumed a dominant position, and with them queens. Again, the two that we select are only symbols, examples of types, of which there are others, perhaps greater. . . .

What is *ELIZABETH*, of England, other than an image of active craving for power? Are her eternal self-denial, her abstention from marriage and children, more than deep-seated avarice, ambition, or the unquenchable thirst for possession? Her revengeful spirit was slow to determine on action. Her ability to decide only resulted in reversals of decision. Was all this better than indecision, servility, fear? She treasured up everything—three thousand dresses, of which none could be given away; just as many oaths of allegiance, which also were not to be relinquished; and just as many slanderous words, which were reported to her underhandedly—all of these Elizabeth treasured up, but, above all, the three thousand lovers'-pledges which the wicked but happy Mary had drunk with her beautiful lips.

Does she not always spurn our sympathy, which would go out to her—homely, cold, and clever—if only she would permit it? But there is her proud eye, which does not falter until men and women are on their knees. There are her imperious, exacting, quarrelsome, self-righteous letters. There is her uncontrollable desire to be flattered, and her distrust of the flatterer. How could she stand it for half a century—this daily subjection of all to her, these ceremonious audiences, these halberdiers and knights on every private path in her gardens? Why did she never act according to her nature? Why did this woman who was so uneasy in her skin, insist for seventy long years, in spite of her false hair and black teeth, on being compared to Minerva and Diana? Why, as a gray-haired woman, did she look upon herself as a seventeen-year-old girl and dictate how her portrait was to be painted? To sum it up, why, since she had no integrity, did this Elizabeth not have at least a sense of humor?

But we must remember her horrible childhood, locked up in the tower—ignored by her debauched father, her mother put to death. Her body had inherited spoiled blood, whose scions were bound to die early or else become half-crazy monsters. Treasons are discovered, plots exposed, spies and assassinators beheaded. And above all there is the prisoner Mary, who for nineteen years has not been permitted to live or die—the favored of God, blessed with all feminine charms, and a mother—the mother of an heir, which Elizabeth's own regal virginity has denied her. On the evening when she was told about the birth of Prince James, Mary Stuart's son, she abandoned her dance with Lord Cecil, left the room, and did not regain her composure until the next day. Such a night as this was the terrific price which Elizabeth had to pay for all her betrayals of life.

And yet, favored by the prosperity of the times, for forty-five years she was the center of all the great, aspiring, fertile minds of her age, in her own land. And yet, when it came to a question of state policy, after constant hesitation she ended by deciding what turned out to be best. And yet, in spite of all her prudery, she allowed her subjects, especially her female subjects, more liberties than any dissolute king in Europe. And yet it was she who, just before the decisive expedition of the fleet, inspired her men to a fighting mood through her encouragement and her promises, and so from a great distance seemed to lead the victory over the Spanish Armada. Yet it was she, this disagreeable Elizabeth, whose avarice turned into economy, whose distrust became diplomacy, whose fanatical Protestantism led to enlightment and national prosperity, and who left this island of her forefathers more powerful than it had ever been after the rule of any strong king.

Two days before her death this half-masculine old woman reluctantly decided to appoint as her successor the son of her life-long enemy, the above-mentioned Prince James, at whose birth she had suffered so deeply. It is to be regretted that Shakespeare was her contemporary. He alone, if born a century later, might have been able to picture her.

MARIA THERESA reigned for forty years, like Elizabeth; her name likewise is used to designate an epoch, but she left her country smaller and weaker than when she took it over, and had lost several wars. And yet she wins every heart, for everything about her speaks of spontaneity and freedom, of clear feminine vision, and her example—the greatest thing that a mortal can bequeath—filled the kings of her time, including her enemies, with admiration.

The twenty-four-year-old empress Maria Theresa was lovely to look at when, opposed by a rival similar to Elizabeth, she went before the Hungarian nobility, holding her boy in her arms. Through her charm, her pride, and her virtue she enlisted them on her side. And so, literally with smiles and tears, she obtained her realm. Then she removed the heavy crown from her blond hair and placed it on the table before her. Her principal attribute was a combination of charm and virtue; this it was which made it possible for her to be at the same time the essence of femininity and royalty. And in both respects she was predominantly a mother. Between twenty and forty she bore her beloved husband sixteen children, and she was never tired, although even in childbed she was burdened with the cares of state and she habitually received less rest than most citizens' wives. To an intimate friend she confided that the happiest day of her life was the birthday of her oldest son, and added quickly: "Next to my wedding day." This extremely feminine quality it was that gave her, even in youth, a calmness and a clarity which make her the most balanced of all great women in history.

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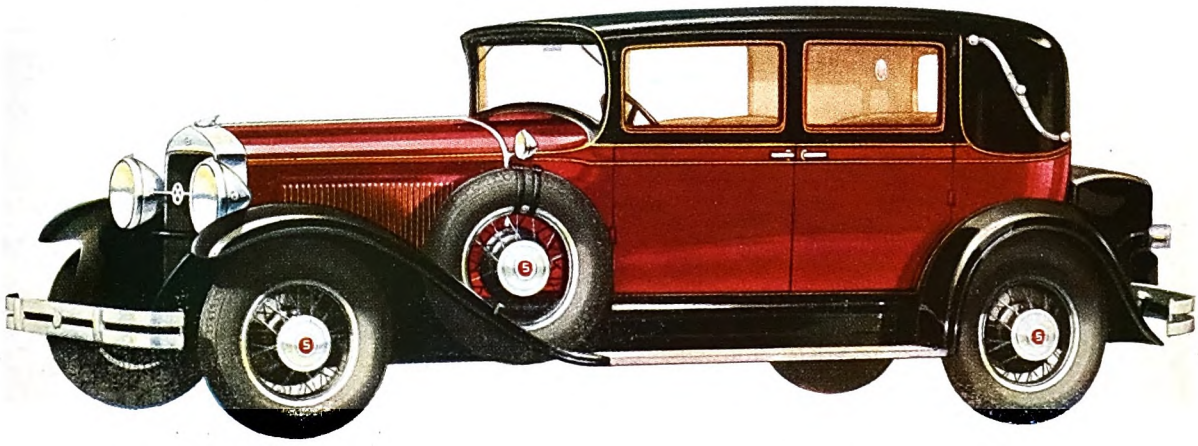

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"A man who becomes angry is always wrong, even when justice is on his side" —that was her motto. "Spiritual composure—the ability to examine my own acts as if they were another's"—was what she demanded of herself at the age of thirty. And as wife, mother, and queen, she directed her incessantly active life toward this end, from the smallest detail to the most serious obligation.

Hers was no indolent nature. She was always educating herself and her family. There was no blemish of arrogance on her spontaneity. Austria, her own country by marriage and inheritance, found in her the symbol of motherhood. And in her the Church found a capable daughter. But no state document or treaty of peace or cabinet crisis kept her from writing affectionate lectures to her married daughters. And even when on an important journey, she was never too busy to take a poor child to her bosom, where there was always nourishment. She was continually giving—alms, annuities, clothes. Giving was her pleasure. When she found herself in the midst of her people, she always called out a cheery greeting. "Leopold has a boy!" she shouted in the lobby of a theater, when one of her grandchildren was born.

But when, near her fiftieth year, she suddenly became a widow, her exuberance began to diminish. One of her daughters, then Queen of Naples, had failed to profit by the classical letter of admonition which her mother had written her, in which she had given a true analysis of the policy suited for rulers in those times. The Queen of Naples threw herself into politics, even became a friend of the notorious Lady Hamilton, took the reins from her husband's hands, although she did not know how to rule. Another of Maria Theresa's daughters was the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Conditions in France were such that her mother could see the imminence of destruction a decade before the Revolution broke out. While everything still looked bright she issued warnings and prophesied a bad end, for she had a clear understanding of the world and her conscience was incorruptible. Her domestic policy, in both senses of the word, was to urge her daughters to bear children. Often she would ask them if they did not have hopes. "We need a dauphin," or "The child needs company," she would say.

She was extremely moral, for she was religious. But although she formed vice committees and would not tolerate dissipations in her grown-up sons, yet she had been wise enough to write Pompadour herself a flattering letter when it was a question of inducing France to join in the alliance against Prussia. Yes, with her energy and her purity, she was a tyrant over her children.

And now what is to happen, when a talented young son is named co-regent, with his mother, after the death of his father? The son interprets the times in his own way; the silver chain of religion binds him but loosely. And although he is no mocker like Frederick of Prussia, their great enemy, yet he becomes a liberal prince who admits the claims of the people to those things which his mother has allowed them as gifts! No Spanish etiquette prevented her from writing to the twenty-six-year-old emperor: "Your heart is not bad, but it will become so. It is high time that you abandon your taste for frivolities and clever evasions, which lead to nothing but making others seem ridiculous and miserable. You are coquetting with your soul; you are foolishly looking for it where you hope to find it. . . . As I close this letter, I take you into my arms, kiss you affectionately, and hope that you will forgive me this long, tiresome lecture, because you understand why I do it. I only wish to see you respected and loved by all, as you deserve, and that you will remember that I am always your good old loyal Mamma."

Beside these legitimate queens stand the more or less renowned women who won the favors and fancies, and often the complete confidence, of the great kings.

Among all these is one who surpasses the piquancy of a Pompadour or the adventurous life of a Du Barry, in that she was neither sensual nor pleasure-seeking, but wise and constructive. The best example of that rarest of virtues among women—self-control—is *MADAME DE MAINTENON.*

A hard youth taught her silence and resignation. She was born in prison, the daughter of an imprisoned noble who had foolishly impoverished himself. She was the granddaughter of a famous Huguenot. Her mother was a gifted woman. As a child she went with her parents to Martinique, returning to France at the age of fifteen, poor and without protection. She was kept by relatives, one aunt inculcating her with Calvinistic doctrines, another aunt training her in Catholic dogma. At an early age she learned to do without, to endure, to submit. Through an innate sense of decorum and an inherited feeling of personal worth, she quickly grew to understand that her problem was to make herself generally loved and achieve independence through a period of submission.

For years it was not so much a matter of what she did as of what she endured. At the age of seventeen, when she had become a very beautiful girl, she was betrothed to a cripple without legs, and for eight years, until his death, she remained at his side without complaint. And it was not only the wit of her husband which sustained her, although, a humorous poet, he was able to gloss over his misfortunes to himself and her. Nor was it only the brilliant society which gathered at his house. Above all, it was her inflexible desire to win her own approval and that of her father confessor. After her marriage poverty still followed her. Often her servant would whisper to her, when guests arrived: "We have no meat today, madam. You must make up some sort of story!" And since she was clever and quick, and loved propriety so much that even the appearance of propriety would satisfy her, she would promptly make up the required explanation.

Then Madame de Montespan, the mistress of Louis XIV, wished to have this clever, childless woman take over the education of her own illegitimate offspring of royalty. So Maintenon professed to feel a moral obligation to enter these powerful circles. And it is not surprising that the advice of this woman, then over thirty, apparently without any feminine aspirations, who was all activity, efficiency,

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conscientiousness, was soon in demand by the mighty of this intriguing court. She was used as an arbitrator in disputes. She became the confidante of her patroness and was regaled with the intimate details of the quarrels that occurred between the King and his moody, exacting mistress. And so, always obliging, always without personal desires, with a resourceful cleverness, she slowly came closer and closer to the King himself.

To Louis the Omnipotent, then no longer young, this governess to his children—for officially she was no more than this—was an inexplicable phenomenon. She was impressive to look at; everything about her was large, her head, her mouth, her nose. Her imperturbability radiated a calm splendor. But when the King's hand reached out toward her—this hand which no one else in the whole empire could refuse—she knew how to evade him. And so the Roi de Soleil for years courted this moralizing woman, who would remind him of his soul's salvation while she herself was slowly advancing to the highest places. Apparently she believed in the moral nature of her mission, and later considered and called herself an Esther. In actuality, however, she was driven by the desire for independence. It was not so much power that she desired as it was a generous recompense for the denials of her youth.

And thus it was she forced the two impassioned mistresses of the King on toward disaster, while she acted as a mediator among the three. Fourteen years after Maintenon's appearance at Court, the fourth woman in question, the Queen, died. By this time the fifty-year-old Maintenon had won such a strong influence that in a few months her moral persuasion compelled the most powerful man on earth, who could have forced her to his will or else exiled her, to marry her and abandon forever all her rivals. Yes, she became the legal aide of the King of France. Behind closed doors she was called "Your Majesty" by the groom of the chamber who had officiated as witness, by the Archbishop, and by her father confessor. Through self-control, cleverness, and determination she had achieved the impossible: The poor girl born in a prison reigned in the palace at Versailles.

THERE s something great about the elderly woman's influence over this man so sated with love. True, the world was not permitted to know of her exaltation, and never did she exceed the bounds which she had set herself. When royalty was entertained she always passed as a modest visitor at court. But the court, the city, the nation, and soon the whole of Europe knew that nothing happened in the whole kingdom that did not meet with her approval. It was a joy to the greatest egotist in history to find such a wise counselor in a woman. Because she was cool, deliberate, and conscientious, always at his service, without whims, without selfish desires, she could warn him against false friends. And never did she abuse her power either as a woman or as a consort.

For thirty-two years Maintenon in actuality ruled France: an active life, filled with daily cares for her convents, her schools, her invalids. Daily she was present during the king's audiences with ministers, always reserving the expression of her own opinion until she was alone

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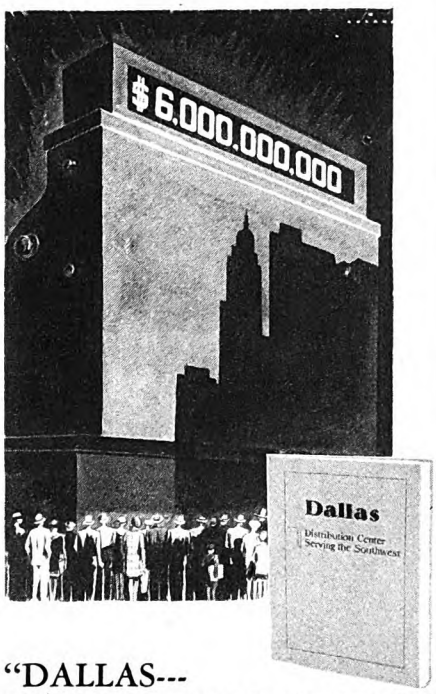

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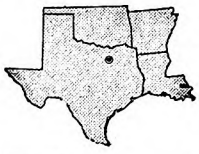

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with him, and then she explained what seemed right to her. She was at his disposal every day. With her intelligence and knowledge she was always able to control this man, who never read a book and who was in hourly dread of boredom. He never became tired of her.

And yet she left his deathbed before the end had come, perhaps from a secret fear, perhaps impelled by her old wish to find peace at last in a convent. "I am dying of sadness," she wrote a friend in old age. "Once I was young, good-looking, enjoyed life. Everybody liked me. I had brilliant friends, was in the highest favor. And yet I swear to you, all this left me with only a horrible emptiness, and indifference and fatigue, a longing for other things. For all these things could not satisfy me."

Only at rare moments had she let herself look into her heart. Only rarely did she know her own heart's des.res. For her tremendous self-control even forbade self-analysis. When she died at an advanced age she had this ironic and equivocal line engraved on her tombstone: "Governess in the house of Louis the Holy."

RECENT times have produced another group of women—the modern equivalents of the medieval saints, whose womanly virtues and compassion have been extended in a masculine direction by the aid of science. In these cases love of humanity is developed into a system, compassion is organized, and the incomprehensible urge to help others rather than themselves expresses itself in figures, in money, in funds. There have always been women of the Madonna type who have devoted themselves to sufferers, to children, and the aged. During wars they have tried to heal the injured, although they did not struggle to prevent the wars. For some time this was all that was done, but recently men have organized these activities.

But a few significant women have established the internal organization of such work and even determined its policy. Among this group I see Montessori, Fanny Lewald, Alice Salomon, these energetic and compassionate women—also the remarkably calm features of Jane Addams. And in their midst is she who perhaps has accomplished the most: *FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.*

Her small head in its nun's hood rises from her black Victorian dress with its white neck and cuffs. This half saint believes not so much in heavenly balm as she does in human salvation. And so she does not look like an angel to us, but like a bird. And what urges her on is not devotion to God but the wish to make herself useful.

She was rich. Between 1840 and 1850 she had traveled on the continent as a young English lady, had experienced all the luxuries of Europe. In her parents' country house she associated with the best English society. But she was constantly irked by the thought that this was all a great waste—that her parents' mansion should be converted into a hospital and all this money for balls and journeys should be devoted to the care of the sick. "I have an intellect that demands satisfaction. My active moral nature would not be satisfied with marriage. I have tried everything, long trips, friends, everything. God, what is to become of me?" In her thirtieth year, when she was the head of an asylum, the Crimean War broke out. The reports about conditions in the military hospitals showed her the road to follow.

And with inspired energy this delicate girl brought help, order, and health into the fearful conditions at Scutari. The wounded needed everything. But it was something new that a woman should dress them, feed them, nurse them, transport them—that she should become such a power that she was feared even in the London ministry of war. Her method? She knew how to command. Her colleagues did not talk about this idealistic founder of the Red Cross as if she were an angel, but as if she were a general. She was no respecter of persons, she ridiculed the whole world, she demanded the utmost of everybody and she was ready to give it herself. For nothing was too much for her. She spent whole days at a time in a saddle. At the end of six months she had reduced the death rate of the wounded from forty-two to twenty-two per thousand. Then she compelled the soliders to save, to send money home. When she came into conflict with superior officers and they tried to prevent her visits to the sick by starving her out, she pointed ironically to the provisions which she had taken the precaution to bring with her.

Near death from exhaustion, weakened by fever, after the war she lay for a long time between life and death. It seemed she would not reach her fortieth year. But her will to activity was too strong. She lived to be ninety. Through a friend in the ministry of war, but above all through her fame and name, she was able to reform the English hospitals during peace-time. She acquired personal influence with the Queen and her consort, established one institution of health after another. For decades not a viceroy went to India without first seeking her advice, for her emissaries, colleagues, and agents were spread all over the world, trying to remedy conditions in the public hospitals. One of her reports, condensing into eight hundred printed pages the main points of hospital reform, is still used as a standard in British medical practice.

IF WE were to try to decide which book written by a woman has had the greatest effect, we would choose one whose author was no great genius. In Europe few know her name, but all know her book: *Uncle Tom's Cabin. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE* was born nine years before Florence Nightingale, two years after Lincoln. She was a model of courage and faith. Although she was intelligent, she wrote her book principally from moral rather than from intellectual fervor, and not at all for purposes of artistry. The genuine American nature of this book throws light both forward and backward. It even throws light on old Europe, where Rousseau wrote a book which had a similar effect, but which was written under quite different spiritual and artistic conditions.

So there was once a minister's daughter, whose seven brothers in their turn became clergymen. She was pious, grew up to the age of sixteen with all the religious scruples of an intelligent girl still intact when she entered the field of practical Christianity. By the age of twenty she had written a

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PLAY BILLIARDS

A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters—$7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment—available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (*prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada*) at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

BRUNSWICK
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MFG BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO

A Family Affair

THE game of billiards is not governed by age, but enjoyed by all the family—young and old—a common ground to fuse, blend and strengthen the ties of beautiful relationship.

You can play billiards now—and twenty years from now—and never know a moment's boredom. Winter or summer—rain or shine—it offers the same keen, enjoyable recreation. And it provides health-building exercise as well, for a few games a day keeps muscles supple, relaxes the mind and develops a new interest within the home.

Billiards is inexpensive. It can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center, or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $7.50 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (*only a modest initial payment required*) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities.

Mail the coupon below for the "Home Magnet", a booklet of complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. There is no obligation implied.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 197, 623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet"—a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., *General Offices:* 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

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Has breakfast become a perfect bore? try this modern kind of pancake!

HO HUM — breakfast is ready. Ho hum — now breakfast is over. Good, respectable food. But still — ho hum.

Is that the way to start the day? No. Breakfast should not be a bore. Breakfast should be more than nourishment — it should be a tonic to the spirits. For the sake of good digestion and good living we should get some fun out of the morning meal.

For instance, try this modern kind of pancake (made with the new Pillsbury's Pancake Flour). Nothing will bring a man to attention so quickly. Pillsbury's pancakes call out enthusiasm — and enthusiasm is valuable. Pillsbury's pancakes are good news as well as good food — in the morning we need one just as much as the other.

Try this out tomorrow morning. These improved pancakes will delight you — Pillsbury has made a real discovery. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains a new type of flour, unusually soft, fine and delicate. Pillsbury's makes lighter pancakes, more tender, more delicious, easily digested; much better than the old-fashioned kind — truly *modern* pancakes.

Here's the perfect combination — proper nourishment plus *real enjoyment* — Pillsbury's pancakes. Ample fuel for the busy morning in school or on the job — in a warm, light, quickly digestible form. And so delicious that the memory of breakfast adds a brighter tone to the whole day — good cheer as well as good food!

The Recipe Is Simple

Made in a minute and ready to bake—simply add the liquid gradually to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and stir. You can use only water and make a delicious pancake. Or, if you have been mixing your own batter with milk or eggs, use the same liquids with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour — we believe you'll like these pancakes better than the home-mixed kind.

Hear the Pillsbury radio program — the preparation of balanced meals by speed cookery methods — broadcast by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen every Wednesday over the Columbia Chain at 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard Time.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY

General Offices; Minneapolis, Minnesota

Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made according to a modern improved recipe

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geography textbook, had fought for female teachers in the schools. At the age of twenty-five, when on the verge of marriage, she was a complete stranger to passion. A girl friend of hers had died; she took the widower as a husband from an almost Biblical sense of duty. One hour before the marriage ceremony she wrote to another friend that all night long she had tortured herself with worry over how she could go through this crisis and "now that it is here, I feel nothing whatsoever."

Seven children cause a great deal of work. And with an ailing husband and the purse none too well filled, a delicate and sensitive woman can be so strengthened by her inner voice that she is able to upholster chairs and sofas and make bed comforters herself. "And when we need a new mattress, I say to our maid-of-all-work: 'If you will take over the babies and the house for one day I will write something, and then we can meet this need.'"

The slavery issue, which in this circle had been under discussion for years, finally came to the fugitive slave law. And at this time a letter from a relative gave her the idea of writing about this problem. But it was long before her daily tasks allowed her the opportunity. And at first she began only a short story for a magazine. It was to be complete in three issues, but it ran to ten. "I could not control the story; it wrote itself. The Lord dictated it; I was only His instrument." That is her actual conviction, and if instead of the Lord we say History, then anybody will agree with it. There are various facts which indicate that neither art, invention, nor imagination guided her pen, but only the spirit of the time and the indignation of the human heart. For she was already forty when she wrote the book, and thirty books from her pen followed, all of which are worthless.

But for the once she had been the instrument of an idea. And we can see the teasing twinkle in Lincoln's gray eye, when he received her at the White House with these words: "So you are the little woman who brought on this great war!"

MARIE CURIE was the daughter of a poor school-teacher. She became a teacher, like her father and mother. Then, anxious to learn, she went to Paris, without money, to study physics. There she met and soon married the equally poor Pierre Curie, moved with him from her tiny sixth-story lodging to a no larger one on the third floor. And now, devoting herself to him like a mother, doing all the housework, she continued her incessant labors, working with her husband. When it became too much for them, they took bicycle trips through Provence. Then Curie's father, a physician, became a widower and went to live with his son. They continued their uphill fight in silence. Neither a professorship nor a laboratory, neither money nor the materials for research were available to either.

But the spirit of these two, joined now as if in kinship, no more to be divided, urged them onward and found means of advancing their purposes. Becquerel had just discovered radioactivity. On the heels of this discovery, three years after their marriage, the two Curies together isolated radium and polonium. Five years later they both received the Nobel prize. But even then they had no connection with a scientific institute which would place a properly equipped laboratory at their disposal. And when he was offered the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, Curie refused it, giving this reason: "Will you give my thanks to the Minister and tell him that I in no way see the need for such a distinction, but I see the most pressing need for a laboratory."

And soon after he had at last acquired his laboratory, he was run over by a truck. His wife received his chair. What she has written on this occasion is truly remarkable:

"The faculty have shown me this great honor in order to preserve the continuity of his work. I accept this difficult inheritance. . . . It should be known what a great sacrifice such a career as his [Curie's] entails. The life of the great scholar is not, as many believe, a peaceful idyl. More often it is a hard battle with things, with surroundings, above all with himself. A great discovery does not spring from the brain of the scholar, like Minerva from the head of Zeus. . . . When I lacked his patience at failure, he would often say to me: 'But this life that we chose for ourselves of course is difficult.'"

By the fourth year after the death of her husband she had published in two volumes the *Traité de Radio-activité*, and after that she again received the Nobel prize, this time alone.

TODAY she is sixty-two years old. Would it not seem that such a life would have a deeper, more inspiring effect on ambitious young women of our day than the affairs of a Maintenon, or even the career of the Swedish Christina or the Russian Catherine? Kings have not only lost their power; they have also lost that legendary glory which once surrounded the throne. Today those men and women who strive to reach the limits of human possibilities are derived from the middle classes, and so, without privileges, but also without preconceptions, they give the world what it desires; human happiness instead of dreams of power. This daughter of a poor Polish school-teacher isolated and discovered that chemical element which has meant health to thousands and saved the live of more thousands. The daughter of an unknown minister described from the fullness of her heart the suffering of the slave and struck sparks from the hearts of millions. With masculine force the restless, energetic Englishwoman swept away the misery of criminally careless nursing and established decent hospitals with beds and bandages on the edge of the battlefield.

Is the world, therefore, poorer in imagination? Are women today no longer an inspiration? Have clear thinking, technique, science, broken the stream of emotion with which women once filled the world?

But now we catch sight of another Olympian cloud. Another group of great women look down at us.

THIS group is probably the one that has the greatest influence, next to the feminine, maternal genius. For they are the actresses, who for the last few centuries have pointed the way to a new outlet and pretext for displaying those qualities which nature has accorded women: beauty, seductiveness, the ability to dissimulate,

GREAT WHITE FLEET

Seeing *the* lands they read about *in* books

DOWN in the romantic Caribbean, following the sea-trail of the English and Spanish explorers, seeing for themselves the colorful lands they've read about. Sleepy little port towns, haunted by stirring memories of Don and buccaneer.

Havana, always ready to play... Santiago...Kingston and Port Antonio, peeping from their Jamaica palms...Cristobal, guarding the Atlantic entrance of the Panama Canal and Panama City...Port Limon in Costa Rica...Cartagena, Santa Marta, and Puerto Colombia, the three Colombian graces... Puerto Barrios and Guatemala City in ancient Guatemala...Belize in hustling British Honduras... Puerto Castilla and Tela in orchid-bedecked Spanish Honduras.

Great White Fleet liners leave New York twice weekly and New Orleans three times weekly. Cruises from 9 to 24 days. Only first class passengers carried. All shore motor trips, hotel and railway accommodations included in price of your ticket. Write for complete information to

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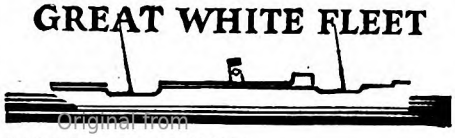

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"Please tell me..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

Oily hair—and its special care

Dear Jean Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and it's very soft and pretty when it is just washed, but a few days afterwards it becomes oily and falls in strings. I would greatly appreciate it if you would let me know if there is anything I can do—and please let me hear from you as soon as possible because I have a *great* deal of faith in your ability.—M. Y., Caldwell, N. J.

Dear M. Y. Your particular trouble is one I hear about many times every day. More women seem to be bothered by oily hair, than by any other hair problem.

For this reason the Packer Company, with whom I am associated (they make the famous Packer's Tar Soap) make a shampoo especially good for oily hair—*Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*. This shampoo is safe and pure and gentle (don't ever use a strong shampoo to "dry out" your hair), but it is also a little astringent. It tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use this Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first—it's easy to use because it lathers and rinses in the quickest and most delightful way possible.

Don't wait for your hair to get oily and stringy and unbecoming—shampoo often enough to keep your hair fluffy. And if you use the pine tar shampoo regularly, and massage your scalp a little every day, you'll probably soon be able to lengthen the intervals between shampoos.

"What shall I do for dry hair?"

Dear Miss Carroll: Please give me some advice. My hair is very dry—and is sticky after I wash it.—Mrs. G. M., Canton, Ohio.

Over-dry hair isn't healthy hair, and it doesn't look its best—it's usually dull and brittle. So I'm going to tell you about a special shampoo for dry hair that will make your hair softer, and won't leave that sticky feeling either.

You can go to any drug store and ask for *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*—a lovely golden colored liquid just a tiny bit fragrant. This shampoo is made of pure olive oil and other vegetable oils. It doesn't make your scalp sting, or leave your hair harsh to the touch because it is safe and gentle, and contains soothing, softening glycerine. Use this olive oil shampoo about every ten days or two weeks, and you'll see how much softer and more manageable your hair is. Then massage your scalp and brush your hair every day to make it shine.

(You noticed that sticky feeling probably because the soap you used didn't rinse off your hair completely—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo rinses very easily.)

Don't neglect dandruff!

Dear Miss Carroll: I'd like to ask you a few questions. I heard you talk over the radio about a week ago. I really have nice hair, but it is beginning to fall. I have quite a bit of dandruff, and my hair doesn't shine as I would like it to. What can I do for it?—Mrs. A. N., Kent, New York.

I have a personal feeling of hatred for dandruff germs—they're such trouble-making, beauty-destroying little things. They make hair fall, they take away the shine and lustre, cause the scalp to flake, and they usually go on getting worse and worse unless something discourages them.

For years doctors have been urging Packer's Tar Soap as a very effective way of overcoming these invisible germs. So I'm going to suggest this for your hair: Get a cake of *Packer's Tar Soap* and start right away to give yourself a shampoo every two or three days to begin with. This sounds like a lot of washing, I know, but think of it as medical treatment. Massage the lather well into the scalp—the good, rich piney lather has a gentle antiseptic effect.

Even after the first shampoo, your scalp will feel healthier and your hair will look healthier. And after a month's time you ought to notice a decided improvement.

JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday 11:45 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 6-K), 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose_____cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

NAME

ADDRESS

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devotion, gracefulness, and that secret love of personal exhibition under circumstances which attract no censure. There they are, a circle of fair ladies—those great women whose vague outlines have been preserved for us only in pictures and the reports of contemporaries. There is the regal Ristori, the gentle Melba, the classical Corona Schroeter, the heroic Wolter, and the glorious Bernhardt, the bewitching Jenny Lind, and the poetic Ellen Terry—once world-famous, today just names, like those kings who are preserved in the museum of history. And there are the great dancers, allied to them and yet unlike, from Camargo to the divine Pavlowa. But one among them looks toward us with unfathomable eyes. She seems to catch our attention above all others—or is it just because we have actually seen her, because until recently she was with us?

HERE she is, at the end of our procession of great women, a genius who can be compared only to herself. We do not know whether she was greater as an artist or as a person. She is *ELEANORA DUSE*, and to everyone who has seen her this name means a quickened heart. A wandering life, victim of her own beauty, the career of a martyr.

A true child of the theater, born on a railway train, died in an American hotel room, appearing on the stage for the first time at the age of five and for the last time at the age of sixty-five. Impoverished at the beginning, and at the end still driven around the world by necessity. The wife and the sweetheart always of artists and poets. The mother of a daughter for whom she gave everything—Art. Sacrificing everything to genius, her body, artistry, passion, and possessions. Indifferent to applause, but craving real fame. All her impetus, her freedom, and enterprise, were devoted to the creation of the characters of human souls other than she—and yet it was always her own character she created.

The underlying problem of the actor, whether he will expose or conceal his own personality, she solved in an entirely feminine fashion, to wit, by doing both. Certainly it was decided by her heart rather than by considerations of technique whether she would give way to this heart, or suppress it, in the interpretation of a rôle. Face to face with people, those on the stage and those in the audience, she was unmasked. In her youth she was supposed to be homely, and yet she looked beautiful to us, which shows that, a true priestess, she had built up the world of her soul from within. And so she dared let others see it as it was.

And in her later years her face became a representation of eternal humanity—like that of Dante, Goethe, or Beethoven, Napoleon or Lincoln. Among women a face like that of the older Duse, expressing the quality of eternity, is nowhere else to be found. It is not only that no other woman has looked so; no other has ever been able to express so much with her features. In former times the accepted portraiture glossed over and embellished the best qualities. The queens were all made to look alike, as were also the famous mistresses. And most actresses who have attempted similar portrayals have fallen into the same rut. No other

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

SO REAL
she stole away on tiptoe

JUST the other day we heard of a woman who stopped at a friend's to call. She was about to ring the door bell when she heard unfamiliar voices within. After listening a moment she tiptoed away, saying to herself: "They have guests; I'll call some other time." Guests? Yes, indeed—*but they were in a broadcasting studio far away.* Such is the reality—the *un*-mechanical perfection of Atwater Kent tone!

On the Air: Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

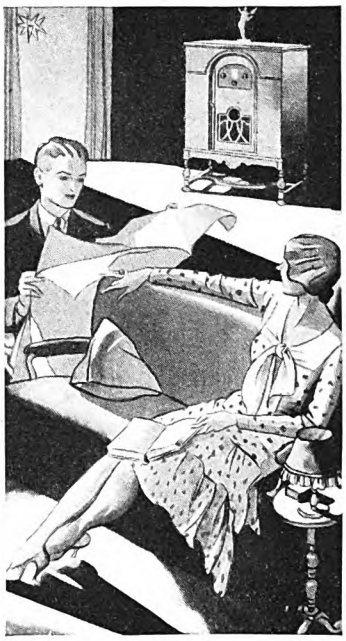
SO MUCH BETTER
there's just no room for argument

IT'S not merely the wonderful Screen-Grid tubes. It's the way the new tubes are *used* to make radio so much more enjoyable that there is just no room for argument. You get more stations and more distant stations, and separate them with needle-point precision. You get clearer, richer, Electro-Dynamic tone—from the trill of the piccolo to the lowest bass. You get more volume than you can use, controllable at will. And you *don't* get any *hum.*

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID



SO BEAUTIFUL
—with your own choice of cabinets

NOW you can have a cabinet just like your neighbors'—or as unlike it as your home differs from theirs. With Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio you make your own selection instead of being restricted to one or two designs. Highboy or lowboy, simple or elaborate, sliding doors or swinging doors, or without doors, for a large room or a small room—now *you* do the choosing, just as you choose other furniture for your home.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
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Union Pacific

•• LOS ANGELES LIMITED

A DELUXE TRAIN BUT NO EXTRA FARE •••

Aboard the Los Angeles Limited, travelling becomes a luxurious diversion—63 hours of restful adventure.

***Train features*—Observation club car, dining cars serving the finest of meals, Pullmans, modern to the moment, barber, valet, bath, maid and manicure. *The route*—marvelously smooth through the West's most magnificent scenery. These are the factors that have made this train famous the world over.**

Make your next journey to California on the Los Angeles Limited. We predict that you too will become one of its ardent admirers. Leaves Chicago 8:10 P. M.

Eight Other Fine Trains to California from Chicago and St. Louis

Including the new 58 hour extra fare Overland Limited, finest and fastest train between Chicago and San Francisco; 63 hour all-Pullman San Francisco Limited; Gold Coast Limited; Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.

Send coupon today for California, Death Valley or Hawaii booklets which fully describe these winter playgrounds and the Overland Route's famous fleet of fine trains.

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Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information and booklets on
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Death Valley—(*famous California winter resort*) ☐

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Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

actress has been able to express the fate of humanity so clearly in her features as has Duse.

And is it not this, above all else, that distinguishes a great figure from others? Is it not the perfect representatives of types, classes, epochs, that we call great? We have selected ten women. It might just as well have been twenty. And everybody will choose a different list. But the destiny of mankind, especially the destiny of women, will be revealed afresh in their features, in their acts and sufferings, in their achievements, successes, and failures.

THAT eagerness for life which marks the career of great men is felt by women to just as great an extent. Ambition, passion, wealth, curiosity, jealousy, excite their hearts just as much. It is fundamentally false that the intelligence of women is less than that of men, as women of genius prove. They are inferior in nothing but physical strength; and since the time of the ancient Greeks greatness had not been determined by physical strength. Following the inner law of their physical being, women will always be surpassed by men in pure creative activity. But they are equal to and exceed men when it comes to a question of the play of character, utilizing combinations and situations.

And therefore the life of an important woman is more interesting than that of an equally gifted man. The fact that she excels in knowledge, talent, or power becomes the more remarkable because of the fact that in sex matters she must and will be submissive. That is the crux of the matter. When the woman of genius mates with a man, she verges on the tragi-comic, for he is inferior to her in everything and yet he is her master. But when a woman of genius also bears and rears children, then she has exceeded masculine genius.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

How To Make a Mote as Big as a Beam: Take a speck of dust; place it between layers of plate glass which are pressed together to make non-shatterable automobile wind shields. As the pressure required here is around 50,000 tons, a speck of dust between the plates is flattened out to the size of a dime.

⊙

Speaking of absent-minded professors, let's begin the record right here. A distinguished mathematician at the University of Michigan recently set forth to his favorite fish market to purchase some oysters. On his way home, reflecting on Mr. Einstein's theory of curved space, he remembered that he had a letter to mail. So he stopped at the first mail box, and carefully mailed the oysters, one by one. History does not record whether he later served the letter on the half shell.

⊙

Clothes make the man. Here's how they help him lead a double life. A London tailor has invented a two-style reversible coat. At ten-fifteen in the morning you will be seen briskly walking down the street in a smart double-breasted overcoat. And at ten-fifteen and a half, having expeditiously turned your coat inside out, your best friend is guaranteed not to recognize your new gabardine raincoat, cut to fit the most modern showers.

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Ready for Winter *while you wait!*

No special servicing needed when you protect your car with Denatured Alcohol

WINTER'S on the way! Stalking down out of the North! Bringing sudden cold snaps . . . freezing temperatures . . . sweeping snows . . .

And with them . . . the danger of frozen motors, damaged radiators, cracked cylinders! But don't worry!

At the nearest garage or filling station there is complete protection waiting. Just tell the attendant you want Denatured Alcohol.

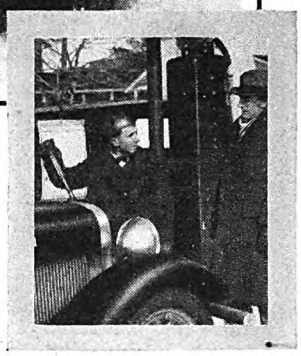
He'll consult a handy chart. Find out instantly what your car needs. Fill the radiator with the proper solution. Test it . . . to show you how fully you are protected . . . And you drive away!

No fuss! No bother! No needless overhauling . . . *and no extra service fees!*

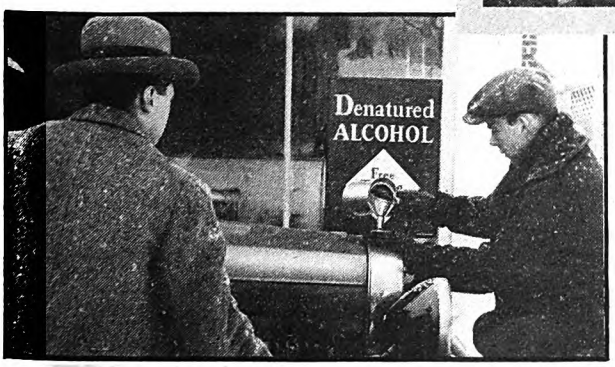
More important, even . . . No danger of rotted rubber . . . corroded metal . . . clogged radiators!

Remember . . . Denatured Alcohol is the only freeze-preventative universally endorsed by *both* motor-car and radiator manufacturers! At the first sign of cold weather . . . put in Denatured Alcohol.

The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., Graybar Building, New York City.



LET IT SNOW! Sudden storms needn't cause worry. A protection chart (left) tells your service man how much Denatured Alcohol your car needs. And by checking with the Alco-Tester (right) he knows how much you are protected.



SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS! This is all there is to it! Just pour in Denatured Alcohol! No overhauling, no tightening up.

SIX INDISPUTABLE FACTS

You've heard a lot about anti-freezes. Here are the real facts in the case . . . the indisputable reasons why more motorists use Denatured Alcohol than all other anti-freezes combined.

1 An entire season's supply of Denatured Alcohol usually costs less than half as much as one filling of some preparations.

2 Denatured Alcohol is harmless to radiators, engines and electrical systems. It will not corrode metal parts and does not cause leaks.

3 No special servicing is required to make your car ready for winter. Just put Denatured Alcohol in your radiator as it is.

4 Every car manufacturer approves Denatured Alcohol. The firm that made your radiator is also emphatic in its endorsement.

5 If your protective solution is lost through accident or carelessness, the cost of replacement with Denatured Alcohol is one-sixth that of replacement with some preparations.

6 You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere, anytime. Buy it when you need it, wherever you are.

Save time and money with

DENATURED ALCOHOL

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How do you measure up — by the dollar sign?

JUST how big a man are you? Not how big do you count yourself—but how do others size you up?

No use fooling yourself. The one measure is the dollar sign—it's the measure of a man in business, and many times outside of it.

Measured by the dollar sign, are you a big earner—a comer—or just one of the masses of "great untrained"?

The man who fills the ordinary job where a dozen applicants fight for every position is mighty small when measured by the dollar mark.

There is only one excuse for being in this class—it's lack of initiative, lack of courage to make a decision, to make a start, and keep on going. Money cost and time cost are so small they don't count.

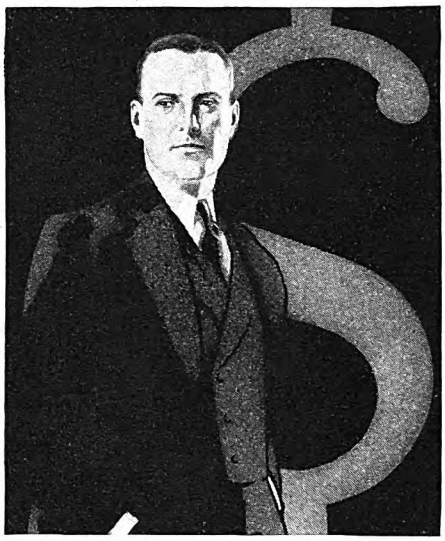
Don't grope and grasp and hope and guess about success. Follow the road that has proven it leads somewhere.

Thousands upon thousands of men have increased their incomes in comparatively short time through LaSalle Home Study Business Training.

So can you, BUT—

You can't unless you will. Training is no magic wand that transforms you overnight. But it's the surest, soundest, quickest method of making a man measure bigger by the dollar sign that modern business has yet developed.

Any question about it? Then read what follows—stories from actual life—three cases out of thousands like them in our files.



Changed Zero Rating Into Big Success

He stood in front of a bank in a southern town, when we first met him—about as discouraged as a human being could be.

For one month—after giving up a routine position in a bank—he had been trying to sell life insurance. Standing there in the rain, he was now trying to summon enough courage to ask for his old job back again!

"I can't talk with you about enrolling with LaSalle," said he; "I couldn't pay for the training if I took it."

Nevertheless, he *did* talk with us—on our promise not to enroll him at that time, even if he asked us to. And later, of his own accord, he sent in his enrollment.

Result? Today—only six years later—he is area supervisor for a great insurance company—his territory an entire state. He has increased his income approximately 500 per cent—and in a recent letter he adds this: "*Much of my success I attribute to the principles of salesmanship so ably presented by LaSalle Extension University.*"

He Turned a Laugh Into Envy

They laughed at him when he enrolled for training in Higher Accountancy—the other boys in the Indiana drug store where he was a prescription clerk. They kept on laughing as he studied that summer—they enjoyed themselves evenings while he worked.

But they didn't laugh ten months later, for at that time he secured a bookkeeping position at a salary bigger than either he or they had ever received—nor did they laugh when he got his C. P. A. degree three years later and went on to open his own accounting office and earn five or six times what he had earned as a drug clerk.

Recently he wrote, "My nine years as a member of LaSalle have seen steady progress in my career. LaSalle training and service have been largely responsible."

Doubled His Income Rating

The third man was repairing air brakes in the car shops of a midwestern railroad—a fine, loyal worker, 36 years old—when he enrolled for Modern Foremanship five years ago. Eight months later, his measure under the dollar sign went up 28 per cent and he was made Supply Foreman. It went up again and again as he became Chief Car Inspector—first at one point, then another and another—each job more important than the one before. Today he rates more than 100 per cent higher than at the start and, better yet, he is marked by his superiors as a "comer."

Is it surprising that he writes, "LaSalle sure has done wonders for me"?

If You Really Want to Succeed, Read and Act

I Can—I Will. That is the slogan on which LaSalle has built for twenty years: the basis on which these four men—and hundreds of thousands of others—have built their remarkable progress.

You can—if you will.

Below is a coupon—a coupon which, filled in, clipped and mailed, will bring you two interesting booklets; one, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the other describing in detail the LaSalle plan for progress in the field of your choice. LaSalle will send both of them to you *free*.

You want a bigger success. Are you willing to do your part—to start by finding out about the training available? Then mail the coupon NOW.

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1133-R CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle training plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
- ☐ Stenography—Stenotypy: Training in the new machine shorthand
- ☐ Law: LL.B. Degree
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Railway Accounting
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
- ☐ Business English ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Commercial Law ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial

free! mail coupon now

Name Present Position Address

New Plumes for Old

(*Continued from page 25*)

much of a plume for me, El," he said presently.

"No, I don't suppose it would," agreed Denbury. "Not after you've run a store of your own so successfully."

"On the other hand, I don't mind selling you my building—and the business," said Potter. "The fact is," he said slowly, as if picking the words carefully to fit an idea that was but forming in his mind, "my wife has once or twice said she wished we could live in the country. Last summer when we were up at the lake I met a man—we drove over to his place—who reminded me more of George Washington than any man I ever knew. Dollinger, his name is."

"Lagrange Dollinger? Yes, I know him," said Denbury. "He's a fine man."

"He showed me some of the things he's doing with blooded stock," said Potter, "and he explained more, and I believe there's a place in this county for a man who would do what Dollinger is trying to do over there in Becket County. Now, you take milch cows, El—nobody has produced a cow yet that is the right cow for this soil and this altitude. If a man could experiment and turn out a cow that would give quantity milk with a high butter fat—wait a minute! Come inside; I've got the state's documents—"

"WHAT'S the matter with the shoe business?" Denbury asked.

"Oh, I'm sick of the shoe business!" said Potter. "I've got an idea—"

"You've got a new plume," laughed Denbury. "All right, stick it in your hat and go to it, George! I'll look at your documents some other time; I've got to hustle down and tell the fellows you'll sell."

Denbury went to his car and when he had driven down the street George Potter went into the house.

"How," he asked his wife, "would you like to live on a place—a good up-to-date place in the country?"

He saw the pleased look that lighted Grace's face. "Oh, George! It is what I've always wanted!" she cried, but Ella turned from where she was strumming jazz on the piano.

"In the country!" she said scornfully. "Of all the crazy—" but suddenly her frown fled. "And could I have a jumper?" she asked eagerly.

George Potter hesitated, but he remembered that even the younger generation—if not the younger generation especially—must be permitted its plumes.

"Yes," he said, "I think raising jumpers is one of the things we might go in for."

"And chickens!" said Mrs. Potter, whose plume really had feathers.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Among world-famous men who were not model boys was Haydn, celebrated Austrian composer. He played so many pranks in school that he was finally expelled.

⊙

What hymn is the most popular in the United States? A comprehensive national vote taken in 1924 showed that "Abide With Me" is by far the most popular.

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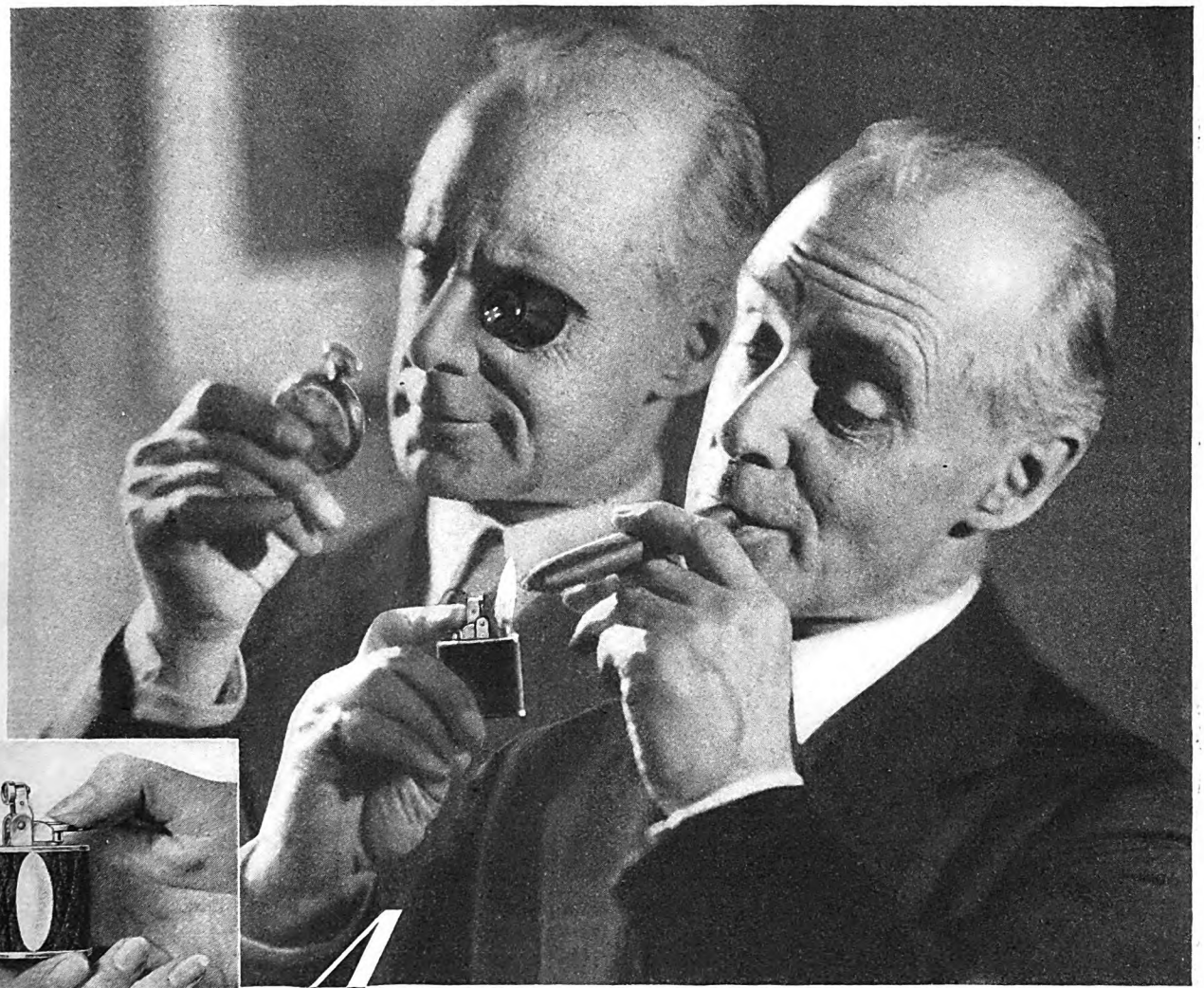
THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



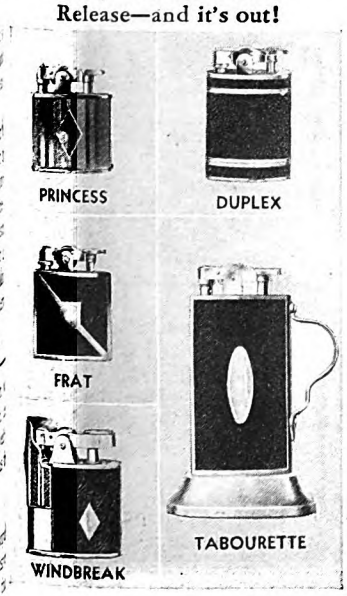
THIS IS THE RONSON MOVEMENT

Just press—and *up* flips the snuffer cap, *Flash!* goes the spark, *Zip!* there's your *light!*

The action is entirely automatic—precise, uniform—and unfailing.

A flip—and it's lit!

Release—and it's out!



As in a fine watch

. . . . the movement is the secret!

JUDGE a lighter, as you judge a watch, by its *works*—by the worth of its *movement* as well as the beauty of its case.

The one-finger Ronson automatic action has revolutionized lighter design and construction—made possible smarter, smaller, slimmer, more convenient cases.

It has given the Ronson supreme reliability—ticking off lights with the steady regularity of a watch.

There's no substitute for Ronson perfection. Get the genuine. All sizes, all styles, all finishes, for pocket, desk or table. $5. and up, at jewelry, tobacco, drug, haberdashery, and department stores.

ART METAL WORKS, INC., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

NEW 1930 MODELS

RONSON

TRADE MARK REG. FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING

De-light

THE PERFECT LIGHTER IN THE PERFECT CASE!

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Here's ONE
gift problem easily solved

Perfectly solved, too—with a Wadsworth Watch Band!

For these bands are made with the same precious metal, with the same beauty and style as a fine watch case.

Created by Wadsworth, whose watch cases have been consistently chosen for more than thirty-five years by leading watch manufacturers and importers.

Wadsworth Bands remain clean, bright, sanitary; easy to put on and take off.

Your jeweler has the Wadsworth Bands shown here, in gold-filled at $5 to $12.50. See him now!

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY.
Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth
WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

The Witness in the Metal Box

(*Continued from page 45*)

Lewis, "'in the ultimate exercise of that authority.' But this is a trial court and not a court of last resort. If this feature of the case is to be considered, it is for the Supreme Court of Virginia to consider it. I cannot consider it."

"And they cannot consider it," replied my grandfather. "It will not be in the record, and so this dangerous fool will go out into the grainfields with his torch."

He stood up before the window, a tall, imperious old man with a grave, deep-lined face.

"In my father's house," he said, "there used to be a little circular glass window on which three names had been scratched with the diamond setting of a ring: 'Aaron Burr,' 'Harman Blennerhassett,' and 'Daniel Davisson.' It was a meeting of conspirators; but my father, Daniel Davisson, was not one of them. Burr was a relative and a guest, but he told him the truth. 'You're an infernal fool,' he said, 'and Tom Jefferson will hang you!'"

He turned about to Judge Lewis.

"And here, Edmond, is another infernal fool that you ought to hang, instead of giving the creature a treasure chest and a letter of marque"

I understood even then, in my early youth, the magnitude of this discussion.

My grandfather saw the welfare of the whole country in this case and Judge Edmond Lewis saw the exact limitations of the law in it. Both were right, and even at this day I do not know which opinion should have prevailed. Here was the law as Judge Lewis saw it, confined to a single issue. It could not go beyond that issue. It was better to look hardship in the face than to break down the rules of law—he saw that as clearly as Lord Eldon saw it.

They went back into the courtroom

The same scene remained. But the case had now a larger meaning. What my grandfather had said to Judge Edmond Lewis had moved the whole drama up out of the mere adjustments of romance.

It had now a sort of national aspect.

I do not mean that the impending wrong, to the girl, sitting by her attorney, tugged any the less desperately at my heart. She was as entrancing as a dream, as a painted picture, and she was helpless before this blind stride of the law . . . unless the magician with his magic box could save her. . . .

What was in that box?

WHEN Carlisle, for the will, finished with his case, Judge Lewis asked Colonel Braxton if he wished to cross-examine Harrington.

The big lawyer did not at once reply. He sat for some moments looking at the floor, as in reflection, idle and irrelevant to the matter at hand. Then he turned toward young Pennington Carlisle.

"I might ask him a question," he said.

The tone was gentle and apologetic, as though he were seeking a favor.

Carlisle laughed. "You have my permission, Colonel," he said.

"Thank you, Pennington. It's just a little thing I wanted to know."

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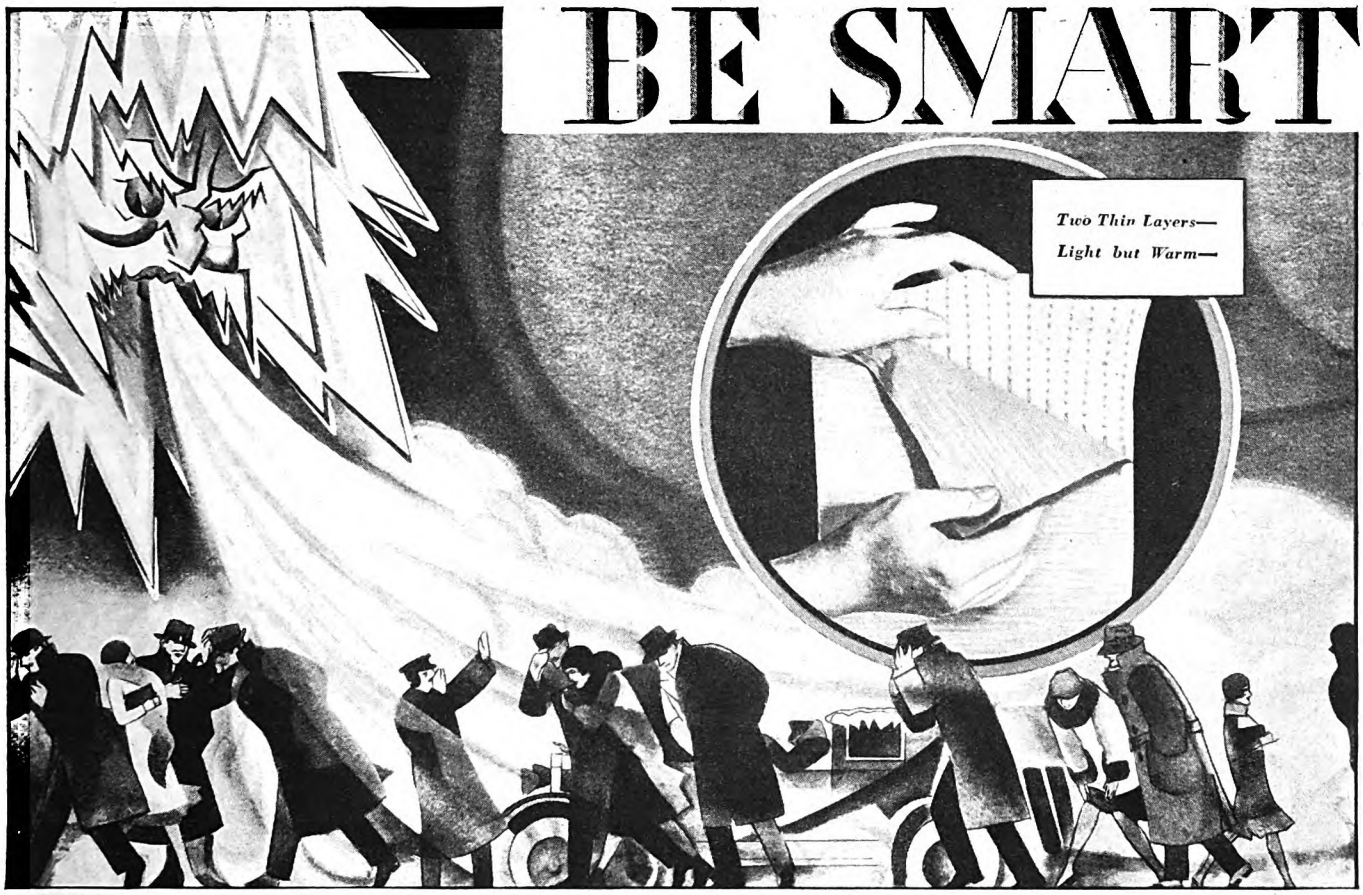

Dress for Health as well as Style

IT'S a wise man who takes no chances against winter's persistent threat to his health.

It is also a wise man who dresses with regard for both comfort and fashion.

Underwear, with one exception, requires a choice between the former kind of wisdom or the latter. The exception is Duofold. In Duofold a man can enjoy *both* advantages. He can be smartly dressed—*both ways.*

Duofold alone offers this gratifying combination of services by virtue of its unique, exclusive

Fabric in Two Very Thin Layers

The thin *outside* layer contains wool combined with silk, rayon or cotton—for warmth, protection and service. The thin *inside* layer is made of soft cotton only—for comfort. No wool can touch or irritate the skin.

This fabric is *light*, yet *warm*. The air space between the two layers checks the sudden penetration of cold. It guards against chills—sources of discomfort and illness.

It is the reason why Duofold can be made in light, trim garments that combine health protection of a high order with winter-long comfort and smart style.

Duofold is made in a complete range of models, from shirts and shorts to three-quarter and full length union suits. Shorts and Sox-Top length drawers are also made with an elastic webbing insert in the waist-band which eliminates tapes.

Let us send you samples of Duofold's interesting 2-layer fabric. Also, more information about it. Just send us that handy coupon.

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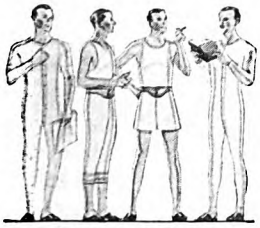

Duofold Styles include shirts, shorts, ¾ Sox-Tops, and Athletics. Also union suits and two-piece garments in three-quarter and full lengths.

Mothers! Duofold is *ideal* for the little ones. All the warmth and protection of fine wool, which *cannot* touch, *cannot* irritate the tender skin! Send coupon for fabric samples.

Other Duofold Company products—Duocraft Sweater Coats; Featherknit Shirts and Duocraft Woven Shorts; Duo-Rib Knit Underwear.

Mail this for free samples of Duofold's unique, two-layer fabric.

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Please send, free, samples of Duofold fabric, and descriptions of styles checked.
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WHEN THE FORECAST READS

"travelo" will stop those ills, chills *and* bills

SIDE-STEP colds the modern way—with a smart "travelo" Knit Jacket. With all its handsome ease, its snug, compact warmth—it costs far less than the price of a cold! ¶It's elastic-knit; holds its style lines without cramping. Sturdy and tough enough to carry on with distinction long after you'd expect it to show signs of age . . . long after you've forgotten its trifling cost. ¶The best stores show "travelo" Knit Jackets in many styles, solid colors, heathers. Made by the creators of "travelo" SwimSuits. Write Peckham-Foreman, Inc., (Dept. A.) Park Ave., N. Y. C., for free Portfolio of Styles. It shows people you know in "travelo" Jackets.

"travelo"
knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

Lido
KNIT JACKETS

Lower in cost than "travelo" —better value than anything else at its price.

Carlisle thought he saw an opening for a checkmate, and he stepped into it.

"About the signature to the will, Colonel?"

Colonel Braxton looked up with wide-open eyes, as in utter astonishment.

"Oh, no," he said, "it's the dead man's signature."

"Undue influence then?"

"Oh, no!" Colonel Braxton's astonishment seemed to increase. "There was no undue influence about the making of this testament . . . no undue influence, Pennington."

"Incapacity in the testator?"

"Oh, no!" The words whined like a refrain in some absurd opera. "You couldn't believe that, Pennington; nobody could believe that . . . I couldn't make the jury believe that."

An aspect of victory enveloped Carlisle. He had, by the clever trick of drawing these admissions, covered his case to the wall; cut from under his opponent all the possible supports that could be set up in such a case. He had nothing more to fear!

"It's just a little thing I wanted to ask the witness—for my own information, Pennington," the big lawyer added.

Carlisle made a courteous, ironic gesture of assent. "I would waive almost any rule of evidence," he said, "in order to add to the information of this bar."

There was a ripple of suppressed laughter. And Carlisle took his tribute with a triumphant smile. How could he know, in the arrogance of his visible victory, that he was trifling with disaster!

Colonel Braxton seemed not to realize the innuendo. "Thank you, Pennington," he said, and he turned to Harrington.

THE adventurer, like his counsel, was in that pleasant mood of victory when one bears, in a genial fashion, with an irrelevant annoyance.

"I wanted to ask you," Colonel Braxton went on, "if you had ever seen a sodded field plowed?"

Everybody was astonished What had the plowing of a sodded field to do with the issues of this case?

Carlisle's eyebrows lifted, and the witness smiled. "Why, yes, Colonel," Harrington replied; "when I was a boy on my father's estate, I have seen the negroes plow the pasture land."

"Then," continued the lawyer, "you can tell me what happens when the plow crosses a small, narrow, sodded ditch."

The witness replied that if the ditch were small and narrow the plow would jump it, leaving the sod at the bottom of the ditch undisturbed.

Colonel Braxton nodded in assent.

"Ah, yes," he said. "I thought that would be true. . . . I'm not much of a farmer. . . . I wanted to be certain."

That courtroom was full of persons who were very much farmers, and they were beyond doubt certain. The witness was precisely correct.

"Then," the lawyer went on, "it is always possible to tell whether such a small, narrow ditch or depression was present in the sodded field before it was plowed, or made after it was plowed?"

The witness replied that this was surely true, because, if it were made after the plowing, it would be in the broken ground, but if it existed before the plowing, the plow would jump it, and the undisturbed sod would remain at the bottom of the ditch or depression across the entire field.

"Ah . . . yes," Colonel Braxton reflected in his gentle drawl. "But I'm not much of a farmer . . . and I wanted to be certain."

He sat down.

We were all certain. But what had this simple illustration of the plow to do with the contestant's case?

OLD Edmond Lewis was no less puzzled than the lad on the step of his bench below him. I think he would have ruled out this irrelevant inquiry if Carlisle had asked it. But to Carlisle, in his security, this idle discussion of husbandry was of no importance. And, so far as we could see, he was clearly right.

The whole courtroom was astonished.

It was incredible. . . . It was beyond belief; but the case was ended. Here was Harrington leaving the witness chair. Here was Colonel Braxton gone back to his chair. Here was Carlisle on his feet, making his motion to exclude the evidence and direct a verdict.

The case was ended!

It was a rout . . . a debacle!

Judge Lewis turned to Colonel Braxton. He seemed to move heavily, like a man under pressure. And when he spoke, his voice was harsh:

"Do you wish to be heard on this motion?"

"No." The big lawyer was now standing up.

"Then you admit the validity of the will?"

"The will," replied Colonel Braxton, "is a forgery."

The tension on everybody in that courtroom was tremendous.

"A forgery!" exclaimed the judge. "You have introduced no evidence of forgery."

"The evidence," replied Colonel Braxton, "is on the face of the paper itself But it takes a good eye to see it, and, in consequence, I have sent to Baltimore for the best eye that could be purchased."

The man had changed. The leisure aspect had vanished; the stoop of the shoulders; the drawl in the voice.

He opened the metal box on his table and took out a big lens.

He got the will from the clerk.

"The signature is genuine," he said, "but the writing above the signature is forged. The signature was on this paper before the writing was added, and one does not sign his name first, and then, after that, write his will above it."

"Look, Your Honor." He carried the papers and the lens across to the judge's bench and put them down before him. "This paper has been folded a number of times. These folds are across the signature, and extend from it under the body of this writing. And look, Your Honor, how the illustration of the plow on the sodded field parallels the pen on the field of this sheet of paper. When the sheet of paper was flat and unbroken by the folds, the pen ran smooth with no break in its furrow, as in the lettering and the scroll of this signature. But in the body of this writing above the signature, wherever the pen came to a crease of the fold, it jumped it, precisely as the plow jumps a narrow ditch, and it left the paper unmarked at the bottom of the fold precisely as the

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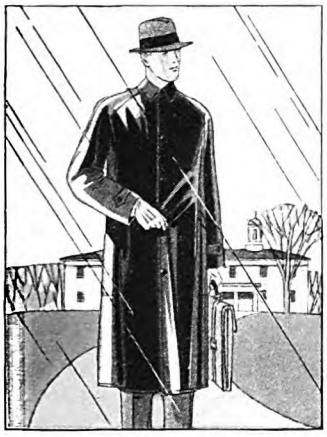
In heaviest rains—keep dry, and stylish, too!



A bright cheery Raynster. Raglan shoulders and patch pockets. Belt with popular ring fasteners. Just to wear it belted tight with the collar at a saucy angle cheers you up on the dullest, wettest of days. *Rainproof, of course!*

Here's a bright-finish men's Raynster. Its luster *lasts.* All seams sewed, cemented and strapped. Corduroy choker inside collar. See the other Raynsters in colored and cloth-surfaced models. *Rainproof, of course!*

We also make Naugatex Sport Coats. Here is a very attractive girls' model. Embossed with leather grain, lined with suede cloth. Ideal for either fair or rainy days. Comes in several popular colors.

This boys' Raynster is made of dull finish black rubber. Plain collar. Eyelet ventilation under arms. Two slash pockets. Other boys' Raynsters in black and colors. *Rainproof, of course!*

YOU have probably seen hundreds of traffic policemen—on wettest days—DRY in Raynsters. You have seen firemen in sky-rain and hose-rain—DRY in Raynsters. Through longest, drivingest rains, you can be—DRY in Raynsters. And Raynsters keep that way. They give long service without cracking, hardening, or getting sticky.

Although black Raynsters are the most popular raincoats among firemen and policemen, we make other Raynsters with *style* in mind—for *everybody.* All colors—green, blue, cordovan, etc. Cloth-finished or rubber-surfaced. Light weight or heavy duty. Special models for women, men, girls, boys. And being the leading specialists in raincoats, we are able to produce truly *high-grade, absolutely rain-proof* Raynsters for from $5.00 to $25.00, for men's and women's coats and from only $3.25 to $8.00 for the boys' and girls' sizes.

Any dealer can quickly get for you any Raynster you may want from the nearest of our 23 distributing points. Look for the Raynster label.

Genuine Raynsters are made only by the United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York. *Canadian Distributors:* Ames Holden McCready Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal.

United States Rubber Company

The world's largest producer of rubber.
Makers also of Naugatex Sport Coats.

"U.S." Raynsters

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Something New!

See the new Windtex Coats for men, women, and children. Smart cloth surface, plaid lined coats for dress, sport, and utility wear. Also showerproof. The values will surprise you. Prices $5.00 to $12.50.

WINDTEX COATS

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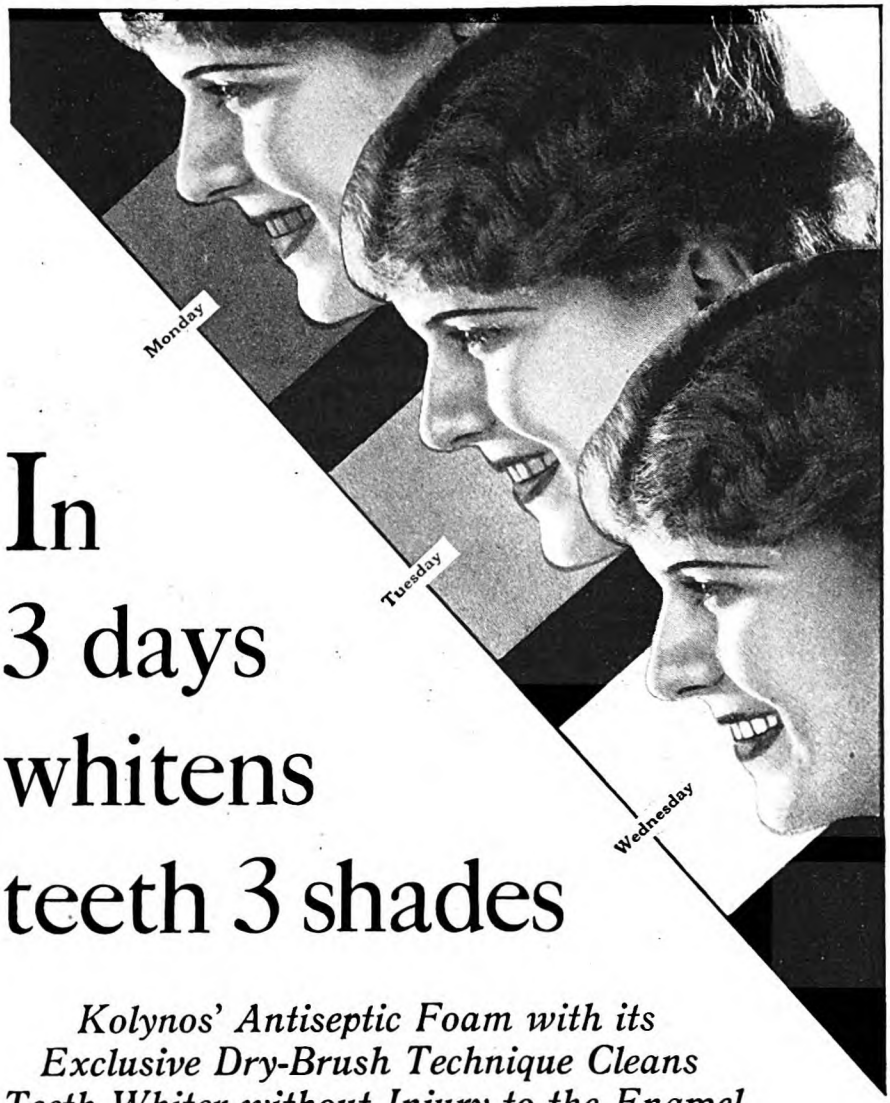

In 3 days whitens teeth 3 shades

Kolynos' Antiseptic Foam with its Exclusive Dry-Brush Technique Cleans Teeth Whiter without Injury to the Enamel

HERE'S an amazing way to whiten teeth, easily and safely.

It is called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, which is the use of a half-inch of Kolynos Dental Cream on a dry tooth brush.

In this way you use Kolynos, a highly concentrated dental cream, *full strength;* also the brush bristles remain stiff enough to scrub tooth surfaces properly and penetrate both the crevices between the teeth and the pits and fissures in the grinding surfaces.

You can use Kolynos on a dry brush because it foams prorusely in the mouth! As it enters the mouth, this dental cream becomes an active, antiseptic foam.

This foam works on the mucin coating of the teeth like millions of tiny fingers, breaking it up and washing it completely off the teeth.

This foam pushes its way into all the tiny crevices in the mouth. It penetrates where no "inert" tooth paste can go. It cleans out and disinfects all those places where food particles lodge and cause decay. And it polishes teeth to sparkling whiteness—without the use of grit or pumice often the cause of irritation.

Cleans Teeth Down to Naked Enamel without Injury

Test Kolynos at our expense. See how its foam whitens and cleans teeth and leaves the mouth feeling cool and refreshed. After using Kolynos for 3 days let your mirror tell you what it has done for your teeth. You will see and feel the difference. You will find a new favorite in Kolynos.

Fill in and mail the coupon for your free tube of Kolynos—today.

Large Tube FREE

KOLYNOS
the foaming antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 11-AM-23
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
Name.....
Street & No.....
City.....State.....

plow left the sod untouched at the bottom of the ditch. This signature was written when the sheet of paper was flat, and the writing above it after the sheet was folded."

Judge Edmond Lewis stooped over the paper with the lens in his big hand. Then he beckoned to my grandfather, went down to Carlisle's table, and called the jury.

The whole court crowded around him.

And there, under the magnification of the lens, lay the story of the forgery, so clear that the simplest man could see it. Carlisle saw it, and he was appalled. His client had taken one of the powers of attorney sent him, signed in blank by his brother, for it was folded like a letter, and above that signature he had traced this will, and lodged it among the dying man's papers when he came to attend him at his death. It was all there, standing out on the white field under the magnification of the lens.

It was tremendous.

The whole sea of faces packed into the courtroom was alight with victory. But there was no sound.

I stood up with a wild beating of the heart.

The magician had won for the fairy princess! And I looked to see the big figure of the lawyer vanish in some shattering wonder that would split the courtroom.

Age of Indiscretion

(*Continued from page 17*)

she's parking it now. No, Mr. Dennison, don't go. I want you to hear what I have to say. I know how completely Grandmamma depends on your judgment and advice."

Mrs. Prescott very slightly raised one eyebrow, but William Dennison sat down again. It was true, he thought, Lavinia did depend upon him . . . more than she knew.

Della went on: "Tom . . . that man . . . I mean . . ."

"I know whom you mean, my dear."

But Della could not be so lightly derailed. "I mean my former husband . . . he has kidnaped little Walter."

"The dirty dog," said Mrs. Prescott.

"*Lavinia!*" Mr. Dennison exclaimed in horror, and then turning sympathetically to Della, he inquired how it had happened.

"It happened," said Della bitterly, "as everything painful and disagreeable has always happened to me . . . because I trusted Tom Vernon. You know that the courts gave me complete custody of the child . . . it is only a favor on my part to allow Tom to see him at all. You know how little he seemed to care to see little Walter when he lived under the same roof. Well, lately he has been bothering me every day calling up and trying to come to the house. I don't wish to see him . . . I don't wish him to come into my house at all. It isn't easy to arrange. But yesterday he telephoned and said he had motored over from Philadelphia and had his car in town . . . and asked if he might stop and take Walter to the Bronx Zoo. It seemed a very easy way for him to see the boy, and Walter was crazy to go.

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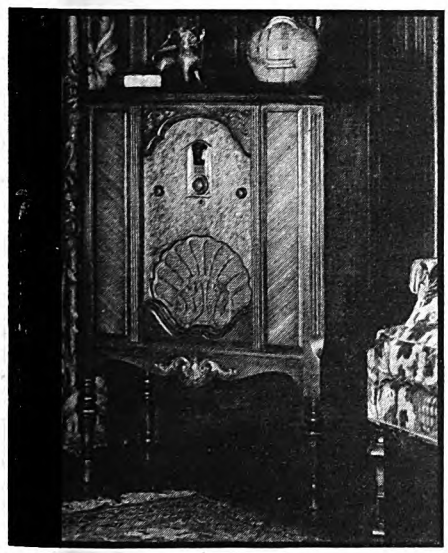
ON THE AIR FOR THE FIRST TIME

PHILCO

presents LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI *and the* PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Sunday, October 6th • • • November 3rd • • • December 8th



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HAVING secured the most talented and highest priced instrumentalists in the world—and having gained the leadership of conductor Leopold Stokowski, genius extraordinary—the Philadelphia Orchestra has been for years hailed as the finest symphonic orchestra in America or Europe.

With such a reputation to uphold—and being naturally unwilling that radio listeners should form an inaccurate impression of the orchestra's magnificent tone—the officials of the Philadelphia Orchestra have steadfastly refused until the present time to send its glorious music out over the air. But within the past year the whole level of radio reception has been raised, and foremost in progress is the new Balanced-Unit Philco—a radio whose units are so perfectly balanced that it reproduces the most subtle tone-colors of the symphony orchestra. . . . And so, Leopold Stokowski has consented to go on the air for the first time. Now under the sponsorship of Philco, you may listen in your own home to the famous orchestra for which every seat for every concert is reserved by subscription, months in advance.

If you want to hear the music of the Philadelphia Orchestra with all its glamour undiminished, tune in with a Balanced-Unit Philco. Or—see your Philco dealer today and arrange for a free demonstration. Easy terms if you decide to buy.

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Accept 3-Day Test—It May End for You the Restless Nights That Wreck Nerves and Health

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As Soon As You Go To Bed, This New Way

Now An Utterly DRUGLESS *Way To Instant Sleep—Boundless Energy The Next Day*

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

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Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

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Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain today at any drug or grocery store—or use coupon for special 3-day test.

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Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

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BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

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(One package to a person) 517R

. . . I was trusting enough . . . idiotic enough . . . to let them go alone."

"Where was Miss Vye?"

Della hesitated; giving condemnation the additional weight of justice. "I really think it is a good deal her fault, and she feels it too. She refused to go with them."

"Is she that beautiful girl with the red hair?"

"I should not call her beautiful," said Della.

"A dear little face," said Mrs. Prescott. "Aren't men strange? William can hardly have seen Miss Vye three times, and yet he remembers the color of her hair and knows all about her figure."

Mr. Dennison did not stoop to defend himself from this absurd attack.

"Why did she refuse?" he asked.

"Let's ask her," said Mrs. Prescott, as Miss Vye entered. "My dear, why did you refuse to accompany your pupil and his father to the Zoo?"

Miss Vye was dressed in dark, greenish tweeds that set off her glorious dark-red hair. She had the smooth, white skin that goes with brown eyes and red hair, and now she looked really beautiful, for she colored deeply, and a high color became her.

"I wish to goodness I had gone," she said. She and Mrs. Prescott were secretly very dear friends . . . secretly because both tacitly felt it would be wrong for Mrs. Prescott to prefer her great-grandson's governess to her great-grandson's mother.

"Yes, exactly, but that doesn't tell us why you didn't," said the old lady.

IN THE slight pause that followed, a forgotten scene popped into Mrs. Prescott's mind. It had been a year before . . . just when the troubles between the Vernons were at their height, while Della was still living in her husband's house near Philadelphia. Miss Vye had been kneeling on the floor playing with the boy, bending over some toy, when Vernon had come into the room and looked down at the back of that white neck with the dark hair growing in three lovely points on it . . . and the old lady had seen something . . . in the young man's face for a second. Then he had turned on his heel and walked out.

Could it be, she now asked herself, that Miss Vye had deliberately refused to go . . . had actually conspired with the enemy? No, she dismissed the suspicion. The girl was rigidly honorable and had, throughout the divorce proceedings, shown herself whole-heartedly a partisan of Della's.

"Oh, Mrs. Prescott," Miss Vye went on. "I don't like Mr. Vernon . . . and I don't respect him either. I didn't see how I could be with him and little Walter together without betraying my feeling. . . . I should be sorry to hurt the child, by letting him guess my contempt for his father."

It was probably a truthful explanation; it was certainly an adequate one. Mrs. Prescott turned back to her granddaughter. "And when did you suspect he had taken the child . . . and where has he got him?"

"Oh, he took him back to Philadelphia . . . outside the jurisdiction of the New York courts. He had the insolence to

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Watch a hundred men "catch" the Century

You may learn a lesson from the time they carry!

STAND at the gate of the Century any day for fifteen minutes before she pulls out. Watch the parade of prosperous, energetic men as they board this famous flyer.

Obviously the great minds of the country are well represented—financial kings, industrial tycoons, leaders in the professional world.

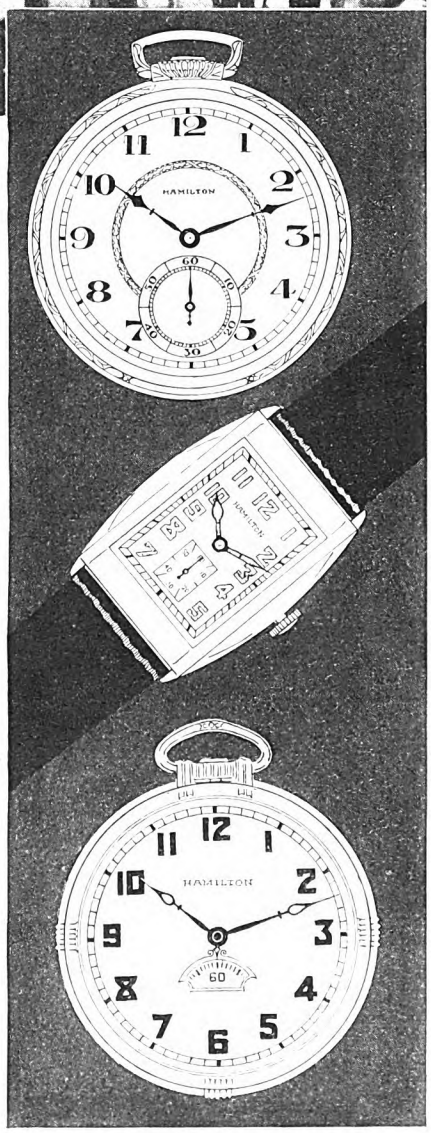
They pay extra fare to travel on the Century — these successful business barons whose time means money. Every minute must work. Their watches must be accurate. They ARE! Out of 84 Century travelers we interviewed, 69 were either exact or within a scant half minute of *exact* time!

Many of them, of course, had Hamiltons. There is something about the unerring accuracy of a Hamilton that appeals to the man whose brain works as methodically as the ticking of a watch.

The Century herself is timed by Hamiltons. Hamiltons ride in the pocket of the serious-miened six-striper who punches your ticket as well as forward in the cab.

We don't say that carrying an accurate watch is the simple answer to a man's success. But we do insist that successful men *are* accurate-minded. And a surprisingly large number of them carry Hamiltons, "the Watch of Railroad Accuracy."

Let us send you a copy of "The Timekeeper," the interesting little booklet showing a complete line of beautiful Hamilton models. Address Hamilton Watch Co., American Manufacturers of high-grade watches, 883 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.



Top—The "RITTENHOUSE"—Sturdy and slim—with a welcome simplicity all its own. In 14k filled green or white gold with dial shown, $70 to $120.

Center—The "GLADSTONE"—In plain case and available in 14k filled green or white gold, $55. Other Hamilton strap watches from $50 upward.

Bottom—The "FARRAGUT"—with a modish new secometer dial. In filled white or yellow gold, $55.

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

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FOR *Mr.* AND *Mrs.*

AND ALL OF THE CHILDREN

POSTUM

The mealtime favorite of two million families

THERE is an empty chair at the table for you – will you join our family for a few moments? We'd like you to try a cup of Postum . . .

The first sip will tell you you've found a friend. This fragrant, golden-brown drink has *real* flavor – smooth, mellow, distinctive! Perhaps you're surprised . . . perhaps you thought Postum was something for sick folks? Then finish your cup, and admit your mistake!

Now take a look around the table. *All* are sharing this mealtime treat! Postum made with boiling water for the grown-ups. Postum made with hot milk for the children. Postum for all, because Postum is *safe!* It contains no caffein – nothing to cause sleeplessness, "nerves," or indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted. Let it take the place of caffein in your diet for thirty days – then take stock of your health. You'll find yourself sleeping better, feeling better – looking better, too!

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks – only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer – or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal prepared by boiling. © 1929 G. F. Corp.

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P.—A.M. 11-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐ *check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)

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telephone me, when he got home, and tell me what he had done. . . . He said he intended to keep his son for a time, and he said such a funny thing . . . that it might have been better, after all, if Miss Vye had gone with them."

Yes, it was a funny thing to say. Mrs. Prescott glanced again at the girl, but her color had already reached its maximum, and her expression was blank. Della, meantime, was going on with her own troubles:

"It terrifies me to think of poor little Walter alone with that man. I mean . . ."

"I know whom you mean, my dear."

". . . I mean my former husband. I consulted my lawyer, and he says we can do nothing until we can get the child back into the jurisdiction of the New York courts, and so . . ."

"And so," said Mrs. Prescott, "you have come to ask me to go and kidnap him for you."

William Dennison gave a faint moan, but Della, who knew her grandmother so little as to suppose this was a joke, smiled her sweet, humorless smile and said: "No, although that is what must be done . . . he must be kidnaped and brought within the jurisdiction of the New York courts again . . . and then you may be sure I'll never let Tom see him, unless I'm there myself. . . . No, I'm not quite so selfish as to ask you to do the kidnaping, Grandmamma, but what I do want—if it isn't too much—is to ask you to lend me Achille and your car for a day."

"Oh, Achille!" said Mr. Dennison bitterly and with an American accent, "I should think he had found his vocation at last!"

THERE was nothing that gave her friends more distress or Lavinia Prescott more secret—and not so secret—pride than the way she managed her car. She saw other old ladies trundling along the roads in heavy, wide limousines at the rate of twenty miles an hour—dominated either by the family coachman turned chauffeur, or by smart, modern drivers who would not let them call their souls their own.

She, on the other hand, had hired, many years before while in Europe, a superior Frenchman, Achille, a racing driver, an excellent mechanic, a clever evader of traffic laws, a pioneer in new roads and short cuts, who in fact understood everything but the English language, of which he remained as much in ignorance as he had been the first day he landed, twenty years before.

Mr. Dennison, who said that he liked speed as well as the next man (only it wasn't true; he hated speed) habitually refused to drive with Mrs. Prescott, and then yielded, and shrank and cowered in his corner and screamed and swore, and then, a little ashamed of his terror, would explain that it was on her account he was frightened . . . "The fellow will kill you some day, Lavie," he would say. And Mrs. Prescott, erect and calm in her corner, swaying slightly to the swaying of the car, would answer, "Don't worry about me, my dear William, I have perfect confidence in Achille, and I am not timid in a car, thank Heaven."

"Neither am I," cried Mr. Dennison hotly, "only . . ."

"You certainly appear so," Mrs. Prescott would answer; and when Mr. Denni-

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ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES SINCE

1847

EIGHTEEN FORTY-SEVEN

ARGOSY PATTERN

Women everywhere gave three cheers when 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate created the PIECES OF 8 (Trade Mark Registered) idea two years ago. Instead of the usual, short-handed half dozen of each piece, here was a silver service with a full eight of each in the essential knives, forks, and spoons . . . Now, for 1929, 1847 ROGERS BROS. steps ahead again. The new PIECES OF 8 set comes in a Paris designed modern-art silver-and-gold tray as illustrated. $44.50 brings you this famous 34-piece set of the world's most illustrious silverplate, with the tray included! You can see this new 1929 PIECES OF 8 set at any silverware counter, or write for booklet L30 to Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut . . . Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited . . . Hamilton, Ontario.

34 PIECES: SILVER-AND-GOLD TRAY $44.50

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9 to 1

OUT of every ten authors listed as famous in a standard reference book, nine got their start as newspaper writers—only one succeeded without newspaper training. Those are facts of interest to everyone who would know the logical approach to a writing career.

WRITING—a source of income that many people neglect

MANY who should be writing never try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They hear so many fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they become awe-struck, and entirely overlook the fact that $25, $50, $100, or more can be very conveniently and frequently earned for material that takes little time to write—things that they might turn out in spare time if they tried.

Mrs. Cherry Bomer Smith, 2315 Cherry St., Vicksburg, Miss., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:

"I have enjoyed the course very much indeed and wish to report that I just sold a feature article for $10.00 to the Hearst newspapers' Sunday Supplement—the American Weekly Magazine."

Another of our student-members who tried is Mr. J. L. Williamson, 11 St. Andrews Ave., Center Island, Toronto, Ont., Canada. He writes:

"You may be interested to know that with the help of the knowledge gained from your course I have secured a place on the editorial staff of the Toronto Globe, and now besides doing general reporting, I am editing a special column entitled 'Aviation Topics.'"

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Almost every month you hear of some new author of whom it is said: "He used to be a newspaper man." Training in journalism has come to be a passport to literary opportunity.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors and authoresses.

Here you have a course of home study, prepared by active New York newspaper editors, which gives you real writing experience of the kind gained by metropolitan newspaper workers, to add to your present ability.

Newspaper men teach you

Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Your work is watched, edited and guided just as if you were working for a big metropolitan daily. Experienced New York newspaper men are *in direct charge* of your instruction.

In other words, you get practice—real work, not just theory. The course costs less than a month's living expenses at most colleges—so little in fact, that anyone who is at all eligible can be sure he can afford it.

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To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it to you without obligation. Sign and mail it now. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

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son got out he always vowed that he would never enter her car again . . . a statement she received with a bland smile and without a protest.

She was proud of her car too . . . there was nothing dowagerlike about it . . . a neat, narrow, buff-colored car with nickel trimmings and a canvas top . . . capable, the man who sold it to her had said, of developing a speed of seventy miles an hour . . . and be sure it had often developed all the speed of which it was capable . . . never, of course, with William Dennison inside . . . Lavinia Prescott had some remnants of humanity about her.

Now, however, Achille and the buff-colored car were evidently just what were needed for such an adventure, and Mrs. Prescott gladly offered to lend them. Della, duly grateful, began to outline her plans.

SHE had discovered by reading the papers that her former husband was playing a polo match at a country club about twenty-five miles from his house. She knew his habits. He usually went over the afternoon before the match and played some practice games and spent the night at the club. She believed, therefore, that the coast was now clear. All the servants in the house had been changed since her day. No one would know her in Tom Vernon's absence. There was no reason why it should be impossible for her and Miss Vye to drive up to the door and carry the boy off . . . and once over the state border, they would be safe.

"I should think," said Mr. Dennison, "if you ask me" (though no one had asked or indeed remembered his presence), "I should think it most unlikely that he would leave the child, or trouble at all at such a time with a game of polo."

Della smiled. "That shows, dear Mr. Dennison, how little you know Tom . . . my form . . ."

"We know whom you mean," said Mrs. Prescott hastily.

". . . my former husband. He might forget a business meeting, or break a dull dinner engagement . . ."

"As one who gave many of the dull dinners . . ." murmured the old lady.

". . . but," continued Della, "he has never been known to break a polo engagement. He enjoys playing."

"He's a beautiful player," said Mr. Dennison.

Della raised her shoulder slightly, as if any praise of her former husband could only be interpreted as a direct insult to herself.

Lavinia Prescott, who had been giving a series of low but intensely significant grunts, now rose suddenly to her feet.

"It's one o'clock, William," she said, "and your sister will have been waiting by the time you get home."

He knew he was being dismissed, and felt it was with an object.

"Promise me, Lavinia," he said, "that you won't go on this mad expedition."

"Go with Della?" said Mrs. Prescott. "I wouldn't think of such a thing."

She spoke sincerely, and he felt relieved. "And perhaps," he added, "if you are to be without your car this afternoon, you will let me drive you wherever you want to go."

"That would be delightful . . . I'll telephone you," she returned. He ought to have distrusted her cordiality, for she often told him that the slow, careful pace of his driving made her want to scream.

As the door closed after William, Mrs. Prescott turned back, to find the youthful heads of the two kidnapers bent over a road map which Della had been wise enough to bring with her. They were engaged in tracing, first the best road to Philadelphia, and then the shortest way from Vernon's house to the New York State line.

Mrs. Prescott patted Miss Vye on her green tweed shoulder: "So you're going to turn kidnaper, my dear," she said.

The girl straightened herself. "In a good cause, Mrs. Prescott. It must be proved to Mr. Vernon that he can't get away with anything like this."

The old lady dismissed the whole scheme with a wave of her hand. "A more incredibly silly plan I never heard of in all my life," she said. "Don't you see, Della, that all Tom Vernon's servants, whether they have happened to see you or not, will be perfectly familiar with your photographs as they appeared in the papers every day during the divorce proceedings? Obviously, there is only one person in the least likely to succeed in kidnaping the child, and that is I, myself."

"You, Grandmamma?"

"Yes, I—Grandmamma. . . . Only I did not dare say so in William Dennison's presence for fear of bringing on a stroke. Don't look at me like that. To be old is not synonymous with being idiotic. The contrary, in fact. This is a job for me . . . and don't thank me, for I shall enjoy it immensely. I will now tell you what I have refrained from saying for years. . . . I detest that young man you married . . . he and his footstools and shawls and yawns and complaints of my excellent cook. . . . I see Nora Vye saying to herself that I ought to have more serious grounds for hatred at my age. . . ."

Nora interrupted: "You know very well," she said, "that I never think about your age at all . . . except that you are younger than any of us!"

"Well, of course I'm younger than Della," said Mrs. Prescott. They had always had this trouble when the three were together . . . the conversation between Mrs. Prescott and Nora Vye kept spurting up like a geyser and leaving poor Della entirely out.

MRS. PRESCOTT took up her theme again. "I can show you a dozen ways in which I am the best person to do this. In the first place, a white-haired woman in America can get away with almost anything . . ."

"Grandmamma dear! . . ."

". . . as Nora Vye has so inelegantly expressed it. And then if anything goes wrong, who is the worse for it? An old woman has done a silly thing and failed. But the great point is that no one in Tom's household has ever seen or heard of me, or been warned against me . . . even Tom himself, I dare say will have forgotten that such a person as his former wife's grandmother ever existed. Stranger things have been."

"There's a great deal in what Mrs. Prescott says," remarked Nora.

"I think you'll find there usually is, my dear," said Mrs. Prescott. "I shall start

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WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"It's the right play at the right time, that's why I use Barbasol"

"Barbasol has made brushing, lathering and rubbing as old-fashioned as the 'revolving wedge'. Without a mess, this modern shaving cream always gives me a smooth, comfortable and soothing shave in a fraction of the usual time."

Knute Rockne

KNUTE ROCKNE — Master and teacher of football, whose genius for developing wonderful teams has brought him undying fame.

TOMORROW morning suppose you try a Barbasol shave â la Rockne? You won't have to go into training for it: "R-e-a-dy beard?" "Ready!" "R-e-a-dy Barbasol?" "Ready is *right!*"

"Twee-ee-eet!" There goes the whistle!!

On sweeps the razor as fast as an All-American End getting down under a kick! Round right end! Round left end! Now the center!

Before the snappiest quarterback could bark out a set of signals your face is velvet soft, satin smooth and as cool as a concrete stadium seat on Thanksgiving day!

Here y'are! The Official 1929 Shaving Rules!

1. Wash your face. Leave it wet—we mean WET. 2. Spread on a modest coat of Barbasol. *Don't rub.* 3. Wet your razor and *shave.*

Game's over! And you're in the cheering section for life!

Think of it! No more lather-labor! No more need to rub it in on your face! No more morning massacres! And longer-lasting blades!

Take 3 minutes time-out for a Barbasol shave tomorrow morning and see for yourself how quickly and smoothly the world's best beard-trainer will make your razor romp down the facial field for a touchdown!

The Barbasol Tube is built to play in the line—big and solid—at your druggist in two sizes, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

Barbasol Skin Freshener

Douse it on whenever your face feels the need of freshening up. Instantly it's all a-tingle—for Barbasol Skin Freshener acts like a cold shower after a strenuous game. Try it!

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Overheating causes most winter sickness

$48 now buys a heat regulator for your coal, coke or gas-burning, warm-air, hot-water or steam heating plant, that gives you *the same automatic temperature control over your furnace that homes with oil burners have.*

Doctors will tell you that 68° to 70° is the healthful home temperature—that most homes are overheated—destroying health in the very attempt to create comfort.

"Sheer Comfort" safeguards the health of your family and eliminates all the steps necessary in regulating your furnace.

You simply set the thermostat (usually at 70°) and "Sheer Comfort" regulates your furnace. It functions on one-half degree variation. This uniform temperature saves from 20 to 25 per cent of your yearly fuel bill because *each degree* above the necessary temperature *wastes up to 5 per cent* of your fuel . . ."Sheer Comfort" is approved by recognized authorities and guaranteed by this 40 year old firm. Thousands are in use. It is fool proof — trouble proof. It frequently saves its entire cost the first year. Have your heating or hardware dealer install one now—or use the coupon below.

Exclusive Features

1. *Automatically checks furnace if current stops.*
2. *Automatically re-engages after fueling.*
3. *Three Minute Automatic action.*
4. *No gears, motors, clocks or dry batteries.*

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Send me your free booklet, "Health and Economy with Temperature Control."

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. . . not today . . . when, after all, he may still be at home . . . but tomorrow, and I shall time my arrival so that he will be actually playing his match, and they won't be able to reach him even on the telephone. But I must have some assurance that he has actually gone . . . and hasn't taken the child with him." The two younger women looked at her inquiringly, and she explained rather crossly for these slower minds: "Nora must go there at once. The boy ought not to be over there without her, anyhow."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Vye.

"I don't believe Tom would have her," said Della.

"Nonsense," returned Mrs. Prescott. "He's got to have her. Besides, in my experience of young Walter, anyone who has had the sole care of him for twenty-four hours will be delighted to share that pleasure. Tom will receive her. Don't you agree with me, Nora?"

"I cannot go to Mr. Vernon's house," said Miss Vye, getting very tall and slim and large-eyed.

"Dear me," remarked Mrs. Prescott, "you cannot do your obvious duty? . . . for I point out to you that the whole situation has arisen owing to your refusal to go with the child to the Zoo."

"Don't be hard on Nora, Grandmamma," said Della. " I understand Tom better than you do. She may be right to refuse to go. He is a thoroughly bad man."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Prescott. "There is no such thing as a thoroughly bad man. The optimistic dream of all good women. No, no. They are often clumsy, self-indulgent creatures . . . but a good bolt on the door and an ever-present little boy of seven years old are quite sufficient protections. Besides, according to your own account, Tom won't be there tonight."

"I cannot go," said Miss Vye.

Mrs. Prescott, as one annoyed but not deflected by the general asininity of mankind, turned to Della.

"Go and telephone," she said. "Ask how the boy is, and if Tom has really gone away, say you are sending his governess over."

WHEN Della had gone, Mrs. Prescott faced the girl sternly. "Now, what is all this about?" she asked. "Am I to believe that Tom Vernon made love to you?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Prescott. I would not have allowed him to." Miss Vye hesitated. "But . . ." (Mrs. Prescott nodded. She had been expecting that "but.") "I'll tell you just what happened. It was one evening after the divorce had been decided on. Mrs. Vernon was leaving forever . . . I of course was going too, and little Walter. I was sitting reading in the schoolroom in the Philadelphia house . . . all by myself. I never liked Mr. Vernon . . . I thoroughly disapproved of him, but sometimes he would say things that made me laugh, and I would reproach myself afterward. . . . Only, this time there was nothing of that sort. He was very serious . . . said something about the boy . . . that we must remember it would be better for him not to think too badly of his father . . . . And then, without any warning at all, Mrs. Prescott, he came across the room to where I was sitting and said: 'And if you and I never meet again, remember this,' and he stooped over and kissed me."

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"And you were just looking up at that moment?"

"Why, Mrs. Prescott, I was . . . but surely you don't think . . ."

"Yes, I *do* think, my dear; it's one of my bad habits . . . but no evil of you. And so Tom Vernon kissed you on the lips."

"I did not say he kissed me on the lips."

"No, but when it isn't said, it usually means . . ."

"Wasn't it insolent, Mrs. Prescott?"

"My dear, was that a shiver or a shudder that you just experienced?"

"I was very much upset, Mrs. Prescott. It was something that had never happened to me before."

"To be kissed?"

"No, of course not; but to be kissed when I did not mean to be."

Mrs. Prescott laughed, and her granddaughter came back into the room, to say that Tom Vernon had already left for the country club, that he would not be back until late the following evening, and that she had notified the butler that she was sending the governess over to be with Master Walter.

Miss Vye yielded reluctantly, and they went in to luncheon. It was decided that she could get back to New York, pack a bag, and catch the four o'clock train to Philadelphia. Mrs. Prescott promised to start the next morning and rescue her and little Walter hours and hours before Vernon's return.

AFTER the two younger women had gone, Mrs. Prescott put on a long, black cloak, like a witch's garment, and began pacing up and down her veranda, where the wistaria was just beginning to drip in long, lilac cones. She walked with her arms folded and her elbows caught in her hands . . . an attitude suggestive of prolonged thought.

No one watching that venerable little figure would have suspected an incipient kidnaper, one who felt, indeed, that for the first time after seventy-four years she had discovered her true vocation . . . crime for a lofty object . . . excitement and morality combined. For the first time in fifteen years she was not at all bored!

Now and again, she took from her hand bag a chart of Vernon's place which Della had made for her. At five o'clock the elderly parlor maid came out and said that her tea was ready, and Mrs. Prescott went in and sat down by the fire to drink it.

"You're looking very bright this evening, madam," said Mary. "I think Mrs. Vernon's visit did you good."

Mrs. Prescott did not answer; she always felt a hint of superiority in Mary's care of her, as if the woman remembered that she herself was a gay young creature of fifty.

"Send Achille to me," she said.

Achille arrived before she had finished her tea. He was a great, bulging-eyed Frenchman, with a black mustache that stood out almost at right angles from his lip, and though always neatly dressed underneath, insisted on wearing a dirty gray duster. He entered now with his duster flapping about his heels.

"*Bon soir, madame,*" he said in loud, nasal French. "*Ah-ha comme madame a bonne mine ce soir . . . on dirait . . .*"

"Achille," said Mrs. Prescott, "I am

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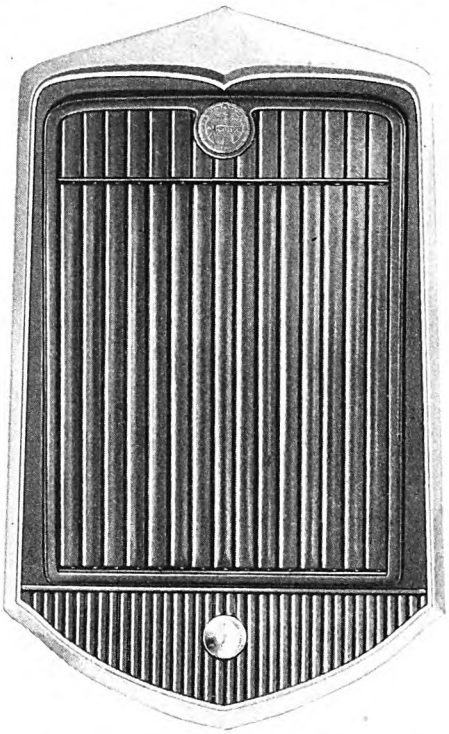

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making a trip to Philadelphia tomorrow, leaving at ten. From Philadelphia I am going right through to New York, and on that part of the journey I shall be a little hurried. Look up the roads and the detours—see that all the tires are new, and you had better take a thermos and food . . . in case I do not feel inclined to stop at those sacred hours at which you insist on eating."

"*Mais, mon Dieu, madame, il faut manger,*" said Achille, willing to argue so good a cause to the very end. But his employer would not take the matter up with him, and he left the room throwing his hands above his head and muttering that it was impossible for a man to "*conduire sans manger.*" . . .

ALL these years Lavinia Prescott had amused herself by hating Tom Vernon, and now, just as she was going to have the pleasure of expressing that hatred in a fine, overt action, she found her heart softening toward him because it seemed to her amusing . . . that he should have kissed Miss Vye and told her to remember it. . . .

"I believe I'm a naughty old woman at heart," she said to herself.

She went to bed very early that night, but couldn't get to sleep. She lay in her deep, comfortable bed, reflecting how young knights-errant used to spend the night before some great adventure praying beside their arms. She adopted a slightly different method. She turned on her reading light and dipped into Horace Walpole's letters . . . there was always a volume at her bedside. But even the gossip of that wise observer of manners did not quiet her.

She was called at eight, and at ten o'clock was stepping into the buff-colored car. It was a lovely spring day, the roads were in excellent condition, Achille was thoroughly in tune with the adventure, the motor purred like a pleased cat, and they started mildly . . . at considerably more than forty miles an hour!

(*To be continued*)

D'Annunzio, Italy's soldier-poet, once wrote 3,000 lines of verse in seventeen days, and again he wrote 50,000 words in five consecutive nights. Italian aviation officers declare that he mastered the technique of flying in three days. He once went to London to race his greyhounds. He carried with him 100 umbrellas, 72 shirts, 48 pairs of gloves, 150 cravats, and 25 pairs of shoes.

⊙

Vincent Lopez says that people in many states of the United States dance wholly differently and show totally different preferences for types of dancing. People in Indiana do not dance at all like New Yorkers, and they always prefer the tango and the waltz, no matter what the current vogue happens to be. In Ohio and Louisiana they show strong preferences for the very slow melody dance. New Englanders prefer peppy march tempos, while Missouri shows a strong preference for the old-fashioned waltz.

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Rockne Made Football What It is Today and the Fans Are Satisfied

(*Continued from page 31*)

the boys. It's a game—a hard game, but a game just the same. The natural love of sport and the competitive spirit are enough to keep the boys on edge. Well, we have signal practice and dummy drills and blackboard talks and all that—just as at other colleges. Not much difference, I guess."

But there must be more to it than that. Other colleges follow the usual routine, but fail to produce teams of Notre Dame caliber.

Notre Dame is not, as most people believe, a Jesuit institution. It is conducted by the Fathers of the Holy Cross and it's the last place in the world to send a mollycoddle.

With stern restrictions on out-of-bounds activities, the boys naturally turn to sports on the campus for their fun, and they go at it with vim and vigor. Illustrating their attitude, Rockne told of getting a big squad out in winter to play an improvised game of soccer, a game of which they apparently knew little. Rockne had a soccer ball under his arm and told them that the big idea was "to kick the ball or the other fellow." He was suddenly called away, and left with the ball still under his arm. When he came back a few minutes later the boys were in a grand scramble, kicking away at each other for dear life.

"Hey! What's the idea?" yelled Rockne. "Wait till I throw out the ball."

"Aw, Rock," said one of the ringleaders, "to blazes with the ball. Let's go on with the game."

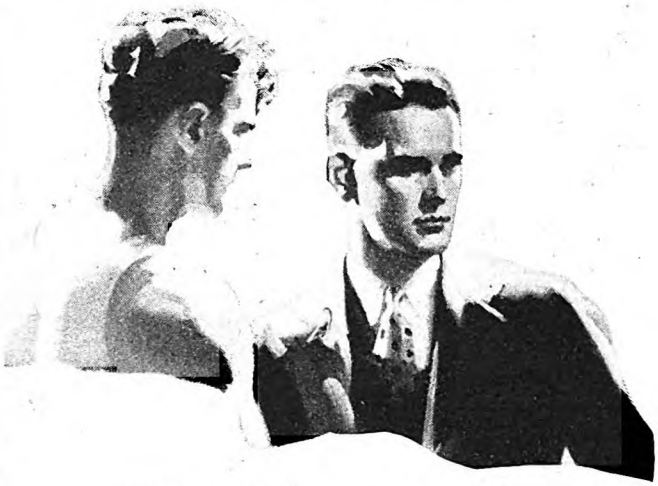
It is a point worth mentioning that the Notre Dame coach is "Rock" to the boys who play under him. Out of respect to his vanished hair, some of them talk of him as "The Old Man." Once in a while, but not within his hearing, they refer to him as "The Swede."

THAT recalls the time that Rockne took his team up to Minnesota and was being guyed by some of the native "two-by-square-heads" in that area. "So you're the famous coach of the Fighting Irish, are you?" said one of them. "Well, can you tell me what's dumber than an Irishman?"

"Sure," answered Rockne, "a smart Swede."

That went for a touchdown. Rockne is quick on the trigger in thought, word, and action. Undoubtedly there are other coaches who know as much technical football as Rockne does, but he has color, fire, personal magnetism; and he appeals, through these things, to the boys who play for him and Notre Dame. In addition to knowing football, he can teach it, which isn't at all the same thing. He is not only a fine teacher himself, but he turns out fine teachers. Recently, when that was mentioned to him, Knute said with a grin: "That's what hurts. Look what Wisconsin and Georgia Tech did to us."

Tom Lieb, former Notre Dame star, was assistant coach at Wisconsin; and



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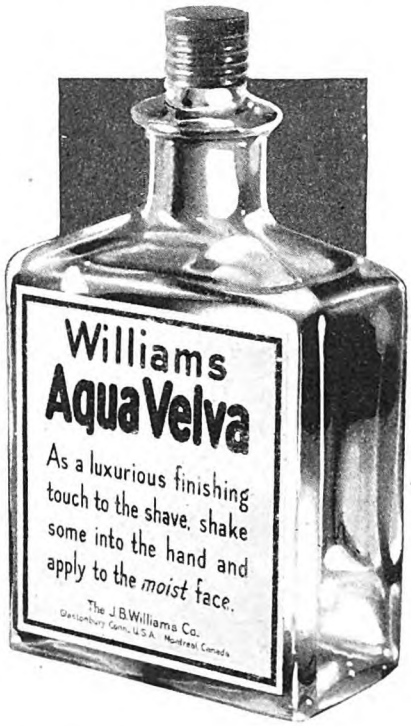

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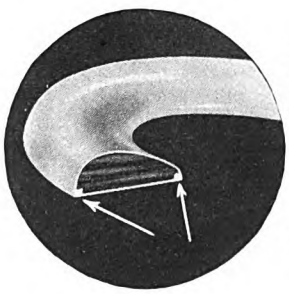

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Don Miller, one of the famous Four Horsemen, was backfield coach at Georgia Tech. These men, brought up in the Rockne school and knowing his system in all its details, were bringing his own teachings into play against him. Indeed, with the number of former Rockne pupils who are now populating the college football world as coaches, it's a wonder that nine tenths of the teams aren't using Rockne's secret plays and calling out Notre Dame signals.

At a little luncheon a year ago Rockne was answering questions that were written and handed across the table to him. One question read:

"Why does a Notre Dame player sing 'Home, Sweet Home' every time he sees a Pullman car?"

It was a sharp dig at "the Irish" as a constantly traveling team. Rockne didn't duck it. He said:

"The conference teams, playing their own round robin, haven't room on their schedule for us. If we don't want to play teachers' institutes and dental colleges, we have to go traveling. We have good teams and we want to play good teams. But I'll also tell you this: We lose very little time from the classroom. I don't believe our football players lose three days a season from class in spite of the traveling we do. Our Coast trips are usually made in the Christmas holidays. And when we play at home on Saturdays, our football players are in class up until noon."

Rockne might have added that with his traveling Notre Dame team he popularized intersectional football, now the great feature of the football year.

Somebody asked what the university did with all the gate receipts brought in by the football team.

"Used it to build classrooms and dormitories on the campus," said Rockne. "When we've got enough rooms and study halls to accommodate all who want to come there to school, we'll build that football stadium we've been trying to get for so many years. We hope to build it next year, but if some educational need turns up, the money will go in that direction and we'll have to wait some more."

THERE has been much discussion of Rockne's salary and his coaching contract at Notre Dame. It's a personal matter. However, those who are in close touch with the college and the coach say that Rockne signed a ten-year contract in 1925, at a salary of something like $11,000 a year. That is certainly much less than he could get from at least a dozen big institutions around the country. It has been rumored that Rockne gets a percentage of the Notre Dame receipts. This has been specifically denied by Rockne and the university officials. But if Rockne's salary at Notre Dame is only moderate, he is satisfied with his lot and makes plenty of money in other ways. He conducts a school for football coaches. He is in demand as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker. He "writes pieces for the papers"—and really writes them, too. He wouldn't have a "ghost-writer" within a mile of him. He takes his literary efforts very seriously and asks critics whether or not they are up to snuff. He bleeds inwardly if a typesetter mangles his copy.

Bob Zuppke of Illinois once got up at a football banquet and said:

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"I want to tell you something about that man Rockne. He is in a class by himself. Everybody is snooping around Notre Dame, trying to find out what he puts in a football besides wind."

Well, Rockne puts a good deal of himself into his football, and that is probably the winning ingredient. He puts fire and dash and courage and initiative and ambition and enthusiasm into his football. And when his lads see him doing that, they put in all they have, too. These are the attributes that make a leader in any line.

In the first place, Rockne has system. He knows the end he is trying to attain and the best way to attain it. He has mastered his subject, and he is a great teacher. He has enthusiasm, and he can impart it to his football pupils. He has vision and the courage to pursue it. He has tremendous energy, and he puts all of it into his task. These are qualities that not only deserve success but command it.

IT WAS Rockne whose broad vision took in the development of the forward pass and the consequent change in the whole trend of modern football. It was Rockne whose attention to detail brought in silk football pants and lighter shoes to speed up the players. It was Rockne who took the shift play and wrought such havoc that it took a change in the rule to halt the crashing ball-carriers. It was Rockne who captured the imagination of the man in the street and made him a football fan and a volunteer rooter each year for Notre Dame. It was Rockne who startled the football world by sending in his second team at the start of the game so that his regulars could sit on the sidelines, and analyze the defense and attack of the opposing team before they went into action.

With Notre Dame, this last wasn't as dangerous a procedure as it might seem. Dana X. Bible, the new head coach of Nebraska, once brought a team up to play at South Bend. There were six Notre Dame teams running through signals just before game time. Bible watched them a few minutes and then turned with a puzzled expression and asked:

"Which is your first team, Knute?"

"To tell the truth," said Rockne, "it doesn't make much difference."

"And hang it all," said Bible, in telling the story later, "I found out during the game that Rockne was right."

It is typical of Rockne that, with the racial mixtures he gets in his football material at Notre Dame, he has analyzed racial characteristics as they apply to football strategy. Talking about that the last time he was in New York, he said:

"Give me the Italians or the French for fire and dash. Give me the Anglo-Saxons for stubbornness to hold the fort. Give me the Poles and the Teutons to take punishment and wear down an opponent. Give me the Irish to keep up the morale of the team—they never know that they're licked."

"And how about the Norwegians?" came a mischievous query from someone who knew Knute's own antecedents.

"They are stolid in defeat," said Knute.

Rockne has received many offers to coach at other colleges and at more than twice the salary he gets at Notre Dame. Several times he went so far as to make partial preparations to leave because of

Sometimes husbands must be *mothered*

"STRICTLY between ourselves, Alice, sometimes the only way to handle these obstinate men is to treat them as you do a child—simply give them what's good for them.

"For instance, I knew that coffee at dinner was keeping John awake, but he just talked about business strain and refused to admit that coffee affected him at all.

"Finally I asked Uncle Walter, who is a nerve specialist, about it. Uncle Walter said to give John Kaffee Hag Coffee. 'He won't notice any difference,' he said, 'but it won't hurt him. The caffeine is taken out of it.'

"Well, my dear, I did it, and John never noticed the change. But after a week he began to notice that his sleep had improved, and remarked on it. Then I told him the reason. Now we're never going to have anything but Kaffee Hag Coffee again."

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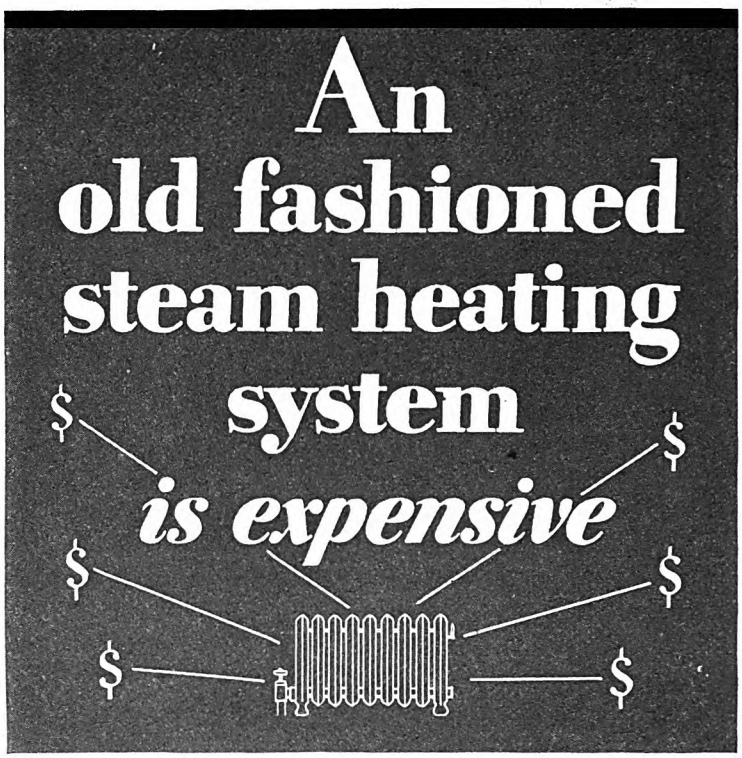

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THREE little changes in your present steam heating system . . . and you have a modern *vacuum* system.

In a vacuum heating system, radiators heat up quicker . . . because in a vacuum, water boils at low temperatures and this quickly made steam, unimpeded by air in pipes, speeds to radiators.

In a vacuum system, radiators *stay* hot far longer after the fire is banked . . . because in a vacuum, air cannot prevent formation of low temperature steam. Figure for yourself how much less oil, gas or coal is burned, when radiators stay hot all day in coldest weather without frequent raising of steam pressure.

If you have steam heat, a short job converts it to a vacuum system. Your heating contractor will do three things. (1) Tighten up the system, to keep out air. (2) Place a Hoffman No. 16 Valve on the basement main, to clear the pipes of air. (3) Install a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve on each radiator.

You will then have a *vacuum* system. When drafts are opened, or the oil burner is turned on, radiators will be hot in *15 minutes*. When drafts are closed, or burner shuts off, the vacuum *keeps* heat in radiators for *3 hours* or more, just as though you had steam up all the time. In thousands of homes whose systems have been vacuum-ized with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves, there is a saving of as much as $5 per radiator every year. Can you imagine a more efficient heating system?

Practically all new oil burner and gas burner steam systems are vacuum-ized with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves. They are equally efficient on coal-fired systems.

Ask any good heating contractor about the cost. He will examine your system and give you an estimate. You will find the cost so low that you may not believe all our claims. If so, send for our booklet, "How to Lock Out Air, the Heat Thief", which explains and *proves* the whole story. Address Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. P-20, Waterbury, Connecticut, U. S. A.

much greater financial inducements elsewhere, but each time he decided to remain, as he says, "where I belong." Why? Well, this may partly explain it:

His great team of several years ago had gone two seasons undefeated and was expected to round out a third season with a clear run of victories, but overconfidence and a fine Iowa team upset the dope. The players were crushed and Rockne was broken-hearted. They were almost ashamed to go back and face the students at South Bend. Purposely they took a late train out of Chicago to get them in South Bend at 1:30 A. M., when everybody would be asleep and they could slip in unnoticed. Riding down to South Bend in the Pullman drawing-room, Rockne blamed himself for the disaster and never felt more disconsolate in his life. He wanted to creep into a hole and pull the hole in after him.

The train puffed into South Bend, but instead of a dark and silent station, the football team found torch lights, the college band, and a welcoming party consisting of every single student in Notre Dame to cheer for and cheer up the defeated team and the idolized coach. Rockne, overcome by the unexpected reception, tried to slip away in the darkness. He was grabbed by a posse, put on a baggage truck, cheered to the echo, and called upon for a speech. Ordinarily Rockne is a fine speaker, but this time he broke down. Yes, sir, the Bald Eagle of Notre Dame burst into tears and all that anyone heard him say was: "I'll never leave Notre Dame. I'll never leave Notre Dame."

Interesting People

(*Continued from page 70*)

but the congregation was small, and he was required to sit out front to make it seem larger. A clear case of injustice it would have been to keep him out, so he was admitted to the auxiliary, and is known as a Sponsor for the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers of America.

The Pumpers, when they get together, always sing the official anthem, with words by Arthur Pound, F. P. (that means Fellow Pumper). Here's the way it goes:

Oh, the pipe-organ pumper climbed up to his loft,
His reefer, his ear-muffs, his rubbers he doffed,
And he bent o'er the handle for tunes loud and soft,
In those wonderful days of yore.

No wedding or service or funeral hymn
Could click till he slaved away with a vim;
The life of the churches revolved about him,
In those wonderful days of yore.

The choir and organist flew in a rage
When the bellows went flat on a tremulous gauge,
But the best of his licks brought no increase in wage,
In those wonderful days of yore.

So now we are gathered to render him praise
For the labors he wrought in his juvenile days;
To dust off his mem'ry our voices we raise,
And those wonderful days of yore.

JAMES C. DERIEUX, F. P.

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Alley Rat

(*Continued from page 39*)

and regarded the burnt end. Saint Rourke chuckled. Tiny felt his face grow hot. Maybe they thought he wasn't wise. Maybe they figured he was just a kid and didn't have enough nerve for strong-arm stuff. Tiny's fingers picked at the visor of his cap. Swell Aggriponi threw his cigar away and stood up, grinning. He picked up a pair of gloves from the table and with them flicked Tiny across the eyes.

"Go out and get some experience," he said.

Tiny tried not to blink. His face turned suddenly chalky. "I got it already, Swell," he said. "I'm wise. There's nuthin' I ain't game to try. . . ."

Saint Rourke stared curiously at Tiny's face. "I think the kid is right," he said.

Tiny's gaze shifted from one to the other. He backed away, drifting from the garage into the darkness of Ocean Avenue at the foot of Verde—on, to the smoky-green comfort of a poolroom.

Outside, rain began to shine the pavements and black fog swooped in across the mud flats beyond the avenue. Tiny hunched in a chair back of a billiard table . . . good racket, hooking up with Swell Aggriponi. No more lifting fruit and stuff from the wop venders. No more swiping coal out of gondolas for the old woman. String along with Swell and ride around in nifty-looking cars. Wear a derby and buttoned shoes with cream-colored tops. Pack a gat and eat plenty of hot pork and potatoes. And! For Hogan, the cop—a horse laugh! Once for all you could get even with the big goof, because he—well, because he was a cop.

Tiny slipped off the chair to his feet and threaded his way among the pool players, out into the street. The fog was thick to breathe. Sliding silver raindrops slashed the circle of light around the lamp-post. Tiny thrust up his shoulders, put his head down and pressed into the storm.

He didn't notice Patrolman Hogan until he came abreast of Birch's all-night drugstore. Draped in his black slicker, Hogan stood in the doorway—tall, dark, a knight in limp black armor.

Then Tiny spotted him and swaggered by. Tonight Tiny felt proud, superior, stronger than Hogan. Arms and legs no longer mattered. Regardless of their strength and straightness, they didn't matter when Saint Rourke had said you were a right guy.

A STREET car thundered along Ocean Avenue; ground to a stop near the corner. Looking at the car, Tiny had a quick, unreasoning desire to show his contempt for Hogan. He stared at the patrolman, leered, then deliberately stepped into the street and climbed to the rear fender of the car.

The car started. Hogan gave a sharp exclamation. Bad night for a kid to be hooking rides—kid like Tiny Hearn. Tiny wasn't built for rough stuff. With mismated legs, you couldn't expect a kid to be nifty on his feet.

Hogan flipped his black cape over his shoulder and sprang into the street. "Hey, kid! Get out o' that—you'll get hurt!"

We refuse to debate the shaving cream question . . . .

Try* MOLLÉ *one week free— let that alone decide

Never Before were shaving creams so much discussed. The subject has assumed the proportions of a national debate. But we refuse to argue. For we know, as you do, that words are weak when compared to actual performance. So we just say, "send us the coupon for one week's free supply of MOLLÉ. At the same time get samples of other shaving creams that interest you. Then use them all and judge by the result. Let performance—not conversation—decide which cream wins."

MOLLÉ Is Surely Different—It *looks* different...*feels* different...its *aroma* is different . . . *application* is different . . . requires no brush . . . the *after*-feel is *amazingly* different! MOLLÉ is a true emollient. MOLLÉ contains no soap in any form. MOLLÉ contains no alkali—makes no lather, no bubbles. MOLLÉ contains no caustics. MOLLÉ is a skin specialist's discovery . . . a physician's private formula, intended to accomplish these three things:

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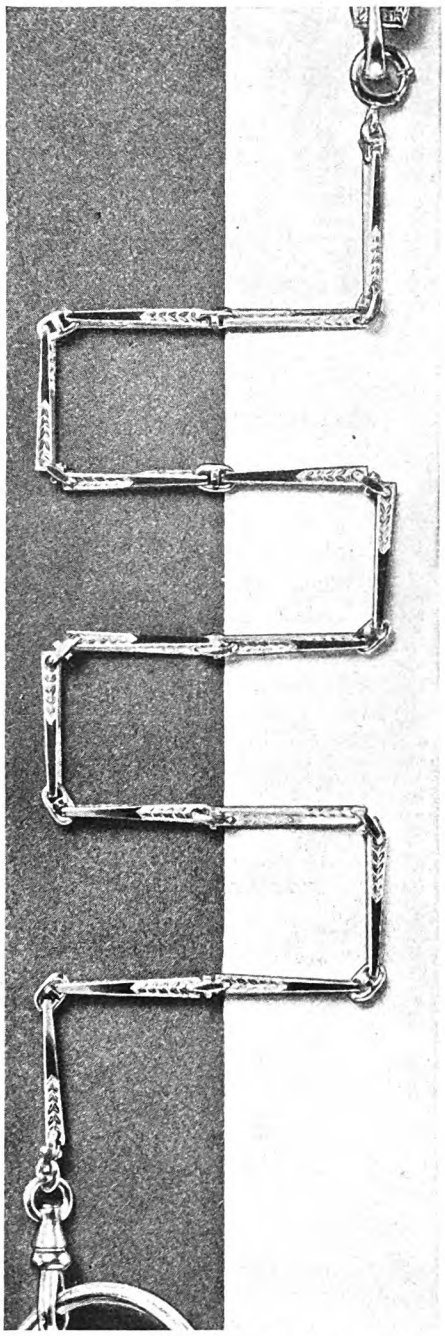

The well-dressed man, though wedded to a wrist-watch, has not dispensed with the watch-chain. The rich gleam of the watch-chain contrasts subtly with the clothes he wears. . . . Too, the smart chain affords a convenient guard for key-ring, pocket-knife, cigar-cutter, emblem, and other pieces. For appearance's sake, wear a watch-chain, a *Simmons* Chain! The attractive gold-filled Waldemar illustrated, 30940, costs ten dollars and a quarter, and will make an exceptionally smart gift. Your jeweler has many others. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

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THE SPORTFOLIO

The Team Comes First

By CHARLEY PADDOCK

WHILE the most of us are preparing to properly celebrate the holiday season, the husky Cadets of West Point and the equally robust Cardinals of Stanford University will be tapering off for a football battle in Palo Alto, California, which should prove a thrilling climax to a season that has witnessed many great games.

The Army has never gone so far West before, but the long trek across the continent will hardly serve to cool the deep-seated desire of its sons to revenge the overwhelming defeat that Pop Warner's athletes administered last fall. Even if their captain, Christian Cagle, remains in top form, as he is at this moment of writing, Army will find Stanford no easy foe, because those behemoths in their own back yard are always dangerous, and will be particularly so this season if Herb Fleischhacker, their 225-pound full back, continues throughout the season to display more and more drive and power.

This clash between Cagle and Fleischhacker should prove a battle within a battle, a duel between speed and weight. The elusive, rapierlike thrusts of the Army captain will be matched by the hammerlike plunges of a twentieth-century Porthos.

There is (*Continued on page 156*)

A weird, defiant laugh floated back, like the rattle of dry things loose in a wind. Fumbling for his whistle, the patrolman raced after the car. Streets slick as grease. Car traveling fast. Kid with bum legs—"Get off! Get off that car!"

A five-ton truck rumbled out of Verde Street into the avenue as Hogan neared the intersection. Hogan saw the truck, heard it. He dodged, and his feet slipped on the wet pavement. He went down. . . .

Looking back from the rear fender of the car, Tiny saw Hogan fall. He saw the truck crush over him. Tiny's fingers were claws in the heavy wire grating of the back window. His throat contracted. Suddenly he jumped. He sprawled on the tracks, rolled over and over. He picked himself up and ran blindly, in his grotesque, limping gait, out onto the mud flats.

Standing knee-deep in the marsh grass, Tiny felt the fog swirling around him. Then he heard the ambulance bell. Somebody down, somebody hurt! Man lying dead with his face in the dirt! Clang-clang-clang! The horrifying sound dwindled up Verde Street toward St. Anne's Hospital. Maybe Hogan had croaked. Maybe it was all night with the big cop.

Fog howled in from the ocean. The boy opened and shut his white fists in his pockets and set his eyes against the salt wind. Croaked! Smashed under a truck. Big wheels cracking and crushing long, straight legs!

TINY began to walk. Swish-swish through the wet grass. Without any thought of time, without caring what directed his footsteps, hating himself with cruel bitterness, Tiny arrived beneath the bright globe at the entrance to St. Anne's. He went slowly up the hospital steps, placing one foot on the tread above, bringing the other beside it, as a child climbs.

Inside were quiet white walls and a clean smell like a drugstore. Tiny looked fearfully about him, the soft, silent floors strange beneath his feet. Under a green-shaded lamp at a desk a nurse was writing. She glanced up, laying down the pen.

"Did you want to see someone? It's after visiting hours."

Tiny backed away. "It's about the cop—you know—Hogan."

The nurse looked at the soaked figure. "I'll call the night superintendent," she said.

Tiny's too-large pants sagged with wet. The visor of his cap dripped brown water. His dejected shirt hugged his arms and made their thinness more apparent. He stood shivering, wonder in his eyes, dread in his heart, until the night superintendent approached.

He started toward her, half reaching. "Say! Did they bring in a cop?"

"Yes, would you like to see him? If it's very important, I could—"

"Did he croak?"

"I—"

"Was his legs broke?"

"He wasn't hurt badly—just bruises. Who shall I tell him inquired?"

TINY'S shoulders came up. His chin shot forward. A low, unsteady laugh came from him and left a sneer on his lips. His voice was unusually high and loud, sounding up and down the length of the white corridors. "Just bruises? Just black an' blue? Tell him a man named Smith called with a carload of lilies—see? A man named Smith. With lilies!"

The night superintendent had seen many overwrought people. She noticed that the ragged brown figure shivered in its drenched clothes; and some of the mixed-up misery in Tiny's heart reached out and touched her own. She came to him and put her hand on his shoulder. He faded from her with the stealthy resentment of a hunted cat.

"Wouldn't you like to stay and dry out your clothes?" she said.

Tiny was at the door. He butted it open with his elbow. What the hell! People always trying to put their hands on you! Always fussing around, thinking they'd like to help you whether you needed help or not. Dumb!

Slosh-slosh through the shiny jet puddles. Long silver drops across the street lamps. Tiny slunk into a black entrance and sat on a cold stone step. You couldn't hurt a cop. A cop with arms and legs and shoulders like that. Just bruises. Black an' blue. . . . Funny how names seemed to fit people sometimes. Hogan, the cop. Swell Aggriponi. . . .

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Tiny put his head on his arms and went to sleep.

In less than a week Hogan walked his beat again. Whenever they met him, his friends stopped to ask about the accident. Hogan would grin and tell them the story: Some bum hopping a street car; never did find out who; bad night and slippery; couldn't see who the bird was; prob'ly never make a pinch.

Tiny met Hogan coming out of a cigar store—abruptly, face to face. It startled him so that he flattened out against the side of the brown building, his palms pressed against the rough stone. Tiny steadied his mouth. A sentence hissed out: "You're clumsy on your feet, Hogan! Look out you don't get run over some time."

Hogan shifted his cap, scratched his head with the hand that held the cap. The other hand he lifted palm outward toward Tiny. Gray, half-smiling eyes: "All right, kid. All right! Ferget it—see?"

As he sauntered along his beat, Hogan's eyes followed the sidewalk three paces ahead. You couldn't pinch a kid like Tiny Hearn. He didn't have much but stale freedom, an' you couldn't take that away. Hogan shrugged as he passed the dried stump of the elm tree. You didn't see a face like Tiny Hearn's but once. Sixteen, maybe seventeen years old—and a map like an old man's. What could you do about it? "In pursuit of duty covered a lot of things that weren't in the book. You had to protect the venders and the storekeepers. You couldn't give the kid *all* the breaks, so you were as decent as you dared. And now he was hanging around in the same neighborhood as Swell Aggriponi.

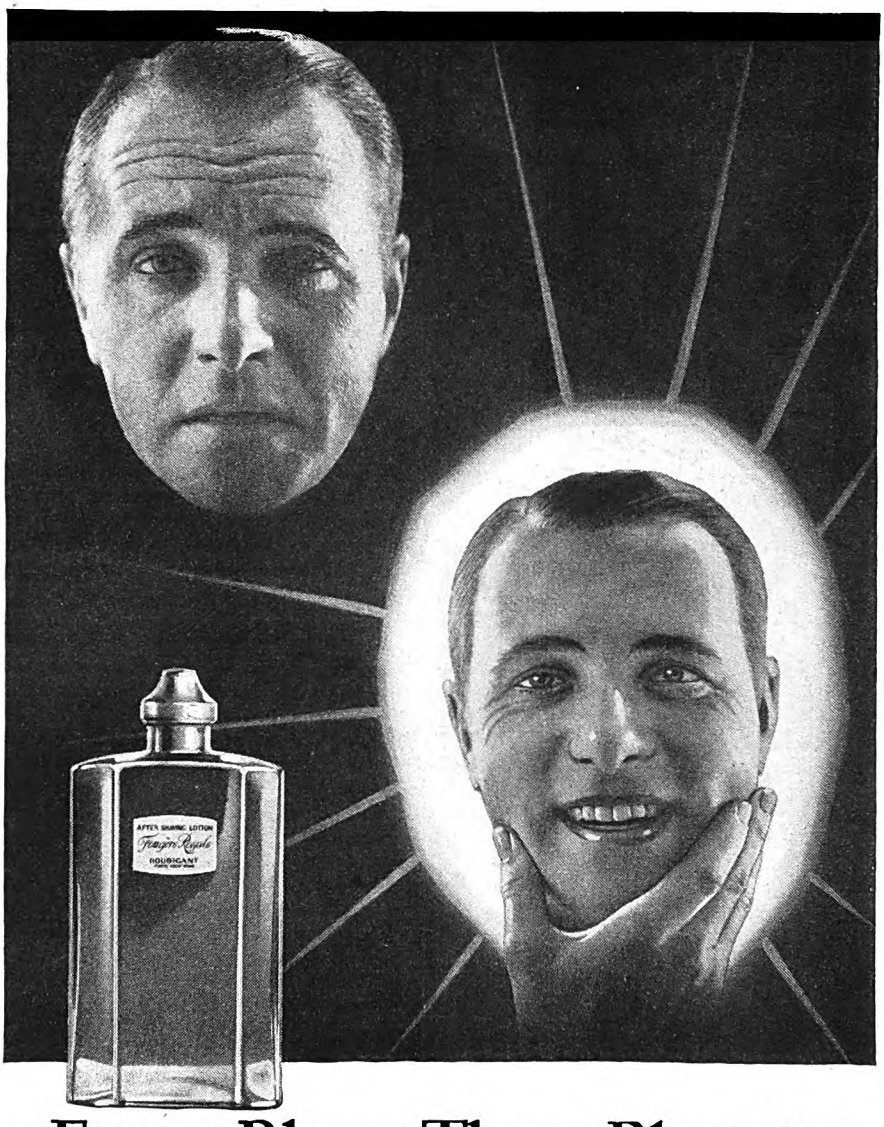
Swell Aggriponi—slated for a slab in the morgue or a seat in the hot chair just as sure as eggs on Friday. The kid hating you, and playing around a stiff like Swell! Ready for *anything!* But—could you pick up a kid with bum legs that tried like hell to walk straight when anyone was looking? Aw—let him prowl. Take a chance!

A JUNE night came when Tiny didn't go home at all. He lay on his belly on a lumber pile which stretched along the side of a freight warehouse. Lying there, he listened to the footsteps on the sidewalk beyond the high picket fence.

Tiny Hearn had never known the sense of conscious relaxation. He lay crouched, tense, like a night-hunter. A drunk went by, mumbling and tottering. Two women hurried along. Swish of skirts, rustle of paper bundles. When women hurried, you could tell it was getting late. . . .

Darkness beat down like the wings of a big, black bird. Silence. Then, on the dirt path running below his lumber pile, a footfall—another, another. Tiny stretched and peered over the edge of the lumber. His muscles bunched. Instantly, even in the darkness, he recognized Hogan. Hogan! And a skirt with him! So that was the kind of a bird Hogan was. Playing the women! Plenty of easy chances for a cop with a build like that. The frails were all goofy about him.

Hogan and the girl stopped, drew close together. The patrolman's night lamp flashed on. He shaded it with his hand. Into his other hand the girl thrust a folded paper. Tiny could hear the girl



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THE SPORTFOLIO

(Continued from page 154)

color in this contest, great gobs and splashes of it, more in fact than there was the last time the Army went West to meet the Navy in Chicago. That game ended in a tie and was played before the biggest crowd ever to see an American football contest up to that time. But more thrilling than the audience, or the national service championship, or the 21-21 score, was an incident of team spirit which happened in the closing minutes of the fray.

Tiny Hewitt, the captain of the Army team, sat on the bench next to his coach, "Biff" Jones. He was a husky, that Hewitt, almost as big as Fleischhacker of Stanford, with a glorious record of gridiron achievement behind him. He had played four years on the Pittsburgh varsity before going to West Point. He had been so good that, against the smaller teams, he would be left at home to win the game along with the substitutes, while the coach and the regulars scouted their stronger opponents. Hewitt was a hero at Pittsburgh and he was a hero at West Point. The story of his deeds "on the hill" during four varsity years there will long ring down the corridors of football fame.

Yet, at Chicago he had come to his last game, as captain of his team, with his playing days behind him, and a younger and faster man on the field in his place. That long, painful afternoon he had huddled on the bench, silent, watching the battle in which he had no part. At the beginning, his team-mates had justified the confidence of their backers by gaining an early (Continued on page 158)

breathing. She gasped as if she had been running, as if she were frightened. She kept turning her head.

"There's enough there," she said. "It's *all* there."

From his slanting angle Tiny saw the glow of the flashlight on Hogan's face. Hogan's face was a piece of stone with shadows on it.

"I didn't ask you for this, sister," said Hogan. His voice was low in his throat.

"I'm handin' it to you—see?" said the girl. "You got to take it, 'cause he—he—"

"Yeh, I know. It's all right, kid. Ferget it."

THE girl leaned against Hogan, pressing close to him. "Don't show that paper yet. Swell would kill me just like— Say! You're a bull, an' I never saw you before tonight. But there's enough on that paper for a life sentence, and you wouldn't show it till I get a chance to blow town. Would you? *Would* you?"

Hogan looked down at the girl, cleared his throat. "I'll wait till morning," he said. "Beat it, sister!"

She hurried into the darkness.

Muttering under his breath, Hogan buttoned the paper beneath his coat and walked slowly out of sight beyond the end of the lumberyard.

Tiny lay opening and shutting his hands, digging his fingers against the lumber, staring blankly at the dim strips of light between the fence pickets. He got his knees under him, crouched a moment, and slid off the lumber into the dirt path. He ran—he ran with one foot touching just the toe, the other flat—until, shaking with exhaustion, he pushed open the door to the back room of Swell Aggriponi's garage.

Tiny stood squarely in the middle of the floor. "Swell! Hogan's got a life sentence for you in his pocket. A frail double-crossed you. She give Hogan the paper!"

"Wait a minute. Wait—" said Swell.

"You better blow town, Swell. They'll get you sure. Hogan ain't goin' to show the paper till mornin'—see? You got time to blow . . . I'm tellin' you. I'm *tellin'* you!"

Under its halo of snow-white hair Saint Rourke's face remained expressionless. His impish yellow dice hopped across the table and came to rest.

Swell Aggriponi spat away his cigar and twisted up from his chair. He came over to Tiny and hooked his fingers around the boy's throat. Tiny's head tipped until his face turned upward.

"Where's Hogan?"

Tiny sagged a little against Swell's hand. "Swell—lemme go wid you—out of this burg. I'm a right guy."

Swell's fingers tightened: "I said, 'Where's Hogan?'"

Tiny's gaze roved to the clock on the wall behind Swell. "Birch's drugstore—in back. He's there till three o'clock. Birch goes out to eat."

"Birch goes out to eat?" Swell's face wrinkled a little. From the corner of his eyes he looked at Saint Rourke. "Saint, are we goin' to blow town?"

Saint Rourke tossed his dice. "Why, no, Swell. We ain't goin' to leave town."

Swell took his hand away from Tiny's throat. He tipped the hand so that his thumb pointed toward the door. "You go out there for a minute."

Saint Rourke's face was round and bland. He and Swell Aggriponi lit cigars and talked. No exclamations, no gestures, except for Saint Rourke's incessantly swinging legs. . . .

BUMPING off a guy was simple if you went at it right. All you needed was dead nerves. Simple. Hogan was alone in Birch's all-night drugstore in the room behind the partition. You could get in through the street door without Hogan's hearing you at all. Two men—one on each side—would stand against the front wall of the room. The third man would walk straight toward the door in the partition.

Behind the door Hogan would be waiting for Birch's return. So the third man would say: "Hogan, come on out here a minute, will you?" He would say it as if he just wanted Hogan to come out and get him some cigars from the showcase. And when Hogan came through the door, you gave him the works. Then you could get the paper in his pocket and beat it. If

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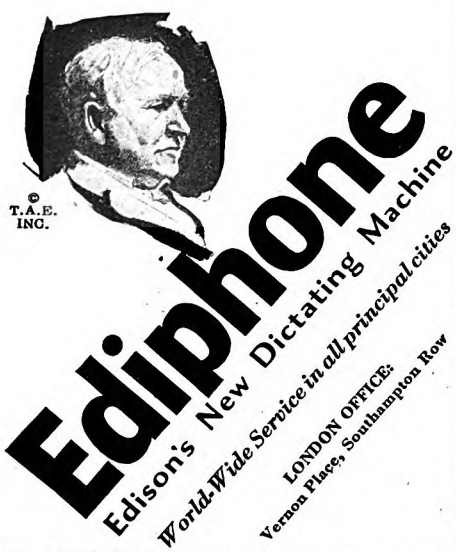


Radio Program Monday Evenings

Hogan was quick enough to shoot back he would get the man nearest him. That would be the one who had called him out—Tiny Hearn. Simple, if you went at it right. . . .

Swell Aggriponi opened the door to the outer garage. Tiny limped toward him out of the darkness. Swell smiled. "Cigar, kid? Here," he said. "Maybe we got a little job."

"I asked you once or twice for a job."

"Well, how do you feel?"

"I feel pretty good, Swell."

Swell's hand touched Tiny's hip pocket. Reaching back, Tiny's fingers crept into the pocket and brushed the rough checkering of a gun-butt. Blood thumped in Tiny's temples, and his lips lifted away from his teeth. Beyond Swell the door into the back room stood ajar. Sitting on the table, Saint Rourke pitched his yellow dice. His short legs were swinging and swinging. Swell's hand fell upon Tiny's back and pushed him gently into the room. "Well, kid, light your cigar. You see it's like this. . . ."

At half past two in the morning there were no sounds in Green and Verde Streets except for the night noises of a city: An echo without origin, a far-off shout, a rustle, a pulse in the shadows. Above the black turrets of the buildings the stars were remote needle points pressing against the very limits of their dome.

In stockinged feet Tiny Hearn slipped from doorway to doorway, closer to Birch's drugstore at the corner of Verde Street. Tense, crooked little shadow, foreign to light, native to darkness. Swell Aggriponi and Saint Rourke trailed close. Every time Tiny looked around they were nearer, until, as he faced the entrance to the store, he could almost feel them at his back. Swell leaned nearer, hesitated, and whispered: "Go ahead in."

Without a sound Tiny pressed the latch and moved through the door. With him moved Swell Aggriponi and Saint Rourke. Inside the room, they stood one at each side of the door.

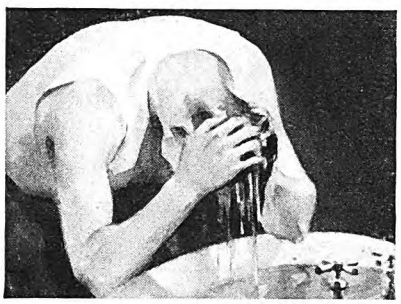
Opposite the door a thin partition divided the room. Scarcely a dozen feet away, behind the partition, Hogan would be waiting for Birch. Tiny moved deeper into the room toward the partition. Swell had said it would be simple if you went at it right. But Swell hadn't said a word about the Black Silence. The room was dead, stiller than any room he had ever been in before. Yet there were lives in the room, and people moving around.

The night bulb overhead glowed so faintly that the corners of the room were indistinct. Tiny took another step. He noticed the peephole which had been cut in the partition for Birch to see through without being seen. A package of cough medicine lay on the shelf which extended under the peephole. Tiny tiptoed toward the shelf. He would show Swell that he was a right guy.

Using the very tips of his fingers, he slid the package along the shelf a quarter of an inch at a time until it covered the peephole. Hogan could take a squint through that hole now if he wanted to—the big brass-buttoned bum! Swell had said how simple the whole thing would be. . . .

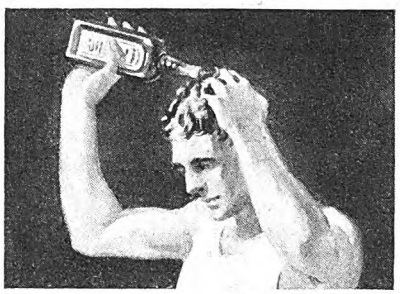
But how could a room be so quiet? How could there be such a deadness in a room where three men stood watching a parti-

Of every 100 Men who do this...



60 will lose their hair

Wetting the hair with water every morning is an easy habit to get into . . . but you'll probably pay for it with a bald head.



This is the safe way to dress your hair for the day. Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Massage vigorously . . . then comb while wet. No dandruff . . . no itching . . . no unnatural dryness. Keeps your scalp healthy . . . invigorates the hair roots. Get this safe, reliable Hair Tonic at any druggist, barber shop or department store. It is guaranteed. When you shampoo always use Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo

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CONDITIONING MONTHS

for

DOGS

THIS is the time of year to be particularly careful of your dog's health. See that he is in good condition now and he will be less liable to disease later on. Give Sergeant's Condition Pills for a week and you will help your dog to resist disease. Many puppies are born in the Fall. Both the puppies and their mothers need Sergeant's Condition Pills. If your dog is listless, has no appetite or is irritable give Sergeant's Condition Pills for a week and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills the next week.

Famous Dog Book *Free*

If you want to know how to care for your dog and keep him healthy, we urge you to send for a free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of more than fifty years. In clear, every-day language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding, and raising dogs. This book is revised frequently and kept strictly up-to-date. It has been the guide for millions of dog owners. We urge you to get your free copy.

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If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct.

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1577 West Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
Please send me Polk Miller's Free Dog Book ☐

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

THE SPORTFOLIO

(*Continued from page 156*)

lead, only to have it clipped away by keen and desperate midshipmen who smothered every cadet attack and took advantage of all their opportunities. It had been a battle without quarter, the kind of fight that Tiny Hewitt had always loved. Yet here he was out of it and the final minutes were trickling away.

It is a situation such as this that tries most painfully an athlete who has had his day. Scarcely realizing that his prowess has waned, it is doubly hard for him to stand at the edge of the fray and still know that the thrill of battle can never be sensed again.

It was hard to take, and those of us who knew Tiny sensed the tragedy in seeing him sitting there, the captain of his team, no longer good enough to outshine a substitute, he, who at his peak had been capable of turning back eleven men single-handed. Coach "Biff" Jones, anxious as he was to break the tie score in those final minutes, still remembered his captain and what he had done for Army, and turning to him said: "Go into the game!"

Tiny half rose from the bench, started to throw aside his sweat shirt, then dropped back and shook his head. A second time his coach turned to him, but Tiny said, "No, Coach, you've got a better man on the field and Army needs the points!"

Teamwork that, more glorious than the perfect interference which scores touchdowns; teamwork that lives on when the athlete has left the field for the last time; teamwork, the ghost of which will march with Army in the battle down on Stanford "Farm" at Christmastime.

tion? Maybe there would be some sounds pretty quick. All you had to do was say, as if maybe you wanted to buy some cigars: "Hogan, come on out here a minute, will you?"

TINY looked over his shoulder. Against the left front wall leaned Swell Aggriponi in his tight-fitting blue suit, derby slanting over one eye. One hand was buried in his side coat pocket. To the right, against the same wall, Saint Rourke half sat on a pile of old magazines. Saint Rourke's right hand was hidden. One of his legs was off the floor, and it swung gently to and fro.

It didn't help much to look at Swell and Saint Rourke . . . two blank faces staring at you. Tiny licked his dry lips and faced the door through the partition. It stood a few inches ajar. A rustle came from the back room—Hogan folding his newspaper. His big shoulders would be hunched over. In front of him his long, straight legs would be—

Tiny's mind began to trick him. A lightning-flash of memory, and he saw himself in a spotted mirror. He heard his own voice saying: "Gawdamighty, fix my legs like Hogan's."

Tiny felt as if a rock had fallen on his chest and crushed him. He thought again of the Silence, heard it ringing in his ears. He couldn't resist looking around. Swell Aggriponi's face was a white, misty triangle. The triangle changed shape as Swell jerked his head toward the partition. Tiny saw Swell's lips say, "Go ahead and call him out." Saint Rourke's leg suddenly stopped swinging.

Tiny's stockinged toes curled against the floor. Time to call Hogan. Just say, as if you wanted a cigar: "Hogan, come on out here a minute, will you?"

Why wouldn't the words come? You felt the words getting ready in your throat, but they jumped and dodged and hid. Something made your legs bend and tremble like a stream of water in the wind. Get it over! Say the words! Hadn't Saint Rourke said you were a right guy? Hadn't Swell said how simple the whole thing would be? Simple! What chance did Hogan have? What were those two ghosts going to do? Shoot through their coat pockets, while Hogan stood there chinning?

"*Hogan!*"

The only sound in the room, the only voice, the only person. Words rolled up, burst out between Tiny's lips like a dam split apart. Crazy, unnatural, desperate words.

"*Hogan! Run! Run! Run!*"

Tiny lurched, flung himself blindly against the partition door. It sprung inward with a crash. Tiny fell on his face on the floor of the back room.

Hogan stood in the middle of the floor two steps away. He stood poised on the balls of his feet, legs braced wide apart. His head was thrust forward, and the little muscles worked in the side of his jaw.

Tiny strained toward him, clawing with his elbows. His voice came high and thin. "They're out front to get you! Saint Rourke and Swell!"

A gun flashed into Hogan's hand. The little jaw muscles steadied and Hogan's face turned white, like marble. He stepped over Tiny and jumped through the door—into the front room.

TINY saw Hogan disappear through the door, and he pressed his face against his hands and listened to the Black Silence. It seemed to float to him from the front room, to endure for eternity; then came the explosion of sounds, like a furious drumbeat in his ears: shuffle of feet, a man sucking in his breath sharply, a soft, slow step, the abrupt, half-muffled burst of gunfire, and the echoes along the walls of Verde Street. He heard something heavy sag against the showcase, slip, and fall to the floor.

Tiny locked and unlocked his fingers in his hair. Hogan was out there—croaked! Put on the spot! Cheek to the floor, brass buttons down, shield in the dirt.

Tiny writhed up from the floor, clutching for the gun in his pocket. Footsteps again, soft and slow. A man coming toward him, into the back room. Maybe it was Saint Rourke with his white hair, or Swell Aggriponi with his shiny eyes. They would kill him now—for giving Hogan the tip.

Tiny watched for a shadow to grow real in the doorway, watched the shadow slide

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1000 Boys

Broke Yesterday

Wealthy today!

Last month Giles Porter had the blues. A circus in town; football season opening—and no money to buy the things he wanted. Giles is now happy for he has his own spending money and is winning such prizes as football and baseball equipment, radio and bicycle. It all came from answering an ad.

Cash and Prizes

Giles is one of many happy Crowell Junior Salesmen. He delivers The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion and Collier's, The National Weekly to regular customers. This only takes a small part of his spare time and he earns money and wins prizes.

It's Easy to Start

There are many readers of these well known magazines in your neighborhood. Send your name and address at once and we will tell you how to locate them.

Mail this coupon Now

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. A-27
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio
Dear Mr. Thayer: Start me toward money and prizes.
My Name .....
Address ..... State .....
Town .....

toward him on the floor. Tiny's fingers tightened on the gun butt. Savage eyes in a white, old-man face.

A form moved into the doorway, stopped. The gun dangled loosely in Tiny's hand, and his thin legs crumpled under him.

"Hogan!"

Hogan leaned against the partition. Tiny saw the double line of brass buttons down his chest, the bright shield against the blue, and long, strong legs as straight as a tree.

Tiny's voice trembled: "I—I thought they got you out there." He crawled to Hogan. He flung his arms around Hogan's knees and sobbed because of the hunger gnawing his heart. "I thought they croaked you! I heard you fall—out there."

Hogan stooped quickly. His arms gathered Tiny, lifted him from the floor. "That wasn't me. Ferget it, kid! Ferget it—see?" Hogan's arms tightened almost fiercely, so that Tiny felt as if he were a part of the body he pressed against, and was filled for a moment with some of the gladness that comes of a body like that.

"Say, Hogan, I—"

"Yeah?"

"*I* knocked off the tree."

Hogan sat Tiny on a box. He stooped, picked up Tiny's brown cap and passed it to the boy. Tiny hung onto Hogan's hand.

"It's all right about the tree, kid. See? Everything's all right. . . . See?"

Making Ourselves at Home in the White House

(*Continued from page 21*)

confided to me that he doubted if the Chief Justice had been able thoroughly to appreciate the improvements since he had not been on the third floor more than once or twice when he lived there.

Perhaps the housekeeper and I delighted in the greater conveniences more fully than others. Hitherto space for household supplies of linen, blankets, and such like had been inadequate and makeshift; now provision had been made for every necessity. The servants' rooms with bath were at one end near the elevator. There were seven other chambers, some with connecting baths; a sewing-room, a pressing-room, a cedar room; a room with wardrobes, cupboards, and drawers for out-of-season clothing; a storeroom for the President's personal effects; and three open storage rooms lighted by overhead windows over the north portico. There wasn't a blind corner anywhere in the whole place. Along one side of the wide corridor were shelves with mirrored doors for linen in daily use and other supplies.

On the tiled roof over the south portico was built a delightful sunroom with glass on three sides equipped with Venetian shades. This I called my "sky parlor" and it was understood that when there I was not to be disturbed unless for some urgent reason. A cot bed, a writing table, some porch furniture, a phonograph, and a portable radio provided comfort and entertainment. I was up there with some friends the day that the Graf Zeppelin

"He has a good personality, BUT we can't have a representative, who says, 'I AIN'T YOU WAS THOSE SORT CAN'T HARDLY and IT'S ME'"

"No, his crude English would offend. A salesman who says, 'THEAYTER GENUWINE and DEEF' has too big a handicap to overcome"

Thousands are held back by Mistakes in English

-yet never know why!

SOMETIMES it is the little, unconsidered "trifles" that check promising careers. A man may make only two or three really bad mistakes in an interview—yet they may completely spoil the favorable first impression created by fine manners, good clothes, and attractive personality.

Your mistakes in English *stand out!* The fact that *you* are unconscious of making them does not prevent those who know good English from noticing and commenting behind your back upon your apparent lack of education. Many a fine opportunity for advancement has been wrecked on the rock of a "little" mistake made in an interview or in writing a letter of application!

Correct Your Unconscious Errors

For the first time in the history of education there is a way to improve your English quickly and surely. Sherwin Cody, perhaps the best-known teacher of practical English, has perfected and patented a remarkable device which will quickly find and correct the mistakes you unconsciously make. Correct English soon becomes a habit.

This method is so remarkably successful because it concentrates, not on useless rules, but on the formation of correct habits. There is no hard study. Only fifteen minutes a day is required, over a short period, and the instruction is guaranteed to improve your English to your satisfaction or it costs you nothing.

Get Free Book on English

Write today for Mr. Cody's new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon or a postal card. Free yourself of the embarrassing errors in English that keep you from feeling sure of yourself wherever you go. You never can achieve your greatest possibilities until you do master English. Write today. Sherwin Cody School of English, 911 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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Guaranteed

HOW many silk stockings carry a *guarantee* of satisfactory service or a new pair? Iron Clads do.

When you buy Iron Clads you buy *more* than guaranteed wear. You buy youth . . . and grace . . . and loveliness. Loveliness that lives in silken softness . . . perfect coloring . . . delicate lustre. Grace that grows from lines that flatter and reveal. Youth that springs from confidence that calf and knee and ankle are clad becomingly.

Ask your dealer for Iron Clads. Ask him to show you his full-fashioned line . . . silk all the way or with mercerized garter tops . . . pointed, square or panel heel . . . in a smart range of colors. You'll be glad to learn that Iron Clads, which wear and wash so well, cost so little.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
204 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

Iron Clad

Iron Clad

passed over Washington. On the table stood the radio, with no tangible connection with the outside world, bringing us music from a distant station, while up there in the air floated that huge, silvery man-made conveyance, bringing people across the wide ocean. Actually I pinched myself to make sure that I was awake and not dreaming of these wonderful things which had been wrought by the marvelous skill and ingenuity of man within a few short years.

I THINK every new Mistress of the President's House is disappointed to find so little of the original furniture there. I know of no piece which has been there from the beginning. I searched the attic and the storehouse to little avail. I found a round mahogany center table with claw feet, the top of which was made in twelve pie-shaped sections inlaid with brass. In each piece, near the edge, brass brads were driven into the wood in the form of a star, an additional one in the center made the number thirteen, and it therefore seemed that the artisan sought to typify the thirteen original states. This I had repaired and refinished and placed in the library. I found also a chair of simple construction with a tattered leather cover bearing a tag which read, "Andrew Jackson's chair," which I had scraped, rubbed, and re-covered and placed in the President's study. This room on the south side of the house was originally the Cabinet room before the Executive offices were built at the end of the west terrace.

In addition to these pieces, I found a lovely old mahogany dining table with brass claw feet. I had that brought up to the house and reconditioned, using it in the private dining-room, but it proved a trifle insecure, for one morning, when the President was having one of his "farm breakfasts" and all the leaves had been put in to make it as long as possible, it collapsed. After that it was taken apart, thoroughly overhauled, and repaired. The old Cabinet table on which the protocol to the treaty of peace with Spain was signed stood in the west end of the second floor corridor. When the Multi-lateral Peace Treaty was signed, it was carried down to the East Room and served in a similar capacity. I think the framework of this table was of black walnut and the center was covered with dark green leather. There were three heavy leather-covered sofas and several chairs of this type which were evidently acquired at the same time.

Distributed about the house were a number of interesting pieces of black walnut furniture, including a pair of beautiful dressers having a mirror in the center extending to the floor and on each side five or six drawers, triangular in shape, which swung out on pivots. There was no record of any of these pieces. An immense black walnut bed was known as the Abraham Lincoln bed, but there is no authority which establishes this as a correct designation. At one time it was called the Prince of Wales bed, for it was said that when the late King Edward visited this country as His Royal Highness, he slept in it. When I went to the White House, it stood in the northwest corner suite. It was my rare privilege to occupy the room which had been President Lincoln's, as a bronze plate on the mantelpiece indicated, and I had this bed moved in there. It was not a four-poster bed, but was of the type being designed in his time, with a very high headboard and a low footboard heavily carved. It was of unusual length and breadth and may well have been designed for the great Emancipator.

Some of the Presidents have installed furniture of their own in the private apartments. We had none and used only that which belonged there. Very little new furniture was purchased but some of it was re-covered and two large mahogany wardrobes were added. Originally, the house had no closets, but when some changes were made at the time the Executive offices were moved, about 1902, closets were put in wherever space was available. Nevertheless, a wardrobe was still required in each room. Up to that time there had been only one bathroom on the second floor, a double affair with one side for the family, the other for guests. In most of the rooms there were large mirrors in massive French gilt frames. It is said that the President who was responsible for the purchase of these was severely criticized for his extravagance.

Hanging on the walls of the rooms on the three lower floors were portraits of all the Presidents except the last two. These will be added to the collection as soon as the Committee of Congress in charge of the selection has decided upon them. An appropriation is made for the purchase of the portraits of the Presidents, but the portraits of the wives of Presidents, with the exception of the one of Mrs. Washington, have been gifts from individuals or organizations. There are comparatively few of these and the one of the wife of our first President hung with his in the Red parlor, the others on the ground floor through which the visitors pass.* My own portrait, the one in the red gown with faithful Rob Roy, the President's dog, was presented by my college fraternity, Pi Beta Phi. At the time of the presentation about three thousand members of the fraternity attended. The White House was receiving its biennial two coats of paint. For this purpose substantial stagings were put in place by a company of experts. These extended across the side of the house on which the painters were at work. At the time of which I write they were on the south side and I must admit they did not add to the attractiveness of the place. A panorama picture had been taken of the group in the south grounds and we had turned to reenter the house when one woman said to another, "It is a beautiful house, isn't it?" to which her friend replied, "Yes, but isn't it too bad that they have to have all those fire escapes?"

I HAD a strong desire to refurnish some of the rooms of the Mansion with furniture of the period in which it was built. A joint resolution was passed by Congress, at my request, authorizing the acceptance of such gifts as people might be induced to make towards this end. I thought I had but to make my wishes known to have them come pouring in, that people who owned rare old pieces would prefer placing them in the White House to be-

*These portraits were moved to the East Room soon after President and Mrs. Hoover came to live in the White House.

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BULOVA *Watches*

Presenting the AMBASSADOR

WITH FLEXIBLE BAND TO MATCH - - - $37.50

15-jewel movement; richly engraved; flexible link band; in presentation box . $37.50

TODAY, your jeweler is introducing the Bulova AMBASSADOR . . . the newest man's watch in the Bulova presentation.

The AMBASSADOR bespeaks, in its clean-cut lines, a spirit truly modern and masculine. Its matching flexible band smartly enhances the beauty of the watch. Its 15-jewel Bulova movement has "earned its spurs in service" . . . it is faithful to its trust—to tell time *on* time throughout the years.

The AMBASSADOR is but one of the many Bulova watches for both men and women, that your jeweler is now showing—all new, smart and modern as the day. Priced from $25 to $2500, Bulova Watches vary in cost only as they vary in design. Each is a dependable timepiece.

Be sure to see this impressive presentation now. Especially the AMBASSADOR!

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY
Fifth Ave., New York *In Canada:* Sterling Tower, Toronto

"LISTEN IN" NIGHTLY FOR BULOVA TIME ANNOUNCEMENTS

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · · EVERYWHERE

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How WELL DRESSED MEN *get that way*

Plain Pattern Shoes Look Best with conservative clothing. Shoes of any smooth-finish leather (black or tan) look best with smooth-finish fabrics. Do not wear heavy shoes of "doggy" design with suits of thin, fine-textured weave.

Fancy Pattern Shoes Look Best with woolly fabrics. Brogues and other standard fancy patterns go well with heavy suits, heavy weather or high old times in the open air. Novelty patterns go best with youthful togs and young ideas.

Sport Shoes Look Best with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. For general playtime wear, men are offered almost unlimited range in their choice of special footwear that's smart and practical, including the new blue and white sport shoes for wear with blue jacket and white flannels.

The first step toward success is to *look* successful! Among well dressed men the basic rule of good usage in footwear is this: *the best and most useful shoes for you are shoes of those various TYPES that go best with the clothes YOU wear and the things YOU do.*

Autumn's here . . . heavier clothing, felt hats, topcoats! Follow your personal whims as to shoe patterns and prices, but wear shoes of the type appropriate to the rest of your apparel if you want to be "right" . . . and look the part. When you dress, select your shoes as carefully as your tie. Don't let "shoe-shame" spoil the whole effect.

For a free copy of the illustrated booklet, *How Well Dressed Men Get That Way*, write to — Executive Advertising Committee, 14th Floor, 260 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

High Shoes Look Best when made in simple and conservative patterns, they are favored by many men for fall and winter wear . . . In all weights (whether browns or blacks) they are good style when worn in accord with these axioms.

Black Shoes Look Best with dark clothing, with blues and all but the lighter grays. Change to heavier weights or high shoes for wintry weather. It's best to wear black shoes *always in the evening.*

Formal Shoes Look Best with formal dress. Certainly there can be no exception to this rigid rule of etiquette: strictly "formal dress", plain-toe footwear of black patent leather should be worn with tuxedo or full evening dress.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

For correct dress as well as correct fitting, consult shoe merchants who display this emblem of leadership. This advertisement is one of a series sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries in collaboration with the National Shoe Retailers' Association.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

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queathing them to a museum. They did not come quite so rapidly as I had anticipated, but a beginning was made and I had the satisfaction of seeing the Green parlor furnished with such pieces as seemed to me appropriate a short time before I came away. It is my hope that additional gifts will be made so that eventually some of the fine old treasures in private collections may adorn the home of our Presidents.

I have often wondered how many visitors pause to look carefully at the front doorway. It will well repay a close inspection. I doubt if a more beautiful one can be found anywhere. I did not fully appreciate it myself until I saw a photograph of it. I tried to learn who designed it and when it was made but was not successful. Since the south side of the house was originally the front it would seem that this doorway may have been executed when the change was made and the back became the front. On the other hand, it may simply have been transferred. As I write I realize for the first time that I never saw the heavy bronze doors closed. When open, they fit into recesses on each side of the entrance and one does not notice that they are there. I recall asking if they were ever shut and was told that they were when the three bells from the President's room indicated that he had retired for the night. An inner vestibule of glass with glass doors served in the daytime during the winter. In summer, this was removed and screen doors put up. The outer gates to the north grounds were closed at midnight.

One of the chief pleasures of living in the White House is that of sharing it with others. We took advantage of this privilege while we were there and were seldom without guests. Two of our friends were virtually members of the family and the blue suite at the southeast corner, overlooking the south grounds and the old-fashioned garden with its lily and goldfish pool, was assigned to them. The large room in this suite was the President's office in the old days and in it was signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

HERE I pause to pay tribute to one of the most beautiful friendships I have ever known. I have carefully avoided personalities, feeling strongly that we have a tendency to deal too much and too lightly with them. This is my one lapse.

In the early days of my husband's Presidency, much was said and written about a short, somewhat stocky friend of his, that he was the this one or that one of the administration, likening him to close advisers of former Presidents. This friend went his quiet way, noting these comparisons, regretting them but giving no sign. He mingled with the newspaper men around the Executive offices, joked with them, talked with them of things in general, won their admiration and affection and told them that as an administration adviser he was a good floorwalker. As time went on they became convinced that he told them the truth. He and I were in the same class as recipients of Presidential confidences. Many a time we have put our heads together and figured out that two and two made four, only to learn later that we had been adding the wrong numbers.

I kept no diary. The engagement pads from my desk are the only records I have, and some day I am going to get them out and make a list of the people whom we have tucked away under the wide-spreading roof of that stately Mansion which we called home for a few years.

I said that my engagement pads were my only records, but perhaps I should have said they were my only daily records. In addition to these I have a set of scrapbooks which were kept for me by a man whom I have never seen. He wrote me that it had been his custom to clip news articles and pictures which were of interest to him and to paste them in his books after supper. It had occurred to him that he might be making some for me at the same time, and to his kindness I am indebted for a set of books which cover the entire period of my husband's Presidency. Under each clipping is written the name of the paper from which it was taken and the date. At Christmas and other holidays, as well as upon family anniversaries, he introduced a card or a picture significant of the event, and occasionally he slipped in the picture of a dog or a cat in recognition of my love for animals. I have also a set of books prepared by the White House social bureau containing entries pertaining to the social events, which include clippings from the local papers describing them, lists of guests invited to the dinners, with small charts showing their seating at table, and lists of guests at the musicals and on the Mayflower.

These were made in duplicate, one set for me and one to be preserved in the bureau archives.

THE week-end trips on the Mayflower were a source of pleasure and relaxation, affording, as they did, a break in the official routine and giving an opportunity to entertain a few friends delightfully. The President usually made up the guest list on these occasions and the invitations went out quite informally over the telephone wires, often giving the recipients scant time allowance for making preparations. They were asked to be on board a few minutes before the hour of sailing in order that all might be in readiness to shove off as soon as the President went aboard. The guests were assembled on the afterdeck and at the conclusion of the playing of the Star Spangled Banner we were escorted aft to greet them. Often I did not know the identity of some of them until this moment and many a happy surprise came to me in this way. I have never outgrown my childish enjoyment of the unexpected.

The party usually numbered ten or twelve, for the ship did not afford sleeping accommodations for more. Leaving time was generally set for two o'clock of a Saturday afternoon and we did not return until Monday morning. We cruised down the Potomac as far as Point Lookout, a distance of about ninety miles, where we anchored for the night. In the morning, we continued on into Chesapeake Bay. Church services were held on deck in warm weather, in the dining saloon when the day was wet or cold. To these Sunday services came the President and his guests, the ship's officers, and members of the crew who were not on duty. A chaplain from the Navy conducted the meeting and preached a short sermon, while a stringed orchestra from the Navy Band played a processional and a recessional

When you envy such beautiful teeth

do you ever stop to think "How many of *my* 32 teeth are still sound?" How many have survived the mouth acids resulting from food fermentation...the acids which tear mildly yet savagely at the enamel until cavities start? It is not too late to check this destroyer! Your sound teeth *will remain sound* if you put Pebeco to work immediately. Pebeco stimulates the saliva flow, checking "acid-mouth" as it whitens the teeth. *Try it one week*...and you will realize its exceptional value.

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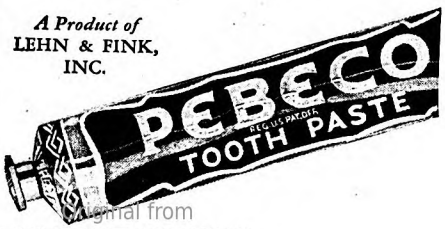

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and accompanied the hymns. A special blessing seemed to rest upon that little company assembled to worship God, and something of the religious zeal which brought our Pilgrim forefathers across the mighty ocean came to me during those services on board the good ship which bore the name of theirs.

I received a letter from an anxious mother once who wrote that she had brought up her son to go to church, but since he had grown up, married, and acquired an automobile he had departed somewhat from the custom of his youth and went off with his family in the car instead of attending church services. She had pleaded with him and reasoned with him, but her entreaties seemed of no avail, and finally she had said to him, "The President and Mrs. Coolidge always go to church on Sunday." He had differed with her and said that they went off on their boat. Still she maintained that they attended church before they started and appealed to me to corroborate her statement. I replied, telling her about the Sunday morning services on shipboard whenever we were out over the Sabbath, and I hope that her tender solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her son was rewarded.

THE Sunday papers were brought to us by a Navy hydroplane. Her departure from the Naval air station was communicated to us by wireless, and at the time calculated for her arrival we lined up by the guard rail to catch the first glimpse of her as she took shape upon the horizon. When she drew near, the command was given to stop the engines and the plane circled around us, lighting upon the surface of the water like a huge dragon fly. In the meantime one of our surf-boats had been made ready, manned by half a dozen sailor boys in cork jackets, and was lowered and rowed out to the plane to take off the papers. Occasionally, if the surface of the water was not too rough, the plane was brought up under our stern, a line was thrown out, to which the papers were attached and then drawn aboard. Her mission accomplished, with a whir and a buzz her engines were started, she skimmed the water, picked up speed, arose into the air, headed into the wind, and was off on her return to the Navy Yard.

Moving pictures provided entertainment in the evening. On warm nights, the screen was put up on the fan-tail, the sailors seated in front of it, with the President and his guests looking on from the upper deck. In the moonlight the setting was superb. Often on Saturday afternoons we attended exciting baseball or football games by radio, and it is rather interesting that news of the successful flights of two of the young Americans of whom we are most proud, one over the far-off North Pole, the other over the mighty ocean, came to us on shipboard by means of that modern development, the radio.

On Sunday nights, we came to anchor off Haynes Point, near the War College, and while we were at breakfast the next morning, anchor was weighed and the ship maneuvered into her dock at the Navy Yard. Good-bys were said and we returned to the duties of the new week refreshed in spirit and with renewed strength and enthusiasm.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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THIS PICTURESQUE WORLD

BY WILLARD

EVEN the monkeys in the jungles may learn to play bridge by radio in the near future. Completion of a huge radio station in Kenya, Darkest Africa, extends the broadcasting field to the last out-of-the-way spot in the world.

Bridging the Ocean with Man-Made Islands

(*Continued from page 4*)

constantly on the course. In fact, he would have to fly more than 200 miles off the course before he would fail to receive signals.

Q. But how about night flying? Won't additional precautions be necessary?

A. Surely. For night flying we will have the seadrome equipped with powerful searchlights. Lighted route buoys are another possibility.

Q. But forced landings are sometimes necessary. What would happen then?

A. Well, of course we will use flying boats of the amphibian type, capable of landing on the water as well as the deck of a seadrome. Then, each plane will have a wireless set and even telephone apparatus aboard. At every seadrome there will be an extra plane ready to take off in emergencies and a sea sled or small-type cruiser to go to the rescue as soon as a derrick could lower it into the water.

Q. You have given 1,100 feet as the length of the seadrome. For a heavily loaded plane isn't that a comparatively short space for a landing or take-off?

A. On the contrary. Amphibian planes of the type we have in mind for the service can land easily in even 500 or 600 feet without brakes, and we believe that braked wheels will have been tested successfully before we are ready to begin. Another point to keep in mind is that because of the unobstructed approach of a plane to the seadrome, the landing deck of 1,100 feet is equivalent to the 2,000 feet runway usually specified for land fields.

Q. The thought arises about supplies. How are these to be taken to the seadrome?

A. The planes themselves will carry perishable foodstuffs and emergency supplies. The staples, gasoline, water, etc., will be brought by steamer.

Q. But if the steamer is cast about by waves and the seadrome is stationary, what is to prevent the two from crash-

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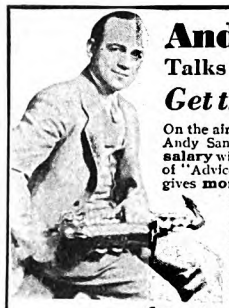

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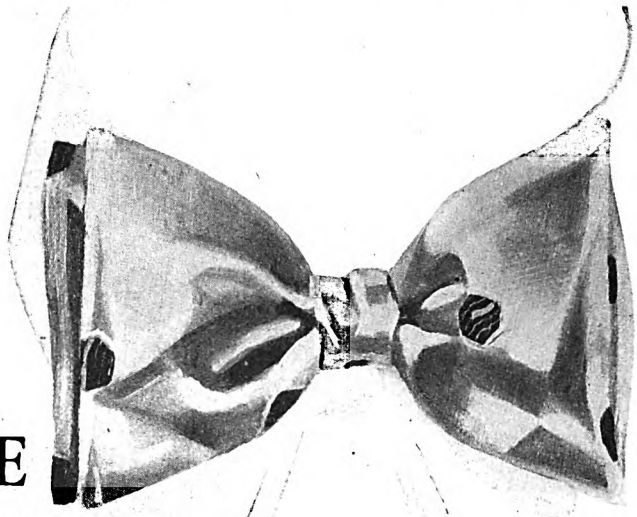

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THIS PICTURESQUE WORLD

ALMOST the exact routes of the old stagecoach and pony express trails are followed today by the New York-Los Angeles air-rail passenger route. Shadows of the planes flit along the passes where riders and stages were ambushed by Indians and bandits seventy-one years ago.

ing while supplies are being unloaded?

A. A collision will be averted by a cable haulage system known as telpherage. The boat will be pulling away from the seadrome sufficiently to permit cables between them. Supplies will be transferred over these cables.

Q. But even so, isn't it possible that a sea could be of such force that it would whip a steamer into the seadrome, the vessel being powerless to resist the impact?

A. No, I think not. As the ship nears the drome, compressed air will be forced out of many holes in the below-water structure. This has the effect of quelling even violent waves. The sea becomes so quiet, in fact, that a rowboat could be used without danger.

Q. What about corrosion and fouling? I have always understood that ships had to be scraped and painted very often to prevent the sea water from causing them to corrode and to remove the accumulated barnacles from the bottom. Will the seadrome not be subject to the same conditions?

A. That is true, but as far as barnacles are concerned, they will not affect the seadromes. They tend to slow up ships by increasing resistance, but the 'dromes are built to stay in one place, and thus resistance does not enter into the problem. As for corrosion, the legs of the 'dromes and other under-water parts will be treated with a special alloy which will prevent corrosion for a long time and give them an under-water life of at least twenty years. By that time, it seems entirely likely that so many new ideas will have been evolved that the old 'dromes would be replaced anyway. . . .

The cross-examination seemed to have ended in complete victory for Mr. Armstrong.

"LANGLEY," as the first seadrome is to be called, is taking shape in the Delaware Bay, about fourteen miles west of Cape May, on the Delaware side. It will weigh 28,000 tons, of which 14,000 are steel, and will cost approximately $1,750,000.

Sections of four "legs" each are being built in the Philadelphia Navy Yard and then towed to the assembling point. From

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there the complete unit will be towed to a point about 395 miles south and east of New York, where it will be anchored.

Meanwhile, the structure is being tested thoroughly as construction progresses, so that the seadrome platform will already have felt the weight of many airplanes in arrival and departure long before it is sent out to sea.

Armstrong and his backers believe that by June or July regular service will have been initiated from New York, Atlantic City, and Boston to Bermuda. Here is a typical time-table of the future:

Miles	*EASTBOUND*			
0	NEW YORK	lv.	9:00 A. M.	2:30 P. M.
395	LANGLEY	ar.	12:00 NOON	5:30 P. M.
—	LANGLEY	lv.	12:30 P. M.	6:00 P. M.
750	HAMILTON	ar.	3:30 P. M.	9:00 P. M.

Miles	*WESTBOUND*			
0	HAMILTON	lv.	7:00 A. M.	4:30 P. M.
355	LANGLEY	ar.	10:00 A. M.	7:30 P. M.
—	LANGLEY	lv.	10:30 A. M.	8:00 P. M.
750	NEW YORK	ar.	1:30 P. M.	11:00 P. M.

The present time between New York and Hamilton by steamer is about forty-seven hours. It will be noticed that in most cases a half-hour stop is scheduled for "Langley." This will permit ample time for meals while the plane is being overhauled. If passengers wish to stay over until the next plane they may do so, a roomy and comfortable hotel supplying the entertainment.

ARMSTRONG estimates that a permanent force of forty-three men and women will be necessary to maintain the seadrome at highest efficiency. The hotel, which will be leased, probably will need a personnel of at least twenty more. Thus "Langley" will start its existence with a resident population of more than sixty.

It is interesting to note that already the secretaries of several national organizations have written Armstrong asking whether conventions could be held on "Langley." The answer is affirmative.

The seadrome development, of course, is a purely profit-making project. Armstrong and his associates have prepared hypothetical expenses and receipts for an "average" year of seadrome travel be-

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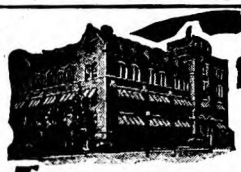

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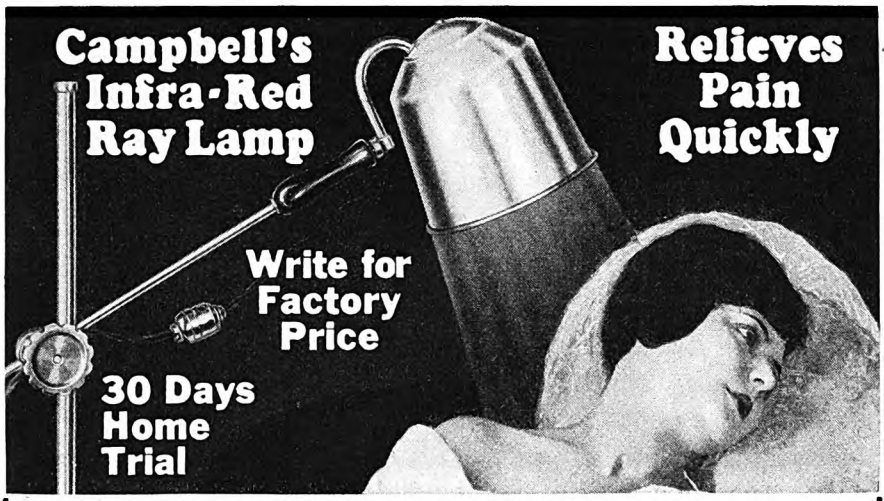

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tween New York and Bermuda, once the service has become established in public favor. On a basis of 1,920,000 airplane miles flown annually, the operating cost of flying is estimated at $1,500,000, of which $415,200 is the operating cost of the seadrome itself. With the gross annual income from passengers and mail estimated at $3,450,000, the net income is put at $1,950,000.

As to the cost to the individual passenger, the rate, based on a fair volume of business, is put tentatively at around ten cents a mile, or close to $150 for a round trip. Winter rates on a motor ship for the same distance compare favorably with this figure. A room without bath on "C deck," for instance, costs from $150 to $175.

If traffic grows heavier than anticipated it is quite possible that rates will be reduced to seven or five cents a mile under special service conditions.

The Sikorsky type amphibians, which will probably be used on the seadromes, are built for twelve passengers, a pilot, and an assistant pilot. The passengers will be lodged in comfortable chairs that can be adjusted for reclining. In the cabin will be placed visual radio indicators to show how the pilot is adhering to his course. Magazines, newspapers, and recent fiction will be supplied to help pass the time.

AS SOON as (and if) the first seadrome proves practicable, construction of a second will be instituted at once; and a third and a fourth and so on, until eight have been finished for the transocean route. One stop would be made in the Azores at the Isle of Flores, thus saving the passengers from becoming too homesick for a sight of honest-to-goodness land.

Here is the nine-stop route from New York to Brest as now planned for five years hence:

New York	*Lat.*	*Long.*	*Mileage*
Langley	36′40″	68′	395
Chanute	38′10″	61′50″	808
Wright	39′15″	54′25″	1221
Maxim	39′45″	46′45″	1634
Hargrave	39′50″	39′	2047
Flores	39′30″	31′15″	2460
Henson	42′10″	25′15″	2823
Phillips	44′40″	18′50″	3186
Farman	46′40″	12′	3549
Brest	48′20″	4′20″	3911

It will be observed that the seadromes have been named for men who have contributed much to the science of aëronautics.

Under such a schedule as is shown above some of the seadromes would be junctions. "Langley," for instance, would be used by planes from Boston, Norfolk, and Atlantic City, as well as from New York. "Wright" would connect with Halifax. "Hargrave" would serve as the first stop of planes from St. Johns, Newfoundland. Crossing eastward, passengers for Spain would transfer at "Phillips" for Vigo. And "Farman" could be used as a junction for Plymouth or Bordeaux. Express service with stops at several seadromes omitted is a possibility.

Six others seadromes, judiciously anchored in the Atlantic, would provide access to all of the existing or projected land airlines in North and South America, Europe, and Africa.

One of these six would be placed be-

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tween Bermuda and Cuba; another east and slightly south of the Azores, furnishing service to Lisbon and to Gibraltar. The remaining four would go in the South Atlantic, two on a direct line from Senegal to Pernambuco, Brazil, and the other two between Pernambuco and South West Africa. On the latter route stops would be made at Ascension Island and St. Helena.

But there is another mighty ocean and the imagination of Armstrong does not stop with the Atlantic. On his outline chart of the world the inventor has penned red dots which would narrow the Pacific and bring the Orient within forty-eight hours of California. Three seadromes between San Francisco and Honolulu, two on different routes between Hawaii and Wake Island, two others by way of Guam to the Philippines, still another between New Zealand and Australia—these and the South Sea Island stops necessary would tend to reduce the restless Pacific to—in point of time needed in traversing it—only a major lake.

TO FINANCE twenty-two seadromes and put them in operation would require an investment of around $65,000,000 for both the 'dromes and the planes. But this vast amount becomes more or less insignificant when compared to the cost of ocean liners. The 104 leading ships of ten lines, with a total register of 1,901,135 tons, are valued at approximately $575,000,000.

On the basis of about 1,000,000 passengers a year on transatlantic lines alone (about half the present ship loads), a provisional figure of ten cents a passenger mile would net about three cents in profit per passenger for every mile flown, or a total net profit of above $100,000,000 annually.

To carry a million passengers a year, 560 planes would be required. These could be purchased in the neighborhood of $30,000,000 as compared with the $300,000,000 now invested in ships carrying that number of passengers.

The seadromes, of course, would have uses other than as stations for passenger-carriers. Freight and mail no doubt would be carried by planes using them. And we would still stay within the realms of possibility if we foresaw the employment of seadromes as stations in transatlantic telephony and if we predicted that they would be used as life-saving stations, with crews ready to put out if stormy seas endangered shipping.

Even so, it may seem somewhat puzzling that successful business men and financiers have invested $2,500,000 in what seemingly is only a set of plans. The answer is, of course, that the seadrome's practicability, so far as science can demonstrate anything in advance of accomplishment, has already been proved.

As early as 1870 William Fronde, research expert in naval architecture, discovered by means of experiments made on models of proposed ships that it was possible to predetermine their performances at sea, both in regard to power necessary for desired speed and seaworthiness when exposed to wind and waves. All new and important designs covering proposed ships are now tested in model form in naval basins before final construction is determined upon. Armstrong has done the same with his seadrome.

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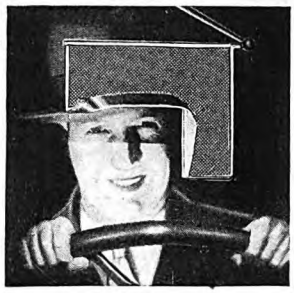

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As mentioned before, it was in 1913 that Armstrong, then thirty-six years old, first hit upon the seadrome idea. A native of Mount Forest, Ontario, he had come to the United States at the age of twenty. He built railroads, served in the Ohio National Guard for the duration of the Spanish-American War, constructed levees on the Mississippi, toiled in Texas oil fields, designed boats, became an expert in aëronautical science, and installed electrical equipment.

He became proficient in civil, mining, mechanical, automotive, electrical, and chemical engineering and was something of a naval architect. He could also pilot a plane, having done his first flying in 1911 at Saginaw, Michigan.

Then, about the time of the start of the World War, Armstrong was employed by the Du Ponts and was sent to their plant in Hopewell, Virginia. His work was so successful that he was appointed to head a new department, known as the mechanical experimental division. The new department was charged with inventing, designing, and testing machinery for every new process decided upon in bettering or cheapening the manufacture of explosives and all other products made by the Du Pont Company. To cite a few items, Armstrong sponsored and perfected the mechanical process for recovery of bromine from sea water; he made possible the recovery of glycerin from the fermentation products resulting from the manufacture of alcohol; he improved mechanical processes in the manufacture of celluloid, paints, and chemicals and the complete range of explosives.

But during all of these years Armstrong did not lose sight of the seadrome idea. It was not until 1922, however—nine years after he first decided that such an invention was to prove inevitable if the air was to be used in transocean travel—that he built his first model. In all, he has constructed a dozen models, none changed radically from his first one. One of the most important changes was the decision to streamline wherever possible, lowering the resistance by nine times.

I WATCHED a test of a six-foot model of the seadrome and the transatlantic liner Majestic, modeled on the same scale, in a pond at the rear of the Armstrong residence. At one corner of the pond was a "wave-making machine," a simple enough process by which, at the sweep of a lever, a board coursed through the water, setting up a gigantic disturbance. The water once ruffled, it was breath-taking to watch the miniature "storm" and its effect on the two models. The seadrome was found unaffected by any combination of waves up to and including those representing 180 feet in height. The Majestic model, on the other hand, was swamped under waves scaling to 60 feet.

The reason for the stability of the seadrome is that ocean waves are generated by the wind and are not felt at a comparatively short distance below the surface. In the Atlantic, the water is almost eternally calm fifty feet below the normal surface. The energy in waves can be made effective only by breaking up the orbital movement which constitutes them. A ship, floating as it does entirely in the wave disturbance zone, breaks up the orbital wave motion and results in a velocity of big waves of from 40 to 60 miles an hour. This accounts for the great destructive power on shipping or seacoast, although a fragile bottle may ride out a hundred storms in the open ocean because it is not heavy enough to break up orbital motion and change it to a wrecking force.

Even after his small model had proved successful Armstrong decided on one more test. Accordingly, in August a seadrome, modeled one thirty-second of "Langley's" proportions, was built in Chester, Pennsylvania, and towed down the Delaware for experiments. Winds had no effect on it. High waves met with sublime indifference.

BUT engineering problems are not the only ones to be met and conquered. Any proposal so vast in its implications affecting the future of transportation creates numerous international puzzles.

In the first place, diplomats will probably be given headaches in trying to decide whether a seadrome is a vessel, subject to navigation laws, or an island, subject to territorial jurisdiction. The Bureau of Navigation of the Department of Commerce has stated that the seadrome could not be regarded as a vessel because it will not be used as a medium of transportation of passengers or freight. On the other hand, an authority on international law has declared that the seadrome could not be considered as an island.

Will other nations agree to ownership or operation of them by the American government, thus giving the United States, for the first time in its history, commercial supremacy of the seas?

And then there is the military question. Were the seadromes to be used for military purposes, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand planes could cross the ocean in forty-eight hours and form bombing squads to spread death and destruction.

The suggestion has been made that operation of the seadrome system should be put in the hands of the League of Nations or some similar organization. Another proposal is that the system constitute a separate nation with each seadrome forming a separate state. This appears far-fetched, perhaps; but the possibilities of the seadrome present a complicated problem. And very soon, according to all indications, it will be a live one.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Garibaldi, the famous Italian patriot, once lived on Staten Island, N. Y., where he was employed in a factory that made soap and candles.

⊙

The late Marshal Foch of France was widely quoted in Germany as a military authority long before the World War broke out.

When James Russell Lowell embarked upon a literary career he gave up a profession that is rarely associated with his name: the law.

⊙

Vesuvius, when in violent eruption in 1906, destroyed 200,000 acres of vineyards, farms, and forests, burying them under oceans of hot ashes.

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Minute Men of the Air

(*Continued from page 41*)

those in Utica with Buffalo, and those in Buffalo—

"Suddenly we were startled by the bigness of the idea. The same thought was in every mind: Why not apply the relay plan to the entire United States? Why stop with Buffalo, or Chicago, or Omaha? Let our message hop onward to the Pacific itself!

"Older men might have scoffed at such a daring suggestion, based as it was only on the fact that we had relayed a message less than thirty miles; but these young men saw a vision, and cheered. Back they went to their attics to work with a new determination.

"That year, pursuant to a law passed in 1912, the government published a call-book that contained the names of all amateurs who had passed the tests to obtain transmitting licenses. The names listed in the book showed that in the country several thousand amateurs already had licenses. More amateur stations were in operation than government and commercial combined.

"Amateur clubs began to be formed. The lone workers got together, exchanged ideas, helped each other to improve their sets. Clubs in one town got in touch with those in the next. Our relay idea didn't look quite so ridiculous now.

"In 1914 we organized the American Radio Relay League, invited every amateur who would to join, and on February 22, 1918, a Washington's Birthday message was relayed out of Davenport, Iowa, to all parts of the Union entirely by an amateur network. And in the next February, a message actually was relayed from Hartford to the Pacific and back again in one hour and twenty minutes.

"It is a significant fact that only five stations took part in the latter relay. In three years' time, by organized effort, we had stretched less than thirty miles into almost three thousand, and we had broadened our relay jumps from about twelve miles to an average of 750 miles. The amateur had 'arrived.'"

MR. MAXIM might have added that the original conception of a nation-wide amateur relay system had been his own; that it was he and another Hartford amateur, C. D. Tuska, who wrote letters to every amateur listed in the national call-book, inviting them to join in a relay league.

It was a great vision, that of Maxim and his crony Tuska, who later was to become chief engineer to the largest manufacturer of radio receiving sets in America. They knew these attic workers. They knew their courage, their patience, their resourcefulness in difficulty. Many of these lone experimenters were astonishingly able—as you shall see. All were zealously in earnest.

Thought Maxim, as he toiled at his own experiments, what a power these isolated workers would become if by some magic they could be brought together in united effort. What a reserve army they would be to science if order could be injected into their work, a directing force put behind it!

Months he had been pondering this,

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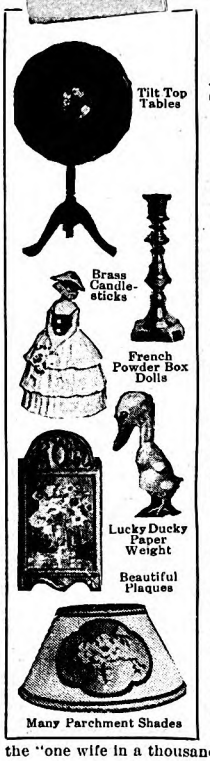

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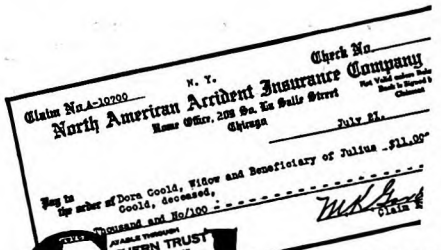

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talking to Tuska about it, proposing plans, discarding them. True, most of the amateurs in radio were schoolboys—their average age wasn't more than sixteen years probably—but boys grow up, Maxim argued, and radio, too, was young. He was thinking into the future, planning years ahead.

Then came his relay idea.

ABOUT three hundred amateurs answered the first call of the League. There were no dues. When expenses came along, Maxim or Tuska dug down into their own pockets and paid them. They wrote innumerable letters, reached as many amateurs as they could by radio, and slowly the organization began to assume form, relay lines to be established, interest to grow. A monthly magazine, called *QST*, was started for the interchange of news and information of a practical sort.

In 1917, when that first transcontinental message was flashed by relay across the nation and back again, the A. R. R. L. was an incorporated body with almost 4,000 members. Its relay lines crossed every state. One East Coast station actually had been heard direct by a West Coast station—and over in Westfield, New Jersey, an amateur, Charles E. Apgar, had trod the road to national glory.

Apgar had become suspicious of the great German wireless station at Sayville, Long Island. We had not yet entered the war and this station was supposed to be neutral, but Apgar had doubts that it was. So he tuned in his homemade set on the German radio giant, copied on phonograph records its transmissions, and thereby provided evidence for the government to take it over.

Amateur radio was becoming something of a giant itself in those early months of 1917. Several manufacturers were catering to amateur needs in equipment. The relay lines of the League were handling tens of thousands of messages monthly, and Maxim's dream of united effort seemed on the verge of being realized.

And then America declared war.

Coincident with that war declaration two things happened: A ban was placed on the operation of all amateur radio apparatus, and a representative of the Navy Department called on President Maxim and Vice President A. A. Herbert of the Relay League.

"We need skilled radio men," said the naval officer. "We must have experienced relayers, instructors, operators, repair men. Can you give them to us?"

"How many do you want?" asked Maxim.

"Five hundred," came the reply.

"How soon?"

"At once. Within ten days."

A last broadcast went out over the League's relay routes, over those invisible lines strung from attic to attic by schoolboys. In war a boy is a man when he becomes eighteen years old, and it was as men that these boys responded. Within ten days the Navy had its five hundred—it could have had treble that number.

Whereupon amateur antennæ were lowered, transmitters were sealed, receivers were dismantled. The magazine, *QST*, stopped publication as three thousand additional A. R. R. L. members followed those first five hundred volunteers. The League's headquarters in Hartford closed its desks and drew down its blinds, and on its locked door the last departing boy hung a placard, "Gone to War." Seven in every eight of the League's members were in uniform!

Afterward?

"There was no league after the war," said Mr. Maxim. "We had only thirty-three dollars in the treasury. The ban on amateur radio continued in force for almost another year. It looked at times as if the amateur in radio were done.

"However, eleven days after the armistice, I called a meeting of the old directors that was the first of a series of meetings over a period of months. It was decided to revive the League if possible, to employ a paid secretary, to buy *QST* from Mr. Tuska, who was its owner, and to do all this by selling $7,500 in bonds to whatever old members would subscribe.

"In July, 1919, the first post-war issue of *QST* was printed, with money lent by the printer himself. It was sent out with a complete statement of the facts: That the League no longer existed save on paper; that it was without assets and in debt; and that if it was to be revived, the bonds would have to be bought, secured though they were only by a promise.

"Remember, not an amateur station was working, not one, and we had no positive assurance that they would ever again be permitted to work. Practically every nation in the world was opposed to licensing amateurs. The big commercial companies were hostile to us. The feeling was growing that the air was too valuable to allow even a small part of it to be taken up by a 'bunch of boys.' The only supporters we had were the Army and the Navy. They remembered.

"Despite this, on the very day that the magazine went out, subscriptions to the bonds began to pour in. As one man, the old members subscribed to that bond issue.

"The summer went by. Again we had a league, but it was a league under ban. We kept hammering at Washington, and at last, during October, the ban was lifted. There was a rush of amateurs to get back on the air. The League went on."

SINCE Marconi's first experiments, experts had regarded the long wave-lengths as essential to long-distance transmission. The radio law of 1912 confirmed this belief. The wave-lengths up to 21,000 meters were allocated to long-distance services. Those around 1,000 meters were assigned to services with more limited range needs. The amateur, looked upon as a nuisance, was told to stay below 200 meters and keep his power within one kilowatt. That, it was felt, doomed the amateur to the confines of his own back yard.

The experts, however, didn't know the amateur. He grumbled mightily at the crumbs dropped to him, as was natural, but then with insatiable curiosity he began to put those crumbs to use.

When the war interrupted his activities, the boy in the attic had been on the verge of a great discovery. After the war, he cracked that discovery wide open and made it his very own. Those short waves, discarded so contemptuously by the professionals, were the long-distance waves! The experts were wrong!

During 1920 and 1921, amateurs working the 200-meter wave-length flashed

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their messages back and forth across the continent and even down to Panama. Maxim in Hartford started a message to Los Angeles and got an answer back in six and one-half minutes. The signals of an American amateur were picked up at Gibraltar. Canada joined the League.

In December, 1921, the League sent one of its members, Paul Godley, to Scotland. At the very edge of the sea on a bleak Scottish moor, Godley pitched a tent and set up therein a receiving apparatus. While the rain poured down and Godley nearly froze in the drafty tent, the amateurs back home shot signals at him. In ten days he logged twenty-seven American amateur stations operating on the despised 200 meters.

The next goal was two-way communication with Europe. Tests were arranged with English and French stations but they failed. Americans were heard in Europe and the foreign amateurs were heard in America, but the signals were erratic, undependable. Then some bold spirit, adventure in his blood, dropped his wavelength to 110 meters and by the close of 1923 two-way communication with Europe was a fact. More, American amateurs were talking across the Pacific with Hawaii!

"THE development of short-wave radio transmission is one of the outstanding examples of amateur endeavor," said Mr. Maxim. "By the summer of 1924 amateurs had experimented as far down as 20 meters. On this low wave-length it was found that transcontinental communication was practicable at high noon, that the 20-meter signals were actually stronger in daylight than at night. European communication had now become matter-of-fact; the Pacific was conquered and regular communication established with New Zealand and Australia; South America was worked with the greatest ease; and finally South Africa was reached.

"Language is no barrier. Messages are sent by Continental Code in an abbreviated form developed by the amateurs themselves and understood by amateurs the world over. There is not an amateur of any experience who hasn't friends in a dozen countries. The amateurs of thirty nations are organized and coöperate on a world scale through the International Amateur Radio Union."

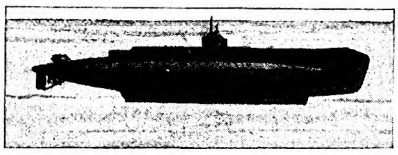
Mr. Maxim believes that these amateurs, now 30,000 strong and growing in numbers daily, represent a tremendous force for world peace—that possibilities of great future scientific attainment are foreshadowed by what they have achieved.

The regenerative circuit, on the principle of which every modern radio set is based in some degree, was invented by an amateur.

The first practical single-control broadcast receiver was built by an amateur several years before this type of receiver, now in millions of homes, was adopted commercially.

A recent incomplete survey of radio concerns disclosed forty-two ex-amateurs in presidential chairs: forty-seven serving as vice presidents, secretaries, or treasurers; ninety-four as chief engineers and engineers; forty-eight as managers and special executives; and twelve as owners or partners. In the broadcasting field the operating personnel of many a famous sta-

Over every inch of surface water searches for a pinhole



SIXTY feet under the surface the submarine moves serenely on. Tons of water press against every foot of surface . . . even the slightest opening would soon render the ship useless. But the officers and crew know that there is no danger . . . her steel sides . . . the care and engineering skill used in construction, will protect the ship and what it contains.

In a burial vault, as in a submarine, there can be no compromise with perfection. Costliness and beauty mean nothing at all if it is possible for water to enter at one single spot.

The Clark Grave Vault—built with the care and skill that goes into a submarine—is the one final answer to those who buy a burial vault for *protection* from water. Like the submarine, the Clark is built of metal, the most impermeable of all materials. Like the submarine the Clark must withstand pressure, and each Clark is tested under 5,000 pounds of water.

All seams in the Clark are double welded—no putty or other filler. They are even stronger than the sturdy 12-gauge specially processed Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel itself. Each Clark carries a 50-year guaranty.

Solid copper, 10 gauge in thickness, is used in making the beautiful Clark de luxe model. It is guaranteed perpetually.

Because of its beauty, and—most of all—because of the dependable protection on which its long-established leadership is built, the Clark Vault is selected by those who want to leave nothing undone that will express their love for those who have passed on. In its permanency it symbolizes imperishable memories.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all.

An inverted glass tumbler placed in water will not fill. That is the diving bell principle, an immutable law of nature, employed in Clark Vault designing. No man-made seals or locks . . . the Clark Vault *needs* none. It never fails to give complete protection.

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio
Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

Clark Vaults can be obtained through better funeral directors everywhere, in the following models:

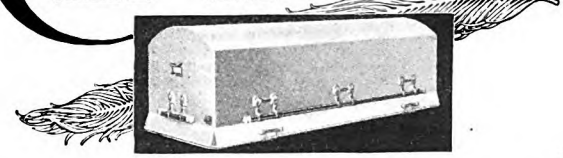
Gray and White Lacquer Finish

Silver Tone and Copper Finish, Cadmium Plated by Udylite Process

De Luxe, 10 Gauge Solid Copper

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

CLARK



GRAVE VAULT

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"What'll we name her, Skipper?"

"Weel, she kind o' 'minds me o' the Queen O' The Seas. Smart a craft as ever sailed...see how I put this glue here, so's we can set the mast all proper." Sure! The handiest tool in the work shop. LePage's Liquid Glue. Always ready for use. Good cabinet makers always use LePage's in making joints, even if they also use nails or screws. Stands 3000 lbs. shearing strain per square inch. Stronger than the fibers of the wood it joins. Its slow-setting helps amateurs make perfect joints.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

tion was found to be made up entirely of men who had been amateurs. An average of one ex-amateur was found in every broadcasting station in the country.

When MacMillan was organizing his Arctic Expedition of 1923 he came to the League for radio equipment, and a League member went North on the Bowdoin as operator. For the first time in history, an Arctic explorer maintained regular communication with the outside world—on amateur apparatus, through amateurs.

Again, in 1925, MacMillan used amateur radio, and in the following year Wilkins took two amateurs with him into the Arctic. Likewise, amateurs handled the bulk of Byrd's Arctic communications and today three of the four radio men with him in the Antarctic are amateurs.

Dr. Hamilton Rice, exploring the jungles of the Amazon, vainly tried to maintain communication with long-wave commercial stations. At last, in desperation, he turned to short-wave transmission and for months relied upon amateur contact in the United States for ordering supplies and sending in reports.

On June 5, 1926, a Russian amateur, on a short-wave set, picked up the first faint S O S of Nobile's wrecked expedition in the Arctic. He gave that news to the world through an American amateur seven thousand miles away on our own Pacific Coast.

"DURING 1928," said Mr. Maxim, "nine expeditions were depending upon amateur contact for communication with this country. Most of them had amateurs as operators and amateur-built radio apparatus. Furthermore, since 1919, amateur radio has been the principal, and often the only, means of outside communication in more than sixteen storm and flood emergencies in this country."

That marvelously efficient relay system of the A. R. R. L. has become the nation's Last Line of Communication in disaster, and those boys of the attic laboratories have become the modern American Minute Men of Space.

On March 13, 1928, the St. Francis dam of the Los Angeles water supply gave way. Ten towns were in the pathway of the flood, which carried death and destruction with it. Every regular means of communicating with the world was wiped out.

Help was needed desperately. Somehow, the Red Cross had to be notified. At 4:30 o'clock in the morning, while the helpless officials of Santa Paula pressed about him, a seventeen-year-old boy, C. A. Primmer, on a transmitter he had built himself, sent from the stricken area the amateurs' Q R R call of distress.

They hadn't much confidence in Primmer, those officials of flooded Santa Paula. They hadn't much confidence in his home-made set. But in Oakland a veteran amateur, W. A. Hammond, was still at his receiver. He caught Primmer's call, telephoned it to San Francisco, and shortly his message came back to Primmer that supplies and workers would be on the way. Amateur radio then took up the burden of communication, as station after station arose to the emergency. That night Primmer was still on duty at his key.

THE Florida hurricane of 1926, the Mississippi and New England floods of 1927, and the second Florida hurricane, of 1928, saw the amateur Minute Men in heroic action. Hundreds played a major rôle in maintaining that "Last Line."

In New England, when the authorities went to the amateurs for help, they found them already in touch with the outside. They had crawled from flooded homes and shops, often leaving dead relatives or comrades behind them, to erect emergency aërials, to borrow batteries for power, and in some instances actually to build transmitting apparatus on the spot to replace that demolished. Red Cross, Army, press, railroads, public, turned as one to the amateur, and those Yankee amateurs, as one man, "came through."

Florida amateurs in 1928 made ready *in advance* of the hurricane. An amateur set in the Virgin Islands had flashed out warning of the oncoming storm. At 1:30 A. M. in Palm Beach, Ralph Hollis, a fireman, and Forrest Dana, a civil engineer, hunted up a radio dealer and bought batteries to prepare Hollis' station, 4AFC, for the worst.

It came. The antennæ went, and it seemed that the building would go with it. Flying bricks and débris drove the two men into the open, but they managed to rescue their apparatus and set it up again in another spot. From Monday to Thursday of that terrible week Amateur Station 4AFC was continuously on the air. Through it, assisted by other amateurs, the relief machinery of the Army and Red Cross was set into motion, and supplies started in for the thousands of destitute.

Both men "carried on" as volunteers, though about them men were injured and died, and buildings crashed. It was "one more for the book" of amateur radio!

The Race is Not Always to the Swift nor to the Hard-boiled

(*Continued from page 53*)

beautiful; it is the way they are combined that makes the structure what it is.

I was to have twenty-five minutes, a generous allowance, considering that Mr. Shoup had worked until midnight every night that week.

He was shy about being interviewed—until he understood that his experiences would be invaluable to a myriad of readers.

"But the story of my life," he insisted, a smile wrinkling his firm, lean face, "is a bald and uninteresting narrative; something like Mark Twain's diary, which, you know, he discontinued after six months because he found the only items he had to record were, 'Got up, washed, and went to bed.'"

"Only, in your case," I reminded him, "that should be paraphrased, 'Got up, washed, *worked like the dickens until midnight*, and went to bed.'"

Three precious minutes gone!

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"Straight Into My Life You've Brought The Greatest Happiness"

"I have, as you know, been a Club member for more than five months and in that time I've earned $121.25—and just in spare moments at home. It is all too wonderful and I can scarcely realize it myself.

"You know how hard it is for a young 'married girl'—I am only 24 years old—to give up all the pretty things she was used to before her marriage. Well, I am one of those girls, or rather I was until I joined the Pin Money Club.

"My husband had always been 'dead against' a married woman working. But he says this is different—he doesn't call it work and he thinks it is fine for me. Here's a whisper: he's downright proud of me!

"I know lots of my friends also wonder how I can dress so well—but they, too, don't realize how much money we can earn in the Club. They'd be surprised!"

Interesting, Isn't It?

I can't tell you her name—only that she was an American Magazine reader like yourself. Five months ago she read about our Club and has enjoyed working with us ever since.

Wouldn't you like to? It's easy! Just write me a note and I'll send you our beautiful booklet "The Girls of the Pin Money Club." It tells all about us and our work. This is the best time to come into the Club—the time of our biggest money-earning—and I want you to know the joy of earning $5.00 and more in an hour's time.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department I
250 Park Avenue New York City

"Tell me how you began with this company?" I asked.

"As a ticket and freight clerk and telegraph operator in San Bernardino, California. I worked in that town five years before they decided I was ready to be moved up. I was born in San Bernardino—but let's go back a bit.

"My father was a lawyer. His health was very poor, and when my older brothers—they were twins, Guy and Carl—were eighteen months old, the family moved to San Bernardino from Bedford, Iowa. I was born there, the third child, fifty-five years ago. Two other children came after: a brother, Fred, and our only sister, Faith. When I was about four, Father died.

"Mother wanted to be among relatives, so she took us all back to Bedford, near where they lived. Here she and my uncle established a store. Mother invested what little funds she had and made our living by clerking in the store. In addition, she was also a teacher in the village school. We children were among her pupils.

"We had a splendid influence in our mother, and a fine counselor in my Uncle Will. Mother was always cheerful. Except in times of bereavement, I never once saw her in tears. And she was always courageous. Life must have been a battle for her at times; but she never complained, and she never burdened her children with her problems.

"SHE encouraged us to do our own reasoning. If she had to reprove us, she did it gently and in a way to make us form our own moral conclusions. I remember an incident: I was walking down the railroad track one day when up popped some rabbits, a sight to delight a boy. Rabbits everywhere! I had to tell somebody, so I rushed back to the store.

"'Mother,' I gasped, 'there's a million rabbits down by the railroad track. I saw 'em!'

"She looked at me a second as if she were going to laugh. Then, with a twinkle in her eye, she said, softly and slowly, 'How many, Paul?'

"'Well—a thousand, anyway!' I insisted.

"'How many, Paul?' she asked again.

"Now, when I stopped to think of it, a curious thing happened: Those rabbits began to hop right out of my mental picture of them. I knew there had been a lot, but finally I could remember, distinctly and without question, only two! I told her so. My seriousness seemed to please her; she knew I had discovered that the imagination, when checked against fact, is sometimes a tricky thing.

"As we grew older the problem of getting us children into a larger school came up. One year I attended school in Oskaloosa, Iowa, paying my board by doing chores and odd jobs. Then mother and her brother opened another store with a second brother in Knoxville, the county seat, so we would be near a high school. After we had been away twelve years, Mother decided to return to San Bernardino. It was a courageous thing to do—to break away from friends and acquaintances, and try a new country; but she felt we would have better opportunities in the West.

"Guy and Carl, the twins, supported the family while Faith and Fred and I went to school. Guy worked, at first,

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Watch out for Sore, Bleeding Gums!

PYORRHEA

forced extraction of these perfect teeth

IF your gums are tender, soft or bleed easily, pyorrhea may attack and weaken the root sockets that hold the teeth in place. Often the teeth loosen and fall out or must be pulled because their root support is gone.

The teeth themselves may be white and free from decay but they are not safe from loss unless the gums—protectors of the teeth—are firm and healthy. Care of the gums is fully as important as care of the teeth.

Pyrozide Powder is a special preparation, formulated for stimulating and hardening the gums and is widely prescribed by dentists. It is sterilized and medicated specifically for this purpose. Pyrozide should be brushed on the gums and teeth daily. While this powder is in itself also a superior cleanser of the teeth, it may be used in connection with any dentifrice desired.

Your druggist can supply you with Pyrozide. Its daily use costs only 4c a week. Mail coupon below or post card for free sample.

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Mail free sample of Pyrozide Powder and booklet on care of the gums.

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in a restaurant, washing dishes; and Carl in a cigar store and newsstand. I helped by carrying a route for the *Los Angeles Evening Express*, and I worked evenings in stands and sold papers. In my final school years, I was also correspondent for the paper. At seventeen I was graduated from high school—my last formal education.

"I was impatient to get to work—to make my own way. A young friend of mine who worked in the Sante Fe machine shop offices became ill, and his father asked me to take over his work temporarily. That was my first full-time job. I was there but a few months when the opportunity came to go with the Southern Pacific. I had got a glimpse of the transportation business, and I liked it. It was a *vital* business.

"The Southern Pacific agent needed a clerk in its commercial office. A friend had recommended me, and I got the place. Shortly afterward this office was combined at an uptown station where motor lines from Redlands, Riverside, Highland, and Colton had their terminus. The Southern Pacific acquired the Redlands and Riverside roads and used them as main-line connections. I sold tickets, made waybills, acted as cashier, was the station telegraph operator, and at times hustled baggage—a little railroad kingdom all to myself."

Paul Shoup had his hands pretty full, but he found time to take part in other things. He and a group of young fellows organized a Webster debating club to discuss questions of the day. It is interesting to note what has become of that little group of studious young men: One became a distinguished Federal judge, one a State Supreme Court justice, and one a United States attorney. Another member of the club was Guy Shoup, who, entering an entirely different branch of the railroad business, staged a race—not planned, of course—with Paul for the top, and, like Paul, holds the highest place in his department today, that of head of the Southern Pacific's legal department. One member of the little debating club died recently, a very prominent member of the New York bar. Another is general superintendent of the Pacific Electric Railway in Los Angeles. And so on. All are men of standing.

DURING his five years in San Bernardino, young Shoup was continually perfecting himself as a railroad man. Immediately after he entered railroad service, a friend rigged up some instruments, and Shoup learned telegraphy. He took up shorthand so that he could handle his work more speedily. He became freight agent in addition to being ticket clerk. Indeed, during his stay in San Bernardino, he was moved from one job to another, until finally, in the course of promotions, he was made acting agent. And, in addition to his other activities, he took up writing. Many of his stories appeared in the old *San Francisco Argonaut*.

It was so simple a thing as the way he made out his reports that caused Shoup to come to the attention of higher-ups in the general office in San Francisco. His reports were concise, clear, accurate, complete, and always on time.

Once, the development department called for sectional data from all over the system, to be used in the company's advertising. Only material was wanted; the write-ups were to be done in the office. Shoup sent in copy that was not only complete and comprehensive, but which was also so well written that it required practically no editing.

He was surprised one day when James Horsburgh, Jr., assistant general passenger agent, stepped off the train and called on him.

"I've come to offer you a place in the general office in San Francisco," he announced.

It was not a big job. But it was recognition.

"ABOUT the same time," Mr. Shoup explained to me, "another department opening occurred in Los Angeles. The San Francisco job was in the traffic department; the Los Angeles job in the operating department.

"I chose the traffic department, because the San Francisco field was then the larger one."

His new job was a clerical one. As a "side line" to other duties, he handled *Sunset Magazine*, then owned by the Southern Pacific. He wrote stories, articles, and editorials exploiting the territories served by the Southern Pacific, and got together material from other writers—a voluminous job. *Sunset* became the West's greatest magazine of general circulation.

During his first year in the new place, young Shoup, along with the other department clerks, was asked one afternoon to compile certain complex figures and statistics for officers of the company. It was an emergency order; the material had to be in at a certain specified time.

Shoup was in charge. He and his associates worked eighty out of eighty-four hours; but his report was on his superior officer's desk on time!

Nothing spectacular in that—but it was noticed.

He was made district freight and passenger agent at San Jose, for the coast division, Santa Barbara to San Francisco. Now he *was* on the traffic "firing line." It was his job to get business for the company from that whole section.

"He used to drive a horse and buggy about the country, calling on farmers, orchardists, business men—anybody who might have business in any quantity for the railroad," one of his old-time associates told me.

"It wasn't by any one big stroke, but by the very volume of the things he accomplished that he had his record as a business getter in the Santa Clara valley."

Shoup always took a broad view of his duties. He saw what he believed was a good opportunity to get into new territory by extending a branch line from Palo Alto to Los Gatos. The suggestion was approved. But the right of way would run through a large estate. The holders demanded that the whole property be bought. This would have made the cost of the branch line very high; a condemnation, because of expense and delay, was also inadvisable.

"If you want this line, you'll have to solve the right-of-way problem," company officials told Shoup.

The land was worth something to somebody. Why not develop it? Shoup made the suggestion to a group of men. They

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formed a company and bought the estate. Shoup got his right of way and station grounds at no cost.

A typical example of Paul Shoup's unspectacular but constructive methods!

After four years in San Jose, he was sent to Portland, Oregon, as assistant general freight agent; but six months later he received an urgent telegram, the gist of which was: "Drop everything and come in stop San Francisco in ruins from earthquake and fire stop your help needed."

The famous earthquake and fire of 1906!

Shoup ordered a special train and hurried to San Francisco. He found himself in the midst of one of the greatest disasters in modern history. Great buildings lay crumpled in the streets. Hundreds of fires were going at once. Hospitals were overrun. A sight to wring the heart.

"P. S." was in the middle of things immediately. He established headquarters on a ferryboat in San Francisco Bay, and lived there for days.

His instructions were brief:

"Get these poor people who have friends or relatives in other cities out of town quickly before they starve."

Down went all rules and regulations—all "red tape." Thousands of blanks were mimeographed and distributed by Shoup and his helpers. He started with two men, but he soon had two hundred busy.

"Just fill in your name, the name of the town to which you wish to go, and get on one of our trains," the refugees were told.

Thousands upon thousands joined that sad hegira.

"But we have no money for tickets," many pleaded.

"Don't let that stop you," Shoup and his men replied. "If you feel that some day you may be able to pay us, just write an I. O. U. to the Southern Pacific, and drop it in this box. The Southern Pacific trusts you—and we want to help you."

His work during the emergency came to the attention of one of the nation's greatest railroaders, the late E. H. Harriman, then in control of the Southern Pacific. Shoup was made system assistant general passenger agent. But he didn't hold this job long.

BESIDES electric lines at San Jose, Fresno, and Stockton, the Southern Pacific owned large interests in numerous electric lines in Los Angeles and vicinity. The control of these latter lines, in several cases, was in other hands. The problem was to unify them—bring them all under Southern Pacific control for management purposes. Thousands of details were involved—property values, financing, exchanges, transfers, and purchases of stock. Judgment, ability, tact, and diplomacy were required to handle this tremendous job.

The late William F. Herrin, famous attorney, then chief counsel and vice president in charge of electric lines, chose Shoup for his assistant in bringing about the unification of the lines.

"*Don't* take that job," friends advised Shoup. "You will be buried in that office."

Shoup smiled—and walked down the corridor to the other office.

It was just as his friends had said. He practically disappeared for a while. But

Here is Edwin McTeer (address on request) and some of his work. The crude pen drawing was made before he had any training and the striking story illustration (worth $100) was made after he took the Federal Home Study Course.

He did it—Why don't you?

Edwin McTeer is only one of the hundreds of young men (and young women, too) who are succeeding in commercial art with the help of the practical training offered by the Federal Home Study Course. Well trained artists earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a week and more.

Success in Commercial Art

begins with a liking for drawing and the ambition to follow through with the right training. Mr. McTeer was thirty years old when he clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this ad, and took up the Federal Course. He progressed rapidly, increasing his earnings each year until, at the end of five years, he was making around $10,000.00 a year. Read what he wrote us:

"I was not very talented when I entered this training with you people as you certainly know, and I had not even had high school training and I know any one with a love for work can accomplish even more than I if they will just let you people, the Federal Schools, help them.

"I suppose you remember I opened my own independent commercial art studio and to make a long story short, my earnings are now at the rate of over $10,000.00 a year."

Send for "Your Future"

If you like to draw—send for book "Your Future" and find out what amazing progress you can make with the right art training. Use the coupon now, giving age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing

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Please send me your free book "Your Future."

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It brings your friends four great novels by S. S. Van Dine, Alice Duer Miller, Louis Joseph Vance, and Peter B. Kyne; sixty splendid short stories by America's favorites; inspiring personality stories, nature stories, biographies, and all the helpful features you enjoy on your money, your family, your home, your health, your job. Your friend will share in your enjoyment every month and every month think warmly again of you who sent it.

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*To send more gifts than one, attach a slip to this coupon, add $2.50 for each, and mail soon—today if possible.

he learned all about those electric lines—from ticket sales to rolling stock. High executives of the company learned to "ask Paul Shoup" whenever they wanted to know anything about the electric lines.

To back up his decisions and orders, the railroad gave him a title: Assistant General Manager of the Southern Pacific, in Charge of Electric Lines.

Mr. Herrin, whose time was engrossed with legal work, stepped out as president of the electric lines. There was never any doubt as to who would take his place.

"Paul Shoup knows more about those lines than anybody else," Mr. Harriman remarked. "Let him run them."

In 1918 President William Sproule of the Southern Pacific went to the government as a district director for the Wartime Railroad Administration. Shoup was immediately made vice president of the company to keep tabs on its vast properties, so that when they should be turned back at the end of the war, everything would be accounted for and ready for peace-time operation.

Naturally, by the time the war ended, he knew the Southern Pacific from A to Z—including the fine print and the footnotes. He had become a "right-hand man" to nearly everybody who had anything to do with the management, operation, and control of the great railroad system.

In 1920, because of his wide knowledge of the company's many activities, he was made assistant to the president. His title of vice president was continued, and in 1925 he became executive vice president. He had now reached the next to the last rung in the ladder.

Then the rooting began all up and down the system.

And when President Sproule stepped out, "P. S." stepped in. January 1, 1929, was more than New Year's Day on the Southern Pacific. It was a day of jubilation for all who had been "leggin'" for Paul Shoup.

Paul Shoup was thirty-eight years climbing to the top of his particular mountain. One duty added to another, one job following another for thirty-eight years—in all, more than twenty different jobs—and here he is!

"I warned you there was nothing spectacular in it," Mr. Shoup reminded me when he had finished.

"No," I had to admit; "there isn't. But there is a breadth and depth to it. I am wondering if there has not been some one thought that has cheered you on as you've come up through the ranks?"

"One that I think of is this: All progress depends, for its beginning, upon *individual* effort and thought. To me there is something inspiring in that fact. It means that the pathways of achievement are open to everyone who has health. It's all a matter of application, of sustained industry, of developing the *habit* of broad vision by thinking above and beyond the work immediately at hand—at the same time doing the immediate thing thoroughly.

"But there is something more in life, of course, than material progress. This is called a material age. We command the earth and the air; our scientific achievements are astounding. But if I could pass on a word to the young American of today, it would be:

"'In all these new activities of earth and air, do not let sentiment disappear. Do not forget that falling streams make music as well as power, and flow as a poem to the sea. And that romance rides in the air."

Blue Whiskers

(*Continued from page 34*)

creeping Venus don't know what it looks like farther up than fifth place!"

"Really?" Lucy said. "Which one are *you* going to take?"

"Miss Frisco can race for me every day in the week!" Diana said, and snapped her fingers.

"All right," Lucy said. "Miss Frisco—and Blue Whiskers."

"That won't be a bet!" Diana answered. "That'll be just a procession!"

Petey Hickson had joined them again . . . said he wanted the key to his car.

J. B. fumbled in his pocket—got a key and gave it to Petey—but when Petey was halfway down the steps, J. B. called after him.

"Hey, wait! I gave you the wrong one!"

He pushed past Diana and Lucy and went down the steps after Petey.

The man who sold cold drinks in the aisle bent over Lucy.

"Say, kid," he said, "if gettin' the boy friend means anything to you—change your bet! You picked the biggest fathead on the track!"

Diana had moved into J. B.'s empty seat—was standing up calling the peanut boy—was buying peanuts.

Lucy turned so Diana couldn't hear what she said to the man in the aisle, but she wanted to answer him—wanted to talk—wanted to tell someone—so glad to tell the soda butcher!

"I *want* to lose," she told him quickly. "It's my husband. He's crazy about this girl. She—she makes him happy—so I want him to have her. He'd never leave me unless I did it like this—some way that would make it seem different—so I found out the worst horse on purpose and—"

"Here's your peanuts, Baby," Diana said. "Don't sidetrack the help."

Lucy took the striped paper sack Diana handed her.

J. B. came back—got in past them and sat down.

Third heat of the pace. Last race. Horses coming out of the stables. Take the blankets off. Drivers climb into the sulkies. Come out on the track—past the stand—start easy—to the first turn—come back—get faster—pud pud pud. Satin heads. Slim, beautiful legs. Back and forth across the starting line. Take them back! Get started! Slim ankles protected by leather boots. High, nervous feet! Here they come! "Go!" They're away!

Quarter post! Sun dancing through the sulky wheels. Silver cobwebs—shadows racing on the white track—shadows lying

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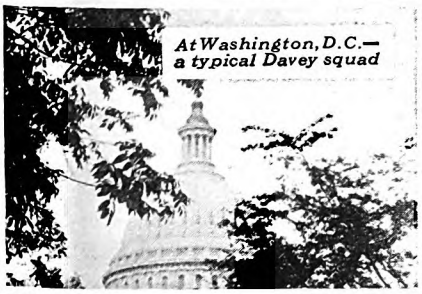

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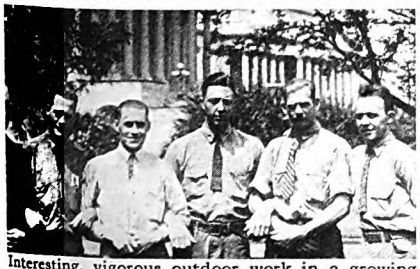

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out on the road—sweep the turns—straining horses—bright satin coats of the drivers—white road and black shadows—the crowd on its feet!

Pud pud pud! Flying manes! Straining necks! Sunnyside leading on the turn. Miss Frisco coming up! Miss Frisco ahead. Sunnyside will make up! No, she won't! Miss Frisco'll keep it! Blossomtime coming up! Everybody shouting for Blossomtime! Diana standing up, pushing her parasol into the cracks of the floor! Charlie Boy passes Sunnyside! Passes Blossomtime! Gains on Miss Frisco! Four X comes up with Blossomtime! Blossomtime pulls ahead! Now Blue Whiskers coming fast on the outside, passes Knighthood! Passes Lulu J! Passes Sunnyside! Passes Four X!—Last quarter post! Now they round the turn and head straight down the stretch for the wire! The crowd is on its feet shouting—stomping—mad with cheering!

"Come on, Blue Whiskers! You can't do it! Lift him, driver! Lift him!"

J. B. leaning forward, watching—watching them come! Blue Whiskers passing Charlie Boy! And then Miss Frisco gaining—gaining—coming on, on.

Pud pud pud! Blue Whiskers passes Blossomtime! Lucy catches at her dress—her heart—doesn't dare look. The crowd is wild! Dang dang dang!

"Blue Whiskers wins the heat! Blossomtime second! Miss Frisco third! Time, 2:4½!"

Diana put the parasol up with a little click.

"Okay, sweetheart," she said to Lucy. She looked up at J. B. The cheering, laughing crowd pushed past them.

"Well, Big Boy," she said, "bye-bye. I ain't one of these 'Fate' hounds, but, believe me, I know it's something more than fast legs when a carcass like *that* comes out in front!"

Petey joined them—his hat sideways—his handkerchief knotted around his neck, but when they looked for Diana—she was gone—

"J. B.," Lucy said, a little breathlessly, "if we go straight home, we can have the rhubarb pie for supper!"

AT SEVEN-THIRTY J. B.—with a gingham apron tied around him—was finishing the supper dishes, when the doorbell rang. Lucy went to the door.

Mr. George Kulp was the Clifton chief of police. Six feet tall. Very serious. At the door was Mr. George Kulp and in the shadows behind him—Mr. Petey Hickson.

"J. B. home?" George Kulp asked.

"Why—yes," Lucy said.

Mr. Kulp and Petey came in and stood under the frosted water lily in the front hall. J. B. came out of the kitchen.

"Evening, George," he said. "What's on your mind? Hello, Petey."

Mr. George Kulp solemnly put his hat on the hall chair, and cleared his throat, and reached in his inside pocket and brought out a soiled check, which he handed to J. B.

"There's your money, J. B.," he said. "Two thousand dollars. I guess you know's well as *I* do that what you done's a pretty serious offense!"

Instantly Lucy was a little trigger of defiance between J. B. and Kulp!

"You shan't touch J. B.!" she said. "What is it? I don't believe it!"

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The chief of police looked solemnly down at Lucy Dobbs.

"Maybe you know, Mrs. Dobbs, and maybe you *don't* know," he said, "what J. B. mixes into. But this afternoon, out to the races, he gave this check to Petey Hickson to buy the last heat for an old wind-sucker that's never beat 2:10 before in his life. Twenty years I've kept these Stock County races open and honorable, and they're goin' to *continue* open and honorable, or else—"

"*Petey!*" Lucy gasped, "Oh—Petey! Does he mean J. B.—*paid* for Blue Whiskers to win? How *did* he—"

"Well"—Petey said—"when he followed me down the grandstand to tell me I got the wrong key, he gave me this check and mentioned something about if I could fix it for Blue Whiskers to win—and so I took the money and—"

Suddenly Lucy was in J. B.'s arms—her face against his shoulder—

"Oh," she said, laughing—crying—her voice stumbling over the words—"oh, I never was so happy! Oh, J. B., you *wanted* it that way! You—*wanted* Blue Whiskers to win!"

"I'll say I'd been blue whiskers if he *hadn't!*" J. B. said.

Petey looked down at the check, and back to Kulp.

"Nobody cashed it?" he wanted to know. "How'd they pay the losin' horses?" then he laughed.

Kulp shifted a chew of tobacco—and then he laughed.

"The answer to *that*," he said, "is the only reason J. B. Dobbs ain't in jail! If that check had been cashed, the race would have been thrown out—and so would Mr. J. B. Dobbs!"

He brought a bony finger slowly down the bridge of his nose.

"That race," he said, "is one o' them things that make wise guys into monkeys and monkeys into wise guys! Nobody paid nothing! Blue Whiskers—*won!*"

Petey stared. J. B. looked up over Lucy's head that was pressed against his shoulder.

"You couldn't 'a' bought *them* boys," Kulp said, "for ten times that money! Every one of 'em drove that race to *win*. For the first time in his life, Blue Whiskers was the boy in front. That's all."

"But—Blue Whiskers never won *any*thing!" Petey protested. "How could he do it—today?"

Mr. Kulp reached for his hat.

"Maybe—luck," he said. "Maybe this here what they call—Fate—maybe the stars we was born under—I seen a couple of things before *now* that I couldn't explain!"

He moved toward the door; with elaborate carelessness he signaled Petey.

"Guess we might as well be goin', Pete," he said. "Looks like these folks are busy!"

Close in J. B.'s arms was the little mouse who wore his wedding ring, his lips against her eyes that had wet his silk shirt front with tears.

What Business Men Ought to Know About Women

(*Continued from page 63*)

in a very old game, that of buying, selling and renting real estate in his native city of St. Louis.

"First of all," he told me, "I decided to specialize in a single class of real estate, and because central city property is the most valuable and commands the highest rents, I chose it. Second, I resolved to learn more about my specialty, to assemble more facts about it, than any other real estate man in town."

With such simple tools as a pad and pencil Nicholls established himself in a downtown location and very painstakingly began to draw a chart of the district. Down on the chart in proper order went the name of each store, its type of business, its frontage, the number of floors; banks, office buildings, theaters, hotels, and bootblack stands were sketched in.

Later Nicholls added notes dealing with the expiration of leases, foot-front values, rents paid, age of buildings, and shrewd observations on shoppers, crowds, and traffic. And he did this for every business block in St. Louis' shopping district.

Nor did he stop there. He bought a camera and took pictures. Here and there a store was for rent or sale. Gaining permission from its owners, he made detailed measurements of its interior, of its doors, windows, and stairways, of its storage space, shipping area, and did not overlook pillars, elevators, radiators, nor the furnace.

Now he had maps, not only of each block, but of each store for lease or sale. Without leaving his desk he could tell when a lease was due to expire, its terms of renewal, and any other pertinent facts about the property.

One day, Ewald Jared Bliss, chairman of the board of the Regal Shoe Company, came to St. Louis to open a new store. Nicholls displayed his charts, recommended a certain available room as ideal for the shoe business, and presented his facts why.

"I'll take it," said Mr. Bliss.

"But," stammered Nicholls, "don't you think you'd better inspect the location further?"

"I've seen all I wish to see on the charts and photographs," replied the shoe company man. And then he added, "Young man, you've only begun your work. To complete it you should make similar charts of every important city in the country."

But Nicholls didn't have time to do any such thing. He was kept too busy right there in St. Louis, hunting prospects and keeping his facts up to date.

He was making money fast. It was no trick at all to lease stores with those charts of his. Why, so complete were his facts that men like Bliss, once they knew him, didn't have to waste time on a trip to St. Louis to lease a store; they simply wrote or wired for the charts.

Then, without warning, came disaster. Nicholls had endorsed a man's notes, which were suddenly thrown back at him for payment; the other man had failed.

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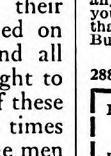

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Nicholls was wiped out; he was heavily in debt, his future in St. Louis ruined.

"I went to New York and found a job with a store-leasing agency at $25 a week," he told me. "My creditors were right on my heels. I just had to do something to squirm from under that debt—and then I remembered the advice of Mr. Bliss."

Nicholls' $25-a-week job took him about the country, a super-errand boy in the store-leasing game. During his spare hours, he started to chart the cities to which he was sent. A perfect frenzy of charting seized him, keeping him up all hours of the night, now in Detroit, now Cleveland, Chicago, Pittsburgh. The few hours of sleep he snatched in hotel beds were filled with dreams of charts.

And like magic the charts went to work for him. Even while he drew new ones, leg-weary at the unending grind of it, his salary doubled; it quadrupled in a few months; it burst into big figures at the end of a year. The debt melted, the last creditor departed satisfied. On a capital of $100 and his precious charts, ever growing in number, Nicholls organized the Chain Store Leasing Company, of which he was president until his present connection with Schulte-United, Inc.

TODAY every big store-leasing agent in the country has a system of charting business districts. Mr. Nicholls himself has 423 cities most meticulously charted. He leases stores in distant cities at rentals that aggregate millions simply by consulting his chart book and sending a telegram or two.

Nicholls' charts started a new science, for it was but a step from the study of stores to the study of people who patronize them, from the study of a street to a study of the crowds on the street.

Somebody invented a tiny mechanical counting instrument that may be concealed in the palm of the hand. Men with these instruments were placed on corners, at store entrances, at this spot in a block and at that—to count people, to determine what they did, where they went, why they spent.

The crowd counters turned in their figures. High-priced experts trained on them their mental microscopes and all kinds of surprising facts were brought to light. One of the most important of these was that women were doing three times more buying in retail shops than the men were. Today they do as high as *nine* times as much, an increase that in large measure might be attributed to the new methods which the charts and figures inspired.

Nowadays, Mr. Nicholls told me, it is possible for a store location expert to sit in his office in New York and to predict within a few thousand dollars just how much money a new store will make or lose during its first year, though the store is hundreds of miles away in a city the expert has never visited!

More: He can tell you just what percentage of that new store's business will come from women; how many women and how many men will pass its door at any given hour in the day, and how many out of that total will walk in. Yes, and he can tell you what percentage of those who enter will buy and how much money the average buyer will spend.

This sounds like witchcraft but Mr.

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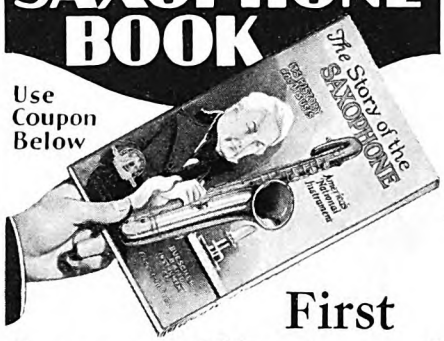

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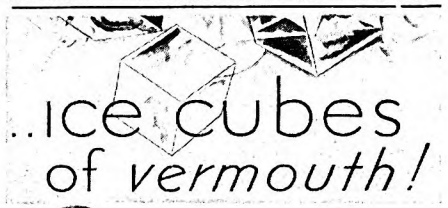

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Vermouth

Nicholls assured me it is all predicated on a very simple principle.

Said Mr. Nicholls:

"It is quite easy for the expert, who has all the facts at hand, to estimate within a few thousand dollars what is going to happen to any given type of store in a given location.

"In consequence, no big chain store company ever opens a new store on the *chance* that it will pay. The company knows in advance what the store will do.

"In the old days," Mr. Nicholls continued, "the retailer located his store in the spot that best suited him. Today, if he hopes to make money, he must locate it in the spot that best suits his customers and their moods.

"A store that sells men's goods isn't going to do well if most of the people who pass its door are women, and vice versa. Too, if the people who pass are not in a buying mood the store won't do well either. Properly located stores today must be in accord not only with the predominant sex of the crowd but also with its humor—and crowds have a dozen humors."

"For example?"

"The crowd that is hurrying to catch trains," said Mr. Nicholls. "People's minds are on the train, not on buying. A few of the men may pause to buy tobacco, a few of the women to buy candy or a magazine, but predominantly the crowd is not in a shopping mood.

"This is also true of the crowd leaving a railroad station. In the morning this is mainly a commuter crowd in a hurry to get to work. It may also contain hundreds of shoppers who have come into the city to buy. But it isn't until these shoppers get a block or two away from the station that they begin to think seriously about buying. The traveling mood, you might call it, must first wear off. Rarely do you find a good shopping district in the vicinity of a railroad station.

"BANKS are not an incentive to shopping. People may go into a bank expressly to get money with which to shop but not one woman in fifty will walk directly from a bank into a store next door; forty-nine will pass the store without even seeing it, though in its window is the very article they are seeking.

"Theaters, office buildings, all types of buildings other than stores likewise tend to weaken the shopping mood in their vicinity. If you will analyze your city you'll find it divided into districts that reflect moods—the money mood, the industrial mood, the play-goer mood, and others including the shopping mood.

"Each mood is always most intense in the district's center, and that center is a very small area. In short, if you would catch the crowd at the height of any desired mood you must catch it at one of the central concentration points.

"In a shopping district this central point is called the 100% part of the district. There the crowd attains its highest percentage of shoppers, the shopper is most inclined to buy. This 100% part is often only a single block in extent and it seldom embraces more than three blocks. Within that tiny area you will find the highest land values, the most successful stores, the greatest volume of business. There you'll find the great chains represented and paying high rents. They frequently have stores in this area six and eight years in advance of their occupancy.

"Rents go down as you draw away from the center, and profits and volume of business go down with rents.

"Perhaps you have heard independent merchants say that they can't afford to pay the high rentals exacted at this central point in a shopping district. The chain stores can't afford *not* to pay them! The highest rents here are invariably the cheapest in the final reckoning of profits. Hundreds of chain stores in this country would fail if they moved as much as a single block away from their present 100% locations. It might be disastrous if they even moved across the street."

"YOU mean that even the side of the street on which a store is located makes a difference in its business?" I asked.

"It most certainly does," Mr. Nicholls replied. "There is a woman's side of the street and a man's side. A chain store catering exclusively to women and selling at a low margin of profit simply must be on the woman's side of the street to be profitable. This side is from 40 to 50 per cent more valuable than the man's side, and rents are from 40 to 50 per cent higher, a fact which most strikingly shows the dominance of women in shopping."

"And which side of the street is which?"

"The woman's side," smiled Mr. Nicholls, "is the side which she takes, and this varies, but as a rule it is the side which gets sunshine on winter afternoons.

"Women like to shop in the afternoon, and December and March are the busiest shopping months. These two months are almost equal to any four other months. Therefore, in the North it is the north side of the street which usually is the woman's side; in the South it is the south side.

"On north-to-south direction streets the west side is invariably preferred by women because it is almost as sunny as the east on winter afternoons and it enjoys shade on summer afternoons when women seek shade. However, most of the main shopping streets of the country run east to west. Cities tend to grow westwardly, away from rivers, and uphill. Of course, there are exceptions, among them New York, which is built on a north-south island.

"Just now," Mr. Nicholls went on, "all of our big cities are undergoing great changes in their shopping habits. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the cities themselves are undergoing changes due to the changes in *women's* shopping habits.

"Women no longer devote certain days to shopping as our mothers did. They mix shopping with all sorts of other activities, do it on the run, as it were. The result is that they shop oftener but make fewer purchases at a time, though in the aggregate they purchase more.

"This means that stores are being brought closer to homes to make them more accessible. Our large cities are being broken up into a number of little cities, each with its little central shopping district. New York City has 57 of these subdistricts, Chicago 38, Philadelphia 27, Boston 15, Los Angeles 10."

There are at least three reasons, according to Mr. Nicholls, why the modern woman is spending more.

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First, she has more time to spend. Man-made machines are relieving her of household drudgeries. She is living in a smaller house and having fewer children. She has more social life.

Second, she is wearing fewer clothes that cost less per garment, a fact which paradoxically inspires the purchase of more clothes. It is so much easier to be tempted into buying ten dresses at $15 apiece, bought at irregular intervals, than it was into buying one dress at $50.

Third, men are spending less on themselves, but earning considerably more. The man who paid $100 for a tailored suit several years ago is now buying a "ready-made" for $50. The reason is that the factories have learned to copy the tailored suit, overcoat, and shirt at mass-production costs.

"This whole science of store location has one object," Mr. Nicholls explained. "The merchant wants to get people into his store. To that end he pays a big rent in order that his store may be in the runway of the shopper. He dresses, lights, and arranges his windows in the most effective way he knows. He offers bargains, even sells some articles below cost. He advertises.

"Man is no shopper. He is a 'one shop' buyer. His shoes, hats, suits, shirts come from the same shops year after year.

"DISPLAY, coupled with woman's love to shop, is what makes a shopping district. She likes to look in windows and goes where the windows are most numerous. She likes to compare values, styles, qualities, even though she returns to the first shop in the end.

"Store aisles and counters are so planned that customers are led unconsciously into the way that the merchant wishes them to go. Goods most commonly bought, those which people actually need and must have, are the least accessible; luxury goods that shoppers like to buy but which are not necessities are the most accessible.

"Women will walk downstairs to save money if the stairway is wide and open, so the basement is made a place for bargains, but to get there the shopper must walk by the goods on display in the main store. Men, incidentally, are willing to walk *up*stairs for a bargain, something a woman will rarely do—if she is to go up, an elevator or escalator must be provided, though she will emerge under her own power from the basement.

"We have just completed the plans for a new store in New England. At the very rear of the room, raised on a platform so that it may be seen from the front door, is a lunch counter. Here we plan to serve the best lunches that we can devise at the most popular prices. We expect to serve thousands of women at that counter at little or no direct profit, just to get them into the store."

Mr. Nicholls spiked a rumor that I had been hearing for years, that old rumor of a feud between the Woolworth and Kresge stores. "Why is it," I asked, "that whenever one of these companies opens a new store the other usually opens a rival a few doors away?"

"No feud inspires that rivalry but good business tactics," he answered. "Two stores always draw more shoppers than one. You will find very few chain stores

SW

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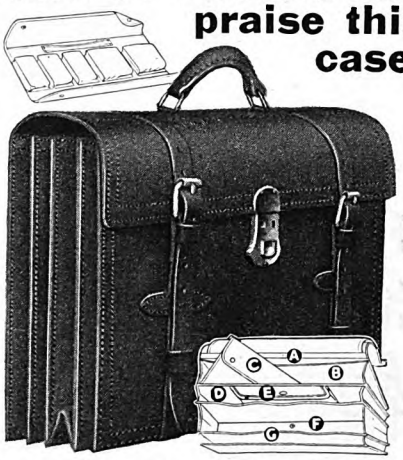

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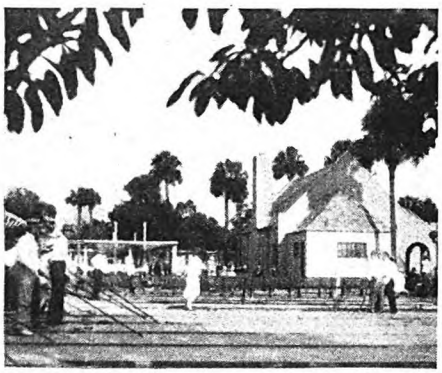
SOME DAY

Extra years of life will be so precious!



SOME day you will think extra years of life the greatest joy you have known. And one way to achieve those sweet extra years is to avoid the hazards of winter through outdoor living in Florida's sunshine. Doctors send thousands of their patients to Florida to win back lost health. Isn't it much better to fortify yourself against the assaults of time by building sturdier health each year? For all ages—from children in arms to those well past three score and ten—Florida's soothing sunshine opens the doors to new happiness and health. Begin to save your years this winter. Come and learn to play again. The cost of a winter in Florida for the entire family is surprisingly reasonable.

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Aren't Folks Funny?

OUTWARDLY this may be a commercial age. Industry may run along with utmost precision month in and month out. Business may continue day after day to progress along geometrical lines, but the American—whimsical soul that he is—continues to put into his daily routine strange quips and quirks that lift it far above the humdrum and solemnity of ordinary existence.

Peeping into the daily lives of people in the corners of the continent, we find Charles Kuykendall, the absent-minded cop of Salem, Oregon, who managed to put some fancy trimmings on the commonplace job of handing out tickets to drivers who parked their cars illegally. When he had finished with one street he discovered that he had tagged his own car. Cheerfully he hopped in, drove to the municipal court, and paid one dollar fine as a first offender. . . . And then, in Natick, Massachusetts, the Board of Public Welfare sat in serious session,

(*Continued on page 186*)

alone in a neighborhood for this reason. The more comparisons the woman shopper can make, the more she will shop.

"A lone store in any neighborhood is at a disadvantage. As it is almost impossible for it to meet all demands, many of its customers are forced to go elsewhere. Soon they become accustomed to making their principal purchases in an established shopping district and patronzie the isolated store only in emergency. Furthermore, the isolated store doesn't catch its customers in the shopping mood."

"Do rich and poor buy in the same district?"

"Yes, and no," said Mr. Nicholls. "There are three classes of shoppers: One class is made up of patrons of exclusive shops; the second, of medium-price shops; the third, in the parlance of a store location man, is the 'mob.'

"The 'mob' embraces all classes. We all belong to it on occasion. Rich and poor alike buy at the counters of the five-and-tens, at chain tobacco, grocery, and candy stores, and also at the independent stores of popular price."

"WHAT, in your opinion, are the best shopping blocks in New York?"

"The highest volume of business is done on Fifth Avenue between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second Streets. The north side of Forty-second Street and of Thirty-fourth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues is each another large-volume district; but as to naming the one 'best' district in New York—there isn't any such thing."

"What is the best shopping district in America?"

"The three blocks of State Street in the Loop District of Chicago, between Monroe and Randolph Streets, on both sides. New York has the second best districts, those I've mentioned. Third in the country probably is the west side of Woodward Avenue in Detroit, between State Street and Clifford Street on the West Side, and Grand River and Gratiot on the East Side.

"TODAY anybody can locate the best shopping blocks in any city, simply by finding the blocks which have the greatest concentration of chain stores," Mr. Nicholls concluded. "The chain stores have become business markers for everybody who wants to know."

But, in the event that you wish to find for yourself the particular site best suited to your business, here are the important steps that you should take in your investigation:

First, ascertain the kind of city, the amount of payroll, bank deposits, character and make-up of citizenship. Obtain a map of the business district, with dimensions, tenants' names, etc.

Second, select the street and block, and find out whether competition is such that it can stand another store of your type.

Third, select several buildings in which you would like to locate. Pick out the best realtor, preferably a nationally known chain-store leasing man, and secure all data on this location.

Fourth, decide whether you can afford the rental asked and the improvements and alterations. The proper rental is based on the percentage of the estimated amount of business.

Fifth, close on short- or long-term lease according to your opinion of the stability of the neighborhood.

What It Costs You to Keep Clean

(*Continued from page 51*)

that there are thousands of the old-fashioned, four-inch, folding knives still in private use. But, if you are a normal daily shaver, using a safety razor and shaving cream, a charge of $5 a year for material and equipment is probably fairly close to your actual cost.

Toothbrushing technique is much easier to evaluate. According to the statistics, the average citizen spends about one dollar a year on toothbrushes and dentrifices; ten cents for the brush part, ninety cents for the material used with it. This would mean, if everybody used

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toothbrushes, about one new brush per person every three years. The answer is, of course, that a great many people never brush their teeth at all and others do not brush them enough. Which probably accounts for the continued prosperity of the 60,000 dentists registered in the United States. Brushing teeth twice a day, morning and night, with the care and vigor required by modern oral hygiene, more than doubles the above average. Figuring conservatively, it costs $2.25 a year for brushes, powders, pastes, or liquid dentrifices for each member of your family.

The hot water faucet in your bathroom is a regular outlet for your income, though you may not be accustomed to think of it in that way. The average year-round temperature of the water that comes into your house from the mains is 50 degrees Fahrenheit. To raise a gallon of that water to the average hot point (170°) requires about one-quarter of a pound of coal or its equivalent in some other fuel. Whether you buy that fuel yourself or pay for it as part of your rent makes little difference in the long run. A share of your contribution to the civilized virtue of cleanliness is levied every time you turn on the warm water in washbowl or bathtub. There only remains to be determined how much of it you use.

If you are extravagant enough to keep the hot water faucet running while you wash or shave, the quantity of good fuel you pour down the drain depends merely on the time you spend at these operations. But we shall suppose that you practice economy and, by applying the stopper, draw only the amount of water you actually intend to use. According to tests, two gallons of warm water a day are enough for all the washbowl activities of the average person, man or woman.

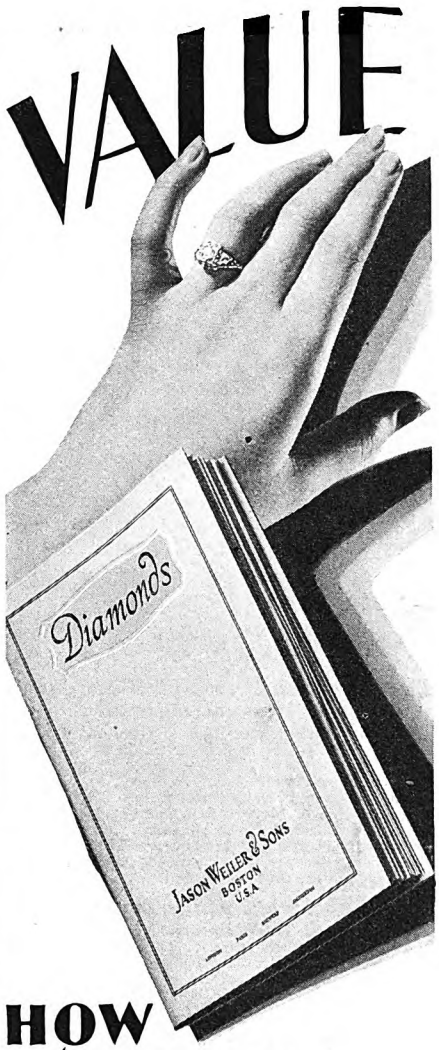
HOW about all-over washing? Is the tradition of the Saturday night tub an understatement or an exaggeration? The subject is veiled in mystery. There is reason to believe that personal testimony about bathing habits is unreliable. That there exists any large army of all-the-year-around daily bathers is almost certainly a myth. Managers of the best hotels say that most of the overnight guests who demand and pay for "a room with a bath" never use the tub or the shower. Is it swank and hypocrisy that accounts, then, for the room-with-bath habits? Or are these people continually intending to become daily bathers and continually breaking their good resolutions?

In our inventory, let's figure modestly on two baths a week for each member of your family, with 40 gallons of warm water used each time. The total, then, of washing and bathing water comes near 100 gallons a week per person.

We may as well include here the other uses of hot water in the household. The dishes of the normal family can be (though they seldom are) washed with 60 gallons of hot water a week; clothes with 50 gallons; and other things, such as wood floors, linoleum, windows, and other objects of house-cleaning, with another 10 gallons.

Simple calculations show that it takes 2,860 pounds of coal or its equivalent to heat all this water. If you are lucky

VALUE



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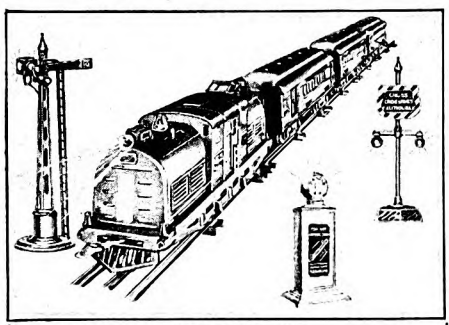

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AREN'T FOLKS FUNNY?

(*Continued from page 184*)

droning over the usual run of bills. What? A bill for taxicab service at the county poorhouse? Inquiry revealed that, sure enough, two poorhouse inmates had taken a taxi home after a visit to the shopping district. . . . In Oakland, California, a court had Edwin Mathison up for disturbing the peace in a theater the evening before. Although the play was not a comedy, Mathison had laughed uproariously at frequent intervals. It was up to him to explain, and he did. He worked in a casket factory in the daytime, he said, and had to do his laughing at night. Charge dismissed, said the court. . . . Vincent Featherstone, of Boston, went to "The Beggars Opera," an ordinary thing to do, but he made it an occasion when he announced that it was the first play he had seen in thirty-nine years, despite the fact that he had sold more than 1,000,000 tickets at the box office of the Hollis Street Theatre. Then he worried, until the play began, about filling the

(*Continued on page 188*)

enough to be able to buy coal at $10 a ton, this means that you pay around $14 a year for hot water, with $6.50 added for the washing and bathing water used by each other member of your family.

While we are making inventory of the cost of various bathroom activities, let's not overlook the cost of the bathroom itself, which exists solely for purposes of cleanliness. Foot for foot, the bathroom is the most expensive room in the ordinary dwelling. The value of the space itself will average about $8 a month and plumbing experts say that the cost of equipping a modern bathroom is at least $300. You pay, therefore, directly or indirectly, as rent or interest on capital absorbed, about $110 a year for your bathroom privileges. This is, you will observe, by far the largest single item so far listed.

THE cleaning operations we have discussed up to this point have been under the family rooftree—private matters altogether. But certain outside services which appear on your regular bills well deserve analysis.

Take steam laundries, for instance. They have been doubling in number and in their bill for work done about every four years. Eighty cents a week per person is the least that you will have to pay for this service. And this is lower than your cost will be if you hire a private laundress to do the work.

The dry-cleaning and clothes-pressing business is another industry that shows recent enormous increases, even larger than those of the steam laundry trade. Probably this can be accounted for by the fact that a greater number of people are having their clothes cared for than in days more insistently democratic. The time when all statesmen wore baggy pants or faced defeat at the polls is past. Its passing is merely additional evidence of national prosperity. Laundry is a necessity.

Fifteen dollars a year seems to be the usual contribution of business men to those who clean their wardrobe. The pressing of clothes—half of which is chargeable to cleanliness and the other half to vanity—amounts to $18 a year.

There is one more entry in this field that stands out prominently in the national statistics. That is shoe-shining, which must be looked upon as an item of cleanliness. There are 25,000 bootblacks in the country, with an average income of $1,200 a year each. They shine about 600 million pairs of shoes a year, which amounts to five shines for each person in the population, including children. To make up for those who shine their own, get along without shines, or don't wear shoes at all (a habit particularly prevalent among very young babies), your contributions to the descendants of Pericles and Plato has to be about $4 a year.

The next item we list is the support you give the 50,000 barber shops that seem to thrive in the United States. The rate of hair-growth calls for a cutting at least every six weeks, or, let's say, every two months. Three dollars a year on this account seems a reasonable figure for men. The cost of bobs and trims for women is not included, because they are doubtfully to be classed under the head of cleanliness. On the other hand, the price of cleansing creams, shampoos, and depilatories used by the feminine contingent of your family should be mentioned here, amounting as it does to about $2 a year each. Remember that this has nothing to do with beauty preparations, which constitute an entirely separate story.

WE ARE now in a position to make out the first and most important cleaning bill, as follows:

YEARLY COST OF PERSONAL AND HOUSEHOLD CLEANLINESS

(Normal family of four: husband, wife, and two children, living in moderate prosperity.)

Soap	$ 16.00
Polishes, cleaners, disinfectants, insecticides	5.95
Electrical cleaning equipment and power	32.00
Brooms, mops, sweepers, etc	3.25
Aprons and gloves	1.25
Face towels, bath towels, dish towels, wash cloths	22.00
Table linen	12.00
Bed linen	8.00
Handkerchiefs	12.00
Shaving equipment and materials	5.00

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Toothbrushes and dentifrices	9.00
Hot water for washing, baths, laundry, dishes, etc.	33.50
Bathroom (cost of space and equipment)	110.00
Laundry bills (80 cents a week per person)	166.40
Cleaning and pressing	24.00
Shoe shining (husband only)	4.00
Hair cuts (husband only)	3.00
Cleansing creams, shampoos, and depilatories	2.00
Total	$469.35

This does not mean, of course, that you have to add this total to your already established expenses in preparing your yearly budget. As was explained in the beginning, many of these items already appear as a part of the ordinary household bills you receive from the grocer, druggist, fuel merchant, and clothing store, among others.

Such charges, far from being a cause of worry, should be a source of pride. For cleanliness is perhaps the best index of civilization.

ALL the cleaning costs we have considered so far are the ones that you pay for definitely and directly in the usual course of liquidating household expenses. There are, of course, other costs in this line that are levied on you in a more roundabout fashion.

For example, the value of time and labor. By far the largest labor unit in the world is the work done by housewives. Modern women have won for themselves opportunities in the business world. Each of them could get some kind of job if she had to. You may consider, therefore, that the time devoted by your wife to household duties is not a "free" contribution but an actual expense.

Domestic science specialists say that, at the very least, one third of a housewife's time is devoted to cleaning operations of some kind. Making all kinds of conservative allowances, this means about two hours a day for 300 days in the year. The average wage of unskilled female workers is 35 cents an hour, making this cleaning labor worth a little more than $200 a year. For this low estimate, apologies are offered to every manager of a household in this broad land. But we are trying to keep these figures as low as the facts will justify, not to raise them on high for the sake of making our point.

Domestic work for which regular wages are paid is performed in the United States by an army of 2,300,000 cooks, waiters, chambermaids, porters, nursemaids, and others employed in homes, clubs, hotels, and restaurants. Surveys indicate that these people average three hours each working day in cleaning operations, earning about 45 cents an hour. If you pay your share of this, it amounts to about $28 a year for a family of four people.

If we assume that your own time devoted to cleaning operations has a marketable value, then a considerable sum will be added to these indirect costs. Twenty minutes a day for washing and shaving, and half an hour a week for bathing, aggregates about 150 hours a year. At $1.50 an hour for these services to yourself, this would mean $225 a year.

But, aside from such theoretical figures, you spend good hard money for the work done in offices, factories, public buildings,

Just A Twist Of The Wrist

Banishes Old-Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap

Here is a truly revo utionary inventfon! It is something that every woman has been waiting and hoping for. Now, all the danger and wastefulness of old-style can openers is ended. Now, every home in the land can open cans the new, simple, safe, easy way by a handy little machine. Now, no man whose present income is less than $60 a week can afford to ignore the amazing new opportunity for real money that this novel invention has created. Read the generous free test offer below. Then act at once.

WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in practically every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine then, how thankfully they welcome this new method---this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the wonderful little Speedo can opener you just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

A "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to $10 an hour either spare or full time.

Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I'll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it's impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money.

AGENTS!

FULL TIME

$265 In a Week

"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo: June 10; 60 Speedos; June 20, 84 Speedos; June 30, 192 Speedos; July 6, 288 Speedos. Speedo sells to 9 out of 10 prospects. I made $265 in a week."
M. Ornoff, Va.

SPARE TIME

"The first afternoon I received my Speedo outfit I made $9."
Mrs. R. Spain, Kans.

PART TIME

"I worked about three hours and took 25 orders. This is certainly a money-maker. I made $20."
O. C. Gregg, Wyo.

$2,000.00 PRIZES In Cash To Agents. Write For Details.

Mail the Coupon Today

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I'll rush you the details. Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about $75 to $150 a week with Speedo. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits on every call. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Established Over 20 Years
Dept. P-923, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

READ One of my prospects told me she could get along with the old can opener she had been using for years. Two weeks later her husband ordered a can opener from me, saying that his wife had cut her hand badly with her old can opener.—**W. L. Godshalk, Pa.**

SPEEDO

Central States Mfg. Co.
4500 Mary Ave., Dept. P-923, St. Louis, Mo.
Yes, rush me the facts and details of your FREE OFFER.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if interested only in one for your home.

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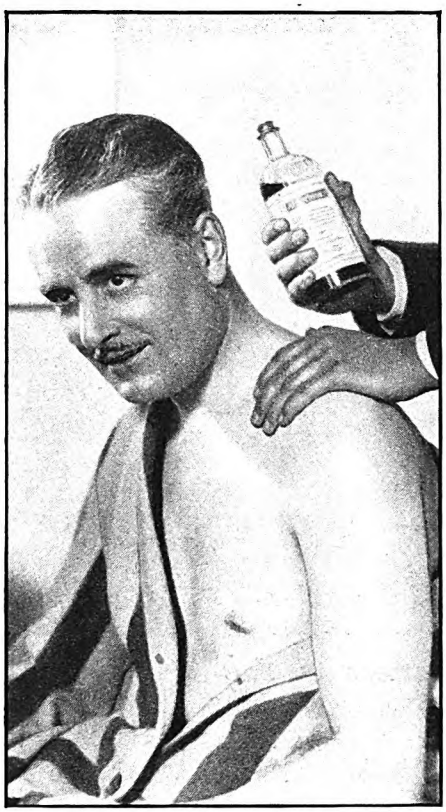

RUB IN
this Absorbine, Jr.
It will soon relieve the pain

When muscular aches and pains almost drive you crazy, rub in Absorbine, Jr. full strength. Almost at once the angry stabs of pain are relieved by its magic touch. It is safe and effective. Absorbine, Jr. assists nature's work by soothing the pain, bringing cool, comfortable relief. Tired tissues are invigorated, the circulation stimulated and any congestion or swelling reduced.... Thousands have discovered that Absorbine, Jr. is a messenger of comfort—always dependable. Get a bottle from your druggist, then keep it handy.

At All Druggists, $1.25
Send for Free Trial Bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. **Springfield, Mass.**

A Treat for Tender Faces *To Soothe Your Throat*

AREN'T FOLKS FUNNY?

(Continued from page 186)

house. . . . Sport, the canine guardian of the home of Manuel Maderios in Dartmouth, Massachusetts, has lost his job after sixteen years of valiant service. Loss of the job might not have made much difference to Sport, but he was superseded by a gander, and Maderios circulated the report that the gander was better than any watchdog he ever owned. . . . American Legion posts may always be relied upon to carry on unusual activities, but the first time ex-doughboys, sailors, and marines ever engaged in the beauty-parlor business was in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. The beauty parlor in the Legion's building went on the rocks, and the legionnaires took it over and are operating it successfully. . . . A tramp crossing the Brattleboro, Vermont, bridge met a cop and prepared to resign himself to another arrest. Instead, the policeman chased him back across the Connecticut River into New Hampshire. The Brattleboro jail was all full, the cop explained.

and other places that you support by your patronage or taxes. No one ever comes around to you to collect for this specific service, but the public (which means you, multiplied by about 120 million) has to bear the burden in the end.

There are about three and a half million people who work around such places, spending part or all of their time in cleaning up. Making due allowance for the varying hours, wages, etc., the quota of your family to this expense is a little more than $20 a year.

Window cleaning is a special and separate expense. There are at this moment about 300 million windows in the United States. The average cost of cleaning them seems to be about one dollar a year, allowing for one cleaning every three months.

An item that will come home to almost everyone is the cost of cleaning automobiles. The registration of motor vehicles in the United States is at present about 25 millions. We may assume that the average car is given a bath once a month at an average cost of about 50 cents a bath.

The annual cost of cleaning railway cars, street cars, buses, etc., based on figures provided by the Interstate Commerce Commission, shows that your share of this expense is 50 cents for each member of your family.

It may be surprising to learn that there are still about nineteen million horses in the country, almost four fifths as many as the registered automobiles. Some 19,000 persons were counted by the last census as hostlers for these animals. The cost of keeping these steeds in a respectable degree of cleanliness is about 50 cents a month each or, in round numbers, 110 millions of dollars a year. Add to this the cost of cleaning the fifteen million horse-drawn vehicles still in use in the country and one gets a dollar a year for each member of the population.

To gather all these loose items together, allowing you to apply to your own case the ones that seem to fit, the following table may be useful:

Housewife labor	$200.00
Domestic work	28.00
Washing, bathing, and shaving time (Husband)	225.00
Business cleanliness	20.00
Automobile cleaning	6.00
Trains, street cars, horses, wagons, etc.	6.00
Total	$485.00

The odds are that most of the readers of this article believe, up to this point, that some of the biggest figures are yet to come. How about street cleaning? And sewers? And the garbage collectors? The truth is that these civic operations add relatively little to the country's cleaning bill. Expenditures on streets or sewers seem large because they are conspicuous. We see the garbage wagons cluttering up the alleys every few days. We observe the street cleaner, particularly when his operations obstruct our private notions of the way automobile traffic ought to be regulated. We read of gigantic sums misappropriated through some instance of sewer graft. Consequently, we form an idea that these various enterprises are conducted at a gigantic expense. Of course, they really are costly and enormously important. But compared to the cleaning activities that are carried on every day by 120 million people, they turn out to absorb but small amounts of everybody's average cost.

Pasteur and other scientific gentlemen first broke the bad news that everybody was harboring, sheltering, and encouraging germs, and that dirt is the germ's favorite dwelling place. And so began that part of the world's clean-up job called sanitation. Street cleaning is one of its chief necessities. For the twenty-five leading cities of the United States, the cost of this public service is about $1.05 a year for each person.

The average annual cost of sewerage for twenty-five leading cities is 65 cents per capita. The plain cold water delivered by the city mains to your home costs you in taxes or metered charges about $6 a year.

How much of the nation's annual paint bill should be charged to cleaning? The yearly "paint-up-clean-up" campaigns indicate that about one half of all painting is done in behalf of cleanliness—

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keeping out dust, brushing up old surfaces that are covered with dirt, and generally smoothing the outside and inside of houses and buildings for the purpose of discouraging obnoxious deposits. This would give you about $5 per capita to add to your total bill.

The one great item remaining is the cost of cleaning food and food containers in the preparing of package foods for distribution and sale. Analysis of the work done in factories in California indicates that about 10 per cent of the total production cost is due to cleaning operations. A conservative estimate for the whole country would be 5 per cent of the final sale value of all kinds of foods.

The country's annual food bill has been estimated at 23 billion dollars. If 5 per cent of it is paid for cleanliness, then $10 a year for each member of your family is the part of your grocery bill that you can charge up to having clean food.

Your share, then, of what we will call civic cleanliness and sanitation can be roughly summed up in the following list:

CIVIC CLEANLINESS

(Normal cost for family of four people.)

Street cleaning	$ 4.20
Garbage collection	2.60
Water supply (taxes or meter)	6.00
Paint	20.00
Food cleaning	40.00
Total	$72.80

IF WE add all the items together, including household and personal cleanliness, labor and time involved, business cleanliness, and civic cleanliness, it is possible for you to spend something over $1,000 a year in this way. The chances are, of course, that in one way or another you escape some of the indirect cleaning costs. And part of the above total being for time and labor not actually paid for, you are justified in deducting the sums quoted in that connection. Even so, figure it out and see if 10 per cent of the money you spend does not go for this purpose.

To check against the entire cost of cleaning and to help show how cleanliness compares with other civilized enterprises in public esteem, a survey was made of published advertising that had for its purpose the selling of products to help keep things clean. Every magazine in the United States having more than one million circulation was analyzed. Typical newspapers in the ten chief cities in the country were dissected. Here are the results:

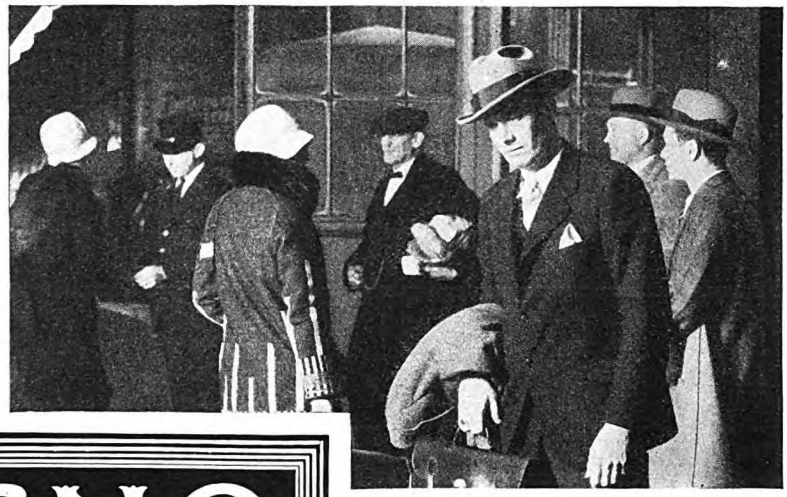
In the magazines 24.4 per cent of all the advertising space was devoted to products directly connected with keeping clean. In the newspapers only 4.8 per cent of space was so used. Between the two, we find that more than one fifth of the nation's advertising is cleanliness propaganda.

Author's Note: Obviously, it would be impossible to cite all the sources and computations used in preparing this article. They would fill five times the space available, and be very dull reading besides. But the reader may be assured that the figures do not rest on guesswork. A complete record of the data used is on file with The American Magazine, and the author will be glad to answer any serious inquiries for further details.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

An imperative need of today's traveler:

Intestinal Hygiene



ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT

Never do we show such carelessness in matters of intestinal hygiene as when traveling. We have been told about the dangers of intestinal toxicity due to upsetting changes in water and food while traveling. Yet, when train headaches, seasickness or tired digestion warn us of an abused system, we are satisfied to take a pill and let the matter drift until "we get home."

But why let intestinal toxicity spoil your trip? Why take such chances? Why permit poisons to endanger your entire system? It is quite easy to combat intestinal toxicity. Thousands are doing it by perfectly natural means — a balanced diet, fresh air, exercise. If, in addition, a certain degree of assistance is necessary, why not trust yourself to the gentle, thorough action of Eno instead of using bitter, drastic cathartics?

Perhaps you already have encountered this delightful, sparkling laxative on your travels and know of its pleasant taste and gentle, thorough action . . . how different it is from the ordinary cathartic.

Eno Effervescent Salt never leaves you "all dragged out." It simply flushes and cleanses the intestinal tract and speeds up normal action. It does not gripe you nor disturb the day's routine.

Try Eno for a week—regularly morning or evening. You'll give it a place in your grip or on your bathroom shelf when once you have experienced the clear-eyed health possible to those free from the attacks of intestinal toxins . . . poisons carried by the blood to all parts of the body. Its valuable anti-acid qualities are particularly effective in certain cases of acidosis too!

This famous effervescent saline is available at all druggists at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th Street, New York.

"Just pour it in and drink—it stirs itself"

Eno—health precaution—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of Eno in a glass of water. Taking this sparkling saline regularly helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take a glass of Eno. At soda fountains everywhere.

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The Lost Brook

By GLEN WARD DRESBACH

When he was a boy he used to follow
A path that led where the gay cliff-swallow
Could see him coming and circled over
A shining brook in a meadow of clover,
And darted down and, with dew on her breast,
Circled back to her clay-cliff nest.
And the bob-o-link from the brook's lush grass
Winged up on song where the boy would pass. . . .
The boy grew older; the brook seemed slower,
The clay cliffs seemed to be wearing lower,
And the last he was there men mowed the clover
And the cry of plovers drifted over.
Something was gone, and the southward wings
Pulled at his heart's taut silver strings. . . .

New tenants came to the farm; the springs
That fed the brook were tiled to drain
The meadow, and the willows' wings
Were clipped and the place was quiet with grain.
Lost was the brook, and its course was filled
From clay cliffs leveled and broken-willed
As the years went by—but in a heart
Now far from there was remembered laughter.
In dreams a boy was running after
A brook through a meadow of ripened clover,
Down through the lush grass swaying apart,
And willows waved like great plumes over
The wayward brook that was, in truth,
The shining thing that once was Youth!

Mary Resigns

(*Continued from page 67*)

erect on the other side of the desk, occasionally venting her mood by a tap of her shoe.

That prohibition against gambling on inside tips from the office floated into her mind and swam on a sea of fancy. American Core and Matrix stood, last time she consulted the ticker, at sixty-eight. They were intending to force it above one hundred—at least. Mentally, she invested at narrow margin five thousand dollars of her own, now inactive in the bank pending a favorable opening, and watched it swell. She was resisting temptation, putting the devil behind her, when—

"Miss Mallon," said Mr. Bruce quietly between two telephone calls, "do I pay you a satisfactory salary?"

"It's enough, yes, Mr. Bruce."

"Then suppose you earn it," said Mr. Bruce. "You don't, sitting there resting your hands, you know."

Of course, if she had started to withdraw, he would have said, "Did I tell you to go?" It was just a straw, but the last straw. Something inside of Mary tensed and snapped. . . . Well, she was finished, gloriously finished with Bruce and Company.

MR. BRUCE was talking like an automatic riveter into the instrument connecting with his private circuit. Mary, her face working, waited for him to hang up. And her eyes lit on Fannie's vanity case, left behind in that hurried, angry exit. Like a fire in a fuse, this reminder of Fannie and her business proposal started a train of thought which sizzled to an explosive climax. Mary's expression grew deathly still. Stiff and erect, she turned, walked to her desk, gave one determined shake of her shoulders and head before she resumed work.

Severe and silent, she ripped through a lively morning, during which Mr. Bruce kept the staff working like dynamos. Once, entering his office with a rush telegram, she heard him saying to the receiver, "I guess it's about ready to blossom;" and she nodded to herself.

What with all this disturbed, presaging bustle, it was no day to go out to luncheon. Usually, in such periods of stress—when Mr. Bruce was finding a hundred small, unnecessary tasks which he trusted only Mary to perform—she had the office boy bring up something from the cafeteria downstairs. But she had resigned—though the old bully in the inside office wouldn't know that until certain delicious events had happened.

SHARP at noon she arose, took three casual minutes to powder her nose and arrange her fur about her neck. At a brisk, graceful walk, she swung her spare figure to the elevator and then down lower Broadway. The noon rush was beginning. The solemn entrances, funnels to huge containers of humanity above, were spurting forth the cadets of finance and flapper stenographers The mood of Mary, in the emotional vacuum behind the whirl of her vital decision, was such that for the first time in years she really noticed these familiar surroundings.

How somber it all was! Though youth prevailed in this crowd, laughter seemed muted and chatter came from far away—like the radio when you've just begun to tune in. Over everything lay the dense but luminous shadow of those city gorges. People moved through dim violet aureoles. And yet at that moment a sense of spring and sex vitalized it—faint and shadowy also, like love among the ghosts.

Those clerks in their well-pressed trousers, well-brushed shoes, well-fitted coats, slightly rakish hats, were turning their eyes, in passing, toward this or that proportionate leg, rosy little face, pair of liquid eyes. The girls so signaled for attention seemed to walk in conscious pride of their sex, to enjoy with a kind of glory. There were whispers, too; gentle approaches. And in Trinity Churchyard, couples sat on the benches talking sedately but amorously, even holding hands.

Few eyes lingered on Mary. The glances brushed over her and then rested on milkmaid types in shockingly inappropriate clothes. And Mary knew without conceit that she was worth looking at—the firm, regular features just touched with distinction, the alert, swaying figure, the absolutely right attire. Correctness—she was growing tired of that pose. Eleven years ago, when she took her first job in the financial district, she had used her eyes and her head and accepted a formula. Correctness, for a woman with her ambitions, was the touchstone of success. As with clothes, so with conduct.

From her little apartment on the respectable fringe of fashion to her regular attendance at a church just ritualistic enough, she was cut to pattern. Now that she had quit her job, she reflected, she'd take a vacation before settling down into another sty of Wall Street. She would have plenty of offers! Wouldn't it be wonderful to be just incorrect for a while—to wear something flaunting like the yellow and red scarf on that flapper there, that frivolous hat, those high-heeled snakeskin shoes. Some casual stranger would notice her then!

SUDDENLY Mary changed her course. She turned into a side street of the Colonial quarter, where the second floor of a house that was venerable when it saw Black Friday thrust out over the street the sign of the Blue Wing Tea Room. There, she would at least be noticed!

Nevertheless, at the door she hesitated, backed away, stood with a sullen, impatient knot in her forehead as she contemplated the sign. Behind it lurked Wally Cruse. In the corner, half concealed by a pillar, stood a table always specially reserved for her until a quarter past one. When she entered, Wally would look at her with eyes grown suddenly soft—like a dyspeptic poodle—and lead her in state to that table. He would seat her, seat himself—would renew his hopeless standing offer of marriage.

He always proposed in the same words

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Their

Thier

Their

It's a wonder *any child can spell*

THE child learns a word as a type picture—not as a collection of letters. All the rest of the child's life, that word will be recognized instantly. That is why the child can read.

Any child can detect when a typed word is misspelled. That has been proved. Yet the same word will be misspelled constantly when hand-written.

The written word is an entirely different picture—a clumsy, hand-drawn picture. A picture without the slightest resemblance to the type picture. Is it any wonder that written work is full of spelling errors?

How illogical and ridiculous it is to impose this added burden and confusion at a time when the mind is struggling to grasp the first principles of education. If every child could be given a typewriter and taught to use it, an amazing improvement in spelling would result. Why? Simply because each word, as typed, would *look* right. It would correspond to the type picture that was in the child's mind.

Is your youngster having a hard time to find out what school work is all about? Is there growing in the young mind a feeling of discouragement—inferiority—failure? Are report cards distressing?

The most intelligent aid you can give your child during this vital period of mental development is to take home a Corona typewriter. In a surprisingly short time the child will learn to operate it automatically. It is such fun to type that home work will become a pleasure. Exercise and compositions will be neatly and accurately prepared, spelling will improve and the report card will be dotted with "A" and "B" instead of with "C" and "D."

The New Corona is small in the sense that a fine watch is small. Its touch is remarkably easy and its operation simple. Its mechanism is so sturdy, simple and scientifically sound that, even with abuse, it will give a lifetime of service.

We can arrange with our local dealer to have a Corona delivered to your home for a trial without imposing any obligation to buy.

When you appreciate what a fine instrument it is, and how quickly you learn to operate it you can, if you wish, pay for it gradually.

There is a choice of many charming colors. The new Corona, with standard keyboard, costs $60. Corona Special, with three-row keyboard, costs $39.50. Price includes attractive carrying case.

Let us send you full particulars and name of nearest Corona dealer. L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc, 51 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

CORONA *A UTILITY OF MODERN LIVING*

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The Great Tomorrow By Walter B. Pitkin

Canned Sunshine

Of all imaginable discoveries and inventions, except perhaps one which confers immortality on man, none exceeds in importance the direct conversion of sunlight into food and fuel. Plants do this. But man has never been able to imitate them. He progresses, though. And of late he has made some long strides. Three great chemists have brought us perceptibly closer to the distant goal. Baly has actually produced substances very much like sugar simply by exposing moist carbon dioxide and cobalt or nickel compounds to ultra-violet light. Studying Baly's tests, Brown has shown that as little as four per cent of the sunlight falling on a tank of such chemicals 100 feet square would generate 374 pounds of sugar every day. If used as fuel, this sugar would equal about 154 pounds of coal. Rigollot has treated two red copper plates in such a manner that an electrical current is set up simply by putting one plate in sunlight while the other is kept in the dark. The sunlight actually stored by both Baly and Rigollot has been as trifling in amount as the spark which Benjamin Franklin picked up when he flew his kite in a thunderstorm. And just as portentous, too! Perhaps a hundred years must pass ere our tropical wastes will begin to be covered with solar engines. But that day is on its way as surely as the earth spins on. When it arrives, the sweat and hazards of farming and mining will both cease. Then we shall be able to let Old Sol do the chores.

Intelligent Teamwork Did It

It's not the great scientific discovery alone that whoops us onward toward the Great Tomorrow. Plain teamwork can do almost as much, provided the workers follow the lead of the scientist. Look at what Cattaraugus County, New York State, did by following the community health program worked out by the United States Public Health Service. Within five years the tuberculosis death rate was cut nearly in half. Undernourished children almost vanished. And within another decade the county may become a famous health center and its residents free from fear of epidemics.

—"Can't you, Mary?" Now that she had come with the avowed purpose of getting some attention, she realized that Wally's attentions had no more kick and bite to them than a bottle of soda opened yesterday. She had him in her hands, and he felt altogether too waxy. When he fell in love with her and began to show it, he was head waiter and assistant manager in that café and cafeteria where she took her luncheons. He had a pretty instinct for dramatizing the restaurant business, and about as much enterprise as a two-toed sloth. She began at once to manage him.

She saw the opening for the Blue Wing Tea Room, found his financing, guided him past all pitfalls. But attentions from Wally—"Fudge and fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mary aloud.

Abruptly she turned on her heel, entered an automat, lunched hurriedly on a sandwich and a glass of milk. As she emerged, she shook herself as though to spur a flagging determination, felt in her bag for her check book and strode to the office of Coleman and Niles, her own brokers. They knew her position; they would take an order from her on an unethically narrow margin. . . .

AS SHE reëntered Bruce and Company's office she expected an explosion. When Mr. Bruce was swinging one of these big operations, he always ran a cycle, like a disease. First that sarcastic mood; then a roaring fever of temper; then, when he had manufactured a few more millions out of nothing, an expansive geniality. He must have identified her step, for she had scarcely taken off her hat when he appeared at the door.

"Well, Miss Mallon!" he said; and there was a roar behind his voice. Over the office—from filing cabinet to bookkeeper's desk, from the office boy's chair to the stenographer's cage—swayed and rustled a kind of staccato sighing. It was the working force of Bruce and Company suppressing its giggles. Mary, the dread mistress, was going to get what daily she gave them.

Usually, when Mr. Bruce called in that tone, Mary accelerated her pace. Today, she took off her coat and hat, put them away, with tantalizing slowness. As she entered the inner office, Mr. Bruce was talking into the private telephone. He looked up with a menacing glare in his eye. Before he hung up that instrument and took up the other, he found time to remark:

"You must be suffering from malnutrition, Miss Mallon—to go to luncheon on a day like this!"

A MINUTE later, in the rush and confusion of his composite conversations—with his accomplices, with his floor men—he seemed to have forgotten Mary's flaw in duty. She sat across the table, her eyes roving with a deliberate impersonation of languid inattention, her ears open, her nerves tense. And finally, in a voice preternaturally low, he said the words for which she had been waiting:

"All right—shoot!" Always the same formula; as simple and as meaningful as the terse firing-order by which a captain starts a war. She found herself controlling her breath.

Hobart Bruce rang on his desk-bell that signal which closed all telephone connection. He sat back in his chair, closed his eyes for a moment. "There, not another word about this thing for half an hour," he said almost to himself. "Miss Mallon—take these letters."

When he had finished dictating, Mary gathered up her full notebook and repaired to her desk. Ten minutes she gave herself before she swept around the office one glance whose severity camouflaged its guilt, and repaired to the ticker. American Core and Matrix was moving. At noon that inactive stock had stood, as for weeks past, at sixty-eight and a fraction. It had risen now to seventy-three. A quarter past two. It was the regular rhythm of a Bruce operation. Strange, that Wall Street, with all its myriad suspicious eyes and ears, never seemed to read the signs! A slow start and then—if the plot worked—a rush, a soaring.

Now Mr. Bruce roared for her again—he was working both telephones and dictating between spasms. When she dared another look at the ticker, it bore the closing quotation—"A-C-&-M-75½." And now, the operation was suspended until morning; and Mr. Bruce gave to Mary another sign. "Send the boy to dismiss the car," he said. He never took his long and loud limousine to that modest suite in the East Forties which he kept for conferences and underground work. Someone might follow. He would leave the building by the back door, pick up a taxicab on an obscure back street, go to the Grand Central station, emerge by a side entrance, walk to the apartment. Indeed, as he rose and took his hat, he signaled to the astute Mary his intention to do just that.

"Are you going straight home?" he asked. "I want you within call tonight." That meant he might use her for cryptic errands too meaningful and dangerous for expression, even in code words, over the telephone.

"I have an engagement between five and six," said Mary decisively. "Otherwise—at home as usual."

Mr. Bruce's glance, as he left the office, registered the opinion that he couldn't get loyal and devoted service anywhere—not anywhere.

THAT was Wednesday. When Mary awoke Thursday morning, she rushed to the newspapers. Nothing on the front pages. She tore them open to the financial pages. Yesterday had witnessed a kind of nervous, irregular bull market. A dozen specialties had taken sensational jumps. But General Bitumen, which had advanced nearly twenty points, monopolized the headlines. American Core and Matrix figured only with five or six other also-rans. No—toward the bottom of a financial column, a brief paragraph, American Core and Matrix had advanced on rumors of merger operations.

Meticulous search developed that every financial page bore the same obscure, mysterious suggestion of something stirring. Once again it was a merger, once a report of a very favorable statement, once a vague hint of new inventions and processes in the matrix business. Bruce's underground publicity was doing its bit.

When she reached the office, he was already at his desk. His eyes shone from red rims; his hair, usually as meticulously laid as any toupee, lay tousled. He didn't seem to want her at the minute; she

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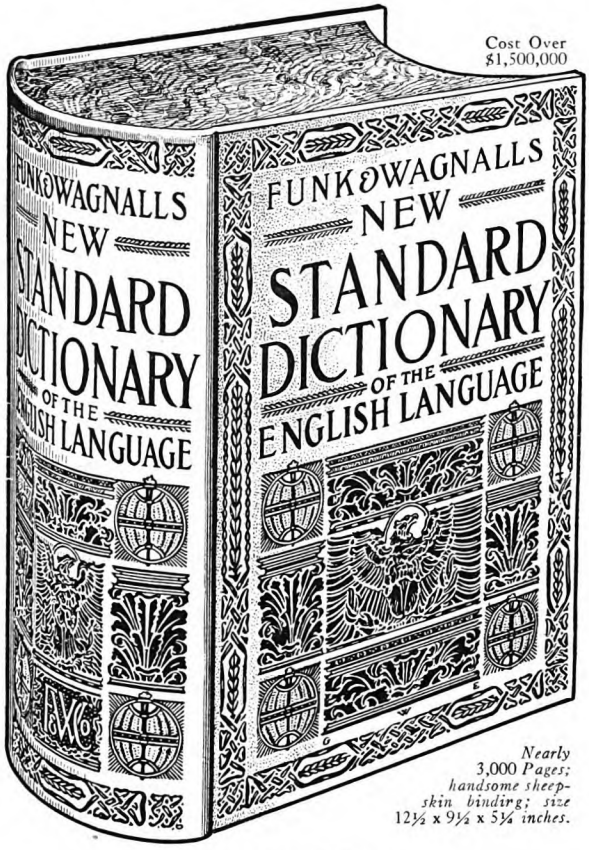

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

Making the "Open Road" Pay

MOST of us can live in a town for years, and not find out much more about it than where the best stores are and how much money the leading citizens are reputed to have. Thus it comes as something of a surprise for Walter Layman to drive into town in his old flivver, with a camera on his arm and his dog Pocahontas at his heels, and, after a little investigating, be able to tell us more about our own locality than we supposed the oldest inhabitants knew.

But he can do it. In the last ten years Layman has explored every state in the union. That's his occupation. He is a vagabond artist and lecturer. But instead of begging his way, as a proper vagabond is supposed to do, he brings rare gifts to every community he visits—gifts of knowledge about itself.

No matter where he goes, his first thought is to find out all he can about that section of the country. He interviews the old inhabitants, digs up local history, classifies native trees, flowers, rocks, birds, and reptiles and takes pictures of the beauty spots. Then he makes his pictures into lantern slides, and hastens to the nearest schoolhouse to pour out his treasure-trove to the youngsters.

Sometimes the school takes up a collection to pay the lecturer; sometimes it doesn't. It's all the same to Walter Layman. His photographs will always bring a neat sum from the metropolitan newspapers or the nature magazines. Or a lecture before a woman's club or a church organization will fetch in enough to defray his modest expenses. That's all he wants.

Layman started life as a commercial artist. But he found life in the big cities was too artificial, too feverish, too madly competitive, so he closed his studio, bought a flivver, and struck out for the open road. He has been following it ever since.

MILDRED HARRINGTON

busied herself with the routine of arranging her desk. Now the ticker began its irregular clicking—the market had opened. She would not look at the thing for fifteen minutes! . . . To discipline herself, she made it twenty minutes. . . .

It had broken one of its silences and begun hammering out a quotation—"A-C-&-M-98½." Controlling the trembling in her fingers, Mary raced back over the tape. American Core and Matrix had jumped twenty points overnight and was still going up. She strolled casually to her desk, began dotting figures onto a scratch pad, then sat tapping a tooth with the end of her pencil. . . . She must keep her nerve and hold on.

MR. BRUCE was at the door, roaring for her. Inside, only that one man; but he managed in the next hour to make as much energized confusion as a stampeding herd. No need to consult the ticker. Mr. Bruce was dropping quotations in the midst of his enigmatic directions, exhortations, commands. The herd, apparently, was following. In half an hour, American Core and Matrix had passed one hundred and ten. The next glimpse revealed it at one hundred and eighteen.

Bruce ordered a memorandum from the private file. In returning, Mary stole a look at the ticker. American Core and Matrix had touched one hundred and twenty-five. Did she dare use the soundproof booth in the corner? . . . Someone might open the door. . . . She carried the memorandum to its destination, just as Mr. Bruce said into the private telephone:

"One thirty? Spell it! One thirty. One three O. One hundred and three tens—that it? All right—let go!"

He hung up now; wheeled his chair round, sat looking out over the skyscrapers. His next mood would follow—a vacant, moronic state of relaxation. Mary laid down the memorandum, took three stealthy, guilty steps backward. He did not notice. She flew to the booth, held the door tight shut with her free hand while she called up her brokers.

"Where's A. C. & M?" she asked. "One hundred thirty-four," came a voice choked with excitement. Rising still . . . ah, she had forgotten that the pack always went on for a while after the leaders dropped out. Her own voice choked as she said: "Sell at the market—quick!"

A minute after she emerged and sat down, Bruce rang for her. That too was a symptom. Only when he worked under high pressure did he appear at the doorway and roar. "Next stage," said Mary to herself. He would announce, as if it were news, that he was going away for the week-end. Always, at the close of such an operation, he slipped over to that little inn on Long Island where he played golf, recuperated his forces, and dodged the reporters.

To her, Mary, the roustabout, remained the tasks of baffling subtle attempts to ascertain his whereabouts, of presenting an adamantine front to the prying press, of reporting every evening by private wire. . . . It would be the last time. . . .

"Well, Mary Mallon," said the Boss, "I think I have made enough money in the past few hours to afford a little rest and relaxation—"

She hated that geniality worse than his sarcasm. She was glad she hated it. She had to keep on hating or she couldn't go through and finish what she had begun. . . .

WHEN Hobart Bruce entered the office Monday morning, his self-discharged employee swept over him one long, bold, appraising glance of her gray eyes. He wore the suit of country tweeds which he kept usually at the inn. Evidently he had not stopped, on the way back, at the New York house. And so he hadn't an idea, not a remote idea, of what was going to happen to him. Then, without orders, she followed him into his inner office. He slipped off his camel's-hair coat, disposed of his hat; still standing, made a rapid search of the papers on the desk. One he picked up, scrutinized, held out to Mary.

"Telephone this man," he said. "Fix it—don't let him get to me."

"I don't propose to do anything of the kind," said Mary.

"What?" said Hobart Bruce. He sat down and looked her over. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mary, "I've quit my job. I'm leaving. I've resigned."

"What in thunder have you resigned for?"

So far, the dialogue went as expected. The next lines—the climax—Mary had composed and rehearsed through three wakeful nights. But now that the moment had come, she found herself speechless. And there he was, looking her full in the eye. She had to say or do something. Silently, she dropped onto the desk before him a folded slip of yellow paper.

"'PAY to Mary Mallon—five thousand, two hundred dollars,'" he read aloud, and then, making a pause to decipher the writing, "'R. J. McComber'—why that's the poet!" His eyes looked up at Mary, and behind them she could see into his brain. He was putting things together—that sum, Fannie's rejected business proposal, possibilities . . . And still Mary could not find her tongue. Suddenly, nervously, she threw open the side door leading into the public hall.

Instantly the plump, comely figure of Fannie p'ugged the entrance. Fannie and a young man. They were struggling to see who could get through the door first. With one magnificent backward sweep of her stalwart arm, Fannie won. Then she permitted her swain to enter.

He was a tall, slender young man with a natural marcel wave in his reddish brown hair, frank eyes, boyishly hollow cheeks, a mouth that looked as though it could smile agreeably; though at the moment it wore an expression of stern determination mingled with embarrassment. He was arrayed in an aggressively new flannel suit—pearl-grey with a faint blue stripe.

Mr. Bruce sat looking from the signature on the check to the signatory of the check. And Mary found her tongue.

"May I introduce Mr. and Mrs. McComber," she said.

"Mr. and Mrs.—Hell!" exploded Bruce. He surveyed his daughter. "Well, I thought you'd do it," he said. "Now you're coming here to ask me to support you, I suppose." Suddenly his flashing intuition seemed to put two circumstances together. "What does this check mean?"

"It means," said Mary Mallon firmly, "payment to me for the money—my own

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So use Ipana. Insist on it. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows a tinge of "pink", you need it. Ipana is well worth a few cents more because of its double protection.

So send for the sample today, if you like—but stop at your nearest druggist's and get a large-size tube as well. Beginning tonight, test Ipana for a month. Your teeth will be whiter. Your gums will be healthier, firmer. In this day of gum disorders, it's common sense to use the tooth paste that insures protection.

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money—which I invested Wednesday for Mr. McComber in American Core and Matrix—twenty per cent margin—my brokers will give me that—"

Rennie McComber, playing the man, broke in:

"You see, Mr. Bruce—or shall I say Father—" and here his mouth fulfilled its promise of an attractive smile—"Miss Mallon came to my place Wednesday afternoon—"

With an outward wave of her stalwart arm, Fannie stilled him and herself took up the story:

"Came and told him she'd played five thousand two hundred for him on that cinch of yours—the job you refused to do for me. She wanted him to make good. Well, Rennie—"

"I never did know what stocks and bonds were all about," broke in Rennie.

"Rennie wouldn't listen to her until she telephoned for me," Fannie went on serenely. "And I came down and jolly well saw that he did. So we've got fifty thousand dollars, and I can make that last three years the simple way we're going to live—fifteen thousand a year—and by then he'll be earning at least as much as that, writing advertising."

"WELL, there's one thing," said Mr. Bruce. "You'll ghastly well tell your aunt Caroline yourself. You don't expect me to break the news—"

"Oh, Aunt Carrie's all right," said Fannie. "When Mary explained to her that the McCombers had exceptional social standing in Connecticut, she grew positively sentimental."

"She would," interrupted Mr. Bruce grimly. "Well, if the chaperon I've been keeping for you has fallen down on the job, I suppose I'll have to take it as is." He looked over his son-in-law appraisingly. Rennie McComber returned his gaze with that frank, engaging smile.

"Fannie's had her way again," commented Mr. Bruce impersonally and a little ominously, as if he were thinking of something else. "Now run along, you hard-boiled young love-birds—come to luncheon with me—Battery Club—one-fifteen—and we'll talk over your rosy future—"

"Make it twelve-thirty, Dad," said Fannie briskly. "The grand wedding tour starts at three-forty-five. And now do I get kissed? And does your new son get a manly handclasp?" For an instant Fannie looked soft, sentimental, little-girlish. Then she was gone through the door, preceding Rennie McComber—the performance somehow resembled in reverse the progress of an Indian followed by his squaw.

All this time, Mr. Bruce had not looked at Mary Mallon. Now at last his eyes turned to her face. . . . She had thought she had seen him angry before, but it was never like this . . . cold and snaky and steely. . . . Well, he wasn't going to make her afraid. . . .

"How long," he asked, "have you been playing the market on what you learn in this office? In short, double-crossing me?"

"I've played your sure-thing game only once," said Mary decisively. "And that was this time—for Rennie McComber. Believe me or not, as you wish. But in case you think I've done anything to break your sacred office rules, remember you've got me bonded—that's how much you've trusted me—and my account at my broker's is open to your inspection."

"That's the way of women," said Bruce. "You can trust one of them just so far. In face of a love affair—hers or anyone else's—all honesty and decency is off."

He was making it easy to say what she had to say before she left that room.

"No"—Mary enunciated this proudly and very distinctly—"no, I didn't do it because I was sentimental. I did it because I had determined to leave this place, and this was an opening to pay you back. I did it because I hated you. Do you get that? Because I hate you!"

Mr. Bruce didn't bristle at this, though his eyes grew, if possible, a shade harder.

"So that's what you did it for—revenge—what do you know about this young man you've wished on my family?"

Why, at this moment, did she have to be honest?

"I regret to say," replied Mary coolly, "that I fell down there. He happens to be all right. I wish he was a monster. Really I've done the best thing for your family. That daughter of yours is too much like you. She has to be boss. She'll never love anyone that she doesn't manage. If you'd broken this up, next time she'd have brought home a chauffeur or a gunman or a sap. He isn't even a fortune hunter. I don't suppose he's ever given your money so much as a thought. He doesn't care—he doesn't even know—when he's hungry or uncomfortable or broke. He'll be happy because someone else is deciding that for him, and she'll be happy because he'll take her program. And I'll tell you another thing. He's able. Whether it's poetry or advertising or what, with Fannie managing him, in ten years you'll be telling how you discovered him. It wasn't what I started to do, and that's that. But just the same I hate you!"

"And what about me displeases your ladyship?"

THIS was another opening for her long-rehearsed valedictory. It was to review all his insults, with especially vicious samples, and insert venomous repartees. It was to call attention to that rudimentary side-whisker, and hang thereon the symbolism of his false nature. It was to leave his soul, as she swept majestically out of his life, a burned and twisted rag. . . .

But she was beginning to gulp. If that kept on, she'd be crying . . . and she'd rather fall dead than cry at this moment. . . . Her stiff lips were talking, all by themselves. They said:

"You're insulting, constantly insulting. You've kept stinging me like a wasp for seven years. And the worst of it is you don't know when you're insulting, you—" here, definitely, Mary renounced correctness—"you big bully!" She started away; but at the door she turned. "One last recommendation. What you need in my place is a mild little pink-face—the kind that falls in love with the boss!"

Mary sat down at her desk; began assorting and assembling her private possessions. She didn't feel like crying any more. What a load had risen from her spirits! She felt she could soar. Mr. Bruce . . . And there, a very big fly buzzed into the ointment. The picture of Mr. Bruce had changed . . . why . . . leaving was going to be a wrench. . . . They'd worked together, like two cogwheels in the same machine, for seven years. . . . For the second time in five minutes, she had to struggle with tears.

"I suppose I'm just like Fannie," she said to herself. "I can't care for anyone who bosses me." Only—with a sudden flash of illumination—the reverse was true! . . . That thought brought in its train another, so perturbing that her eyes and cheeks imitated the gray-and-rose of a dawn . . .

"Miss Mallon," came Hobart Bruce's voice from the door of his office, "would you mind seeing me for a moment before you go out?"

HE WAS standing at his desk when she entered. And there was dawn in his face too. Without bidding, she sat down.

"See here, Mary Mallon," he said, towering over her, "this establishment positively can't navigate without you. I see what you mean—about the way I've been acting. I get into that state when I'm in a big operation. My nerves are all ready to break, and I bite the nearest object. I don't mean anything by it. But I see what it's been doing to you. You're temperamental and bossy yourself, and you work like a horse; and your nerves go bad, too. But instead of letting it out, you hold in and say 'Yes, Mr. Bruce.' You're one of those people who were born to hate the boss. All right, you play you're the boss. Be yourself. Whenever I start anything with you, hit back. Tell me I'm a big bully, as you did a minute ago. Come on, now—practice. Call me something!"

"You great, big, high-hat chunk of cheese!" said Mary with emphasis. And then—the tensions of a week broke in a duet of immoderate bass and soprano laughter.

"Well, anyhow, you're bound to admit that with all my faults I have sex appeal," said Hobart Bruce, wiping his eyes; and they laughed again.

And having laughed, they looked at each other; and having looked, they grew suddenly grave and still. There was no embarrassment in that stillness; only understanding. He spoke first; in a tone low and constrained.

"Mary Mallon, Mary Mallon," he said, "was *that* why you hated me?"

And one side of her told itself that she was immodest, while the other side, as though spelled, came out with the truth.

"Yes," she said," though I didn't dream it until—until I got ready to go!" And then she felt that she could sink through her chair . . . for he hadn't told yet . . .

But he was telling!

"And to think, Mary dear," he was saying, "that you've been here for a blessed seven years, and I have never seen you before—just looked at you and never saw you, until I faced your going away—" his voice caught, and he moved round the desk.

"And Hobart Bruce, darling," said Mary ten minutes later, "I'm going to begin to boss you now, on the spot. Before we start for the license, you're to go into the washroom and shave off those baby side-whiskers!"

"All right, pink-face-that-falls-in-love-with-the-boss!" replied Hobart Bruce.

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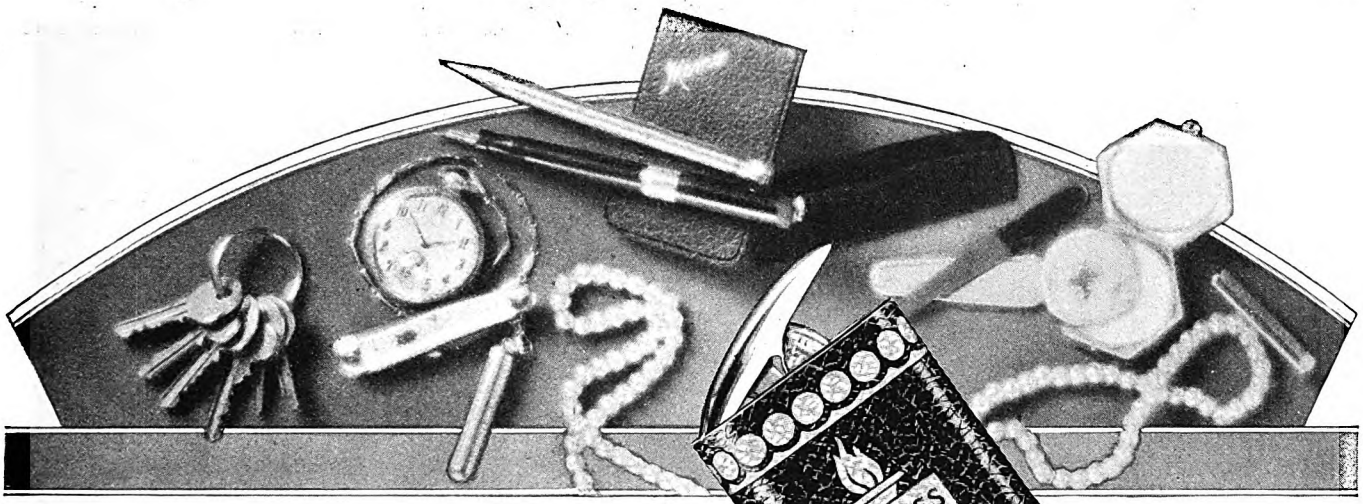

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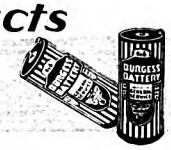

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This is the middle of the fall term. The examinations are on. The children—your children—are being classified like sheep. They are either being marked up or marked down by busy teachers whose classes are too big for personal attention.

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

I'm Tired of Being Married to an Optimist

I'M TIRED of being married to what the world calls an optimist.

For nearly fifteen years I have been doing all the worrying for the family, and I have just about decided that if I were to choose again I would pick a first-rate pessimist.

Perhaps I would regret it, but right now it seems to me it would be a heavenly relief to have someone else assume part of the burden of planning for the future and safeguarding the present.

My husband is the most lovable, good-natured man in the world, but I have come to the conclusion that a diet of constant optimism and happy-go-lucky cheerfulness is just about as bad as a diet of ice cream and candy every day in the year.

The dictionary defines an optimist as "one who hopes for the best." Honesty compels me to admit that Bob not only hopes for the best, but usually gets it. In other words, he usually lands right-side-up, and that without much difficulty. Honesty also compels me to agree with Bob when he says I go through a lot of needless worry and grief.

We have three children, two girls and a boy, and from the time the first one was born I have been hoping to save something for the proverbial rainy day.

Bob's optimism seems to spread to his creditors and he always keeps the bills paid up just enough to allow him to charge what he wants when he wants it.

He is generous to a fault, always ready to lend money to any chance acquaintance because he is sure they will pay him back some day. I'll venture to say that he would have a neat little bank account if all the dollars he has lent were to be returned and deposited for him.

BOB is the kind of father the children idolize. Anything they ask for, he buys them. If small Bob wants a bike or Big Sister thinks she needs a new wrist watch because hers is out of style, Bob goes downtown and charges them, but he never puts away anything toward their future education.

He can't carry life insurance without paying an exorbitant premium, so he hasn't that to fall back on. But he cheerfully informs me that I could always get a good job if necessary, forgetting entirely that he married me almost as soon as I was graduated from high school and that fifteen or more years of housework haven't made me much in demand in the business world.

We have nearly always driven a car. Usually we could ill afford one. But Bob is in a business where the checks are spasmodic and he is always sure there is a big one just around the corner.

The car we are driving now hasn't had a cent paid on it, and often he has to charge the gas and oil.

When our first baby was born, my bachelor uncle gave us a hundred-dollar bill. If he hadn't, I'm afraid the doctor and nurse would have had to wait a long time for their money. It hadn't occurred to my optimistic husband that he could have saved a little for that big day.

I had been trying to juggle the finances and pay the bills ever since we were married, but while I was in the hospital, Bob brought me beautiful flowers every day, purchased with what I found out afterwards was the money with which I had intended to pay the overdue grocery bill.

Bob makes a good living, but only about twice in our married lives have we been really out of debt

I HOPE I am not giving the impression that my optimist husband isn't good to me. He is always kind and pleasant and wants me to have anything I want. But it just doesn't seem to occur to him, when he tells me to go down and charge all the clothes I want, that I can't enjoy wearing things when I don't know how or when they are going to be paid for.

Bob likes the house full of company.

So do I if I am sure all the grocery and confectionery and meat and bakery bills will be met by the tenth of the next month. If I seem tired from getting ready for company or cleaning up afterward, Bob generally tells me cheerfully to get a maid, but he never looks in the checking account to see whether there is enough left in it to pay a maid.

Another place where this eternal optimism bothers me is where the children are concerned. Their father thinks they should be allowed to do anything they want to do. He says: "Oh, they'll be all right"

Probably Bob's friends and family feel sorry for him because he is married to me. They probably wonder how he keeps so optimistic and happy when he is tied to such a fuss-budget. Doubtless the fact that we really do love each other keeps us from getting too much on each other's nerves.

All things being equal, I suppose that, after all, if I really came to do it over again I would pick Bob. But I know I would send up a little prayer that he would take life a little more seriously and that he would mix a little pot roast and carrots with the ice cream and candy.—E.B.

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DOWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

The American Magazine

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December

The Scarab Murder Case

By S. S. Va Di

December

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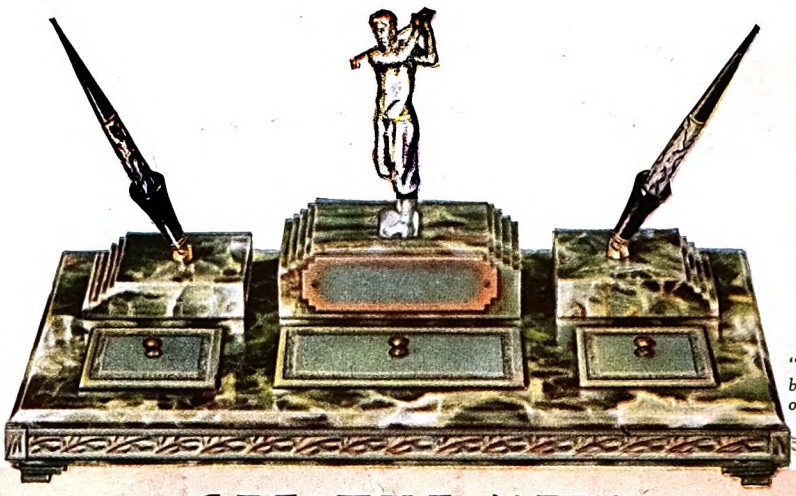

"The Drive," base of green onyx, $250.00

$14.00—Black Glass, with convertible Senior Duofold Pen, including free Pocket Cap and Clip.

With Parker Duofold Junior Pen, $12.00.

SEE THE NEW *Streamline* Shapes for Christmas—in Parker Duofold *Matched* Pens and Pencils

$8.00—Chromium Plated Base with Inlaid Enameled top in Green, Blue or Lavender, with convertible Pastel Pen to match, including Free Pocket Cap, in Traveling Case.

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$37.50—Green Onyx Base, with two convertible Junior Duofold Pens, including Free Pocket Caps and Clips.

Obtainable only in Parker Pens and Pencils is this beautiful, symmetrical *Streamline* shape; also a Pocket Cap and Clip with *every* Desk Set Pen—was extra—now free. This combination makes 2 Pens of one—for Pocket *and* for Desk Base.

Parker originated this double-duty feature—no other pen is convertible. Screwing on a tapered end transforms it to a Desk Pen. Removing the taper restores it to a Pocket Pen.

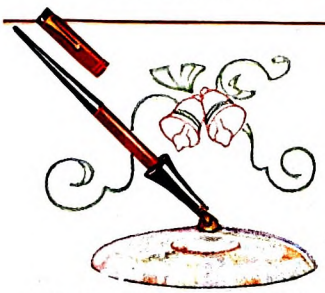
Thus those who give Parker Desk Sets will give a Pocket Duofold, too; and those who give Parker Pocket Pens alone [without desk bases] will be giving also half of a Desk Set. To have a desk set later their loved ones will not have to buy an extra pen. A base will be enough.

No other Pens and Pencils set so low or look so neat in the pocket as Parker's new *Streamline* Duofold with a clip that starts—not halfway down the cap—but at the *tip!*

Pressureless Point, jewel-color Permanite Barrel [28% lighter than rubber, yet non-breakable], 24% greater ink capacity than average, size for size, and guaranteed forever against all defects.

Good dealers everywhere are ready with Parker's new Streamline shapes for Christmas.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.



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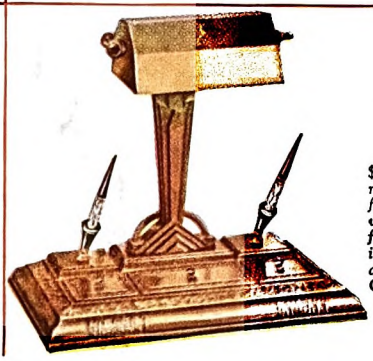

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$100.00—Base of Bronzed metal with compartments for clips, pins, erasers, etc., with two convertible Duofold Black & Pearl Pens, including Free Pocket Caps and Clips. A De Luxe Christmas Gift for the Business Executive.

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December, 1929

The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

The Scarab Murder Case

S. S. VAN DINE'S NEW Detective Novel

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. SISLEY

Vance stepped quietly to the steel door leading into the museum. We could see him open it gingerly but could not distinguish what was beyond

PART I

MURDER!

(Friday, July 13; 11 A. M.)

PHILO VANCE was drawn into the Scarab murder case by sheer coincidence, although there is little doubt that John F.-X. Markham—New York's District Attorney—would sooner or later have enlisted his services. But it is problematic if even Vance, with his fine analytic mind and his remarkable flair for the subtleties of human psychology, could have solved that bizarre and astounding murder if he had not been the first observer on the scene; for, in the end, he was able to put his finger on the guilty person only because of the topsy-turvy clews that had met his eye during his initial inspection.

Those clews—highly misleading from the materialistic point of view—eventually gave him the key to the murderer's mentality and thus enabled him to elucidate one of the most complicated and incredible criminal problems in modern police history.

The brutal and fantastic murder of that old philanthropist and art patron, Benjamin H. Kyle, became known as the Scarab murder case almost immediately, as a result of the fact that it had taken place in a famous Egyptologist's private museum and had centered about a rare blue scarabæus that had been found beside the mutilated body of the victim.

This ancient and valuable seal, inscribed with the names of one of the early Pharaohs (whose mummy had, by the way, not been found at the time), constituted the basis on which Vance reared his astonishing structure of evidence. The scarab, from the police point of view, was merely an incidental piece of evidence that pointed somewhat obviously toward its owner; but this easy and specious explanation did not appeal to Vance.

"Murderers," he remarked to Sergeant Ernest Heath, "do not ordinarily insert their callin' cards in the shirt bosoms of their victims. And while the discovery of the lapis lazuli beetle

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"Kyle has been murdered!" the newcomer blurted, leaning against the library table and staring at Vance with gaping eyes

is most interestin' from both the psychological and evidential standpoints, we must not be too optimistic and jump to conclusions. The most important question in this pseudo-mystical murder is why—and how—the murderer left that archæological specimen beside the defunct body. Once we find the reason for that amazin' action, we'll hit upon the secret of the crime itself."

The doughty sergeant had sniffed at Vance's suggestion and had ridiculed his skepticism; but before many days had passed he generously admitted that Vance had been right, and that the murder had not been as simple as it had appeared at first view.

As I have said, a coincidence brought Vance into the case before the police were notified. An acquaintance of his had discovered the slain body of old Mr. Kyle, and had immediately come to him with the gruesome news.

IT HAPPENED on the morning of Friday, July 13th. Vance had just finished a late breakfast in the roof garden of his apartment in East Thirty-eighth Street, and had returned to the library to continue his translation of the Menander fragments found in the Egyptian papyri during the early years of the present century, when Currie—his valet and majordomo—shuffled into the room and announced, with an air of discreet apology:

"Mr. Donald Scarlett has just arrived, sir, in a state of distressing excitement, and asks that you hasten to receive him."

Vance looked up from his work with an expression of boredom.

"Scarlett, eh? Very annoyin'. . . And why should he call on me when excited? I infinitely prefer calm people. . . . Did you offer him a brandy-and-soda—or some triple bromides?"

"I took the liberty of placing a service of Courvoisier brandy before him," explained Currie. "I recall that Mr. Scarlett has a weakness for Napoleon's cognac."

"Ah, yes—so he has. . . . Quite right, Currie." Vance leisurely lit one of his *Régie* cigarettes and puffed a moment in silence. "Suppose you show him in when you deem his nerves sufficiently calm."

Currie bowed and departed.

"Interestin' johnny, Scarlett," Vance commented to me. (I had been with Vance all morning arranging and filing his notes.) "You remember him, Van—eh, what?"

I had met Scarlett twice, but I must admit I had not thought of him for a month or more. The impression of him, however, came back to me now with considerable vividness. He had been, I knew, a classmate of Vance's at Oxford, and Vance had run across him during his sojourn in Egypt two years before.

Scarlett was a student of Egyptology and archæology, having majored in these subjects at Oxford under Professor F. Ll. Griffith. Later he had taken up chemistry and photography in order that he might join some Egyptological expedition in a technical capacity. He was a well-to-do Englishman, an amateur and dilettante, and had made of Egyptology a sort of fad.

When Vance had gone to Alexandria, Scarlett had been working in the Museum laboratory at Cairo. The two had met again and renewed their old acquaintance. Recently Scarlett had come to America as a member of the staff of Doctor Mindrum W. C. Bliss, the famous Egyptologist, who maintained a private museum of Egyptian relics in an old house in East Twentieth Street, facing Gramercy Park. He had called on Vance several times since his arrival in this country, and it was at Vance's apartment that I had met him. He had, however, never called without an invitation, and I was at a loss to understand his unexpected appearance this morning, for he possessed all of the well-bred Englishman's punctiliousness about social matters.

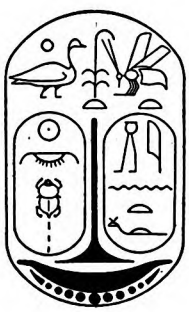
Vance, too, was somewhat puzzled, despite his attitude of lackadaisical indifference.

"Scarlett's a clever lad," he drawled musingly. "And most proper. Why should he call on me at this indecent hour? And why should he be excited? I hope nothing untoward has befallen his erudite employer. . . . Bliss is an astonishin' man, Van—one of the world's great Egyptologists."*

I RECALLED that during the winter which Vance had spent in Egypt he had become greatly interested in the work of Doctor Bliss, who was then endeavoring to locate the tomb of Pharaoh Intef V, who ruled over Upper Egypt at Thebes during the Hyksos domination. In fact, Vance had accompanied Bliss on an exploration trip to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. At that time he had just become attracted by the Menander fragments, and he had been in the midst of a uniform translation of them when the Bishop murder case interrupted his labors.

Vance had also been interested in the variations of chronology of the Old and the Middle Kingdoms of Egypt—not from the historical standpoint but from the standpoint of the evolution of Egyptian art. His researches led him to side with the Bliss-Weigall, or short, chronology† (based on the Turin Papyrus), as opposed to the long chronology of Hall and Petrie, who set back the Twelfth Dynasty and all preceding history one full Sothic cycle, or one thousand four hundred and sixty years.

After inspecting the artworks of the pre-Hyksos and post-Hyksos eras, Vance was



The Scarab

*Doctor Mindrum W. C. Bliss was the author of "The Stele of Intefoe at Qebt;" a "History of Egypt During the Hyksos Invasion;" "The Seventeenth Dynasty;" and a monograph on the Memnon Colossi.

†According to Bliss-Weigall's chronology, the period between the death of Sobknofrure to the overthrow of the Shepherd Kings at Memphis was from 1898 to 1577 B. C.—to wit: 321 years—as against the 1800 years claimed by the upholders of the longer chronology. This short chronology was further shortened by Breasted and the German school. Breasted and Meyer dated the same period as from 1788 to 1580. These 208 years, by the way, Vance considered too short for the observable cultural changes.

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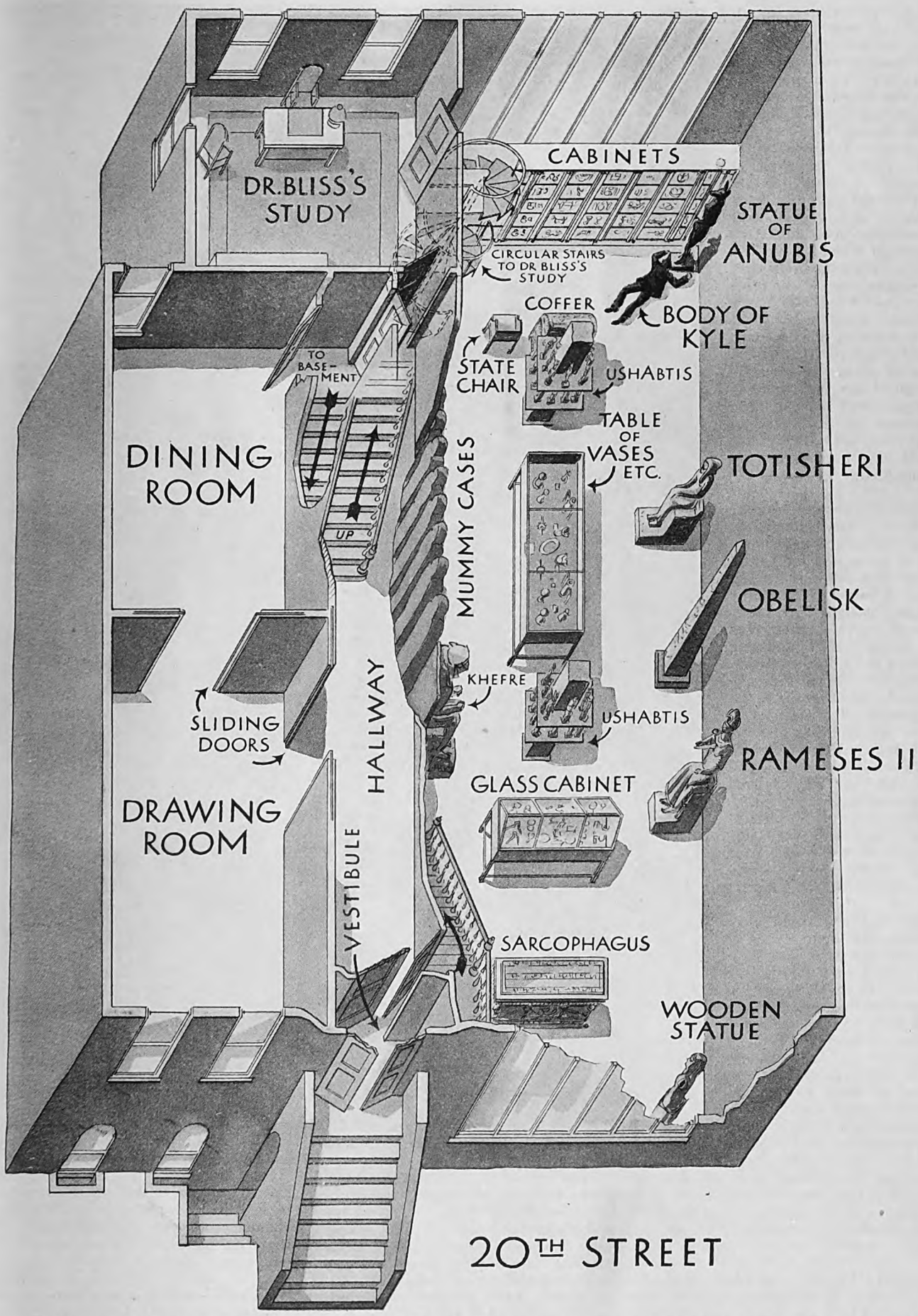

This is the physical layout that Philo Vance found when he began his famous investigation of the fantastic "Scarab" murder case. Benjamin H. Kyle, philanthropist and art patron, lay dead in a private museum, his arms extended toward Anubis, Egyptian god of the dead. This museum adjoined the residence of Doctor Bliss, a great Egyptologist and long-time friend of Kyle. The two buildings had intercommunicating doors, but there was no street door entrance to the museum. Study the plan of the buildings, and keep it in mind as you read this skillful and thrilling story. Perhaps you will find in this sketch an aid to the correct solution of the mystery

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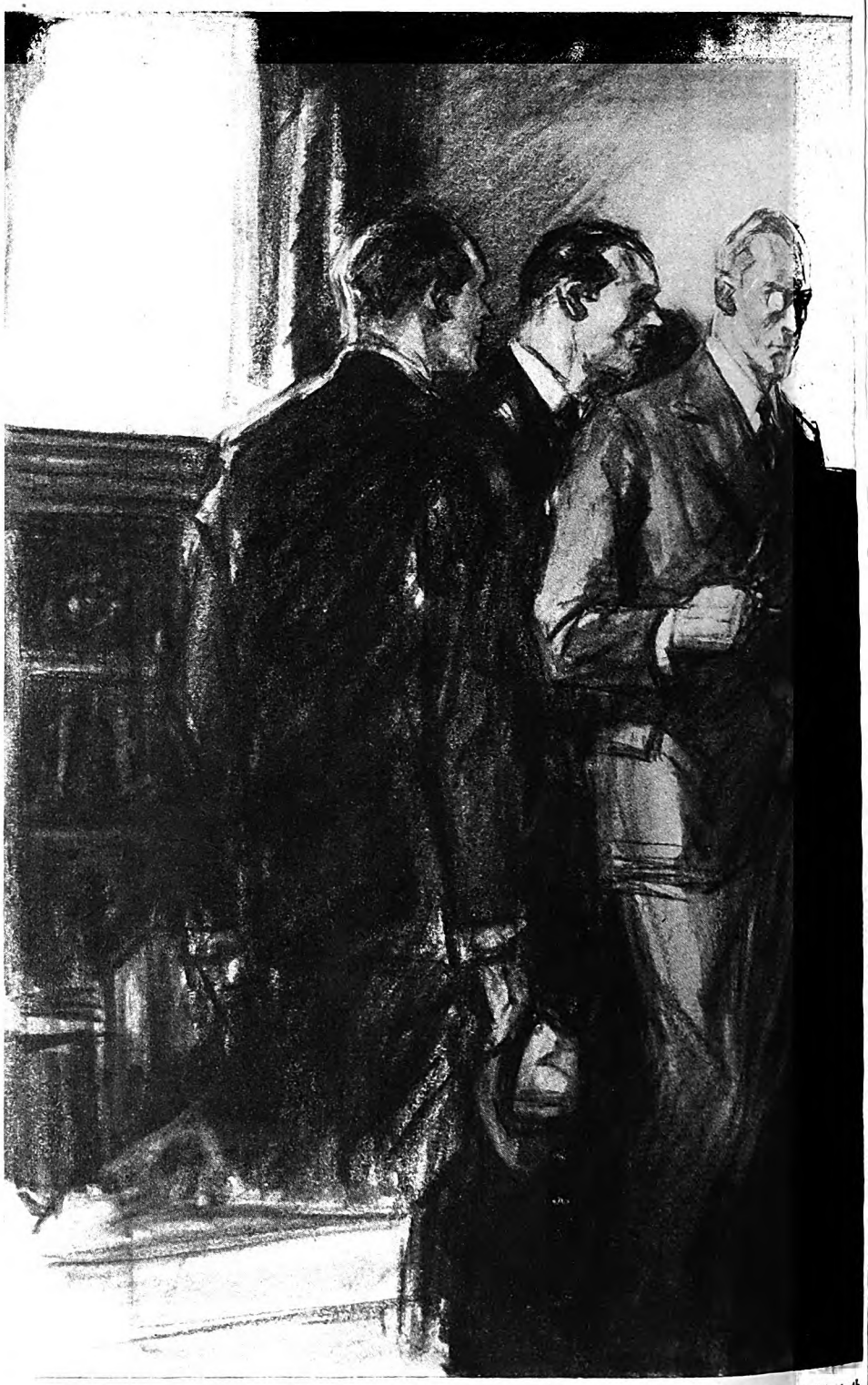
inclined to postulate an interval of not more than three hundred years between the Twelfth and Eighteenth Dynasties, in accordance with the shorter chronology. In comparing certain statues made during the reign of Amenemhet III with others made during the reign of Thutmose I—thus bridging the Hyksos invasion, with its barbaric Asiatic influence and its annihilation of indigenous Egyptian culture—he arrived at the conclusion that the maintenance of the principles of Twelfth-Dynasty æsthetic attainment could not have been possible with a wider lacuna than three hundred years. In brief, he concluded that, had the interregnum been longer, the evidences of decadence in Eighteenth-Dynasty art would have been even more pronounced.

THESE researches of Vance's ran through my head that sultry July morning as we waited for Currie to usher in the visitor. The announcement of Scarlett's call had brought back memories of many wearying weeks of typing and tabulating Vance's notes on the subject. Perhaps I had a feeling—what we loosely call a premonition—that Scarlett's surprising visit was in some way connected with Vance's æsthetico-Egyptological researches. Perhaps I was even then arranging in my mind, unconsciously, the facts of that winter two years before, so that I might cope more understandingly with the object of Scarlett's present call.

But surely I could have had not the slightest idea or suspicion of what was actually about to befall us. It was far too appalling and too bizarre for the casual imagination. It lifted us out of the ordinary routine of daily experience and dashed us into a frowsty, miasmic atmosphere of things at once incredible and horrifying—things fraught with the seemingly supernatural black magic of a witches' sabbat. Only, in this instance it was the mystic and fantastic lore of ancient Egypt—with its confused mythology and its grotesque pantheon of beast-headed gods—that furnished the background.



"A nasty job," Heath commented through his teeth.

SCARLETT almost dashed through the portières of the library when Currie had pulled back the sliding door for him to enter. Either the Courvoisier had added to his excitement or else Currie had woefully underrated the man's nervous state.

"Kyle has been murdered!" the newcomer blurted, leaning against the library table and staring at Vance with gaping eyes.

"Really, now! That's very distressin'." Vance held out his cigarette-case. "Do have one of my *Régies*. . . . And you'll find that chair beside you most comfortable. A Charles chair; I picked it up in London. . . . Beastly mess, people getting murdered, what? But it really can't be helped, don't y' know. The human race is so deuced bloodthirsty."

His indifference had a salutary effect on Scarlett, who sank limply into the chair and began lighting his cigarette with trembling hands.

Vance waited a moment and then asked:

"By the by, how do you know Kyle has been murdered?"

Scarlett gave a start.

"I saw him lying there—his head bashed in. A frightful sight. No doubt about it." (I could not help feeling that the man had suddenly assumed a defensive attitude.)

VANCE lay back in his chair languidly and pyramided his long, tapering hands.

"Bashed in with what? And lying where? And how did you happen to discover the corpse? . . . Buck up, Scarlett, and make an effort at coherence."

Scarlett frowned and took several deep

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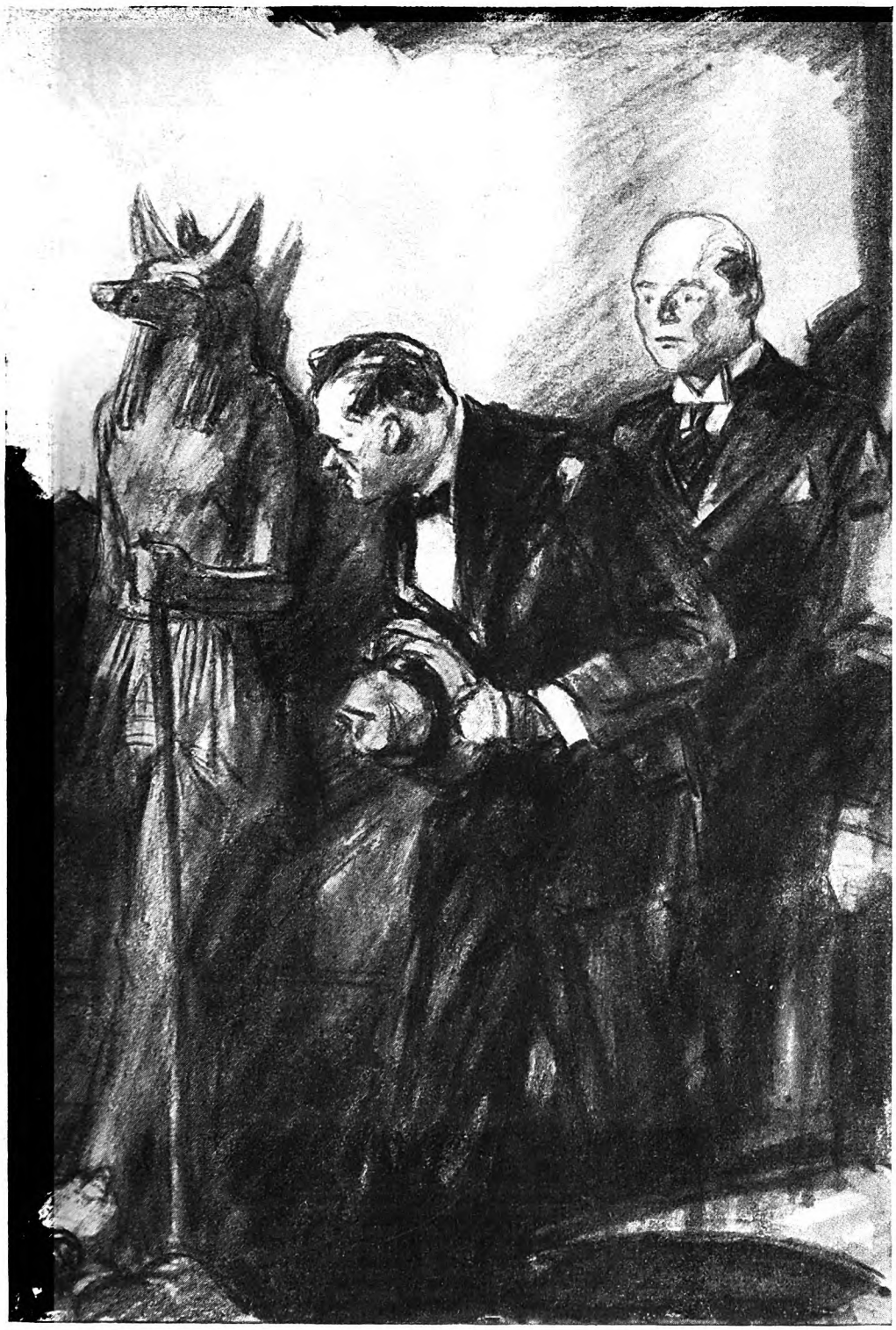

"What in hell is that thing he was croaked with?"

inhalations on his cigarette. He was a man of about forty, tall and slender, with a head more Alpine than Nordic—a Dinaric type. His forehead bulged slightly, and his chin was round and recessive. He had the look of a scholar, though not that of a sedentary bookworm, for there were strength and ruggedness in his body; and his face was deeply tanned like that of a man who has lived for years in the sun and wind. There was a trace of fanaticism in his intense eyes—an expression that was somehow enhanced by an almost completely bald head. Yet he gave me the impression of honesty and straightforwardness—in this, at least, his British institutionalism was strongly manifest.

"Right you are, Vance," he said after a brief pause, with a more or less successful effort at calmness. "As you know, I came to New York with Doctor Bliss in May as a member of his staff; and I've been doing all the technical work for him. I have my diggings round the corner from the museum, in Irving Place. This morning I had a batch of photographs to classify, and reached the museum shortly after ten o'clock. . . ."

"YOUR usual hour?" Vance put the question negligently.

"Oh, no. I was a bit latish this morning. We'd been working last night on a final report of the last expedition."

"And then?"

"Funny thing," continued Scarlett. "The front door was slightly ajar—I generally have to ring. But I saw no reason to disturb Brush—"

"Brush?"

"The Bliss butler. . . . So I merely pushed the door open and entered the hallway. The steel entrance door to the museum, which is on the right of the hallway, is rarely locked, and I opened it. Just as I started to descend the stairs into the museum I saw someone lying in the opposite corner of the room. At first I thought it might be one of the mummy cases we'd unpacked yesterday—the light wasn't very good—and then, as my eyes got adjusted, I realized it was Kyle. He was crumpled up, with his arms extended over his head. . . . Even then I thought he had only fallen in a faint; and I started down the steps toward him."

HE PAUSED and passed his handkerchief—which he drew from his cuff—across his shining head.

"By Jove, Vance!—it was a hideous sight. He'd been hit over the head with one of the new statues we placed in the museum yesterday, and his skull had been crushed in like an eggshell. The statue still lay across his head."

"Did you touch anything?"

"Good Heavens, no!" Scarlett spoke with the emphasis of horror. "I was too ill—the thing was ghastly. And it didn't take half an eye to see that the poor beggar was dead."

Vance studied the man closely.

"I say, what was the first thing you did?"

"I called out for Doctor Bliss—he has his study at the top of the little spiral stairs at the rear of the museum. . . ."

"And got no answer?"

"No—no answer. . . . Then—I admit—I got frightened. Didn't like the idea of being found alone with a murdered man, and toddled back toward the front door. Had a notion I'd sneak out and not say I'd been there. . . ."

"Ah!" Vance leaned forward and carefully selected another cigarette. "And then, when you were again in the street, you fell to worryin'."

"That's it precisely! It didn't seem cricket to leave the poor devil there—and still I didn't want to become involved. . . . I was now walking up Fourth Avenue threshing the thing out with myself and bumping against people without seeing 'em. And I happened to think of you. I knew you were acquainted with Doctor Bliss and the outfit, and could give me good (*Continued on page 73*)

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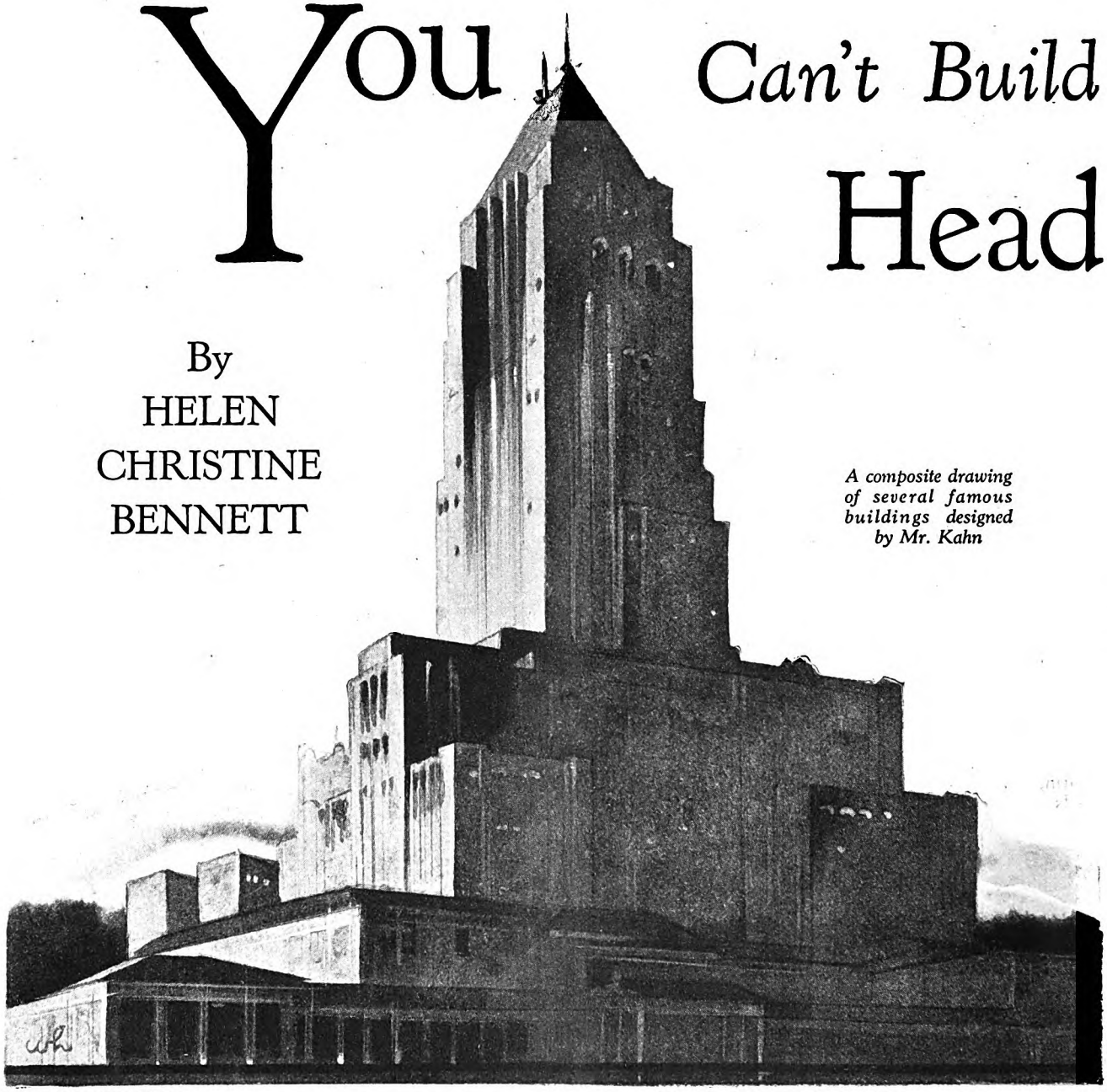
You Can't Build Head

By
HELEN
CHRISTINE
BENNETT



A composite drawing of several famous buildings designed by Mr. Kahn

DRAWING BY WILL HOLLINGSWORTH

What is Between Your Ears?

FROM ear to ear the average man measures nearly six and one-half inches. In your case, what does this space represent? Is it, figuratively speaking, an empty tube, carrying things "in one ear and out the other"? Or is it a filter, holding the valuable thoughts and allowing the worthless ones to escape?

Albert Kahn has *listening* down to a science. All his life he has made it a point to keep his ears open and to extract every last ounce of goodness from the ideas he has heard.

"I don't know how to make opportunity," he says frankly, "but I know how to make myself ready for it."

Today they call him "the Daddy of modern industrial architecture."

IN APRIL, 1929, members of The Amtorg Trading Corporation, which is the commercial representative of the Russian Government, visited Detroit. On the day following their arrival, American newspapers informed the country that Russia intended helping her agricultural situation by the construction of a series of plants for the building of agricultural machinery. The first of these, to be located at Stalingrad, was to be built at once. Its output was to be tractors, 40,000 a year. The Russian representatives had come to Detroit because, after a survey of what the world offered in industrial architecture, they had chosen Albert Kahn as the foremost authority on the subject.

Business men sat up and took notice. Henry Ford at once sent for Kahn and offered his assistance. Other automobile manufacturers and leading citizens in many lines of business offered felicitations. They knew Albert Kahn. Long ago this prophet was recognized in his own country. The new honor was but an addition to those already accorded the man known as "the Daddy of modern industrial architecture." In 1927 the Fishers of Detroit, those remarkable brothers whose works pervade the automobile industry, had sought Albert Kahn and made him as remarkable a proposition as that of the Russian Soviet.

They informed him that they were planning a mammoth building in three divisions on West Grand Boulevard and Second Street, Detroit. "We want you to plan and put up the first building," they said, "later to be merged with the two others. It is to be a commercial building, but we make no restrictions as to price or the kind of materials. Get the best people you can to help you, use the finest materials, and choose both yourself."

IN THREE months the plans were complete; in twelve the far-famed Fisher Building was finished, and Albert Kahn had been called to New York to receive the silver medal awarded by the Architectural League of New York for the year's outstanding contribution to architecture.

The Fisher Building is a mammoth skyscraper, well proportioned, dominating, impressive. It differs from most skyscrap-

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Skyscrapers *with your in the* SKY

ALBERT KAHN—designer of some of the world's most famous buildings, has found that it pays to keep an ear to the ground—"Instead of trying to show how smart I am," he explains, "I've always tried to use the ideas of my clients"

ers in the magnificence of the materials used and in the unusual treatment of the interior. Polished granite from Minnesota extends up the exterior of the first three stories and Beaver Dam marble completes the superstructure to the green-glazed terra cotta roof of the tower, twenty-eight stories above street level. Within is rare color wrought into effects of great beauty. The ornamental work at the main entrance, the wonderful ceilings, the color decorations in corridors and banking rooms, the unusual indirect lighting in the corridors—these and hundreds of other details bring thousands of visitors, some curious, many to study.

The building houses three stories of shops, a group of professional offices, general offices, a theater seating twenty-eight hundred persons, a garage holding one thousand cars. Yet Kahn, with unlimited money at his command, was thrifty. The entire building cost ten millions.

KAHN is sixty years old. He came to America from Germany when he was eleven. He began working in an architect's office when he was thirteen. In the forty-seven years of his work he has designed and supervised the construction of almost a thousand buildings. In Detroit, Kahn buildings greet you along every business street, while in the environs of the city huge plants containing scores of buildings are of his designing. He was the architect of the Cadillac, Dodge, Chrysler, Chalmers, Packard, and Hudson plants, and a dozen others. When I visited the Ford Engineering Laboratory at Dearborn, I found that Kahn had designed the Highland Park plant and the Ford Administration Building, as well as the building in which I stood.

"How many buildings has Mr. Kahn designed for the Ford Motor Company?" I inquired.

"Not counting tiny ones, between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and seventy-five, and these stretch to New York, London, Copenhagen, Buenos Ayres, San Juan, Montevideo, Sao Paolo!"

THERE is no single architect in the world who approaches Kahn's record in the number of great buildings constructed or in the variety of purposes to which those buildings are put. This is because of Kahn's unusual estimate of his function as an architect.

"He approaches building," said one of his clients, "as no other architect I have ever known. If it is a plant, he studies the industry, the way in which raw materials must be received, handled, and finally sent out. Then he plans floor entrances, elevators, and stairs to handle the goods from the raw to the finished product. After that he makes his interior plans fit an exterior that is in keeping, that provides light and air, and that has a degree of substantial attraction and beauty. He applies the same system to every kind of building he tackles. In a hospital he thinks of well people as the product; the process is to get them well, and he proceeds from that angle. In a club, it is the happiness, comfort, and recreation of people that is the product: the process is to achieve these ends with comfort. When he has satisfied everyone concerned from the practical side, he begins all over again and relates every utilitarian motive to an artistic one. He works at great odds to achieve the beauty he insists upon. I have known him to draw forty plans for one building."

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. LANDRIS YAGO, DETROIT

Albert Kahn

I VISITED the Kahn offices in Detroit with no advance notice of my coming. In a reception room that invited dalliance, dark-paneled, hung with rare tapestries and paintings, I explained my mission. In less than ten minutes I was in an outer office and a small, exceedingly neat, white-haired, and black-mustached man, with his hat in his hand, was explaining that he was on his way to lunch but that he would see me on the morrow. An hour later, as I was lingering to examine some Kahn drawings, the door of his office was flung open. Fairly hurtling through the air came a coatless, vestless figure, with its hair standing wildly on end. With extreme agility it caromed around me and stopped by the secretary's desk.

(*Continued on page 121*)

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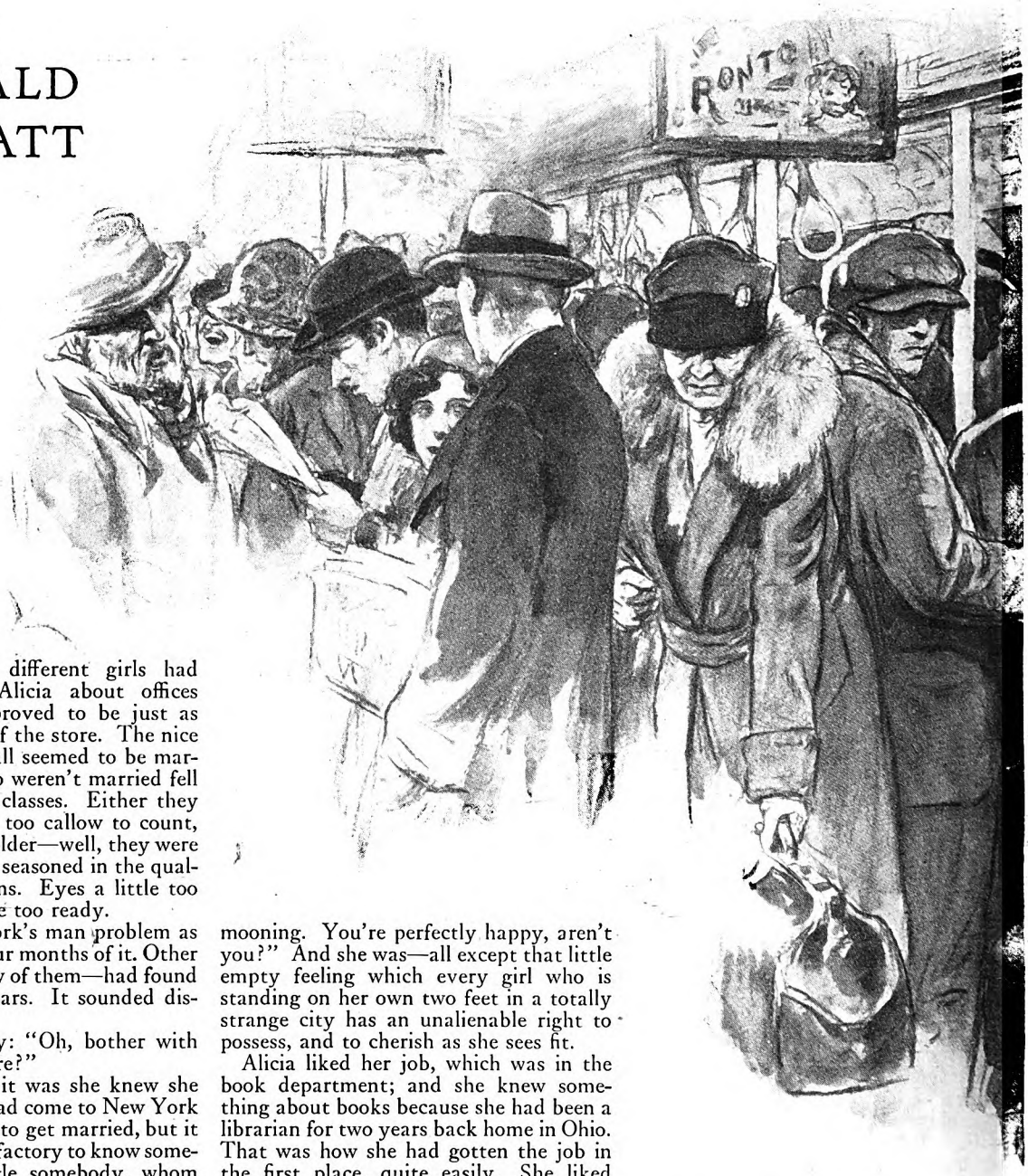
A Seat *in the* Subway

By
GERALD
MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SIMONT



WHAT different girls had told Alicia about offices had proved to be just as true of the store. The nice men all seemed to be married. And those who weren't married fell unhappily into two classes. Either they were too young and too callow to count, or else, if they were older—well, they were likely to be a bit too seasoned in the quality of their attentions. Eyes a little too eager. Hands a little too ready.

That was New York's man problem as Alicia saw it after four months of it. Other girls—she knew a few of them—had found it the same after years. It sounded discouraging.

Alicia said stoutly: "Oh, bother with men! What do I care?"

But the worst of it was she knew she did care. True, she had come to New York to get a job and not to get married, but it would be rather satisfactory to know somebody, just one single somebody, whom you could think about a little at odd times—yes, all the time, if you felt like it!—and whom you could, well, sort of make dreams about.

You certainly couldn't make dreams about Jusson, of the lamp department, who liked to forget that he had a wife and three children in Kew Gardens, or about McKay, of the silks, whose all too apparent talents didn't run in the staid direction of wedlock. No, if you were going to make dreams at all, he would have to be somebody—nice.

If in addition to being nice he should turn out to be tall and slim and straight, with a crinkly, sunny smile and crinkly, tawny hair, that would be perfect. Alicia, as it happened, was dark and rather tiny.

She said to herself with sternness: "Listen, you sap, just quit this silly mooning. You're perfectly happy, aren't you?" And she was—all except that little empty feeling which every girl who is standing on her own two feet in a totally strange city has an unalienable right to possess, and to cherish as she sees fit.

Alicia liked her job, which was in the book department; and she knew something about books because she had been a librarian for two years back home in Ohio. That was how she had gotten the job in the first place, quite easily. She liked selling books and she liked the store, which was gigantic but modern and kind. It was fun being part of the store. It was fun being part of the city, too. The streets were fun, the shop windows were fun; the hurrying traffic, the hurrying people, the hurrying electric signs; all of it was fun.

BUT there was one thing Alicia disliked with a wholesome fervor. She hated the subway. It was stuffy; it was crowded to suffocation; it smelled bad. She had to use the subway twice a day: in the morning coming down from One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street to Thirty-fourth, in the evening struggling back from Thirty-fourth Street to One Hundred and Forty-fifth. Alicia and another girl from Ohio shared a room in an apartment on One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street just off Broadway. They had thought of Greenwich Village till they had investigated the rents. Then they had stopped thinking of it promptly. Maybe, after they both got a raise. . . .

In the meantime, the subway business had to be gone through with twice a day, invariably. The buses took too long; over an hour sometimes. The subway took twenty minutes. After breakfast you sort of drew a long breath and caught a firm hold on your hand bag and dove down in. You didn't get a seat, but then you didn't expect one.

You knew that the only people who get seats on the subway in New York are either those who get on at the first stations on the line, or else lame men or white-haired old ladies. Everybody else, ir-

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Alicia tries a new love racket, and it works—even in New York

"Sit tight, kid," hissed the languid girl, "sit tight! Give him the fishy eye"

respective of age, sex, and condition of servitude, is lucky to get a strap or an iron post to hang onto. If you get where you're going with your clothing and self-respect intact, you win. If you don't win, you may win next time. Alicia had learned these very simple rules.

It wasn't so bad going downtown, of course. You could generally wriggle around to keep people's feet off your new pumps and people's elbows from digging you in the ribs more than once or twice. But going home in the late afternoon was a perpetual nightmare. At Times Square the platform guards packed them in by main force, and if there had been shoulder-room a moment before, there was scarcely muscle-room from then on. It was not a ride you would take for pleasure. Nor were you aware of the slightest relief until the train (*Continued on page 127*)

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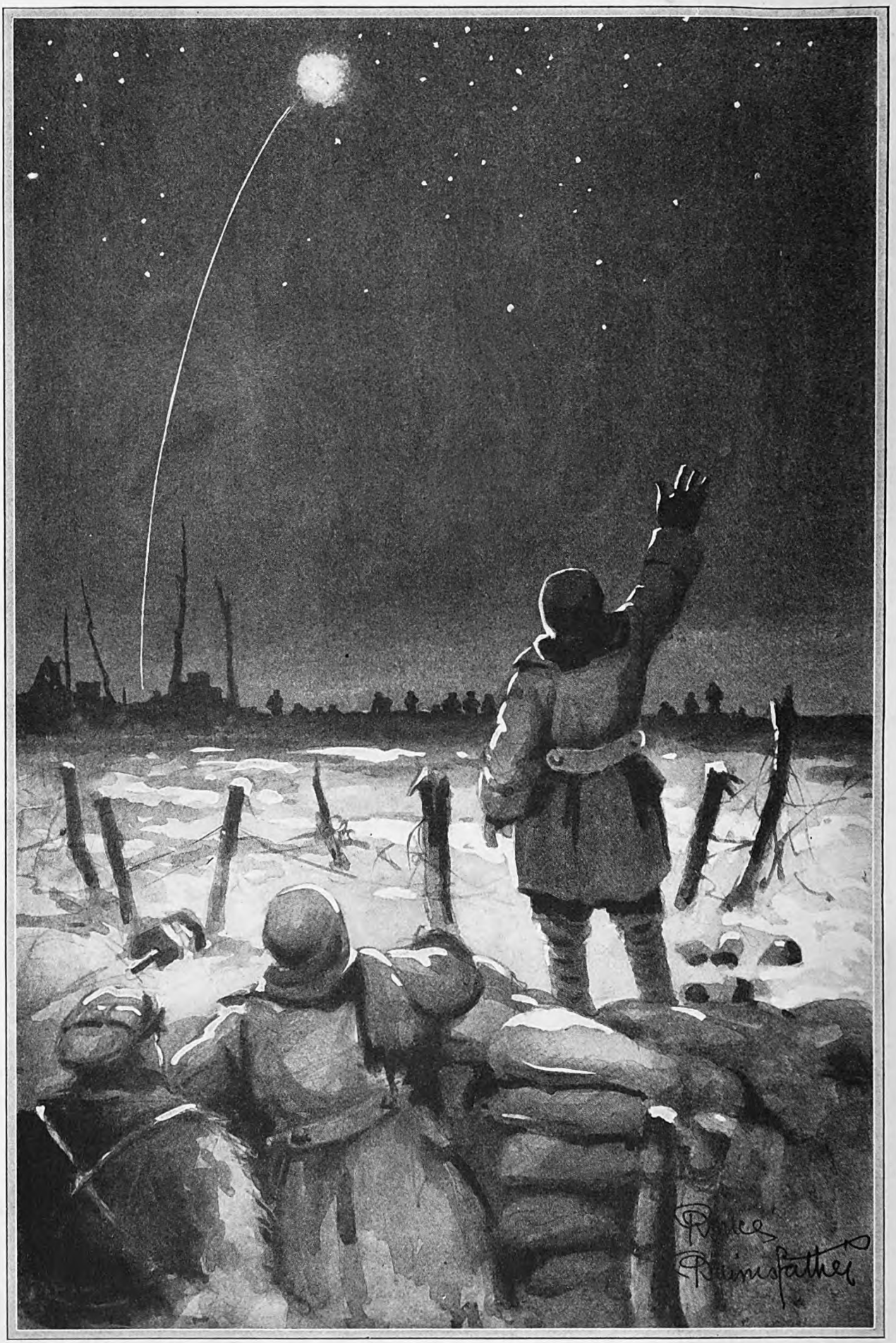

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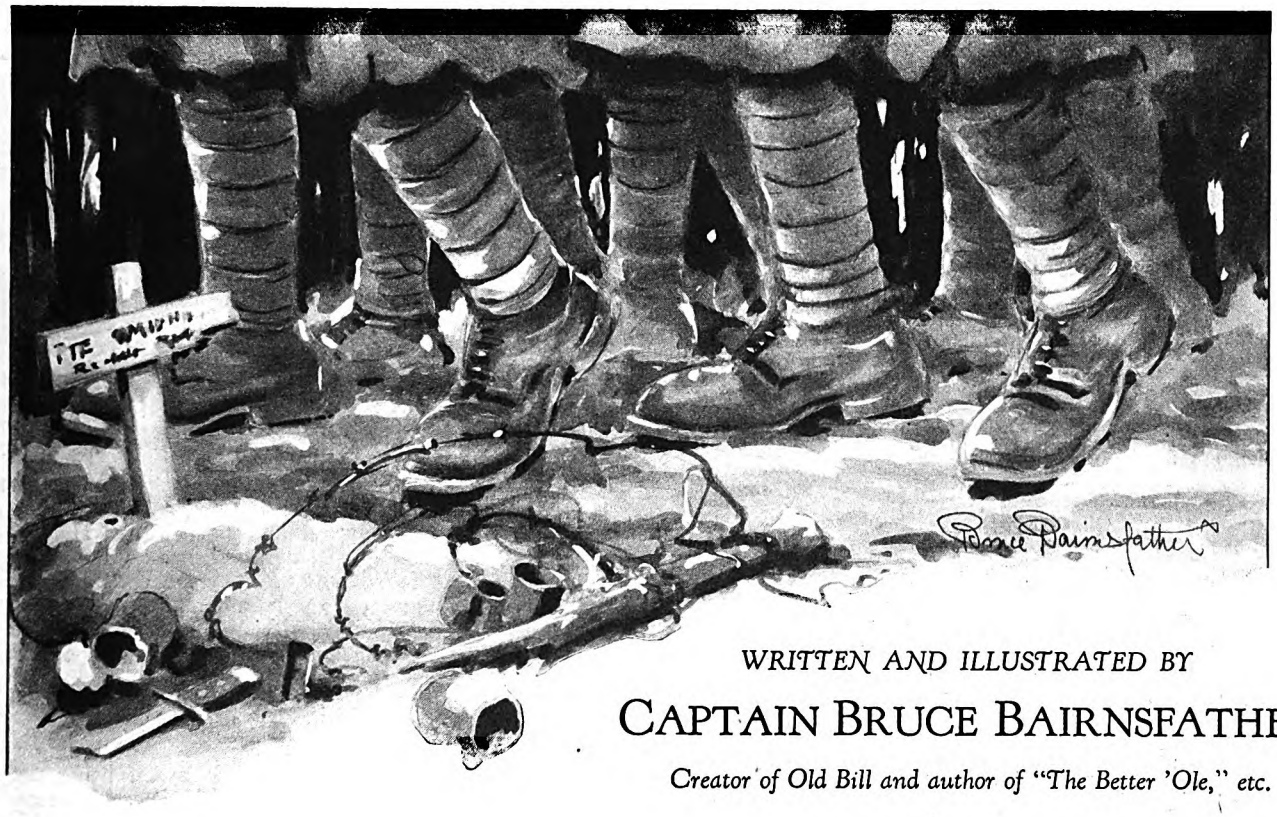

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Creator of Old Bill and author of "The Better 'Ole," etc.

One Night *In* FLANDERS

When there was peace on a little strip of earth and good will among a few men

I ENLISTED in the British Army the day after war was declared—mainly, of course, out of a sense of adventure which was the natural outcome of the whirlpool of patriotic fervor and excitement that existed at the time. I do not think that "the liberation of Belgium" or going to the assistance of France had much to do with the motive power of many.

All was a sort of "War Whoopee" at the moment, which faded out considerably as time passed.

From my enlistment barracks, I was sent to the Isle of Wight to rehearse for an officer's part in the raging drama. Masses of us were quartered in tents in an enormous field, and bugle calls and sergeants summoned us to assorted gladiatorial exercises at dawn each morning. Midst drilling, marching, and bellicose instruction, news was arriving from across the channel which cheered the young and depressed the old. With the usual human weakness for the "Hurrah" part of warfare, we were all bursting to go, and go quick in case the war finished before we could get there! A little advance knowledge might have calmed us down a bit.

In groups of twos and threes we were pronounced fit, and ordered to the front. Something like selecting turkeys when fat enough for Halloween.

At last my turn came, and I found myself under orders to take a hundred men to Havre.

By this time a certain skill that I had displayed in getting up at dawn and shouting in a commanding manner at others had elevated me to the rank of second lieutenant. I had also, in a weak moment, excelled at machine-gun work, and in consequence was pronounced a machine-gun officer, thus unconsciously increasing my chances of destruction in the war about fifty per cent. I arrived on a transport in Havre harbor in due course, and was absorbed into the strange and hectic nature of the proceedings. A vast camp lay outside the city, and troops of all kinds were coming and going under the instructions of some invisible and mighty organization. Havre to me was merely a pause on my way to the front, and after the day's work I would escape from that muddy camp into the town and hie me to the Café Tortoni—a famous resort on the Square there, frequented by French and English soldiers. What a place Tortoni's was in those days! Those early, wonderful, and curiously romantic days before the war got placed on a drab and business footing.

Here, amongst the crowd of varicolored uniforms and the highly painted local demimonde, amplified by some who had discreetly retired from Paris on the advance of Von Kluck, I could not help but feel the presence of some mighty contrast that was lurking somewhere off in the distant darkness.

I HAD been only a few days in Havre, when suddenly, and without warning, my orders came.

I was ready. My total luggage consisted of personal equipment which I carried myself and a roll-up canvas floor bed, known as a "Flea Bag," which was somehow sent by machinery to where you wanted to go. I left from Havre in a train crowded to suffocation with singing and smoking soldiers to join my battalion, the First Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

Anyone who endured those troop

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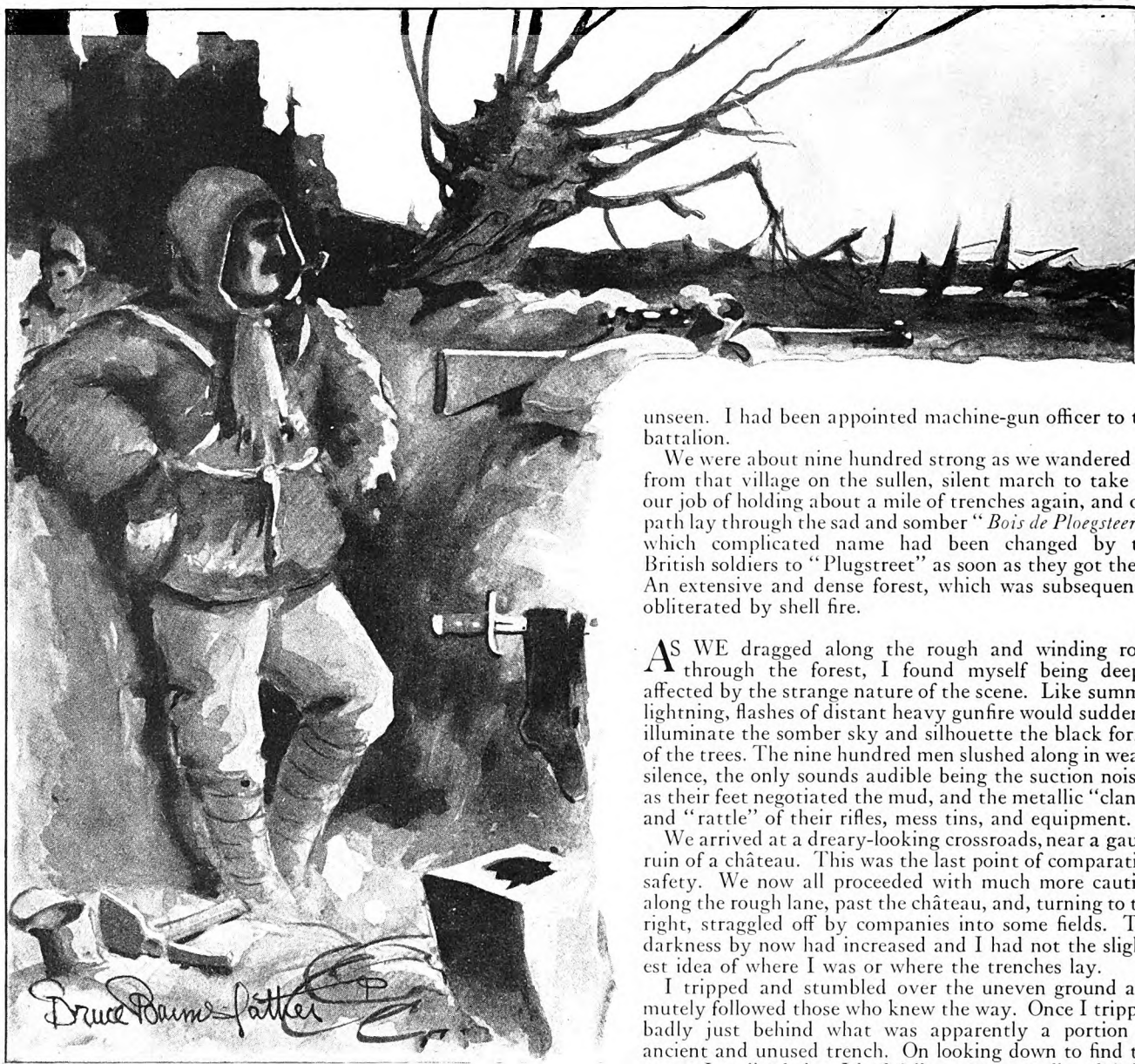

trains for the front will know the sort I was in. It jerked and snorted along for about twelve hours, stopping at everything for no apparent reason.

Late in the afternoon it began letting down soldiers for various destinations and I knew we were near the front. At last it came to my turn. I arrived at my particular station—a railhead between Bailleul and Armentières.

It was, of course, raining at the time, dusk had set in, and I was the only traveler to that particular spot.

AS THE train jerked its way on again and left me to survey the drab surroundings, a sudden violent longing for England, home, and Tortoni's seized me—a spasm of homesickness such as a boy feels when he is left for the first time at his new school.

No getting out of it now! No turning back! I found on inquiry, from some stray soldier, that I was faced with a five-mile walk to find my battalion, which as it so happened, was resting at the small town of Nieppe after a session in the trenches.

Alone I started off up the muddy road in the direction indicated. And now, as I strode along in the dusk, I was for the first time initiated into the sound of war. Beyond the low hills in front of me there was a rumble as of distant thunder. A horrible feeling of sinister foreboding seized me, which I partially mastered before turning in at the gates of an old and disused brewery yard, where my battalion was resting. I had arrived a day before the battalion was due to return to the line. Whilst we rested, a battalion of the Dublin Fusileers had taken our place. This oscillation between battalions occurred once a week.

I reported myself, received instructions from the adjutant, and awaited departure on the following night.

We moved off at dusk, the only safe time to approach the line unseen. I had been appointed machine-gun officer to the battalion.

We were about nine hundred strong as we wandered off from that village on the sullen, silent march to take up our job of holding about a mile of trenches again, and our path lay through the sad and somber "*Bois de Ploegsteert*," which complicated name had been changed by the British soldiers to "Plugstreet" as soon as they got there. An extensive and dense forest, which was subsequently obliterated by shell fire.

AS WE dragged along the rough and winding road through the forest, I found myself being deeply affected by the strange nature of the scene. Like summer lightning, flashes of distant heavy gunfire would suddenly illuminate the somber sky and silhouette the black forms of the trees. The nine hundred men slushed along in weary silence, the only sounds audible being the suction noises, as their feet negotiated the mud, and the metallic "clank" and "rattle" of their rifles, mess tins, and equipment.

We arrived at a dreary-looking crossroads, near a gaunt ruin of a château. This was the last point of comparative safety. We now all proceeded with much more caution along the rough lane, past the château, and, turning to the right, straggled off by companies into some fields. The darkness by now had increased and I had not the slightest idea of where I was or where the trenches lay.

I tripped and stumbled over the uneven ground and mutely followed those who knew the way. Once I tripped badly just behind what was apparently a portion of ancient and unused trench. On looking down to find the cause, I realized that I had fallen over a small and faded wooden cross at the end of a grave. The horror of the surroundings burst upon me.

At last I arrived at a trench, which I was told was where I had to stay, and, slithering down the mud bank, found myself inside it. There appeared to be a shortage of dugouts, as the battalion we were relieving had knocked down several, to use any wood in them for fuel.

I spent my first night in the trenches making a dugout to protect myself from the pouring rain. Dawn found me sleeping in water, but well sheltered above by a canopy of mud, tobacco leaves, and straw.

I lay in my mud cavity thinking over the general situation, and at that moment I was in a frame of mind to agree to any peace proposals that might be offered.

There I was, covered with mud from head to foot, cold as a fish, and reclining in about a foot of water in such a position as to ruin all my cigarettes and matches. If the Germans had guessed I was there, I feel sure they would have taken the opportunity to break through.

As the day arrived, I crawled out into the pouring rain and took stock of where I was.

The British trenches that stretched their winding way in a broken line across Flanders in the winter of 1914 were of such a humble brand of manufacture that it is even difficult for those who actually were in the front line itself at a later date to fully comprehend their nature. Their form was more the result of accident than design. Hurried, shallow excavations they were, which had been hastily constructed at a moment when the retreating Germans had chosen to halt their retirement after the battle of the Aisne.

Trenches were more or less irregular ditches, following meaningless twists and angles along, across, and through roads, fields,

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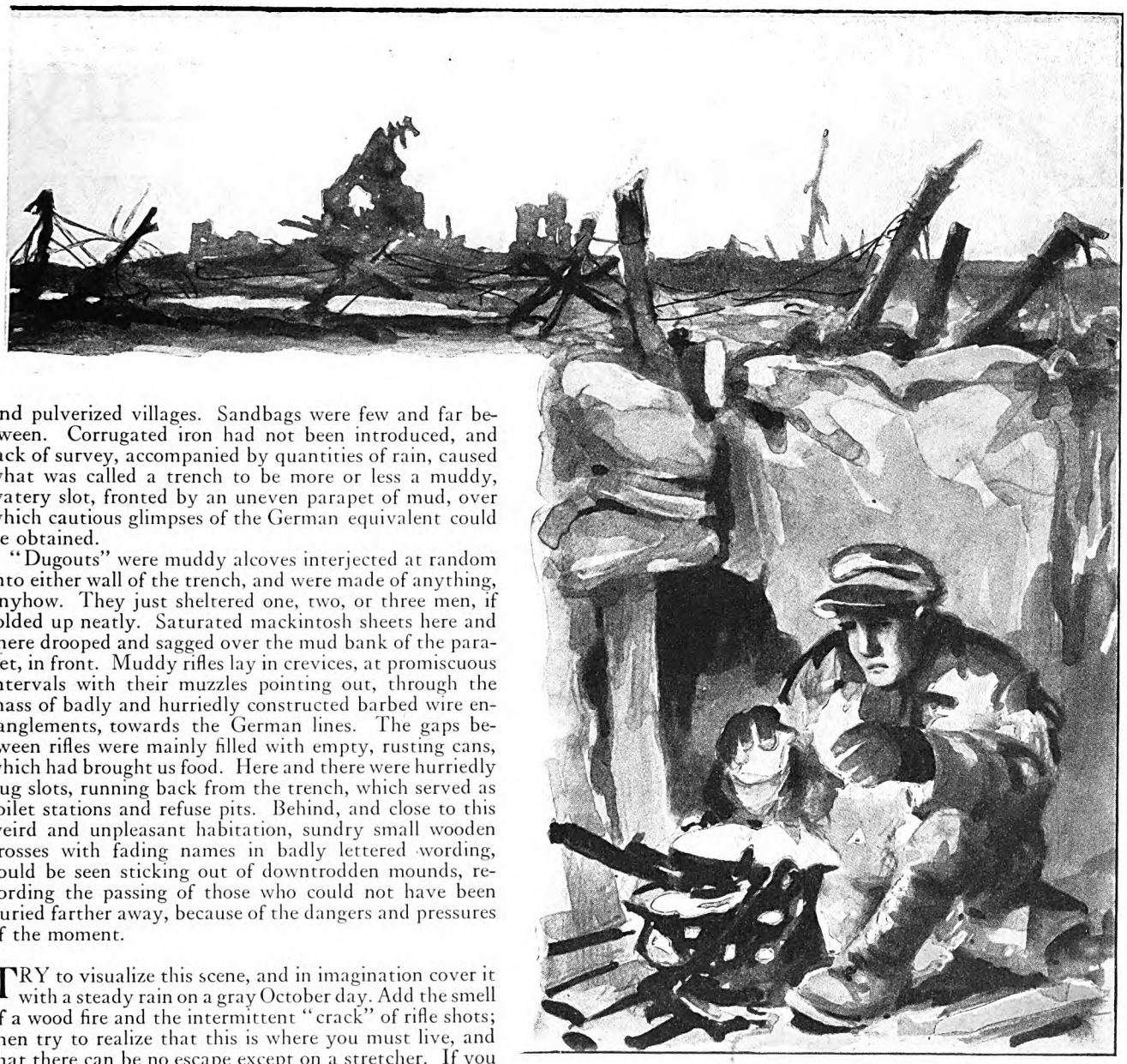

and pulverized villages. Sandbags were few and far between. Corrugated iron had not been introduced, and lack of survey, accompanied by quantities of rain, caused what was called a trench to be more or less a muddy, watery slot, fronted by an uneven parapet of mud, over which cautious glimpses of the German equivalent could be obtained.

"Dugouts" were muddy alcoves interjected at random into either wall of the trench, and were made of anything, anyhow. They just sheltered one, two, or three men, if folded up neatly. Saturated mackintosh sheets here and there drooped and sagged over the mud bank of the parapet, in front. Muddy rifles lay in crevices, at promiscuous intervals with their muzzles pointing out, through the mass of badly and hurriedly constructed barbed wire entanglements, towards the German lines. The gaps between rifles were mainly filled with empty, rusting cans, which had brought us food. Here and there were hurriedly dug slots, running back from the trench, which served as toilet stations and refuse pits. Behind, and close to this weird and unpleasant habitation, sundry small wooden crosses with fading names in badly lettered wording, could be seen sticking out of downtrodden mounds, recording the passing of those who could not have been buried farther away, because of the dangers and pressures of the moment.

TRY to visualize this scene, and in imagination cover it with a steady rain on a gray October day. Add the smell of a wood fire and the intermittent "crack" of rifle shots; then try to realize that this is where you must live, and that there can be no escape except on a stretcher. If you can do this, you will have an accurate picture of that long, damp, sad line of trenches that lay out across those ravished Flanders fields between Ypres and Armentières in the first winter of the war. Many of us secretly prayed to be wounded in those days. I did.

In front of us was a very large turnip field covered with shell holes, on the other side of which a long, gray, irregular mound indicated the position of the German trenches. It seemed strange, indeed, to realize that behind that mound lurked men of different nationality, yet same humanity, suffering from the same absurd conditions as we were ourselves.

Not a living thing could be seen in the German lines, but, about halfway across No Man's Land, two or three motionless lumps in gray which were fast melting back into the sodden soil proclaimed the presence of the dead who were never buried. Some of that legion of Unknown Warriors in the making.

We sat and talked and wandered in those watery, muddy trenches for five months before we left that area. Every other week found us going through the same process of existence. Long gray hours of day would be swallowed up by the still more hopeless dark-blue hours of night. Rain, mud, and occasional sudden death. It was "him" today; it might be "you" tomorrow.

A ceaseless vigil had to be maintained, and whilst doing so we just communed with rain and mud. My dear Old Bill was there. And in his silent, fatalistic way, just did what he was told. He seemed too full to speak, and whenever he did, his verbiage was of a kind that should be heard in the Gentlemen's Smoking Room only. The dear old soul had survived Mons, the Marne, and the Aisne, by now—not particularly knowing why, or what the results were, and also having little desire to inquire.

All he knew was that some higher power had dictated "trenches" at this juncture, and he had to live in them. Old Bill and his companions endured the atrocious conditions of those early trenches with almost Oriental indifference, but found considerable relief in bad and unprintable language. The smallest and most trivial sentence was invariably enveloped with adjectives that would get the speaker jailed in peace time. This language was not used in a vituperative sense, but it somehow gave relief.

Tough as those days and nights were, they were endured in a sort of humorous sulkiness. The conditions were so awful that at last they became funny. It was this peculiarity that I happened to become the editor of, when I began my long series of war drawings which mainly owed their popularity to the humor lurking always in misfortune if you can see it. My very first drawings were made in the trenches I am describing, about a hundred yards from the German lines, and I know it would have been hard to find anyone more hopelessly miserable than I was.

MY JOB caused me to wander a great deal up and down the line. We had only two machine guns to a battalion in those days and I disposed these precious implements at points selected by the Colonel, who would frequently change his mind about them.

On many a night, when my work was over, I went alone behind our lines and wandered amidst the charred and blackened ruins of what had once been the little village of St. Yvon. One night I entered and examined the dark, wrecked interior of a mutilated cottage. Scarcely anything was left of it; beams, bricks, and plaster lay in confusion on the floor. Shells had smashed great, jagged apertures into the three remaining walls, the roof had gone, and the upstairs planking hung down fanwise. Here and there dark, rain-soaked (*Continued on page 140*)

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Our Family

By Mrs. CALVIN

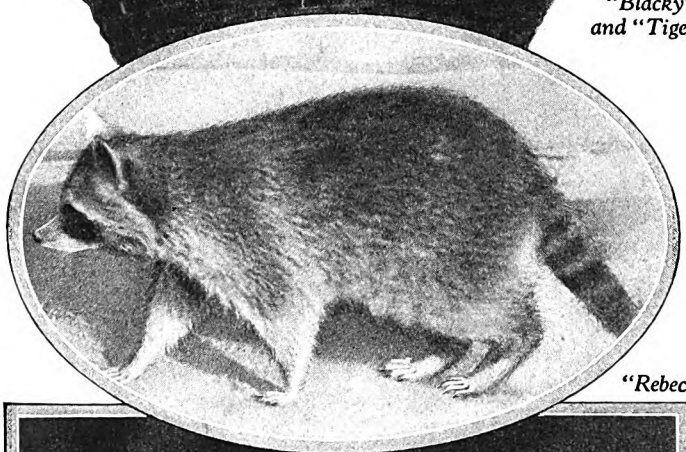
"Blacky" and "Tiger"

ONE chamber of the human heart is set aside for the love of animals. With some it is located close to the outer walls and the door swings wide, so that even a little dog that is "yaller and full of fleas" may enter; with others it lies well to the rear and its door is so tightly closed that so diminutive a creature as a soft, fuzzy little pussy with an appealing pur-r-r-r cannot find entrance.

Occasionally, we meet a person who is averse to cats and cannot remain in the same room with one, seeming to have an uncanny sense which warns him if one is present. Less often, we come across an individual who has an aversion for dogs, and then it is usually the dog who recognizes the fact and keeps its distance. Only one exception to this have I found, and the one whom I have in mind is a friend who had an especial fondness for cats but no liking whatever for dogs. Many a time, I have been walking along the street with her when a dog would come running up, wagging his tail in enthusiastic self-assurance of a welcome, pass directly in front of me, a consistent lover of dogs, and brush against her expectantly. "Now, look at that," she would say; "and you tell me dogs have intelligence."

I will allow that one who has been badly frightened or bitten by a dog has reason to mistrust other dogs, but this would be a sorry world if when betrayed by one man we regarded all men as our enemies. And so I think that even he who has been bitten should try to make allowances for one erring dog and not judge all dogs by its code of behavior.

Mr. Coolidge and I are particularly fond of pets and had not been married long when we decided that we must have a cat, and, of course, the best cats hailed from our native state. Accordingly, to Vermont we sent for a cat. A tiny tiger kitten arrived not long after we made our desires known, and when we took him out of the box in which he had made the journey, the little thing was so sleepy and tired from long hours of wakefulness on the train that he toppled over drowsily and went to sleep at once. I think



"Rebecca"

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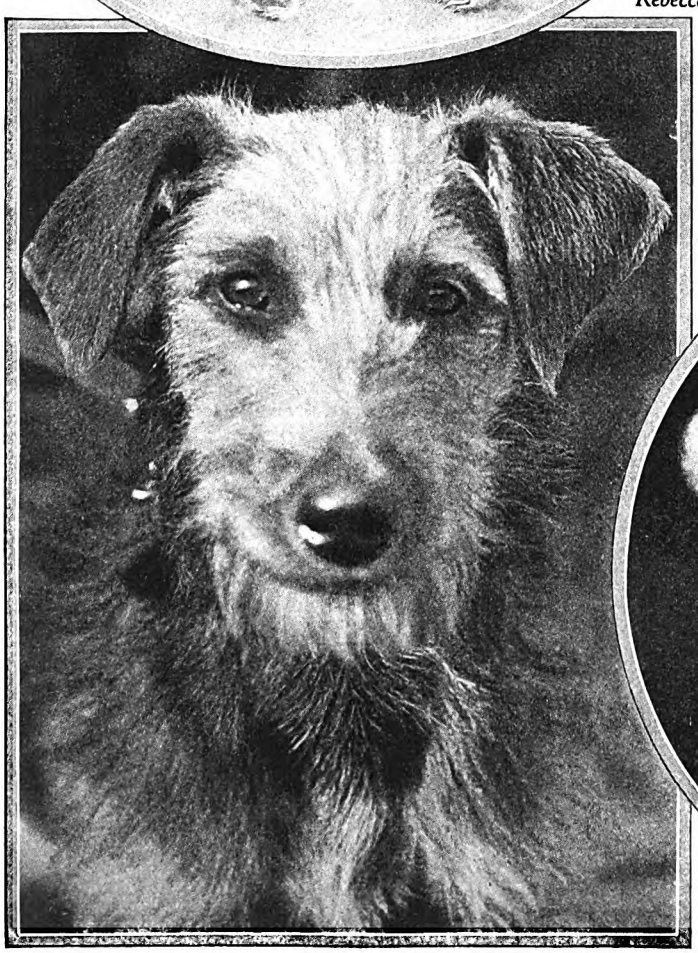
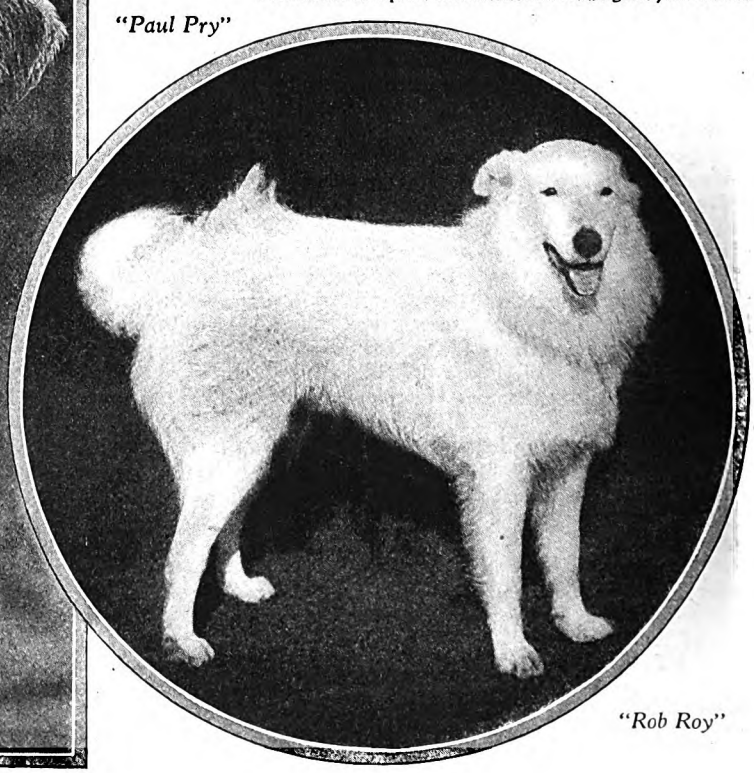


"Paul Pry"



"Rob Roy"

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PETS

COOLIDGE

Mrs. Coolidge releasing a carrier pigeon

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life in the city was a little perplexing for him after the quiet of the country and he must have thought he had come to Cats' Coney Island before he had lived with us long, but he soon adapted himself and learned to enjoy the excitement and the jolts.

We named him Bounder because he was always on the jump. Once a week, he was permitted to "shoot the chutes" down the back stairs in the laundry basket, and, I declare, he always seemed to know, when Sunday came and he saw the basket appear, that he was going to get that ride. He was the only cat I ever knew who liked to play in the water. He would sit on the edge of the washbowl and play with the stream of water as it came from the faucet, and when we drew a bath, we had to watch that the cat wasn't the first one in.

Sometimes, I would hear his "Meow" in a tone that, being interpreted, meant "Help," and I knew that his master had hidden him in some outlandish place and I was expected to go and rescue him. Usually I looked first in the case of the old hall clock and, failing to find him there, went the rounds of the various hiding places until I located and liberated him. Now and again I discovered him on the roof of the veranda. Upon these occasions, he was referred to as "the roofed pussens." Finally, on the glorious Fourth of July, when we celebrated a double birthday in our family, that of the Nation and of the Lord and Master of the house, Bounder was driven nearly insane by the noise and the festivities incident thereto, and the next day after one mad scramble off the porch, up the wistaria vine and down again, a sure enough roller coaster glide, he rushed to the rear of the house, lay down by the ash can and gave up all of his nine lives at once.

BOUNDER was succeeded by another cat of Vermont extraction which we called Climber. At about the same time, a friend presented me with a handsome Maltese Angora cat, but my husband never cared for (*Continued on page 146*)

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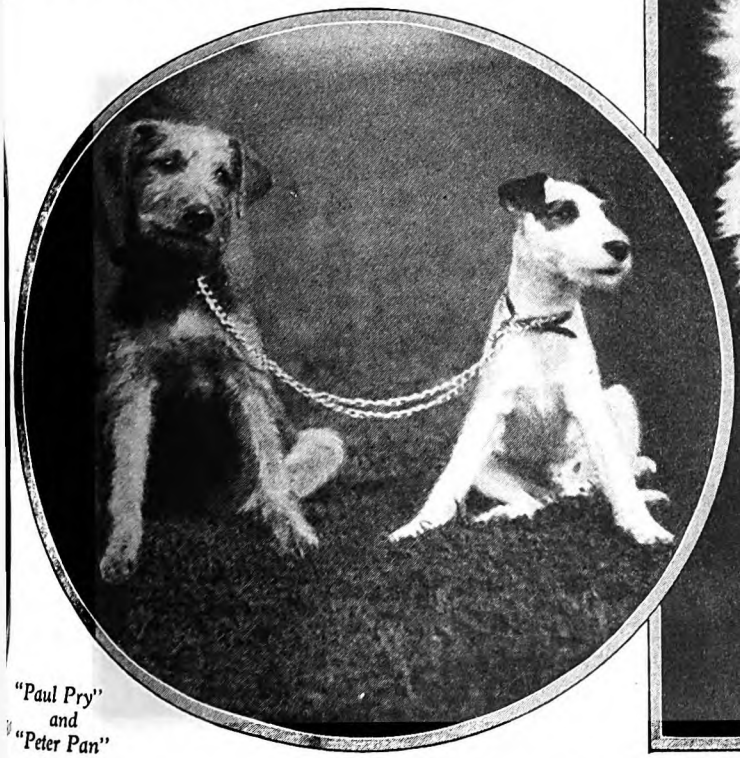
quotation from it must be restricted to 200 words or less



"Paul Pry" and "Peter Pan"

(Below) "Diana of Wildwood"

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One Hundred

WILL DURANT'S *List of One Hundred Best Books for an Education*

"The Road to Freedom"

Group I. Introductory

1. THOMSON, J. A., *The Outline of Science.* 4v.
2. CLENDENING, LOGAN, *The Human Body.*
* 3. KELLOGG, J. H., *The New Dietetics;* pp. 1–531, 975–1011.
4. JAMES, WM., *Principles of Psychology.* 2v.
* 5. WELLS, H. G., *The Outline of History;* chapters 1–14.
6. SUMNER, W. G., *Folkways.*
7. FRAZER, SIR JAS., *The Golden Bough.* 1-vol. ed.

Group II. Asia and Africa

* 8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, *The Human Adventure.* 2v. Vol. I, chs. 2–7.
5. WELLS, chs. 15-21, 26.
9. BROWN, BRIAN, *The Wisdom of China.*
*10. THE BIBLE: Genesis, Exodus, Ruth, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, Isaiah, Amos, Micah, the Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and Epistles of St. Paul.
*11. FAURE, ÉLIE, *History of Art.* 4v. Vol. I, chs. 1–3; vol. II, chs. 1–3.
12. WILLIAMS, H. S., *History of Science.* 5v. Book I, chs. 1–4.

Group III. Greece

8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, vol. I, chs. 8–19.
5. WELLS, chs. 22–25.
13. BURY, J. B., *History of Greece.* 2v.
14. HERODOTUS, *Histories.* (Everyman Library.)
15. THUCYDIDES, *The Peloponnesian War.* (Everyman Library.) Esp. bk. II, ch. 6.
*16. PLUTARCH, *Lives of Illustrious Men.* Esp. Lycurgus, Solon, Themistocles, Aristides, Pericles, Alcibiades, Demosthenes, Alexander.
17. MURRAY, G., *Greek Literature.*
18. HOMER, *Iliad.* Translation Bryant. Selections.
19. HOMER, *Odyssey.* Trans. Bryant. Selections.
20. ÆSCHYLUS, *Prometheus Bound.* Trans. Eliz. Browning.
21. SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus Tyrannus,* and *Antigone.* Trans. Young. (Everyman Library.)
22. EURIPIDES, all plays so far translated by Gilbert Murray.
*23. PLATO, *Dialogues.* Trans. Jowett. Esp. The Apology of Socrates, Phædo, and The Republic (sections 327–32, 336–77, 384–5, 392–426, 433–5, 481–3, 512–20, 572–95. 1-v. ed. by Irwin Edman.
24. ARISTOTLE, *Nicomachean Ethics.*
25. ARISTOTLE, *Politics.*
12. WILLIAMS, *History of Science;* bk. I, chs. 5–9.
11. FAURE, *History of Art;* vol. I, chs. 4–7.

Group IV. Rome

8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, vol. I, chs. 20–30.
5. WELLS, chs. 27–29.
16. PLUTARCH, *Lives.* Esp. Cato Censor, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, Marius, Sylla, Pompey, Cicero, Cæsar, Brutus, Antony.
26. LUCRETIUS, *On the Nature of Things.* Trans. Munro. (Certain passages are admirably paraphrased in W. H. Mallock's Lucretius on Life and Death.)
27. VIRGIL, *Æneid.* Trans. Wm. Morris. Selections.
*28. MARCUS AURELIUS, *Meditations.* (Everyman Library.)
12. WILLIAMS, bk. I, chs. 10–11.
11. FAURE, vol. I, ch. 8.
*29. GIBBON, E., *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* 6v. (Everyman Library.) Esp. chs. 1–4, 9–10, 14, 15–24, 26–28, 30–31, 35–6, 44, 71.

Group V. The Age of Christianity

8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, vol. II, chs. 1–11.
5. WELLS, chs. 30–34.
29. GIBBON, chs. 37–8, 47–53, 55–9, 64–5, 68–70.
*30. OMAR KHAYYAM, *Rubaiyat.* Fitzgerald's paraphrase.
31. MOORE, GEO., *Héloise and Abélard.* 2v.
32. DANTE, *Divine Comedy.* Trans. Longfellow, or C. E. Norton.
*33. TAINE, H., *History of English Literature;* bk. I.
34. CHAUCER, G., *Canterbury Tales.* (Everyman Library.) Selections.
35. ADAMS, H., *Mont St.-Michel and Chartres.*
12. WILLIAMS, bk. II, chs. 1–3.
11. FAURE, vol. II, chs. 4–9.
36. GRAY, C., *History of Music,* chs. 1–3, 5.

Group VI. The Italian Renaissance

5. WELLS, ch. 35.
37. SYMONDS, J. A., *The Renaissance in Italy.* 7v.
38. CELLINI, B., *Autobiography.* Trans. Symonds.
39. VASARI, G., *Lives of the Painters and Sculptors.* 4v. Esp. Giotto, Brunelleschi, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michelangelo.
40. HÖFFDING, H., *History of Modern Philosophy.* 2v. Sections on Bruno and Machiavelli.
41. MACHIAVELLI, N., *The Prince.* (Everyman Library.)
36. GRAY, chs. 6, 8.

Group VII. Europe in the Sixteenth Century

8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, vol. II, chs. 13–14.
42. SMITH, P., *The Age of the Reformation.*
43. FAGUET, E., *The Literature of France;* sections on the 16th century.
44. RABELAIS, *Gargantua and Pantagruel.*

DRAWINGS BY J. E. SANDFORD

Give me just and in four years scholar and a

By WILL

Author of *The*

IF I were rich I would have many books, and I would pamper myself with bindings bright to the eye and soft to the touch, paper generously opaque, and type such as men designed when printing was very young. I would dress my gods in leather and gold, and burn candles of worship before them at night, and string their names like beads on the rosary of my prayers. I would have my library spacious and dark and cool, safe from alien sights and sounds, with slender casements opening on quiet fields, voluptuous chairs inviting communion and reverie, shaded lamps illuminating sanctuaries here and there, and every inch of the walls concealed with the mental heritage of our race. And there at any hour my hand or spirit would welcome my friends, if their souls were hungry and their hands were clean.

In the center of that temple of my books I would gather the One Hundred Best of all the educative literature in the world. I picture to myself a massive redwood table, worked out in loving detail by the artists who carved the wood for King Henry's chapel at Westminster Abbey. (I must be an old reactionary, for I abominate the hard materials that make our concrete homes and iron beds and desks today, and I find something organically responsive to my affection in everything made of wood.) Along the center of the table would stand a glass case protecting and yet revealing my Hundred Best. I picture my friends seated comfortably there, seven hours every week, passing with every tenth day to the next volume in the case, and so reciting this Litany of Genius, with loving leisureliness, through quiet and happy years.

Will you sit down with me? Perhaps you are a college graduate and are ready, then, to begin your education. Perhaps you have never had a chance to go to college and have considered what else our children learn there except the latest morals. They might learn many fine things if they came to it old enough; but our youngsters take so long to grow up in these hurried days that they are too immature, when they enter college, to ab-

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Best Books

one hour a day,
I will make you a philosopher

DURANT

Story of Philosophy

sorb or understand the treasures offered them there so lavishly. If you have studied with life rather than with courses, it may be as well; the rough tutelage of reality has ripened you into some readiness to know great men. Here at this spacious table you shall prepare yourself for membership in the International of the Mind; you shall be friends with Plato and Leonardo, with Bacon and Montaigne; and when you have passed through that goodly company you shall be fit for the fellowship of the finest leaders of your time and place.

CAN you spare an hour a day? Or, if some days are too crowded with life and duty to give you leisure for these subtler things, can you atone for such bookless evenings by an extra hour or two on those Sunday mornings when the endless newspaper consumes you to no end? Let me have seven hours a week, and I will make a scholar and a philosopher out of you; in four years you shall be better educated than any new-fledged Doctor of Philosophy in the land.

Meanwhile, you continue at your daily occupation, keeping the wolf away. If you are married to a modern lady, she will be glad to join you in this merry enterprise; if you have children, gather them about you before the fire, and let them read aloud to you, turn by turn, from such books in our treasury as may lure untarnished minds. Or you have friends—perhaps even neighbors—who will enlist for this new game; you organize yourselves in a stimulating competition, vowing to read a book or so per week, and then meet to compare impressions and results. To do things together is the secret of pleasure as well as of morality.

But let us understand each other: You must not expect any material gain from this intimacy with great men. Some lucre may flow incidentally in later years from the maturity and background that you will win; but these dividends, like those of the insurance companies, are not in any way guaranteed; you take your chance. Indeed, you will be "losing time" from your professions or your business; if you

Group VII. (Continued)

*45. MONTAIGNE, *Essays*. 3v. (Everyman Library.) Esp. Of Coaches, Of the Incommodity of Greatness, Of Vanity, and Of Experience.
*46. CERVANTES, *Don Quixote*.
*47. SHAKESPEARE, *Plays*. Esp. Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Cæsar, Henry IV, Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, Midsummer Night's Dream, Timon of Athens, and The Tempest.
33. TAINE, bk. II, chs. 1–4.
36. GRAY, chs. 4, 7.
12. WILLIAMS, bk. II, chs. 4–8.
11. FAURE, vol. III, chs. 4–6.

Group VIII. Europe in the Seventeenth Century

8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, vol. II, ch. 15.
43. FAGUET, sections on the 17th century.
48. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Reflections*.
49. MOLIÈRE, *Plays*. Esp. Tartuffe, The Miser, The Misanthrope, The Bourgeois Gentleman, The Feast of the Statue (Don Juan).
*50. BACON, F., *Essays*. All. (Everyman Library.)
51. MILTON, J., *Lycidas, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Sonnets, Areopagitica*, and selections from *Paradise Lost*.
12. WILLIAMS, bk. II, chs. 9–13.
40. HÖFFDING, sections on Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Locke, Spinoza, and Leibnitz.
52. HOBBES, *Leviathan*. (Everyman Library.)
53. SPINOZA, *Ethics*, and *On the Improvement of the Understanding*. (Everyman Library.)
11. FAURE, vol. IV, chs. 1–4.
36. GRAY, chs. 9–10.

Group IX. Europe in the Eighteenth Century

8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, vol. II, chs. 16–21.
5. WELLS, chs. 26–7.
43. FAGUET, sections on the 18th century.
54. SAINTE-BEUVE, *Portraits of the 18th Century*.
55. VOLTAIRE, *Works*. 1-vol. ed. Esp. *Candide, Zadig*, and essays on *Toleration* and *History*.
56. ROUSSEAU, J. J., *Confessions*.
57. TAINE, H., *Origins of Contemporary France*. 6v. Vol. I–IV.
*58. CARLYLE, *The French Revolution*. 2v. (Everyman Library.)
33. TAINE, *History of English Literature*; bk. III, chs. 4–7.
*59. BOSWELL, *Life of Samuel Johnson*. 2v. (Everyman Library.)
60. FIELDING, H., *Tom Jones*. (Everyman Library.)
61. STERNE, L., *Tristram Shandy*. (Everyman Library.)
*62. SWIFT, J., *Gulliver's Travels*. (Everyman Library.)
63. HUME, D., *Treatise on Human Nature*. 2v. (Everyman Library.) Esp. bks. II & III.
64. WOLLSTONECRAFT, MARY, *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*.
65. SMITH, ADAM, *The Wealth of Nations*. 2v. (Everyman Library.) Selections.
12. WILLIAMS, bk. II, chs. 14–15.
40. HÖFFDING, sections on the 18th century.
11. FAURE, vol. IV, chs. 5–6.
36. GRAY, chs. 11–12.

Group X. Europe in the Nineteenth Century

8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, vol. II, chs. 22–28.
5. WELLS, chs. 38–9.
57. TAINE, *Origins of Contemporary France*; vol. IV, pp. 1–90.
66. LUDWIG, E., *Napoleon*.
67. BRANDES, G., *Main Currents of 19th Century Literature*. 6v.
*68. GOETHE, *Faust*.
69. ECKERMANN, *Conversations with Goethe*.
70. HEINE, *Poems*. Trans. Louis Untermeyer.
33. TAINE, *History of English Literature*; bks. IV–V.
*71. KEATS, *Poems*.
*72. SHELLEY, *Poems*.
*73. BYRON, *Poems*.
43. FAGUET, sections on the 19th century.
74. BALZAC, *Père Goriot*.
*75. FLAUBERT, Works. 1-vol. ed. Esp. *Mme. Bovary* and *Salammbo*.
76. HUGO, *Les Misérables*.
77. FRANCE, ANATOLE, *Penguin Isle*.
78. TENNYSON, *Poems*.
79. DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*.
80. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*.
81. TURGENIEV, *Fathers and Children*.
82. DOSTOIEVSKI, *The Brothers Karamazov*.
83. TOLSTOI, *War and Peace*.
84. IBSEN, *Peer Gynt*.
12. WILLIAMS, bks. III–IV.
85. DARWIN, *Descent of Man*.
40. HÖFFDING, sections on the 19th century.
86. BUCKLE, *Introduction to the History of Civilization in England*. Esp. Part I, chs. 1–5, 15.
87. SCHOPENHAUER, *Works*. 1-vol. ed.
88. NIETZSCHE, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.
11. FAURE, vol. IV, chs. 7–8.
36. GRAY, chs. 13–17.

Group XI. America

*89. BEARD, C. & M., *The Rise of American Civilization*. 2v.
90. POE, *Poems* and *Short Stories*.
91. EMERSON, *Essays*.
92. THOREAU, *Walden*.
93. LINCOLN, *Speeches and Letters*.
*94. WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass*.

Group XII. The Twentieth Century

8. BREASTED and ROBINSON, vol. II, chs. 29–30.
5. WELLS, chs. 40–41.
95. FAY, S., *Origins of the World War*.
96. ROLLAND, R., *Jean Christophe*. 2v.
*97. ELLIS, H., *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*; vols. I, II, III, VI.
*98. ADAMS, H., *The Education of Henry Adams*.
99. BERGSON, *Creative Evolution*.
*100. SPENGLER, O., *Decline of the West*. 2v.

*Books marked with a star are recommended for purchase. Number of books starred, 27; approximate cost, $90. Number of volumes in the list: 151; approximate cost, $300. Time required for reading: 4 years at 7 hours per week, 10 hours per volume.

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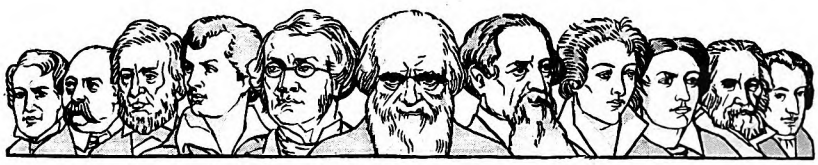

long for millions, you had better lay aside this map of the City of God, and keep your nose to the earth. And there will be blocks along the line: Occasionally you will come to an obscure or lengthy book, a bad up-grade; and all your strength will have to be subpœnaed to your task. Remember that we are not making a list of the absolutely best one hundred books, no list merely of the masterpieces of *belles lettres;* we are choosing those volumes that will do most to give a man education, civilization, and culture.

Since we wish to have orderly minds and to avoid the chaos of desultory reading, we shall want to begin at the beginning—even with the distant stars and the antique earth—and these beginnings will be the worst obstructions in our path. *Initium dimidium facti*, said the Romans; the start is half the deed. Let us gird up our loins and screw our courage to the sticking point for these initial hills, and the rest will be level road, with wisdom or sublimity at every milestone and pleasant reaches of beauty everywhere. We want here not entertainment only, but education; and we want it in such order that the knowledge we win may fall into logical sequence in our memories and give us at last that full perspective which is the source and summit of understanding.

THEREFORE, the first books on our list—the necessary introduction to the rest—are the most terrifying of all. A thousand barbs of wit will be invited by placing *The Outline of Science* first: Alas! are we to be fed on pre-digested food, in the fashion of the American breakfast? Worse still, *The Outline of History*, bugbear of all proper historians, is fifth on our list; this is unforgivable. Let the critic control himself; he will soon see how far these books are used as substitutes, and how far as preparation, for the best. At the cost of a little unpleasantness we must make ourselves acquainted with the current scientific description of the world in which man has grown; we must have a little astronomical and biological background to give some modesty to our conception of the human race; we must learn the latest gossip about electrons and chromosomes, and look on for a moment while physics and chemistry transform the world.

And then, still as introductory, we pass to ourselves. It will not do to leave for the last some knowledge of the art of health; what if, after four years, we are learned and dyspeptic, philosophers in imagination and ruins in the flesh? Let two great physicians offer us their rival theories of how to live: Doctor Clendening will tell us, with wit scandalous in a scientist, that most of the things we eat, drink, smoke, or do are well and good; and Doctor Kellogg, with no other charm than seventy years of experience and his own ruddy health, will tell us that these ancient ways are all wrong. I believe that Doctor Kellogg is right; but it is conceivable that despite this handicap Doctor Clendening is correct.

We have minds as well as bodies; and perhaps we should try in some measure to understand ourselves before we ponder the history of mankind. Go, then, to William James; it is true that he wrote more than a generation ago, but his *Principles of Psychology* is still the masterpiece in its field. Avoid the abbreviated edition in one volume; the longer form is easier to read. Better read one long good book than ten short worthless ones.

Until you have surrounded James you need not bother with such transitory psychological fashions as psychoanalysis and behaviorism; and when you have absorbed James you will be immune to these epidemics. Read actively, not passively: Consider at every step whether what you read accords with your own experience, and how far it may be applied to the guidance of your own life. But if you disagree with an author, or are shocked by his heresies, read on nevertheless; toleration of differences is one mark of a gentleman. Make notes of all passages that offer help towards the reconstruction of your character (not someone else's character) or the achievement of your aims; and classify these notes in such a way that they may at any moment, and for any purpose, be ready to your hand.

Take your time with these introductory books, for you must expect a long siege before you capture these obscure and lofty outworks of wisdom's citadel. If they burden your digestion, spice them with easier morsels from the list: Plutarch, for example, or Omar, or George Moore, or Rabelais, or Poe (Nos. 16, 30, 31, 44, and 90); indeed, most of the books in Groups X and XI will serve as *hors d'œuvres* or relief when other volumes oppress you with their weight.

EVEN Wells will prove a little dull at the outset; we grow a trifle weary of his reptiles and fishes, his Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal men. But we must climb up these geological periods and wade through these paleontological remains and anthropological origins; we sharpen our teeth on these forbidding words, take these difficulties by the bit, and harden ourselves for anything. If we are flush as well as brave, we shall buy a handy dictionary (such as *Webster's Collegiate* in the fabrikoid form—avoid vast dictionaries whose size discourages their use) and we shall adorn a wall with some spacious map of the world, so that new words and old places shall have some meaning for us. Once those Wellsian chapters are finished, Sumner's *Folkways* will be enticing dessert; no one had dreamed that a professor could make sociology so fascinating.

Do you want to know how religion began and how it grew up from superstition to philosophy? Read Frazer's *Golden Bough;* here a great scholar has brought together in one volume the lifelong researches for which the British Government, honoring itself, made him a knight of the realm. Skip if you will; learn the art of seizing out of every paragraph (usually near its beginning) the "topical sentence" in which the author lays down the proposition which his paragraph hopes to prove; and if this thesis falls outside your use or interest, leap on to the next topic, or the next, until you feel that the author is talking to *you*. Once that knighted volume is finished, the heaviest part of your education is over; the rest will be an adventure with gods.

WHY is our list henceforth historically arranged? First, because it is well to study history as it was lived and made, taking all the activities of a civilization together—economic, social, political, scientific, philosophical, religious, literary, and artistic; in this way we shall see every work of literature, philosophy, or art in its proper place and better understand its origin and significance; perspective is all. Second, because this arrangement will let the most delightful and entertaining masterpieces alternate with ponderous instructive tomes; it will be an aid to digestion. So, after a little more of Wells and Breasted's perfect chapter on Egypt in that excellent history of Europe, *The Human Adventure*, we shall find welcome diversion in Brian Brown's selection of bits of wisdom from Confucius, Lao-tse, and Mencius; and the unequaled simplicity and beauty of the Bible will atone for Faure's dithyrambs on art and Doctor Williams' meaty *History of Science*. By these rough seas we come at last to the Isles of Greece.

Here is genius almost too abundant; how shall we crowd so many giants into our little list? Let us engage guides: Breasted and Wells will show us the larger monuments, Professor Bury will unravel for us the complexities of Greek politics, and Gilbert Murray will introduce us to the greatest literature ever written. And then the geniuses themselves: Herodotus, with his delightful stories, not always true; Thucydides, with his realistic thinking and his classic style (the famous "Funeral Oration" composed for Pericles by Thucydides in Book II, chapter 6); Plutarch, with biographies that will make the names in Bury live on the stage of our memories; Homer, with his lilting song of gods and heroes, of Helen and Penelope; Æschylus the mighty, with his picture of Prometheus chained and unrepentant, the very symbol of genius, punished for advancing the race; Sophocles, with a gentle wisdom won from suffering; and "Euripides the human," mourning the misfortunes of his enemies and at last forgiving even the gods.

Here is the first and greatest period in European philosophy: Socrates the Martyr and Plato the Reformer, Democritus the Laughing Philosopher and Aristotle the Encyclopedia, Zeno the Stoic and Epicurus who was not an Epicurean. Plato speaks, and paints his perfect state; the immaculately reasonable Aristotle preaches the golden mean, and then marries the richest girl in Greece. Williams takes up the tale and tells how science replaced superstition; how Hippocrates became (after many (*Continued on page 109*)

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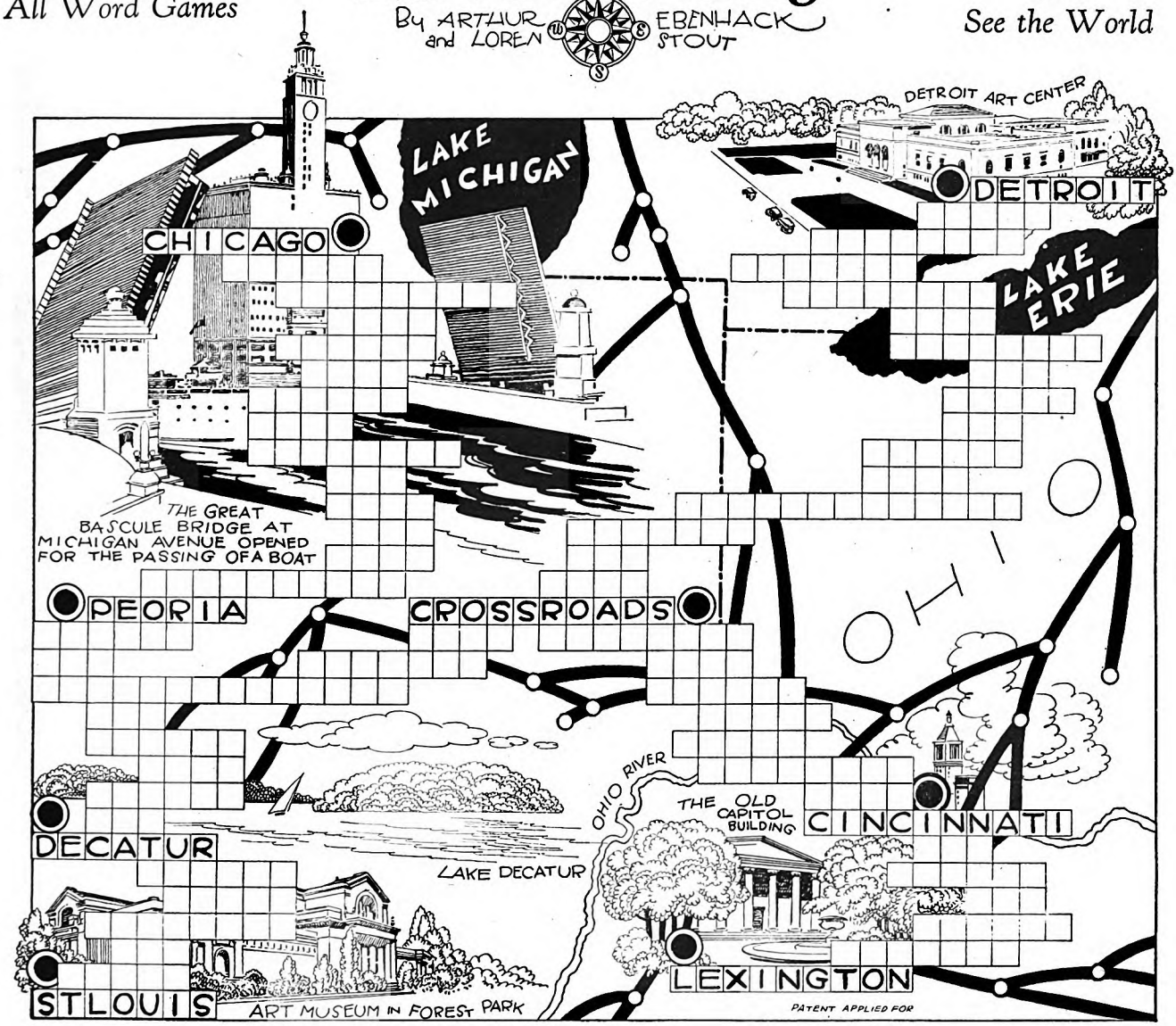
The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

Travel Trails

By Arthur Ebenhack and Loren Stout

Join this Game and See the World



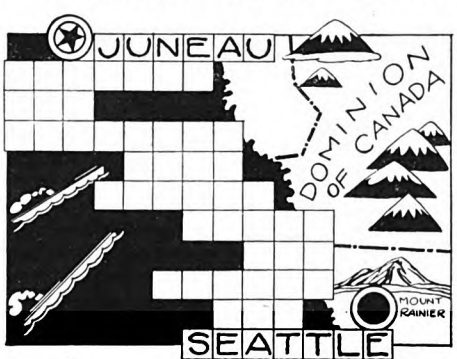
Crossroads Trail

TO THE builders of American metropolises who have raised gleaming skyscrapers on busy street corners that were once crossroads. From Crossroads, Indiana, it's only a short travel trail to the roar of many manufacturing plants. Cincinnati, hailed most appropriately by Longfellow as the Queen City of the West, is a complete and logical market, where you can buy anything from tapers to a tureen. Lexington, the home of blue grass, turf, and tobacco. Also the location of the University of Kentucky. St. Louis, the important hub of central transportation, caters to ninety thousand travelers every three days. Four miles west of the main business section of the city is the wonderful Forest Park, where the linnet and the lark and many other birds find a happy habitat. The world pays homage to our Spirit of St. Louis that is hers. Decatur, a place for rest and recreation, which you will hate to say farewell to, once you know her fourteen miles of lagoon by moonlight. Peoria, where life runs evenly and (*Continued on page 133*)

HOW TO FOLLOW A TRAVEL TRAIL

Each word must have exactly the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must have three consecutive letters that travel straight down (or up) through the same three letters in the word below (or above); and the word before the destination must also have three consecutive letters that travel into the same three letters of the destination, as illustrated by this sample trail solved for you.

The clue paragraph with each trail contains a few of the words which can be used as legs of the journey. Proper names are not allowed in solving a trail, unless included in its clue paragraph. A word cannot be used twice in the same trail. The solutions of the trails on this page will be published in next month's AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



PRIZE-WINNERS AND CLUE PARAGRAPHS

(Each of the following paragraphs contains some of the words required to follow the trail between the cities mentioned in the paragraph. Names of prize-winners included in each paragraph.)

Follow Miss Mabel Shepard from her hometown of Seattle, Washington. Ships from Alaska, China, Japan, Australia, Europe, South America, and the South Sea Islands rest here side by side, some unloading silks from the Orient, representing millions of dollars in value, others bear teas (*Continued on page 133*)

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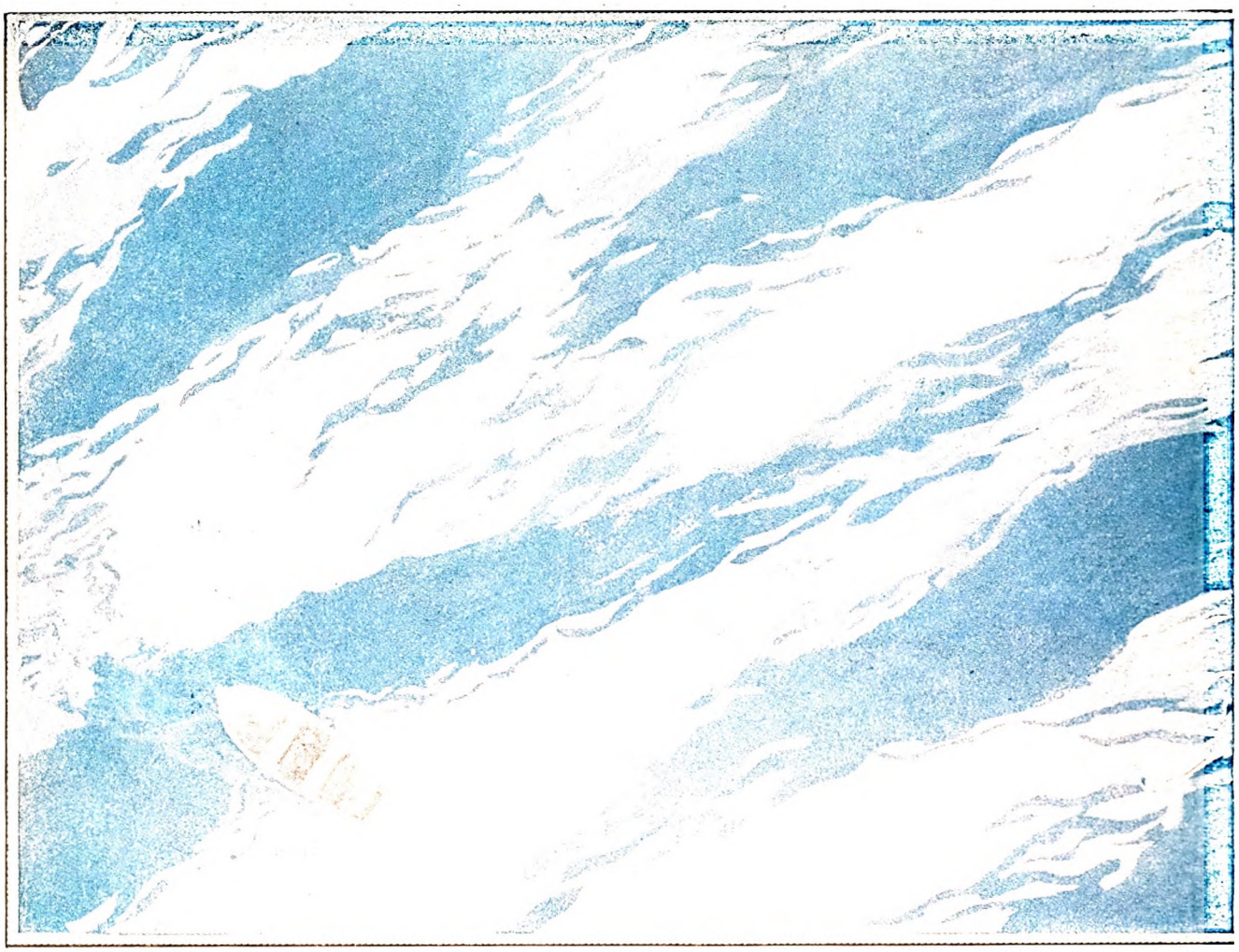

CRUCIBLE

By HAL FIELD LESLIE

LANCASTER glanced down sidewise at Randall, slumped unconscious in the control cockpit seat beside him. Then his set gaze focused upon that tiny dark speck dancing in the restless sea chop below and looming nearer, larger, with every passing second. Well, he thought grimly, if this be the end of a dream . . . of a hope. . . . His grip tightened on the control wheel. His body was tense, alert. He'd give the ship the best that was in him, down to the last possible moment. . . . And leave the rest to fate.

A few short minutes ago that big tri-motored monoplane had been streaking into the sunset, high above the steel blue wastes of the Pacific. There had been something triumphant in the manner of her roaring progress through the skies. Steel and fabric and the will of two men driving on toward certain victory.

Ten hours ago she had been one of a line-up of twenty huge planes, assembled in the thin dawn fog enshrouding a great California coast airport. Ten hours ago three men had been standing beneath her silvered wing tip, conversing earnestly while her motors warmed. One of these three men was Brad Snelling, president of the Hercules Skyship Corporation. The other two were Lancaster and Randall.

Snelling was a man well above middle age, tall, cadaverous, a little gray at the temples. His countenance was of a darkly bilious cast, his yellowed eyes restless as a weasel's.

Both Lancaster and Randall were much younger men. Alert, clear-eyed pilots clad in well-worn flying leather.

LANCASTER was of medium height, but stockily built. His straw-colored hair—his head was bared, helmet dangling in a muscular hand—was closely cropped; it bristled belligerently above a wind-reddened brow and face. His eyes were of a hard and brilliant blue, like sunlit ice, and the angle of his strong jaw was a determined one. Hard-as-nails Lancaster, dare-devil ex-army flyer and one of the men chosen by Snelling to pilot his Hercules in the coming race.

Randall was of far slighter build than Lancaster. Randall, too, was blond; but his ruddy coloring was not so pronounced as was the other's. His features were more finely molded, his clear gray eyes not so hard. Randall was quieter in his bearing, more thoughtful in appearance, than his fellow pilot. His countenance, however, bespoke no small degree of determination in his make-up.

Randall appeared almost frail beside Lancaster. He did not stand, as did Lancaster, firmly planted upon sturdy legs spread a little apart; he stood with most of his weight upon one foot, easing the other. He still had to favor that right leg of his, which bore in its flesh a number of unextracted fragments of an Archie burst. Randall, too, had done his bit of battle in the sky.

Both men had been members of that glorious Ninety-fourth Pursuit Squadron. Lancaster had a dozen spectacular victories to his credit. Randall had ten, not so spectacular, but no less triumphant. Snelling had chosen Lancaster because of his unquestioned daring and his bulldog tenacity of purpose to accomplish what he set his hand to do. Randall had been selected not alone for his cool skill in the air, but for his thorough knowledge of

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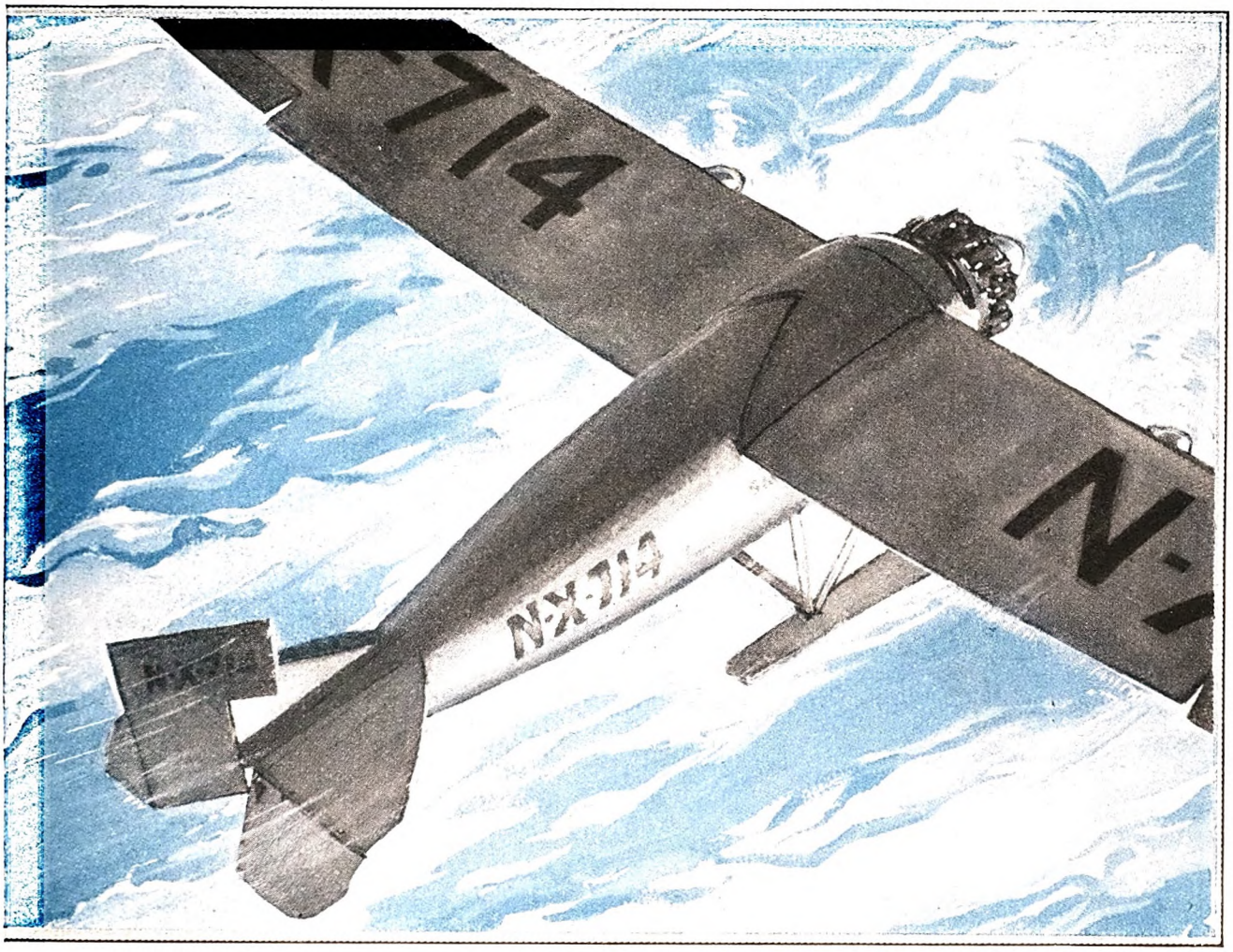

Hunger and thirst and burning heat—these are fires to test the metal of a man's soul

navigation. Snelling felt that this combination of Lancaster and Randall should insure, so far as the human equation was concerned, a decisive victory for his plane.

THAT race, from the California coast to the far-flung Hawaiian Islands, was a contest conceived by a group of rival aircraft builders. The purse, fifty thousand dollars, was donated collectively by these builders and would go to the pilots of the winning plane. Prestige, glory of achievement, would be the only compensation to that plane's manufacturers. But that would be enough to build business on—and Brad Snelling was hungry for that glory; would have bartered his soul—or any man's—to achieve it.

"Remember, I expect you to win this race." Snelling's voice was thin, brittle with tension of the hour. "You're going to win."

"We'll do our best," averred Randall quietly.

"You've got to win!" Snelling's eyes took on an added gleam. "You've got to win. You're not to let anything stand in the way of your winning."

"You mean—not anything?" asked Lancaster bluntly. "Not even if we have to rip the tail off some other chap's crate to do it?"

"I'm not saying that," denied Snelling with a thin-lipped smile. "I'm just saying—*not—anything!*"

For a moment thereafter Lancaster's cold and level gaze held Snelling's evasive eyes. He might have been studying a venomous snake, under glass. Then Lancaster laughed shortly, almost sardonically.

"All right, Mr. Snelling; we won't. If we don't set your ship down on Wheeler Field a winner, it won't be our fault." He had included Randall in that promise, but he was speaking for himself.

"Barring accident," interposed Randall quietly.

"You're fixed for that," shot back Snelling with a vicious sidelong stab of his eyes at the ship. It had been Randall who had insisted on that hybrid landing gear, making her half a bird and half a fish. Adding weight when every ounce counted. . . . Pounds and men's lives—they didn't balance on Snelling's scales. . . . But he had to have a navigator, and a good one. So the pontoons were on the ship—and there was a miser's glitter in Snelling's eyes.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

The Hercules was the first plane to snore down the long runway. Lancaster had her for the take-off. He lifted her—with her thousand gallons of fuel and their two quarts of coffee and dozen sandwiches and half-gallon canteen of water—within half a mile, her three motors roaring thunderously, her gleaming blades ripping holes in the thin fog curtain.

AH, BUT she was sweet, that ship! Hour after hour her big motors played a Wagnerian symphony, port, starboard, and on her prow. Diapason of power. The ears couldn't hold it. It left no room for talk—not by word of tongue. Only scribbled notes, having to do with the business of getting her there, down at that speck on the chart along a thin thread of Randall's navigating skill. Thin, but strong and true; Randall knew his business.

He had his turn at the controls. Was having one now, while Lancaster slept in his seat alongside, chin down upon his

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barrel chest. A strong man, Lancaster, even in sleep.

Randall wondered if Lancaster might be dreaming—as he had for days dreamed and talked while awake—of the two planes they would buy with the prize money. Partners in a passenger-carrying venture. Catering to human thrill seekers. Lancaster had a terse way of putting it: "Pretty soft. Five minutes—five bucks."

Well, chances looked good that they'd have those two ships. The Hercules had been the first away; she must surely be in the lead now, and with a good margin to spare. There was a lonesome sky behind her—had been ever since the take-off. Never a sign of following planes against the far blue.

A jeweled and empty sea below, and an empty sky behind. Sunset ahead, an hour away. Friendly, the sun, but he'd be a little glad to see it go. Starshine was kinder on the eyes than afternoon sunglare through the cockpit windshield.

OUTSIDE, the three steel giants hammered out their endless rhythm. Behind glass the panel instruments showed everything working perfectly. Altitude 2,000. Air speed better than a hundred miles an hour—much better. She was true on her compass course. Randall glanced at the chart. According to his calculations they were now well past a thousand miles at sea. He wanted a shot with his instruments, to check their position exactly before dark should come.

He decided to waken Lancaster and turn control over to him. But before he did so he took a sweeping look at the sea, right and left. . . . He kept looking, past Lancaster's head, off to the south, steadily. . . . Then he reached for the binoculars and trained them with a free hand upon that dark speck on the sea that had caught his attention.

It was a boat. A small boat, drifting. It appeared to be empty. But upon the end of an oar upthrust aslant the gunwale a bit of white was a-flutter. Handkerchief, maybe.

As Randall stared, a swell of the sea canted the boat a little. In her bottom was a man. That was odd. . . . A man lying inert in an open boat a thousand miles from land. . . . The man moved, slowly, with effort. His eyes turned toward the plane. His face, limned clearly for Randall in the powerful glass, was sick with despair.

Lancaster slept on. Randall throttled down, and the giants' hammering dropped to lower tempo. His foot eased down on the rudder bar and a twist of the wheel set the plane into a gentle bank. The oscillation awoke Lancaster. His eyes swept the instrument panel, caught and hung for a moment on the needle of the compass; then they turned upon Randall, full of question.

Randall thrust the glass into his hand and pointed off across the plane's nose toward that speck adrift. Lancaster focused the glass to his own eyes, looked steadily—and shrugged. His lips built two words: "Tough luck." But his eyes said to Randall: "Why in thunder are you off the course and bothering with that fellow! You're not fool enough to try to pick him up!"

Randall read the thought, and nodded with quiet determination. And he dropped the ship's nose a bit more, no hesitation about it.

Lancaster's mind took hold of Randall's purpose. He gripped his companion's forearm in steel fingers. His whole countenance—ice in the eyes and flame in the flesh—said plainly: "No! Lift her out of this glide and put her back on her course!"

Randall's jaw was set. He held her to the slant, sure he could put her down safely and not thinking beyond that. Getting her off the sea was another matter. But a fellow man needed help; that was all that counted. Go down with food and water.

But Lancaster was determined otherwise. He had promised Snelling that nothing—*nothing!*—should stand in the way of driving through. Nothing should—not even friendship. His left hand knotted into a fist of hard bone and muscle and shot across his chest in a curving blow that landed clean upon Randall's set jaw.

Randall sagged, slumped in his seat, and his deadened hands dropped away from his wheel. Lancaster seized his own half of the dual control and under savage gun the big ship hammered skyward. At two thousand feet he leveled, banked, and set her back on her course, where she belonged.

Then he looked down at Randall.

Randall was out cold. Well, let him slump there; he'd come out of it. Lancaster drove her wickedly, intent to make up those minutes lost. But somehow he couldn't keep his mind and eyes on his flying. He had to stare uneasily again at Randall; he looked so drawn and frail lying back all a-sprawl in his seat, eyes closed, jaw loose. . . . And all at once Lancaster was seized with contrition for what he had done. He was sorry for that calculated blow. Ashamed of it.

HIS mind went back to a day in France—battle in the sky—a swift Hun behind him, ripping his crate apart with machine-gun bullets—scorch of flame—crash in wheat stubble—a snapped leg—pain—and Randall coming up under that Hun's tail like a streak of vengeance—roar of motors—rattle of machine-gun fire—a red Hun plane doing a dizzy spin with death—and Randall making land and pulling him, Hard-as-nails Lancaster, out of wreckage, and whisking him away to safety under the very noses of running, shooting Germans intent on double capture. . . .

There was a man—that little Dick Randall! . . . Measure him now against Brad Snelling! Snelling, who would have countenanced anything to win that race. Randall, who was willing to forego everything, and risk his life to boot, for the sake of an unknown castaway upon the seas. . . . Damn Snelling and his avaricious glory-hunger! He'd rather, a thousand times over, be able to look Dick Randall square in the eye. . . . With a grimly decisive move of hand and foot, Lancaster turned the big ship abruptly off her course and headed her back toward that spot where the small boat drifted on the sea swells.

Lancaster didn't relish the idea of landing down there on the chop. He knew it was rougher than it looked from up above. And water could slap a harder blow at pontoons than land could to wheels, if you didn't hit it right. And even if he put her down without damage, chances were she'd never rise out of the chop. It meant good-by to those passenger crates—five minutes, five bucks. . . . Maybe good-by to everything. But as fearlessly as he had ever shoved his battle plane into the thick of a hot dog-fight in the clouds, Lancaster shoved the big Hercules down a long slant toward the sea. He'd give her the best that was in him, down to the last possible moment. . . .

DECEIVING, that heaving water. Hard to judge distance. Short swells rising and falling in the wind. He aimed to set the plane down just over the brow of one of them and skip down with the fall-away of it. Hard to judge. He dropped her a little too soon. The upsurging swell slapped a pontoon askew—that was Snelling, saving a pound or two of metal in her struts!—and a moment later the big plane was floundering like a crippled duck, her right wing tip a-trail on the swells and her starboard propeller slashing water. Lancaster cut the motors and she came to rest, lopsided, down on the sea for keeps.

Randall stirred a little. He was coming out from behind that blow on the chin. Lancaster got him into easier position in his canted seat, then turned his attention to the business in hand.

He'd made a good landing—as far as nearness to his objective was concerned. The boat was lifting and dropping on the swells a little way to the left of the plane. He slipped down from the cockpit and pushed open the cabin door.

"Ahoy, there!" he shouted. "You in the boat!" The words seemed prisoned inside his head. His ears were muffled, auditory nerves deadened by that long hammering of the giants. He couldn't hear his own words, from the outside. But they carried. A hand appeared on the boat's gunwale. A face, haggard and fear-twisted, lifted slowly above it. Then both head and hand dropped down out of sight, as if pulled by a sudden string. The boat drifted on.

Lancaster glanced at the cockpit. Randall was coming out, unsteady on his legs, tugging at the buttons of his coat. Lancaster guessed what he was up to: He meant to swim after that boat. There was pluck for you! After a clip on the jaw like that! . . . Lancaster beat him to it; peeled off his own togs, down to the buff. He swung over the cabin sill, let himself down upon the good pontoon. Cold metal—Snelling again.

Lancaster dived clean and clear. Powerful overhand strokes carried him to the boat. He seized her gunwale, got a leg over, and boarded her.

The boat was small. Might have been a lifeboat—but certainly not one from a liner. No food. No water. Only a black leather traveling bag and a man. The fellow was dead to the world now. Shock of salvation, maybe. He was rather well dressed in a brown business suit, disheveled and splotched with sea stain. A man of middle age, prematurely gray.

There were two pairs of oars in the boat, one securely stowed and lashed. Lancaster took down the fellow's tattered rag of distress and pulled the boat alongside the crippled plane. He moored her by her trailing painter to a wing strut and got the man out on the pontoon. He lifted him up to where Randall could get at him under the arms, and together they slid

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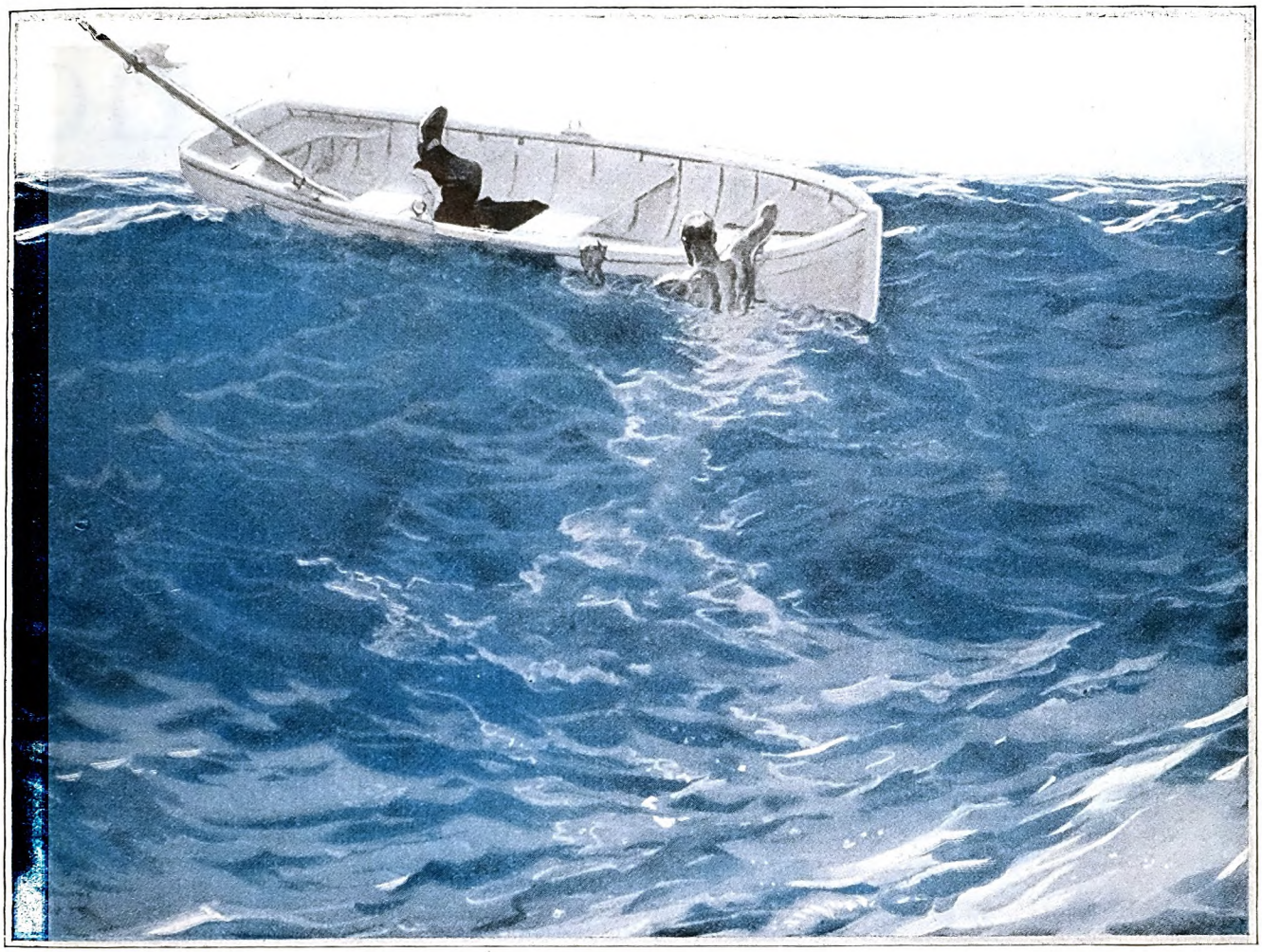

Powerful overhand strokes carried him to the boat

him aboard the plane. Lancaster tossed his black bag—it was locked—in after him and climbed aboard himself.

No use trying to converse. He couldn't hear and Randall couldn't hear. But both were thinking the same thought. Here they were, rescuers in need of rescue themselves. They turned their attention upon the castaway.

LACK of food and water, exposure—and probably fear along with it—had the fellow in a bad way. While Lancaster got into his clothes, Randall tried to force a little warm coffee from a vacuum bottle beween the man's teeth. It worked; he had his eyes open when Lancaster knelt beside Randall on the angled floor to lend him a hand. The fellow's lips moved, framing three words they couldn't hear. But Lancaster read the question from his lips.

"You're aboard the airplane Hercules, bound for Honolulu," he said. And under his breath, grimly, he added: "But more likely for the next world."

The fellow's eyes closed again. They let him lie so, undisturbed, while they made talk with pad and pencil. In the end it was determined to stay with the plane as long as possible. They had no radio aboard; only half a dozen signal rockets. These might serve, if the weather should hold fair. They couldn't be far off the sea lanes. Some ship must pass within eye-reach of rockets. Only thing to do was to stick with the plane and wait and watch.

The sun went down in a glow of sea gold and crimson. Darkness came, and the remote stars. And then the moon, trailing a rippling scarf of silver on the sea. The castaway roused and took nourishment from their scanty store, and slept again. Turn by turn, Lancaster and Randall kept vigil for the lights of a passing ship. They had rockets ready to touch off at a moment's notice. But no glimmer of moving lights appeared. And when dawn came it was but to reveal an empty ocean.

Both Lancaster and Randall were still a little deaf from the long roaring of the motors, but they could hear talk. The castaway was sunk in a stupor of exhaustion, was in no shape to tell them who he was or what buffet of fate had set him down on the sea in an open boat. The crippled plane and that boat a-trail were drifting steadily into the southwest.

The sun rose in a bank of ragged cloud, but Randall managed to catch sight with his sextant long enough to determine their position. The ceaseless night wind had driven them about forty miles south of yesterday's sky course. Randall's face was very grave when he conveyed this information to Lancaster.

"Never mind, old man; we'll be picked up," said Lancaster optimistically. "If the weather stays with us."

The weather didn't. It turned against them. A raw wind from the northeast swept down across the uneasy meadows of the sea. A tumble of clouds built menace in the sky. The sea swells shortened and quickened. The wind increased its violence. By noon the plane was floundering perilously in lashing waters.

She was never built to take this kind of gruel. By two o'clock they were decided that she must be abandoned. Better to take their chances in the boat. So they got their small belongings together—a lone sandwich, a two-quart canteen half emptied of its drinking water, the signal rockets, binoculars, Randall's instruments, and the castaway's black bag.

Lancaster climbed down on the heaving pontoon and hauled the boat alongside and stowed these things in her bow. They managed to rouse the castaway and get him aboard—although he seemed reluctant again to take to the boat, and there was terror of the sea in his eyes as he huddled down in the stern sheets fearfully. Lancaster got the oars out and held the boat clear while Randall cast off the painter. The big plane, higher in the wind, rapidly drifted away. Within five minutes her silvered wings and fuselage were lost to view among the tumbling seas.

THEN Lancaster drew the oars inboard and let them fall. "Might as well let her drift," he said with a grin. "We'll get there just as quick—wherever we're bound."

But Lancaster did have to row, before an hour was gone. And so did Randall. Four straining blades were needed, every ounce behind them, to keep the boat head on to the mounting seas. An unguarded moment would (*Continued on page 104*)

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The Grand

By WILL ROGERS

FOLKS, I hate to brag. But it just looks like I have scored what Newspaper men call a "Beat" on all these other folks that make a success writing about people that have made a success. You know, we're getting to go in more every year for Champions, and "All Americans," and "Runners-Up," and "Knockers-Down," and anything that really distinguishes you from the ordinary conglomerated hash of humanity.

We used to write about and look up to our rich men. But, sakes alive, we're getting so many now that no Magazine wont hold 'em. It takes Atlanta and all our combined Telephone Directories to hold the rich nowadays. Why, the rich is getting so common now that it's almost a novelty to be poor; and for a man to be pointed out as merely being "Rich" is just a kinda slurring way of saying he is ordinary. Then, too, everything is sold on credit anyhow, and there is really no inducement to be rich. You can get just as much static out of a Radio that has only had one payment made on it as one that come C. O. D. And even the most experienced cant tell by looking at a car how many payments are to be made on it. There is nothing that a rich man can do nowadays that a poor one cant follow and make a Sucker out of him. Why, the poor is even getting Golf Courses, so it's only a couple of years till they will be as big Liars as the rich.

Up to three years ago the poor thought it was against the law to gamble. Now they can tell you what General Motors closed at just as quick as a man that dont work for a living. Why, in the old days they thought if the price of wheat went up, it was because a bunch of Farmers' children had come home from boarding school and refused to eat Corn bread any more, thereby creating a bigger demand for flour. They dident know that it was because somebody (who dident even know whether it grew on a tree or you mined for it) had bought a million bushels which he would never see, or never move. But now that the little fellow has found out that he can buy a few bushels and not even have a wagon to haul it in, why, he has started to looking for something for nothing too.

So, outside of having the pleasure of learning etiquette from the Butler, the rich have practically no advantages over the poor. The poor have all the comforts, with none of the income taxes of the rich. What I am a-getting at is, you got to show something besides wealth to keep out of an obituary column that just reads, "Among those who died yesterday were."

SOME rich men might just as well not die as far as the publicity they receive out of it is concerned. And it's a good thing too. It's making lots of rich kinda starting to repent in their later days. The trouble is it's so late then they can never give it back to the folks they got it from. It's kinda hard to tell just who to give it to, that it wont do about as much harm as if you had kept it yourself. A good many of the more ignorant rich give it to some form of higher education. The higher education goes, the more it teaches you how to live off the less fortunate. The smarter you get, the more disgraceful it is to do manual labor. So all of our philanthropy has proven the real brains is in the disposing of money. There is a million dumb enough to make it, where there is not one smart enough to dispose of it so it will be a real benefit. You get it through good fortune, but to be of any good, it's got to be disposed of through *good judgment.*

A rich man has either got to make his name on what he did with his money or what he did for people in the way he was making it. If they feel he give the right kind of value, they never begrudge him; if they feel he give 'em a run for their money, and really helped out his fellow man while alive, and tried to do something to make life a little more easy for him, why, then he is readily distinguishable from the herd. So I went into the common herd (that's right in with the rich majority) and picked me out a fellow that I am going to enter as my *Champion.*

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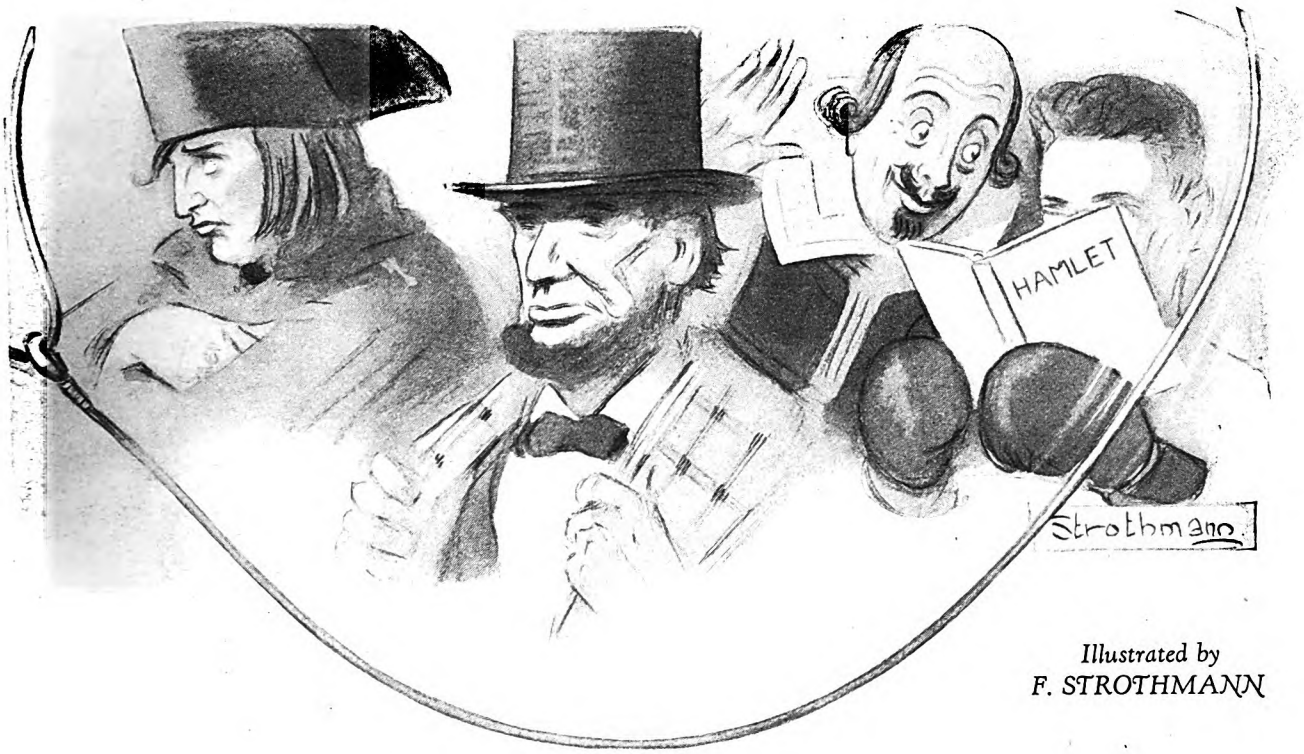
Champion



Illustrated by
F. STROTHMANN

Measured by the ordinary financial standards, he is not much shakes. I doubt if he knows what hour Wall street opens, or closes. He thinks Margins are the things you leave around the edge of anything. He knows what calling Hogs is; but Call Money would be Greek to him. He never did merge two or more Companies together and sell stock. He has had to make what little he has out of just what little he had to work with.

But, anyhow, we call a man a Champion if he is the best or head of any one thing. Bobby Jones is a Champion because he can find a hole in the ground quicker than a Prairie Dog. Tunney, until he took up Shakespeare as a career and not as a recreation, was a Champion, because he could knock anybody Cuckoo before they could him. Houdini was the Champion of disappearing and appearing somewhere else. Peggy Joyce has received more money for just saying "I Do" than Bacon got for being a silent Partner with Shakespeare and Co., Limited. (The limited was as to the amount of paper they had in those days.) So Peggy is a Champ in her line. Between saying "I Do" and listening to Mendelssohn, her life has been nothing but Words and Music. Coolidge is a Champion; he never settled anything till it settled itself, which is wise. Hoover has fed more destitute than Childs. Mellon is a Champion. He took our Treasury when it was nothing but a building. Now it's a Vault. Al Smith is a second Columbus; he discovered 14 million Democrats in this Country when it was thought the race was practically extinct.

BUT what I am a-getting at is somebody that is more than a Champion in one or two lines. I want to show you a fellow that holds more records than all of the Champions put together. My man has had more influence on the lives, habits, and customs of the people of not only his own country, but all the World, than old Napoleon, or Cæsar, or any of those old Guys that happened to live in history because they destroyed all the books that dident have something about them. Cæsar ranted around down there in some little short hole country about the size of Pecos County, Texas. He kept a scrapbook, for he had a friend that was a critic. Shakespeare found the old scrapbook, and Amateur Dramatic Societies have played Roman plays when they ought to been playing Uncle Tom's Cabin. Napoleon was the originator of the Gang Leaders. He would have been a great Rum runner. He matched over 40 wars, and finished up only a Corporal. So he couldent 'a' been so much. From all the pictures I ever saw of him, he dident even know how to put his hat on straight. He always had it cockeyed to keep the sun out of his ears instead of his eyes.

WE GET over into our own range and we find that Washington was quite a champion in three or four lines. We call him Father of our Country, because he never had a child. So that is really a kind of an honorary degree. He was a Surveyor and laid out the City of Washington with the hopes that no Senator would ever find the Capitol, and come pretty near succeeding. They have to go round so many Circles, that's what makes 'em act like Spinning Mice when they get there. George whipped England to try and get us Freedom; Canada stayed with England and got it. So it's sorta like Political speeches. It's always a question as to whether they are really an asset or a liability. So just really how much influence Washington has had on our lives, habits, and customs is sorta problematical. He made a record for truthfulness when his Father caught him with the tree down, Hatchet in his hand, and prespiration on his brow. He said, "Father, as much as I detest circumstancial evidence, here is one case where it is true. I cut it down, and if I had it to do over again, I wouldent do it, for that is without a doubt the dullest hatchet in Virginia."

Lincoln heard about the record and advertising that Washington had received. So he says, "If that Guy with a white wig and knee Breeches can carve his way into the hearts of his countrymen with just a hatchet, give me an Ax and I will show you some chopping. Virginia might make Presidents, but out here in my country [wherever it was he was living] is the place to make rails." So he was quite a Champion, in more lines than one. He freed the slaves in the South but put the Southern whites in bondage for the duration of their natural lives. He gave Grant a box of Campaign Cigars, and poor Lee and his men had no Gas masks, so they had to surrender. Lincoln did all he could to prevent that war between the Democrats and the Republicans, and since then they have

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always settled their difficulties at the polls, instead of on the battlefield, and the results have always been the same, with the exception of an occasional accident, but when discovered it is always immediately rectified.

But the man I am about to name ("*Go on and name him*")—As I said, the man I am about to name ("*Name him*")— A Man who holds more records, been responsible for more things, changed the lives, habits, customs, and places of residence, has caused more laws to be made, more broken; in fact, just his influence in one day of our lives is more noticeable than what all the rest of our great men put together can show in a lifetime ("*Name your Man*")—Well, Boys, it aint a soul but just our plain old friend, *Mr. Henry Ford.*

He is responsible for more things than any 100 other men of all time. Fifteen million things of one kind. Think of fifteen million of those things jumping out at you from every corner and crack of the civilized and uncivilized World.

Why, he has had more influence on the lives, habits, and customs of both man and beast than Andrew Jackson, Rupert Hughes, Webster, Charlie Chaplin, Nicholas Murray Butler, Lowell, or Thomas Heflin. Many learned men made Laws (not learned laws, but Laws). Many misguided Souls have made Speeches. Preachers have copied down and offered up great Prayers. But no man ever moved humanity like Henry Ford.

Not only did he move 'em. But they knew they had been to a moving. Had there never been a Ford car, there would never have been a cheap car. It would have always been just classed as a rich man's Luxury. We all remember the time when everybody had it in for the man that come "honking" at us along the roads. We wouldent get out of his road. But the minute Ford made one that we could afford, and we was the one doing the "honking," why, that was different. Had the poor man never been able to get a car, he would never have voted good roads, and the things would have had a short fling and then passed out; for outside of wanting to be seen in a Linen Duster, Gauntlet Gloves, and Goggles, there was very little incentive, with the old roads, to own what they humorously called a car.

HE, ALONG with Brigham Young, is the originator of Mass Production. Just the very idea of thousands of things alike has had its influence on our Architecture, our dress, our minds. "Why think individually when all can think alike?" We started building our towns alike: Filling Stations on two corners and Drug Stores on the other two. You can pick up a block out of any town in America and sneak in and put it down in the night in another town, and it will be a month before anybody notices the difference. The whole thought of our Country has changed on account of him. We are thinking like a Ford. We assemble our education at a College just like they do a Car. You start through and each Teacher sticks a little something onto you as you go by their Department, the same thing on each one. When you get to the end, you get a Diploma like it does a license, and you all go out and start acting alike. For you are taught alike The only difference is that Ford dont put anything on 'em that they aint going to use.

Then the ones of us out of schools are all thinking alike. If it hadent been for him we would all stay home and read or think for ourselves. Now we join a Luncheon Club, where the speeches are as much alike as the food and the Members. We use to kid the old Boys that sit around the Country Grocery Store and spit in the stove and settled the affairs of the Country on two good mouths-full of Battle Ax. But we aint a-producing anybody that can replace 'em. Them old Boys mighta set and whittled. But their ideas were their own. They dident get 'em from "The Speaker of today's Luncheon." You got to stay still to do much thinking. If you move like the other fellow, you will be thinking like him the first thing you know.

Course, everything you get you must pay for in one way or another. Cars made good roads. Good roads killed small towns. Small towns was where all our best thinkers come from. So cars havent been quite as cheap as we think they have. Paid Propagandists now do our thinking for us.

HENRY FORD is responsible for more building than any man in the World. There is more money invested in Garages than in Schools and Churches. Every Automobile has a roof over it. Yet there is millions living in all ends of our Globe with the old Moon hitting 'em in the face all night.

Ninety-eight and one-half per cent of the building permits in small towns are for Filling Stations. Over two-thirds of the unemployed in this Country are working in Filling Stations.

If people slept in Filling Stations instead of just driving by them, it would solve the housing problem of this Country.

There is 300 000 men just pumping Gas into Cars every minute of the day in America alone.

193,000 just fixing Punctures.

800,000 just looking on; 750,000 of 'em offering advice, .009 successfully.

187,000 people every minute of the day just cranking the old ones; 81 with results.

Ford made a car that run with your feet instead of your head and hands. He was smart enough to know more people knew how to use their feet than they did their head or hands.

Why, there is 23,078 Ford radiators boiling over on the hills of this Country every day of every month, and think what that means in February, when Leap year comes and brings it to 29.

There is 43,000 just holding up the hoods of Fords looking at them, 42,598 with the same expression.

He is the only man that has made *some* change in the lives of everybody that ever come in contact with what he made.

A great Artist can paint a great Picture, and everybody that sees it might say "Great." But outside that it would mean nothing in their young lives. Great Teachers might have influence. But look at the millions and millions that they are not able to teach, and the other millions that they wouldent be able to learn 'em anything, even if they did teach 'em. But any time Henry Ford went out for the multitudes he either got 'em in it, or under it.

He has made more business for an Undertaker than any other one thing, with the exception of Prohibition. Monday morning after a beautiful, sunshiny Sunday finds the Undertaker singing at his work.

He has caused more people to go in debt than for rent or food.

He has drove more States, Counties, Towns, and Federal Governments in debt than the World War. We owe more for roads than we did to persuade the Germans to "please leave Belgium." Had we had no good roads we would miss all the scandal in the Highway Department; no State worries about who will be Governor. It's "Who will be on the Highway Commission?" I care not who writes a Nation's Songs; give me the Highway Contracts to deal out, and I will show you what hard work, perseverance, and taking advantage of your oppurtunities will do.

He has given us the *biggest* problem we have in America today, and that is, "Where am I going to park it?"

He has given us our *second* biggest problem we have today, namely, "After it's parked (and you come back and get it), how am I going to get home in it through the traffic?" That's why so many people just leave 'em parked and turn Pedestrians for the balance of their normal lives.

But no matter where you build a road, Ford will fill it up for you. Even if you don't build one, his tracks will give you an idea where there should be one built. He has blocked up more roads than rains and landslides. He has taken the Police Force of the Towns off watching criminals and got 'em standing in the middle of the streets waving their arms. While the Police are holding up their right hand and blowing their whistle, the crook has held up your house and is blowing in your coin. He has taken more people more places where they have no business than all the rumors in the World.

HOOVER fed the Belgiums. But it was Uncle Henry that give 'em a ride. He has pulled more expensive cars out of the mud than all the mules and horses combined. He took ahold of Detroit when it was a one-night stand and made a week out of it. A Ford and Charlie Chaplin are the two best-known objects in the World today.

Chinamen that don't know where their next Missionary is coming from can pour a couple of quarts of rice in the thing, and it will run. It's as well known with Englishmen as a Teapot; and Zulus that never heard of Farmer's relief can take one down and get enough of it back together again to run. A Nicaraguan thinks "a Ford Car, a Machine Gun, and a bevy of Marines" is our only three products we make.

Edison has been great; he gave us the Electric light. But Ford fixed it so we wouldn't have to stay home at night and use it. I don't know who give us the radio announcer, but bless Ford for getting us out of hearing of him. Columbus discovered a new World, but the old Tin Lizzie has made us discover America.

He has had more jokes told about his car than the 1924 Democratic Convention. He has fixed it so the poor can go as fast

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Chinamen that don't know where their next Missionary is coming from can pour a couple of quarts of rice in the thing, and it will run

as the rich, especially if you get in front of him on a narrow road. He has been responsible for thousands of men getting rich by just making things that go onto Fords after they are supposed to be finished. He is the only man that ever shut four hundred million dollars' worth of Plants and equipment down for six months and never looked a Sheriff in the face, or had to go to Town and renew his Notes. He takes America to town every day, sometimes twice. He has made it possible for City people to see a Cow—maby hit her. He has scared more horses than a Steam Calliope and Elephants combined, and caused more runaways than Tumbleweeds.

He was the first person interested enough in Art to further "Old-time Fiddling." He was the first rich man to discover that an old-time fiddler could play just as good as a long-haired one with a Foreign name and a missfit dress suit. There never was a Foreign Fiddler yet that ever played that could make an audience pat its foot; and there never was an audience that ever heard a Country Fiddler play that could keep from patting it.

He done more to further Aviation than all other rich men combined. So the Champion of all Champions should be called THE GRAND CHAMPION. So that's what I enter him as.

Course, if you want a few more statistics and facts, why, here they are:

He has caused more dirty dishes to be left in the sink after supper than all of the Leading men in the Movies.

He has broke more people's wrists than all the Osteopaths in the World combined.

And caused more Profanity than Congress and Senate combined.

First man to discover every Joke sold a Car, and every Joke bought one.

Broke in more customers for other cars than necessity.

Only Millionaire that ever apologized for ANYTHING.

Gives more value for the least money. A Marriage certificate and a Ford Car are the two cheapest things known. Both lead to an ambition for something better.

IT COST HIM ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION TO GET AMERICA OUT OF ONE FORD AND INTO ANOTHER. (*The End*)

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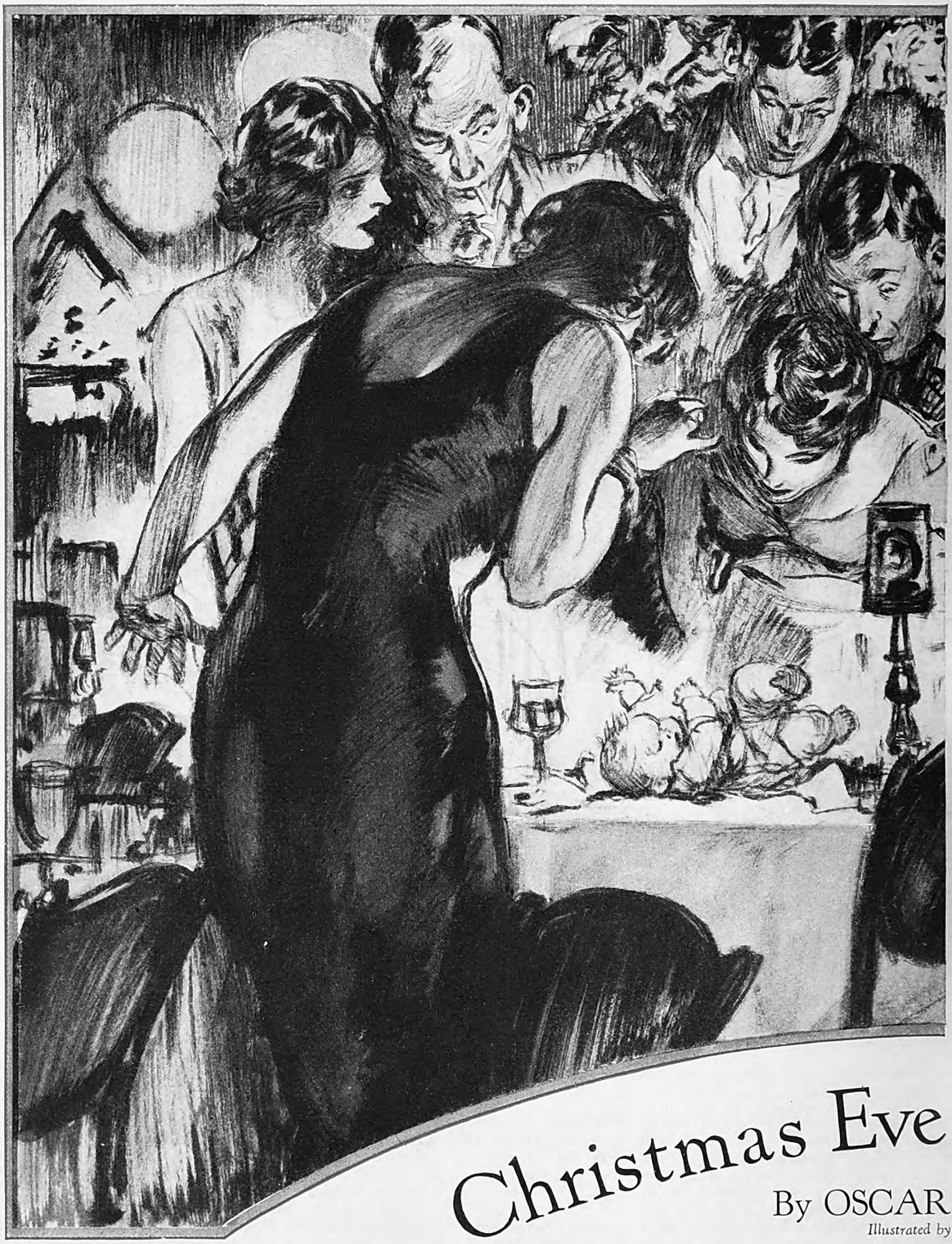

Christmas Eve

By OSCAR

Illustrated by

THE Red Moon was a night club that hung suspended like a crimson folly in the nocturnal life of the city. It was a dive. It was a gyp joint.

This night club practiced its dark arts in the darkest hours between midnight and dawn. And even the dawn was barred from its shuttered windows and locked doors. If you visited it at three in the morning you probably saw its sad revelry at its height. (But, mind you, I am not advocating a visit.) At three, however, the orchestra was at its liveliest; the guests, nearly all of them masculine, were most numerous; the hostesses, who danced with the guests, who sat at their tables and beguiled them, and who betrayed a constant, unquenchable thirst, were at their busiest.

But it was far from three, it was not yet twelve, when Mazie Simpson tore herself reluctantly from the low gray car which had paused before the door of the Red Moon—from the car and from the man who sat at the wheel of the car.

"Aw, Mazie, don't go in yet. You don't have to go in yet," he said, and his eyes showed narrow slits of white in their somber pockets and his teeth gleamed white between his thin,

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at the Red Moon

GRAEVE

Henry Raleigh

very red lips. She stood, hesitating, at the open door of the car.

"Sure, I got to go, Curly. You don't know Jake! You don't know how ugly that bozo gets when a girl's late."

"There won't be no crowd in the joint tonight—not Christmas Eve."

"Yeh, but that excuse don't go with Jake. He'd expect a girl to be on the job if the building was burning down."

"Well, remember your promise, Mazie!"

"Aw, Curly! I—I oughtn't to have made that promise. What'll Betty say?"

"What do you care what Betty says? She ain't your boss, is she?"

"No, but Betty's been awful good to me. She's been like a sister to me—like a big sister."

"Yeh, big! Big an' old! The trouble with Betty is she's jealous. You're younger than she is an' better-looking than she ever was. An' now she don't want to see you having a good time. That's what's eating Betty."

"No, you don't understand, Curly. Betty's always been so sweet . . . that time I was sick! I—I guess I can't keep that

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promise to you. I'm sorry—but I can't."

Abruptly he leaned from the car and pulled her to him. His hands clutched her thin arms so tightly that she winced. "A promise is a promise, Mazie," he insisted. "I don't like little girls who don't keep their promises. You said you'd spend all day Christmas with me, and you got to do it! I'll be waiting outside here for you in this old bus at six tomorrow morning."

"Aw, but, Curly! I'll be dead for sleep. I'm so tired when I get through here I could sleep standing up."

"You can get some sleep later on. A promise is a promise, Mazie. Remember that!"

He released her with a kiss that was like a stab, and Mazie, half frightened, half enthralled, sped across the sidewalk to the Red Moon and tapped discreetly on the door. A panel in the door slid open and eyes gazed at her.

"It's me, Bill," she said.

The door was unlocked and swung open.

"You're late, Mazie," Bill grumbled.

"Is Jake here yet?"

"No, not yet!"

Mazie laughed. "Well, then, what's the dif? Don't tell me you're getting to be a grouch like Jake, Bill."

She flew up the flight of stairs and, turning to her left, entered the tiny room which was used by the hostesses of the Red Moon as a dressing-room. When she emerged she was freshly powdered and rouged, she had changed from patent leather pumps to flimsy green satin slippers, and her cloth dress and cheap, crinkly fur coat were replaced with an evening dress of acid green that accentuated her genuinely red-gold hair and the green in her grayish-green eyes.

It was with a slightly assumed bravado that she danced into the main room of the Red Moon. "Hello! Hello, everybody! Merry Christmas!" she cried, her hand uplifted, with fingers twinkling a greeting.

But the response to her greeting was limp. It was, in fact, almost nonexistent.

THE Red Moon was in the doldrums. As yet there was not a single guest. The stage, the performers, were ready, but there was no audience. On the small platform at one end of the room, the three men who comprised the orchestra drooped in their chairs, too listless even to tune up their instruments. The bartender leaned dejectedly in the doorway that led to his own domain. One waiter slept in a far corner, while another played solitaire with frayed and dirty cards. And the three other hostesses were grouped negligently around a table.

"Say, you'd think this was the morning after the wake instead of the night before Christmas," said Mazie, in disgust. "What's the idea?"

"I told Jake he might as well close up tonight," said a girl in yellow chiffon. "What sort of a guy would want to come to a joint like this on Christmas Eve unless he had to?"

Still swaggering a little, Mazie went over to a girl older than the rest, a girl whose short black hair fell in a bang over her kind gray eyes, and said, "Hello, Betty! How're you?"

"I'm all right," said Betty, and then, in a quick, low voice, "Where were you?"

"Oh, I dunno. Just drifting around."

"You might at least have left a note for me. When I got home and found you'd gone, I thought anyway you might be back any minute and I got some supper ready—that jellied tongue with potato salad and pickles like you like it. It wasn't much fun eating supper alone on Christmas Eve."

"I'm sorry, Betty."

"Yeh, you're sorry, but that ain't telling me where you were. Well, I know where you were and I'm sick of telling you you'd better lay off that guy."

Mazie flared: "And I'm sick of hearing you tell it. It's my own business who I go with."

Betty leaned forward. "Oh, but, Mazie, if it was anyone else than Curly Moran. That guy's rotten. And you know as well as I do he's got a wife and two kids in Brooklyn, and how he treats 'em."

"Yeh, I know it," said Mazie, and her grayish-green eyes narrowed sullenly. "I know it and what of it? A girl in our line of work can't pick and choose. She's got to take her good time where she can find it. And Curly spends money like it was grass."

"Yeh, he spends it all right until he gets tired of a girl. Then he steps on her like *she* was grass."

"But it isn't only that, Betty," Mazie said pleadingly, "it isn't only that. Curly says I'm the only girl he's ever really cared for. He says it's different with me."

"Yeh, and how many girls has he told that to? I never thought you were such a sap you'd fall for that. I tell you, Mazie, you got to lay off that guy!"

Mazie was infuriated. "And I tell you it's none of your business. Just because I'm younger than you, you don't want to see me having a good time. Well, let me tell you something! Curly's going to meet me downstairs this morning when I'm through here, and I'm going to spend all day Christmas with him. What do you think of that?"

"What do I think of it?" Betty cried. "I think you've gone crazy! You know what that guy is. You know he's rotten. Mazie, don't do that! Mazie, I won't let you do that!"

"Yeh? Well, try and stop me!" said Mazie. She jumped to her feet and, moving away from Betty, sat on the edge of a table. "Say, is this Christmas Eve or ain't it?" she asked brazenly. "If it is, I don't see why the house can't stand us a little drink. Everybody acts like this place was the morgue." And she called to the bartender, "Hey, Harry, what about a little drink on the house?"

HARRY was such a nice, clean-looking young chap it seemed surprising to discover him in the Red Moon. His eyes were a pale but intense blue, his light hair was brushed back from his forehead, and the girls liked to tease him about his pink-and-white complexion.

Now he shook himself from his dejection and said to Mazie, "Aw, Mazie, you know I can't do that. Jake's gave me strict orders. No drinks unless they're paid cash for, he says, and Christmas Eve don't count with that guy. Wait till he comes. Ask him!'

"Yeh, squeeze blood out of a cash register," Mazie answered. "Well, girls, it don't look as if any of you were coming across, and this is big-hearted Mazie. Baby needs new shoes but I'll buy a drink. What'll it be?"

A little cheered by their drinks, the hostesses sat chattering when Bill Brennan, the guard at the door below, came clattering up the stairs. Bill was a hefty, silent man and completely self-possessed; but now his usual calm was gone. He was shouting.

"It's the dicks!" cried Mazie, while the entire Red Moon rose in rigid alarm.

But it wasn't the dicks. It was only Bill and a white bundle that Bill carried like a tray in his arms. Bill was shouting incoherently and the bundle was screeching as he rushed across the room and planted it in the center of the table before the stunned hostesses.

"For cripes' sake!" Mazie whispered hoarsely. "It's a baby—a baby in the Red Moon. Can you imagine?"

SURROUNDED by the hostesses who stood peering at the enraged child—with the waiters, the musicians, and Harry, the bartender, standing open-mouthed and uncomfortable in a second semicircle, his own remarks surmounted by the infant's shrieks—Bill Brennan tried to explain: He had heard somethin' outside the front door, he had, but he thought it was a cat or somethin', but at last he couldn't stand it no longer, so he opened the door and there it was layin' on the stone step. Maybe he should of called a cop, but he was so dizzy at the sight he didn't know what to do. Anyways, it was somethin' for a woman to look after, not him. Now, who'd leave a baby in a place like this? For cripes' sake!

Suddenly Mazie pushed forward and snatched the baby into her arms.

"He's hungry, the poor darling! That's what's the matter with him. He's hungry, isn't him, baby?" And uttering soothing sounds, such sounds as the Red Moon had never heard before, she rocked the baby in her arms.

The effect was miraculous. Almost at once the baby stopped crying. His wrinkled, red little face smoothed itself; his eyes, which had been screwed together in his anger, opened with a wide, blue stare. He smiled. His clenched hands relaxed and reached confidingly for Mazie's golden curls.

"See, he gets me," said Mazie, gazing triumphantly around her. "He's hungry. Harry, you got any milk in the bar?"

"Milk!" echoed Harry stupidly.

"Yeh, milk!"

"Maybe you think I got a nursin' bottle too?" asked Harry.

"Well, listen, Harry! I tell you what you do. We got to do something for him. That drugstore down at the corner stays open all night. You go down there and get some milk and tell 'em it's for a baby and you want it fresh. And then get a nursing bottle, too. There's some money in my bag. Take it."

"Why pick on me?" Harry grumbled. But he went. And he didn't take the money from Mazie's bag.

"Look, here's a clean cloth pinned on him," said Mazie. "Betty, you and I and—and it will retire to the Ladies' Room. Come on, Betty! You had a lot of little brothers and sisters."

But just then, when unpinning the cloth, Mazie discovered something else. A scrap of paper with writing on it fell to the floor.

Betty picked it up. "Shall I read it, Mazie?" (*Continued on page 162*)

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IF YOU ASK ME:

We'd Better Start a Society for the Conservation of Cheer

LAST summer a drought gripped much of the country. As I went about I saw its blighting effects. Clouds of dust rolled up from dirt roads. In the fields, corn stunted on the stalk, potato vines shriveled prematurely, wheat was sere and short. Water courses ran dry. Golf courses baked. Springs failed.

These sights stirred memories within me.

Back on the Maine farm where I grew up the weather had two major terrors: In winter—The Blizzard! In summer—The Drought! And of the two the drought was infinitely more to be feared. In the spring we would plant crops with high hopes. Across the dark earth the blades would write their green lines of promise. The faces of the fields would lift lustily to the sun, until the heads of the herd's grass billowed in every breeze. Then, in some years, the rains would fail. Weeks, months, would pass with only an occasional shower. With the parching of the crops, which furnished much of our winter sustenance, it seemed that our own lifeblood was drying up. Farmers would gaze at the cloudless skies and shake their heads. Even our childish merriment was subdued.

One does not easily forget the menace of a Lean Year.

NATURE is forever finding its parallel in Man. We human beings have our inner droughts. Hopes of youth are green and lush. Our dreams are rosy as a summer sunrise. We distribute life's largess with a free hand. Confidently we face the future.

As the years unroll, our springs often fail. Cares crush something within us. We taste of the knowledge of good and evil—and find the draught bitter. The gulf between what we have planned and what we have done is filled with cynical dissatisfaction. The world is no longer our oyster; it is merely a shell in which we shut ourselves. Our dreams dry out.

The drought of time is upon us.

JUST now we are approaching the Christmas season. Holly wreaths will soon make magic in every window. Even the most ingrown of us manages to stretch his tendrils toward the light. Tight lips take on a merrier twist. Our hopes hide our hardships. We feel the lift of peace on earth to men of good will. Hidden springs burst their bonds, and even the worst case of inner drought finds temporary relief.

Christmas passes. Life settles into the old dust. In a few weeks we are back where we were before. . . .

Perhaps this is a problem in irrigation. If deserts can be made to blossom through water that is conserved and carried far afield, cannot the Christmas spirit be conserved and carried through the year? Why let the springs of good will and cheerfulness empty themselves to depletion in one gay holiday week?

Christmas is a time when we think first of others. That's a fine spirit to have. But why confine it to the holiday season? The snows of March, the heat of summer, the prophetic wail of autumn winds, furnish even fitter settings for "the larger heart, the kindlier hand."

I know people who seem to carry the Christmas spirit through the whole year. . . . Am I one of them? Are you? Let's seriously ask ourselves this question before we swing into the New Year.

Merle Crowell

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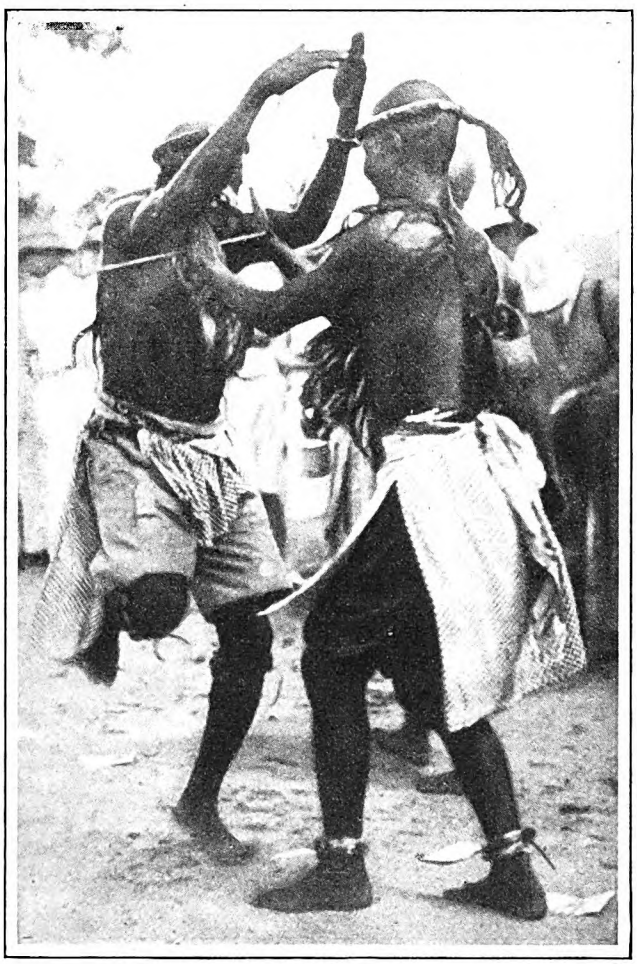
Fringe *of the* Fantastic

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

IN a little bush village on the Lualaba River, within two degrees of the Line, the appalling heat of the African afternoon had set in. The sun, a glowing ball of molten metal, glared like the eye of a malevolent god from a brazen sky, and the vagrant breeze, a fiery breath from an open furnace door, was so feeble that it barely stirred the palm fronds.

Of the half-dozen men who sprawled beside me in camp chairs on the veranda of the trading post, one was a French ivory-hunter, one an American mining engineer, two were English traders, another a Belgian *askari* officer, the sixth a Dutch priest. The last-mentioned wore the snowy linen cassock which showed him to be a member of the famous missionary order of White Fathers, the others the sleeveless flannel shirts and khaki shorts which make up the field uniform of the hot lands. All six were obviously as hard as nails; rivulets of perspiration coursed down faces which were tanned to the color of a much-used saddle; about the outer corners of their eyes were the myriads of tiny wrinkles which come from years of staring across sun-swept spaces.

Between us, we had seen the world, or at least that portion of the world which lies between the White Man's Graveyard on the Gulf of Guinea and the pirate haunts of the China Sea. De Fresnoy, the ivory-hunter, knew Africa from the Zambezi to Lake Chad as a golfer knows his home golf course. The American engineer, Armstrong, had prospected for copper in the Katanga, for gold in Siberia, for rubies in Upper Burma. One of the Englishmen, Newton, before becoming a trader of the Lualaba, had commanded a company of Dyak constabulary in North Borneo and later had seen fighting on the northwestern frontier of India and in German East Africa. His companion, Hawkins, a New Zealander by birth, had relinquished the command of a trading schooner in the Solomons to join up with the Anzacs and had seen service as an intelligence officer in Arabia. Heymann, the *askari* officer, wore on his faded jacket the ribbon of the Star of the Congo, awarded him by his government for ridding the Babali country of the Human Leopards and putting the fear of Belgian law into the hearts of the cannibals on the Kasai. The priest, Father Brandsma, in many respects the most remarkable figure of them all, had carried the gospel of Christ



Native dancers at Kimberley, South Africa

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PHOTOGRAPH BY E. B. SHOEBACK

"So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
And 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!"

KIPLING.

and the Clean Shirt to the man-eaters of the Upper Congo, the veiled Touaregs of Mauretania, the black-bellied Shans of Tonkin, in Indo-China.

These six men had been discussing the Congo native, his habits, customs, and beliefs, and I had listened, fascinated.

De Fresnoy, the ivory-hunter, had been describing the singular practices of the Batekes, to the north of Stanley Pool, who bury a chief under the floor of his own hut. The mats in which the body is wrapped, he explained, are cut over the mouth of the corpse and, in filling up the grave, a length of bamboo is placed in a vertical position, one end between the dead man's lips, the other protruding from the ground. When the earth has been thrown into the grave and trodden down, the bamboo is withdrawn, leaving a small hole running from the surface to the mouth of the late chief. And into this hole, at regular intervals, a quantity of native palm wine is poured, so that the deceased may not lack in death the liquor which gladdened his heart when living.

"The Kapuas, of Central Borneo, dispose of their dead in a curious fashion," remarked Newton. "I witnessed the funeral of one of their chiefs when I was stationed among them before the war. His people chose for his last resting place an enormous banyan, and in the trunk, which must have been six feet in diameter, hollowed out a space large enough to hold the body of a man. Into this cavity, to the accompaniment of death-chants and the boom of tom-toms, they inserted the corpse, packing it in with earth and moss.

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PHOTO BY HARRY DRUCKER

Gala-Gala man on Shepheard's veranda at Cairo

They then sealed the opening and carefully replaced the bark—literally a living tomb."

"They are even more considerate of their dead right here on the Lualaba," said Hawkins. "A really big chief always has a lot of slaves who follow him around, paddle his canoes, and generally attend to his wants. When he dies it is not considered fitting that he should enter the spirit world unattended. Women will be needed to cook and care for him, soldiers to guard him, men to paddle his celestial pirogue, so, when the time for burial comes, a retinue of attendants is thoughtfully provided for him, the number depending upon the rank of the deceased."

"You don't mean to say," I exclaimed, incredulity in my tone, "that the authorities permit that sort of thing? I supposed that human sacrifices were as extinct in the Congo as the burning of widows is in India."

"That's what comes of talking to strangers," Newton broke in brusquely. "They always seem to think that we are trying to pull their leg—to spoof them.

"I don't expect you to believe me," he continued, "when I tell you that I know a paramount chief among the Nkundo people who never sits on a stool or on the ground—not in public, at least. When he wants to sit down, one of his slaves stretches himself on the ground, face downward, and the chief sits on him. Another slave supports him from behind by leaning against him, back to back, and two others hold up his arms, so that he sits on a sort of human throne. I believe that his principal *bibi*—his wife, you know—is also permitted to sit on a slave on state occasions."

De Fresnoy must have caught the flicker of incredulity that crossed my face. "Down there," he said, pointing to

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PHOTO BY HARRY DRUCKER

Snake charmers at the gate to the fort in Agra, India

where the great river lost itself in the black and brooding forest, "is a place called Kasongo, whose natives consider their paramount chief as little short of a god and treat him accordingly. He must never sleep on a mat like an ordinary being. Instead, he uses a mattress made of women. Twelve of them are used for the purpose, laid alternately head and foot, and he sleeps on the lot. As he is an enormously fat old fellow, it must be hard on the women."

"If I were to tell that story to my friends at home," said I, "the more charitable ones would say that my brain had been affected by the heat of the tropics. Those who were not so charitable would say that I was an unmitigated liar."

"Yes, I know," Hawkins agreed wearily. "I've been through it myself. That is always the attitude of the stay-at-homes. No one is more skeptical than the fellow who has never done any traveling except at the cinema. Merely because a thing is a bit out of the ordinary, because it is beyond his narrow horizon, he refuses to believe it and intimates that the man who tells him about it is a liar. If one values a reputation for truthfulness, he'd best keep his mouth shut, when he goes home, about the things he sees and hears out here."

"Jumping to another country," broke in Father Brandsma, refilling his long German pipe, "I lived in India for a good many years and saw some extraordinary things. In what country on earth, I ask you, could you witness a more bizarre ceremony than the annual weighing of the Aga Khan? The Aga Khan is, as I suppose you know, the head of all the Mohammedans of India and is supported in luxury by the contributions of the pious. His income from this source is so enor-

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A Zulu medicine man in Africa

mous that he is enabled to maintain several huge establishments in India, half a dozen racing stables in England and France, a house in London, a shooting box in Scotland, an apartment in Paris, a villa on the Riviera, and a yacht at Cowes. He is a short, dumpy little man who speaks English with an Oxford accent and wears white spats. It is said that an American tourist who was introduced to the Aga Khan at Monte Carlo remarked genially, 'I'm very much pleased to meet you, sir, because I am well acquainted with your brother, Mr. Otto Kahn!'

"The Aga Khan's sanctity is so great that the water in which he bathes thereby acquires such surpassing holiness that it is carefully conserved and sold to the representatives of the various Mohammedan sects at a ceremony held once each year at Aga Hall, which is his Bombay residence. And here is the most extraordinary feature of the whole extraordinary business. The Aga Khan is, I suppose, the only man on earth who is literally worth his weight in gold, the price of the water he has used being determined by weighing him against gold coin. Imagine the spectacle of this fat little man, surrounded by glittering officials, standing stark naked on a pair of scales while gray-bearded ecclesiastics keep a sharp watch to see that there is no cheating. It's positively fantastic!"

"But how much does his dirty water bring, Father?" someone demanded.

"The last time I heard the result of the weighing ceremony," replied the priest, "the water was sold for a little over ten thousand pounds—that is, about fifty thousand dollars. But since then, I understand, the Aga Khan has been putting on weight."

"Which," I remarked, "recalls the case of the Maharajah of Travancore. That

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prince, a devout Hindu, sought to become a Brahman—that is, a member of the highest and most exclusive Hindu caste. His priests finally agreed to grant the request on condition that the ruler build a life-size image of a cow in solid gold and publicly crawl through it. The condition was complied with, the maharajah wriggling himself through the hollow image of the sacred animal from head to tail, whereupon he was inducted by the ceremony of the triple cord into the caste whose exclusiveness he coveted. The golden cow was, of course, claimed by the priests as a perquisite.

"The Indian princes," I continued, seeing that the others were interested, "do things which are utterly beyond the horizon of the Western mind. In Gwalior, which is in Central India, not far from the palace, stands the Chhatri, a small pavilion of white marble, exquisite in design and execution, which was erected by the late maharajah in memory of his mother. It is in reality a cenotaph. The body of the maharani, a devout Hindu, was cremated on the banks of the Ganges and the ashes cast into that sacred river, but she still lives within the white walls of the Chhatri in the form of a life-size statue, said by those who knew her to be a speaking likeness. The marble maharani has a whole retinue of women to wait upon her, just as she had in life, and that statue is daily bathed, dressed, and adorned with jewels. Meals are set before it, dancing girls give performances in its presence, there is an electric fan to keep the image cool, and a couch for it to rest upon."

"Let's get Heymann, here, started on the Human Leopards," suggested Hawkins, the conversation flagging. "He knows more about them than any European in the Congo, or in Africa, for that matter."

"What are the Human Leopards?" I inquired, scenting another story. "I've heard rumors of them, of course, but they were so preposterous that I took them with a grain of salt."

"It is a secret society of man-killers," said the Belgian slowly, "like the Thugs of India and the Assassins of Persia. And it has cast a spell of terror over the whole of Central Africa. The Human Leopards, you understand, do not murder for revenge or to carry out other criminal designs. Their killings are perfectly cold-blooded, being prescribed by the ritual of the order, whose activities are directed by the witch-doctors for their own evil ends.

"The society is unique, however, in that its members, when engaged on their murderous missions, wrap themselves in leopard skins, the paws being fashioned into rude gloves fitted with iron claws, several inches long, with which the assassins tear out the throats of their victims. The Human Leopards usually run in packs of a dozen or more, and, when clad in their spotted pelts, slinking on all fours through the bush at night, they bear a startling resemblance to the treacherous animals from which they take their name. I saw a band of them once and I shall never forget it. They were trotting in single file across a moonlit clearing in the jungle. I'm pretty hard-boiled, but let me tell you that the blood fairly froze in my veins."

"ARE the Human Leopards cannibals?" I asked.

"It is not possible to say with any certainty just what part cannibalism plays in their rites," replied Heymann. "Even when standing on the scaffold, condemned members of the order have refused to reveal its secrets. Our investigations have brought out the fact, however, that the leading spirits of the society are not young and lusty warriors, but natives of mature age, men well past their prime. These are the grand masters, the elder brethren, and to them are assigned the hearts of the victims. They do not eat them to satisfy any cannibalistic cravings, mind you, nor in connection with any religious rite, but in the belief that they can thus increase their vitality and prolong their lives. From time beyond reckoning, remember, primitive peoples have believed that by eating the vital organs of an enemy they will inherit his strength and prowess."

"I came across a tribe—the Bataks of Tapanuli—when I was rubber-planting in the interior of Sumatra," interjected Newton, "who, when their relatives become too old and infirm to be of further use in the community, not only kill them, but give them a pious interment by eating the bodies.

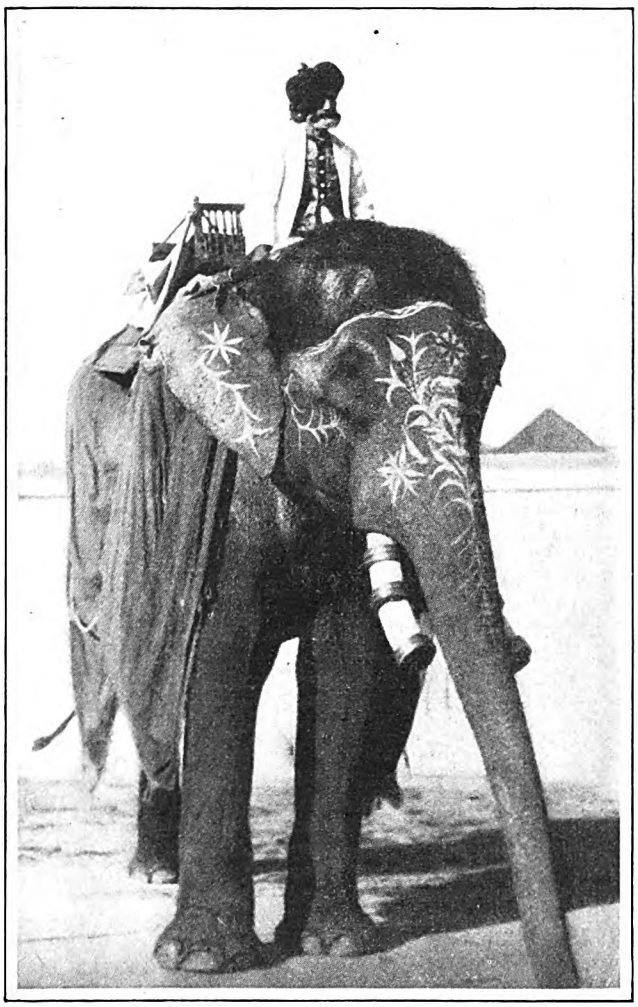
"When the medicine men of the tribe have decided that a man—or a woman, for that matter—has reached the age when he is no longer worth the food he eats, the aged victim is forced to climb a lemon tree, around which his relatives range themselves in a circle, wailing the death-song. The weird, monotonous chant is continued until the condemned one summons the courage to throw himself to the ground, or, failing that, is shaken out of the tree, whereupon the members of the family promptly dispatch him with clubs, cut up the body, roast and eat it. Thus every stomach in the tribe becomes, in effect, a sort of family burial plot."

"Have you ever been in the Ruanda-Urundi?" asked De Fresnoy of no one in particular. "The slice of German East Africa, you know, which was allotted to Belgium by the Peace Conference.

"The natives there," he went on, "have some curious superstitions. For example, the king of Ruanda must never see his sons, who are taken to a distant village as soon as they are born. If, by chance or design, he should set eyes upon one of his male offspring, that luckless youngster is automatically disinherited, loses all his royal prerogatives, and cannot succeed to the throne. Accordingly, the princes are intrusted to the care of a tutor, a man of rank, who is responsible for their health and safety with his life. Once a month he sends a report to the king of their physical progress—their height, weight, chest measurement, and general state of health. If one of his royal charges fails to develop properly, or falls sick, or dies, the tutor is killed. So he reduces the percentage of risk as much as possible by keeping the princes on a diet of milk, and nothing but milk, until they are well into their teens."

"The Masai of Tanganyika Territory," commented Father Brandsma, "are also firm believers in milk as an article of diet, though in their case they mix it with blood. The latter they obtain from their cattle—the Masai are the greatest cattle-raisers in all Africa, you know—in a most singular fashion. The jugular vein of an ox is tapped by shooting into it from a short bow a small spade-headed arrow, scarcely larger than a lead pencil, through the hollow shaft of which the blood is drained into a gourd. When the required quantity has been obtained, the arrow is withdrawn and the vein closes up, the animal then being turned out to graze until it is fully recuperated, when it is subjected to the same ordeal all over again. The blood thus obtained is stirred with milk, the mixture being boiled to the consistency of a thick porridge, which, though anything but palatable from a European standpoint, is highly nutritious."

"The Masai," he continued, "are (*Continued on page 135*)



A rajah's elephant at Amber Palace, near Jaipur

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PRINCE EDWARD—

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

COURTESY CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Aërial view of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island

TAKE the latest official table of divorce statistics covering the nine provinces of Canada, and look for the name of Prince Edward Island, the Dominion's smallest province.

You won't find it.

Instead, appended to the table you will find this note by Dr. R. H. Coats, the Dominion Statistician:

> In Prince Edward Island only one divorce was granted from 1868 to 1927; this was in 1913.

That one divorce of 1913, granted by the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa, is the only divorce in the Island's recorded history of almost four hundred years. Its own divorce court, authorized by the legislature in 1835, has never held a session!

Now dip deeper into Canadian records. Take crime.

This same little province which has no divorce problem is also without a crime problem. Its crime rate, as indicated by convictions for serious offenses, is less than one-tenth the rate for Canada as a whole, and the Canadian rate is low. The Island hasn't had an execution in forty years!

Unemployment? There isn't any on the Island.

Poverty? It is almost nonexistent there.

This island has, per square mile, twice as many people, four times as many cattle, and eight times as much poultry, as any other province of Canada. It has more railroads per square mile, more post offices, more telegraph lines, and more churches, and its people have more money in the savings banks, *per capita*, than have those of any other Canadian province.

Turn to a map. Crescent-shaped, with rolling hills and fertile fields, Prince Edward Island lies in the south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, just off the eastern coast of New Brunswick and the northern coast of Nova Scotia. In area, it is only a little larger than the state of Delaware—so small that thousands of Americans possibly have never heard of it.

However, this little insular province of 88,000 inhabitants has more than 100,000 of its natives in the United States. New England alone has more than 30,000 of its sons and daughters. There isn't another state in the world that has made, in proportion to its size, such a contribution to the manhood of America. It is said that every Prince Edward Island family has helped to populate American soil.

FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's cabinet, was a Prince Edward Island boy. America's present ambassador to Germany, Jacob G. Schurman, who was for thirty years the president of Cornell University, was born and reared on Prince Edward Island. Basil King, the novelist, is one of its famous sons. The Rev. Dr. Malcolm J. MacLeod, pastor of one of New York's finest Fifth Avenue churches and called by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman "one of the

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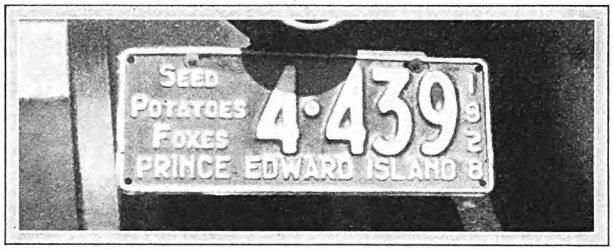
The Island where there is no Divorce *and no* Crime

greatest preachers in New York City," was born and still spends his summers on Prince Edward. Dr. John M. MacInnis, Dean of the famous Bible Institute of Los Angeles, is another great preacher whom the province has given to America.

But the list is long. Here, in this brief article, I can mention only a few. Through the years this island has been exporting men—men of brain and honor and accomplishment in the world.

To Canada it gave a chief justice, Sir Louis Davie. Monsignor Alfred E. Burke, Papal delegate to Mexico in 1919-20 in connection with the religious dispute there, Archbishop Alfred A. Sinnott, of Winnipeg, and the late Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, who was one of the continent's greatest philosophers, were all natives of Prince Edward.

Sir Robert A. Falconer, president of Toronto University and known throughout the educational circles of North America, is only one of several college presidents the Island has produced in recent years. Sir William MacDonald, of Montreal, whose philanthropies are known to all the Dominion, is only one of its scores of distinguished sons in industry and business.



It pays to advertise—even on license plates

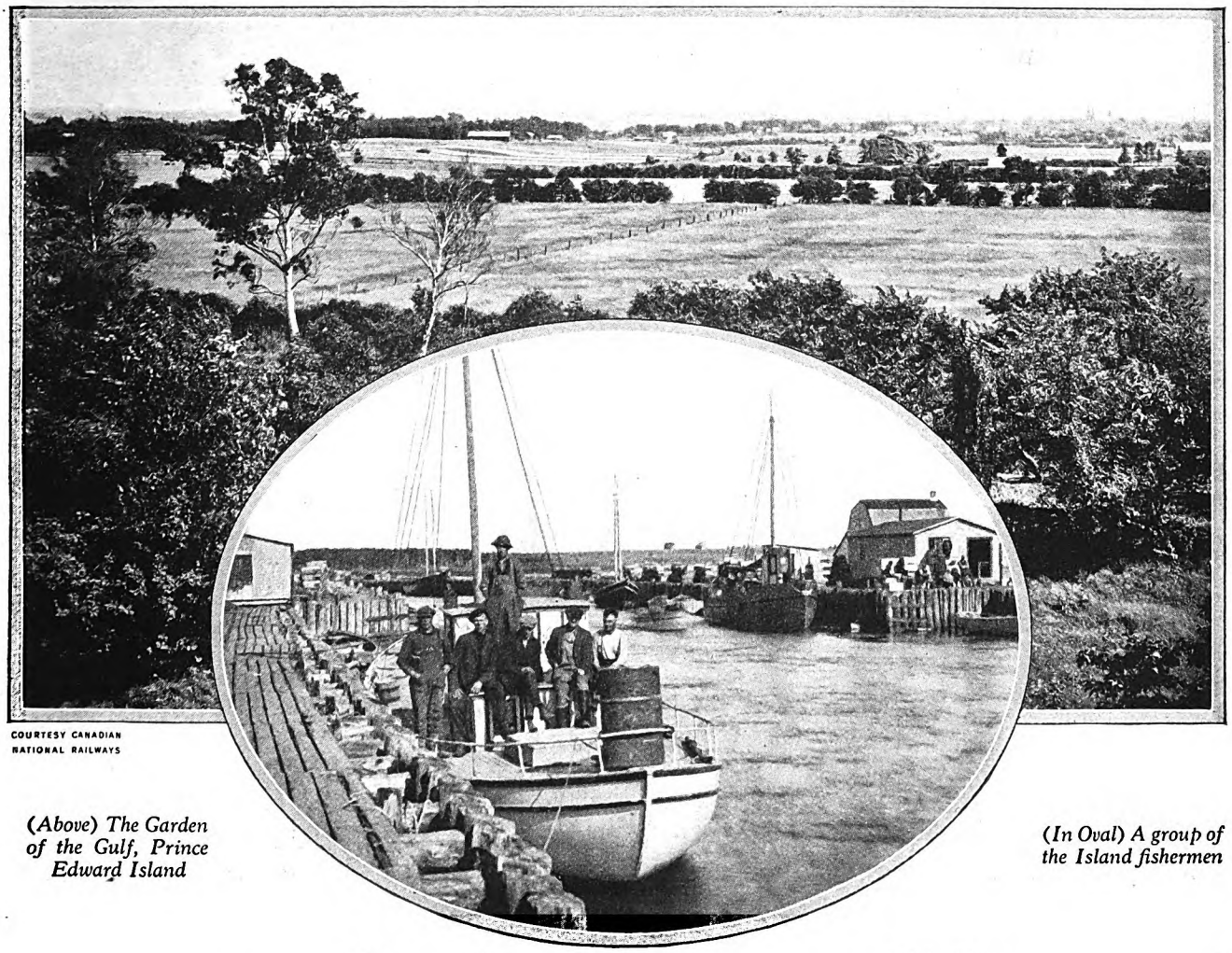
Now, suppose we sum up the record:

HERE is a little island, about one hundred and forty-five miles in length, which is less than a thousand miles from New York City and only twenty-four hours by train from Boston. Telegraph and telephone further link it with the world of today. Its people read American magazines and newspapers, buy American automobiles and radios, and see American motion pictures. In summer they entertain American tourists. Virtually every family on the Island has relatives or friends in the United States, as well as in other Canadian provinces—which means there is a constant going back and forth and interchange of views. It is a notably prosperous island.

And yet, there is no divorce problem on the Island, though its laws permit divorce and 49,000 of its population are Protestants. It has no crime problem as we know it, no poverty problem, and no employment problem!

There are no highwaymen on its roads, and no thugs and bandits on its streets. There is no commercialized vice, if vice exists there at all as we recognize it today. The total regular police force of the Island numbers only thirteen men. There is no penitentiary in the province.

Progressive, prosperous, and up-to-date, enjoying the newest comforts of modern life and familiar with its luxuries, the 88,000 folks of this island go nightly to their beds untroubled and unscathed by those dark (*Continued on page 94*)



COURTESY CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

(Above) The Garden of the Gulf, Prince Edward Island

(In Oval) A group of the Island fishermen

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ILLUSTRATED BY
C. R. CHICKERING

ABIGAIL

THE Reverend and Mrs. Peter Reed were sitting in the parsonage study. It was really the attic, but the Reverend Peter had put his books there, and a desk, and called it his study. He always said it was better for him to have a place out of the children's reach.

There were four children—Charles, Abigail, Thomas, and Francis. From the attic their parents could hear them playing cannibal-and-missionary down in the sitting-room. Likely, Abigail was being the devoured missionary. They could not play outdoors, for a cold November rain was scratching on the windows, beating on the blinds. The Reverend Peter had a blanket around his knees. His wife, Clorinda, warmed her hands thoughtfully at the kerosene burner.

They were not thinking of the cold. Peter had a paper spread before him on the desk and his pen was dipped in the ink. They were making a list of the clothing their family could not do without this winter. The list would be sent to the large church in the north of the state which had been assigned to help them.

Peter Reed was pastor of a church that received every year a missionary barrel from some richer church. His little parish was set in a hard, lonely fold of North Dakota, named Eureka. The land was starved. The hills were overgrazed. The members of the congregation were poorer than Peter, if that were possible. Every year they dreaded winter, like a mortal enemy. Peter always had to be restrained by Clorinda from giving away the entire contents of the barrel to his parishioners.

On the bare east wall hung the room's one picture—a view of Peter's seminary graduating class. It represented a group of seventy earnest young men—the front row sitting, the back row standing. Peter

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Wants *a* Ring

By DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN

was one of those sitting. In agonies of thought over the list, he raised his eyes to this picture. He laid down his pen and drew a long breath.

"I can't believe we graduated fifteen years ago," he said. "It seems like a watch in the night. I wonder what has become of all the boys. I'd like to see Jack Norton again."

Jack Norton was the plump, merry-faced youth standing directly behind Peter in the picture.

"You ought to write to him, Peter."

"No. I shan't write. He might think I was looking for a favor, just because he is a district superintendent. I'd like to see him, though. We were great old friends."

"He's done well," Clorinda sighed, "but he was never as bright as you, Peter. I wish that—well—you had a church where we didn't need a missionary barrel. A comfortable church. Fifteen years out in the circuits seems a long time."

Peter pulled the blanket tighter around his knees and gave his wife an anxious look.

"I'd like just one place without a barrel myself," he whispered. "Do you think it is unconsecrated of me, Clorinda?"

The attic stairs creaked. Someone was coming up. It was Abigail, aged nine. She stood at the top of the stairs in her brown calico dress with a little gray shawl pinned around her shoulders. She knew what her parents were doing. All the children knew, and gloated. It was a stirring day that put tumult in their thoughts.

"Please write that I want a bright gold ring," Abigail said firmly.

"What!" her parents exclaimed, in a shocked duet.

"Yes," Abigail nodded, unshaken.

"Well—where under the—why should you . . ." her mother floundered. Abi-

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gail might as well ask for a roc's egg. It was sheer madness.

"I've read about bright gold rings in stories," Abigail persisted, "and I want one."

"Come here, daughter," her father said gently.

Abigail went over to his side, her head high and determined. No one was going to coax her out of this wish. Her father put his arm around her and patted her shawl. He took one of her brown curls and pushed it back over her ear.

"We can't ask for rings," he said. "We must ask only for what is necessary. The ladies in this missionary society would think we were very foolish to be talking about jewelry when we need coats and shoes. Besides, Abigail, do you think it would be nice for you to have a ring when people in your father's church are cold and hungry?"

Abigail went downstairs with a subdued step, but her heart was unbowed. Her father had not convinced her. She wanted the ring, no matter how many people were cold and hungry. For weeks the golden circle had rolled through her dreams. The Princess in the story always had a ring which she slipped on her elegant finger. Abigail regarded her own lonely, fat finger.

If she could only have a ring, she would trouble the Lord for nothing else. She had been asking Him in prayer, because she knew that He answers the righteous. She still trusted Him to send a ring somehow, even though her father would not put it on the list. God was more resourceful than any earthly parent.

The following Sunday morning the minister of the rich church in the North read Peter Reed's list aloud to his congregation.

"There are four children," he read; "Charles, aged ten; Abigail, aged nine; Thomas, aged six; and Francis, aged three. Charles needs a coat. Abigail needs a pair of shoes. . . ."

The minister read on down the list. At the close he announced that the missionary barrel would be packed in the church parlors Thursday week. The congregation were supposed to go home and look in their closets and attics for suitable garments. Of course, a pastor's family out in the circuit did not require anything fancy. Just plain, sensible stuff.

THURSDAY week the barrel was packed in the church parlors. It was snowing outside, but the shades were drawn and the rooms looked snug. The Christmas greens were up already, for Christmas was only two weeks away. The parlors smelled of fir and sweet ground pine. All the afternoon church members came in, stamping snow from their rubbers, brushing snow from their shoulders. They said the drifts were a foot deep already. They carried bundles which were opened and appraised by the two chief packers—Miss Abby Leech and Mrs. George Hess.

These two stood on either side of the open barrel and judged the offerings. Some of the proffered garments were not the right size. Some were too shabby, even for the unexacting taste of Mrs. George Hess. She and Abby stood on opposite sides of the barrel, just as they always stood on opposite sides of any argument.

"I wish we could give the Reeds something new," Abby sighed, patting down in the barrel an obviously second-hand suit for Thomas, aged six.

"That's just like you, Abby. I say they ought to be thankful for nice, warm things."

"But *we* wouldn't always want old clothes," Abby persisted. "They're just like us. I've been wondering all the afternoon if it's snowing down at *their* place, and if they mind the winter drawing in. They think the same as we do."

"Beggars can't be choosers," Mrs. George Hess replied, pursing her lips.

"I'd like to give that little baby Francis a toy," Abby went on, with the light of battle in her eye, "and I'd like to give that girl something pretty, Glorianna Hess!"

Glorianna said it was a good thing Abby was too poor to carry out her crazy notions. But no matter what Glorianna said, Abby laid a toy for Francis on the top, just before the cover was nailed down. She had plowed out through the snow and bought it. It was only a ten-cent jack-in-the-box, but it consoled Abby somewhat for the hard common sense of the rest of the barrel.

"They'll get this just before Christmas," Glorianna said, painting on the address. "They ought to be pleased. I declare—it gives me a good feeling—"

"I never like to think of them getting the barrel," Abby said softly. "If it were us, we'd feel queer, you know."

THE day before Christmas, early in the morning, Peter Reed received a notice there was something for him at the Eureka station. This was twelve miles away, a mere step in the summer, but quite a distance in the winter, when one must go by sleigh over roads only faintly marked in the rolling miles of snow.

The children were wild with delight at the notice. But their father felt an old, well-known sinking of the heart. He always dreaded the barrel's arrival, especially when it came at Christmas. Every year, when it was all unpacked and everything had been exclaimed over, he went to bed with a headache. He had not realized, when he asked Clorinda to marry him, that this was the way she and her children would get their clothes, and their Christmas.

Fortunately, Peter had beautiful weather for his drive to the station. When the box sleigh, drawn by slow old Arab, slid out through the gate, Peter looked back and saw his children's heads clustered in the sitting-room window. He waved and smiled until the sleigh turned a corner and he was left alone on the cold, white Dakota plain.

The children spent the morning speculating as to who would get what in the barrel. They spent the afternoon trimming the tree. Their father had gone out yesterday and cut a little fir. They dragged it indoors and put it in the sitting-room. They had no ornaments, so they strung popcorn together with thread and needle and looped it over the boughs. The tree looked lovely, what with the popcorn and some silver paper they had saved from yeast cakes. They stood hand in hand, quite speechless with pride.

At four o'clock they began to look for Arab down the road. They stood at the sitting-room window and watched the lowering sun spread a light like holly berries on the snow. But the red faded, and still they did not hear Arab's bell. Their mother came to the window and said she hoped Father would remember to kindle his lantern. The wind was rising. Mother lighted the lamp on the center table, but she did not draw the window shade.

"Perhaps Father has stopped somewhere for the night," she said. "It's hard for Arab to pull the sleigh in all this wind. It's a gale blowing."

The children rejected this idea with violence. Father would never stop anywhere but home on Christmas Eve. On this night the children always put a candle in the sitting-room window to guide the little Christ-child across the snow. Abigail suggested they put the candle in the window now.

"Then it will guide the Christ-child and Father too," Abigail said earnestly.

Behind the guiding light, they waited. But the clock struck six and the candle burned down to the holder and still Father did not come. How dark it was outside the window glass! What a roaring in their ears as they listened! Their hearts were growing heavier by the moment, when Abigail thought she heard a bell. Through the thick wind the sound faded and brightened. It was the sleigh. It crept through the gate. They all rushed out into the snow, just as they were, without wraps. Clorinda and the children took one end of the barrel. Peter took the other. In a moment they had it in the sitting-room, at the foot of their tree.

It was hard for the children to wait while Father unhitched Arab. It was especially hard for Abigail, who was expecting a ring in the goodness of the Lord. They walked round and round the barrel, looking at the address painted on. Their hearts were scorched with hope. Finally Father came with the hammer.

"We ought to have supper first," Clorinda said. "You look dead-tired, Peter."

"No—no!" the children pleaded. "How could we *eat* with the barrel in the house?"

THE top was pried off, excelsior lifted away. There stood the jack-in-the-box. It was greeted with shouts. This was the first toy that had ever appeared in a missionary barrel. This rich church must be a lovely church.

"Anybody can see this is going to be a *different* kind of barrel," Abigail said, when Francis had scared himself into an ecstasy with his treasure.

But the clothes that followed were the same as usual. Second-hand clothes look mysteriously alike. One by one the garments were lifted out, examined, and assigned. There were cheers and sighs. The boys' faces were anxious; Clorinda was solemn and practical; Peter was dark with a headache. He went cold and hot, by turns. He must write the missionary society tomorrow and thank them very much.

In the glow of lamplight, Abigail's face was all peaceful trust. She looked up at the beautiful fir and wondered if *it saw*. She did not expect the ring would be in the top of the barrel. A precious package like a bright gold ring would be packed down near the bottom. So, without fear, she saw the top things taken out and bestowed.

But her breath began to come short when her father's groping hands neared

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"Isn't there anything more?" she asked, in a tone that was meant to be careless. "A ring, perhaps?"

the bottom of the barrel. The ring was coming now. Her head felt light and her feet turned to ice.

"This is the last," Father said, holding up a quilted jacket for Francis.

"Well—I—well, it's been a very nice barrel," Clorinda remarked politely, as if the missionary ladies were in the room.

"We're all fitted out for the winter, anyhow," Peter said, swallowing hard, looking from one member of his family to another to see if they were happy.

THE room melted before Abigail's eyes. Had God forsaken His servant on Christmas Eve?

"Isn't there anything more?" she asked, in a tone that was meant to be careless. "A ring, perhaps?"

Peter had forgotten that Abigail wanted a ring. Now his heart clutched, as he remembered. He bent and groped in the excelsior along the bottom.

"You know I told you—" he began. Then his fingers touched something hard. "I declare, if there isn't something else," he said.

He drew it from the depths. It was a gold ring with a green stone. Abigail reached out a confident hand and took it. Of course, prayer had not failed. She looked at her family as if to say: "O ye of little faith!" She put the glory on her fat middle finger, where it fitted tolerably well. The family were dumb with astonishment.

"You see what you get by praying," she whispered to Charles.

Supper was a gay meal. Peter even forgot his headache, because he was so glad Abigail had her wish. The little green stone was not an emerald, but it glittered enough to take any child's appetite away. After supper Peter went up to his study to work on next Sunday's sermon. He had just composed his thoughts and reached "secondly" when he heard Abigail climbing the stairs.

"I thought perhaps you'd like to see the ring once again before night," she said.

"It's handsome," Peter said, kissing her fondly. "You got your wish, didn't you? Wasn't it lucky?"

"It wasn't luck," Abigail answered solemnly. "I prayed for it, so of course I got it."

Peter felt troubled.

"But, daughter," he said, "we don't pray God for material gifts. We pray to Him for spiritual gifts, like faith and loving-kindness."

Abigail put her hand on her father's cheek and drew his face down, so his eyes met hers.

"Don't you think God had anything to do with bringing me my ring?"

Peter looked down at the clear brown eyes lifted so trustfully to his. Who was he to deny that the Lord of Hosts might have interested Himself in a little girl's ring on Christmas Eve? Peter had always believed the goodness of the Lord is made manifest even to the smallest of His creatures. It seemed to him, in that moment, as if Abigail's faith were a bright gold ring held out for his own finger.

"I think God does look after us, Abigail," he said.

ON Christmas Day, when the parsonage was flooded with peace, and Francis was playing with his jack-in-the-box, the Rural Free Delivery brought a letter in his sleigh. It was addressed to Peter and postmarked from the town that sent the barrel.

DEAR REVEREND REED:

While packing your barrel, a gold ring with a green stone must have fallen from my hand. I have looked everywhere for it, and I have decided I must have lost it while I was packing the barrel. Will you please return it at once. Hoping you and your family find the barrel to suit and have a Merry Xmas,

Yours sincerely,
(MRS GEORGE) GLORIANNA HESS.

Christmas was over. Peter's heart lurched up in his throat. He trembled for Abigail. He called Clorinda and consulted with her in the attic.

"There's nothing to do but tell the child," Clorinda said. "The woman wants her ring back."

"Do you suppose if I wrote and told her how happy Abigail was with it—" Peter suggested feebly.

"No," Clorinda said. "She isn't that kind. You can (*Continued on page 152*)

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Age of Indiscretion

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN H. CROSMAN

TOM VERNON was one of those rarely fortunate . . . or unfortunate . . . people with whom everything had gone right until he was twenty-two. Handsome, intelligent, born of an old and well-established family who for generations had had, not only money, but an organized business in mines and smelting in which he could find interesting employment, an excellent athlete, and not a bad student, he had had the impression of success from his school days.

It did not at first detract from his joy of living to discover that he was considered a good match, that parents of innocent young girls . . . and sometimes the innocent young girls themselves . . . made it clear to him that to be Mrs. Thomas Vernon was the summit of all ambition, while at the same time beautiful young married women explained to him clearly that for a rich, attractive man to marry before thirty showed him to be practically idiotic.

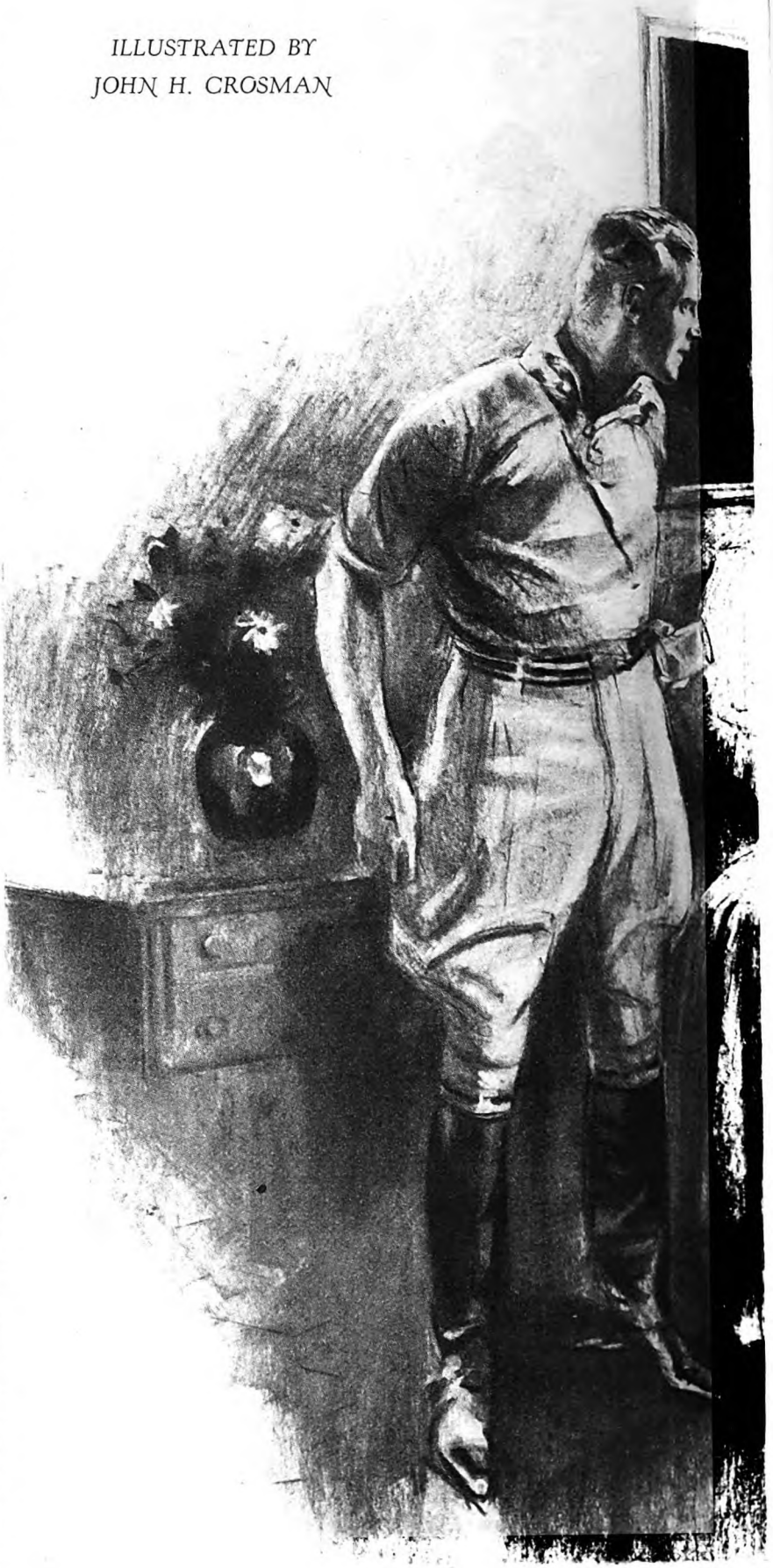
But a situation which was at first flattering became rapidly distressing; and when, in his senior year, he was, in succession, blackmailed by a woman he had hardly spoken to, involved in a rough-and-tumble fight with a husband whose wife he did not especially admire, and proposed to by a weeping girl he had supposed to be merely his friend . . . and not a very intimate one at that . . . he made up his mind that it was time he married. And at this moment he met Della Prescott, or rather Della Prescott's widowed mother.

MRS. PRESCOTT (the daughter-in-law of our Lavinia) came from the state of Georgia and possessed to perfection the art of making young men feel as if they were gods. There is a time in every young man's life . . . especially in the life of a rather spoilt young man . . . when he feels that his own family are kind, tiresome, blundering sort of people who have no conception of his abilities and emotions. Anyone who at this time can make him feel as if he were a god can do anything with him, and what Mrs. Walter Prescott wanted to do with him . . . and what she did . . . was to make him believe he wanted to marry her daughter Della.

Tom had just gone into his father's office, where he was made to feel he was a fool about finances and utterly ignorant of executive business, whereas Mrs. Prescott consulted him about all her investments, and behaved, when he got her a seat on an empty Pullman train, as if he had successfully reorganized a great corporation.

Almost before he knew it he was engaged to Della, and after the blackmail and the fight, Della, pretty and good and well brought up, seemed to his own family a great piece of luck. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, and Tom was married at twenty-three.

He had not been married six months before he knew he had made a mistake.



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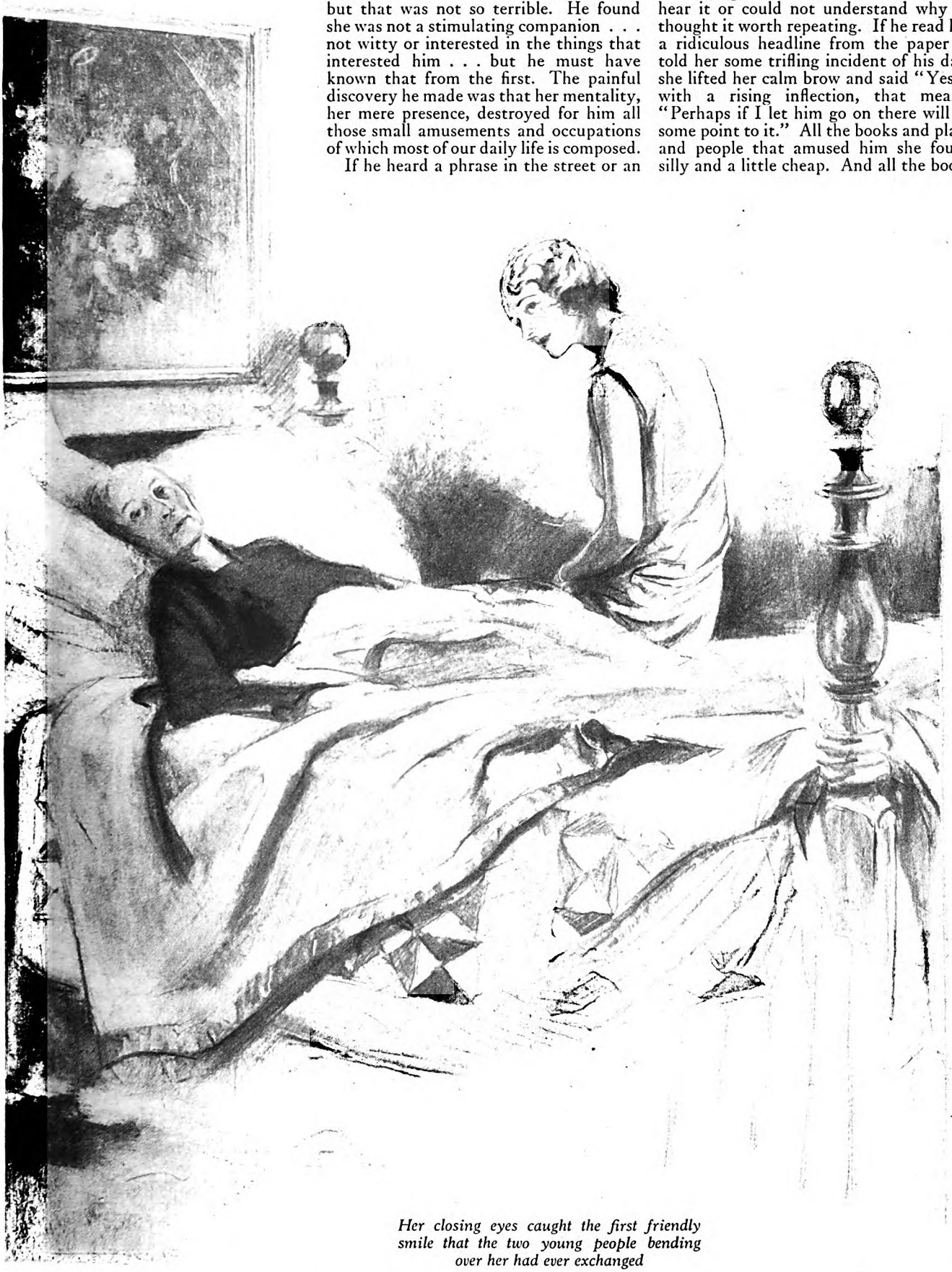
The SECOND *Installment of* Alice Duer Miller's *intriguing new romance*

He found he was not in love with Della, but that was not so terrible. He found she was not a stimulating companion . . . not witty or interested in the things that interested him . . . but he must have known that from the first. The painful discovery he made was that her mentality, her mere presence, destroyed for him all those small amusements and occupations of which most of our daily life is composed.

If he heard a phrase in the street or an interchange in a train, Della either did not hear it or could not understand why he thought it worth repeating. If he read her a ridiculous headline from the paper or told her some trifling incident of his day, she lifted her calm brow and said "Yes?" with a rising inflection, that meant: "Perhaps if I let him go on there will be some point to it." All the books and plays and people that amused him she found silly and a little cheap. And all the books



Her closing eyes caught the first friendly smile that the two young people bending over her had ever exchanged

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and plays and people that she found interesting and worth while he thought commonplace and heavy.

Yet, with it all, she was so conscientious, she managed her household so perfectly, and was so considerate of his physical comfort that when he began to break loose, no one had the least sympathy with him . . . except all those people whose sympathy is not an asset.

Perhaps people would have forgiven him for drinking a little, gambling a little, and paying more attention than is desirable to other women, but Tom committed the unforgivable fault of being rude. His wife's friends having driven out his own friends, as dull people will always drive out witty ones, he found her parties tiresome, and evening after evening Della was obliged to explain that Tom had been detained at the office . . . Tom had been called out of town . . . to people who very often met Tom later at parties less conventional and more amusing.

He was torn by two equally disagreeable emotions: one the irritating conviction that he had been a fool to marry a girl he did not love, because her mother flattered him; and the other that he was little better than a criminal to behave so badly to a woman who was as good as gold. His sense of guilt was tremendous, and nothing makes the average person's conduct wickeder than a sense of guilt.

For five years things kept on getting worse and worse. Then young Walter, in whom, to be honest, his father had never taken a great deal of interest, reached that age that all little boys reach, when he entirely outgrew the control of a devoted nurse and had to be put into the hands of a not-so-devoted governess.

SO, OUT of the whole world, Della selected Miss Nora Vye, well recommended, a clergyman's daughter, a Vassar graduate, speaking good French, and able to read and write German. Such an advantage, Della said, to get languages with an Anglo-Saxon temperament. But Miss Vye's ancestry was not Anglo-Saxon; it was Celtic, her people having come originally from one of the islands near the west coast of Scotland, where ghosts and fairies and elves and water sprites are almost more numerous than the population.

Miss Vye, who thought herself obliged, on leaving college, to take the first position that offered, because her father's death had left her without funds, was warned by her elder sister and by a serious young man who wanted to marry her that no nice girl ought to find herself a resident of Tom Vernon's house. But Nora was soon able to relieve their minds by telling them Tom Vernon's house seemed the least likely place in the world in which to meet Tom Vernon.

After she had been a few weeks in the great, gray stone house, the serious young man, passing through Philadelphia on a somewhat mythical business errand, invited her out to dine and go to the theater, and as it was a week-end when Della had taken young Walter to visit his great-grandmother in New Jersey, the girl saw no reason for refusing. In fact, she did a little dancing after the theater and was driven home by the young man about one o'clock in the morning.

He saw her safely in . . . she had a latchkey . . . and left her, to hurry back to catch a train for the west.

"I am your son's governess, Mr. Vernon," she said stiffly

Nora stood quite still where he had left her, in the hall with its gay scenic paper, and the broad stair ahead of her, and two wide, mahogany doors opening into great square rooms on either hand. She stood there wrapped tightly in a long, dark cloak, with the light from the crystal chandelier shining full on her red hair.

The young man had asked her once again to marry him, and she was thinking those black thoughts so common at twenty-four . . . that she was losing her youth . . . that the life she was leading had no future . . . did she want to be a governess all her days? . . . withering her heart up in the care of children not her own? . . . wasn't it wiser to make a rational marriage with a man she could respect? . . . and she was just shuddering at the prospect, when the front door opened and a man she could *not* respect came in with a flower in his buttonhole and his high hat at a slight angle, and, looking at her with startled eyes, said:

"Well, this is the first time I ever came into my own house and saw anything I really liked there!"

BEING unaccustomed to such casual greetings, Nora jumped to the opinion that he was drunk, but he wasn't. He had been gambling heavily and winning, and he was experiencing that elation which comes with knowing the Fates are for the moment with you.

"I am your son's governess, Mr. Vernon," she said stiffly . . . all her New England ancestry suddenly taking control of her.

"I have never given that child enough attention," said Tom, and smiled his gay, beguiling smile that had not been on his

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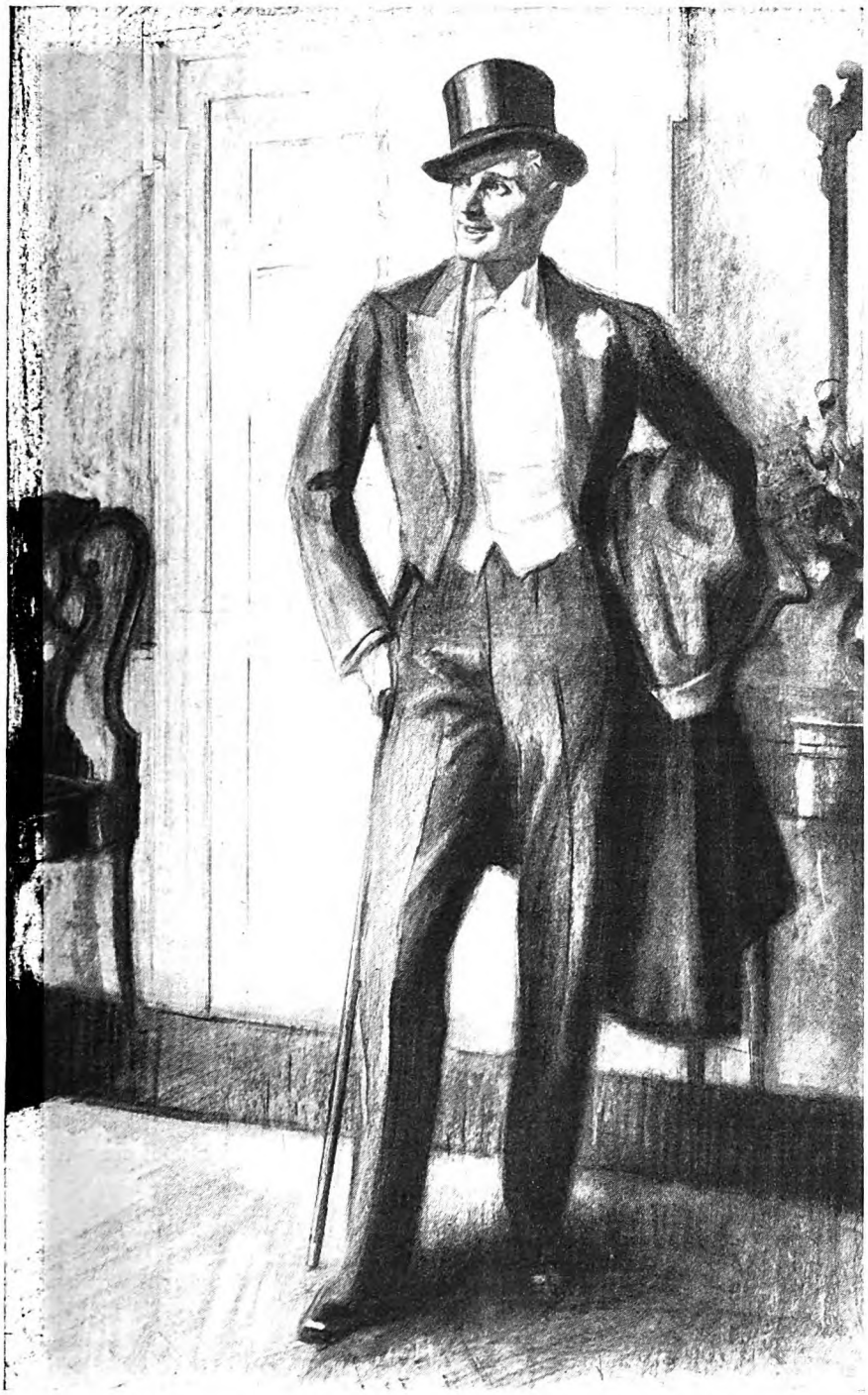

"I have never given that child enough attention," said Tom, and smiled

lips for five years. "I certainly have not."

"I quite agree with you," said Miss Vye, and went straight upstairs to her own room, where she sat a long time in front of her mirror and thought how thoroughly she disapproved and condemned men like Tom Vernon, and forgot entirely to think about the young man who wanted to marry her and whose proposal she had been considering.

On his side, Tom Vernon fell deeply in love with the girl . . . there was no telling whether it was Fate or the fact that no woman had snubbed him before in all his life. His code, which to many people seemed undesirably flexible, did not permit him to make love to his child's governess in his wife's house. So he was forced to allow concealment, like a worm in the bud . . . to prey, not upon his damask cheek, but upon his already rather uncertain temper with the inevitable result.

It may be safely asserted that never had Vernon appeared so unreasonable and irritable as during the first weeks in which he recognized that for the first time in his life he was really in love.

IT NEVER crossed Nora Vye's mind that he loved her. She had rather stereotyped ideas about dissipated young men of fashion, and supposed they could love no one but beautiful actresses or jeweled social queens. If they showed the least interest in humble dependents in their households, it could be only for the worst motives.

Not that he gave her reason to think this. But she noticed that when she was alone, a picture of him flashed, dazzling, into her consciousness, there to be thoroughly disapproved of. She was a rigorous young person, brought up to do what she thought right, and she thought it right to become a firm and loyal partisan of Della's.

As soon as he realized what had happened to him, Tom decided that he must be free—not so much with the idea of wooing Nora, for her manner gave him little hope—but because his whole situation had become intolerable. Della at first would listen to nothing but a legal separation, and even that she opposed. Something in her which her enemies called obstinacy and convention, and her friends firmness and morality, made her feel that having once married Tom, she had an eternal right to his society even if it gave her pain. But Tom had become a master in the art of making himself disagreeable, and after a year she yielded. She took full custody of the child, a great hunk of Tom's fortune, and went back to live in New York.

TOM continued to live in his old home near Philadelphia. As soon as he was free, everything began to straighten out. Living alone in the gray stone house, he stopped drinking, took up golf and polo again, and became once more deeply interested in the family business.

He did not make any effort to see Nora. He wanted to rehabilitate himself in his own eyes first . . . but he did find, rather to his surprise, that he wanted to see his son. When he saw other men, his contemporaries, teaching their boys to ride and arranging proudly about going away for week-ends at their children's schools, he experienced a strange, sick feeling at the heart.

He began to make repeated efforts to see the child, only to be met by Della's cold . . . and not unfounded assumption . . . that he had forfeited all rights in the boy and could not really love him. Indeed, it may be his motives were not entirely paternal, for to see young Walter would also mean seeing Nora Vye.

When at last Della yielded and allowed him to take the boy to the Bronx Zoo, Tom had found himself sickened with disappointment that Nora was not of the party. But he soon gave himself up to the pleasure of his son's society. Little Walter had been very well brought up by Della and Miss Vye . . . so that his wild, passionate interest in life was just properly tempered by his simple good manners. Tom's heart was first softened by the feeling of his son's small, hot hand thrust confidently into his, even when the lions roared right at him, and then almost broken by the child's question: "Father, do you think Mother would ever let you and me go lion hunting together?"

He had had no prearranged plot to kidnap the child. He had simply fallen, as so often before in his life, for a sudden temptation. He said to himself that the boy did not want to leave him, and, getting into his car, he gave the order to the chauffeur to drive, not back to Della's apartment overlooking the Park, but straight to his own house near Philadelphia.

As soon as he got home, he telephoned Della, in what would have been an apologetic mood except for Della's belief that he had taken the boy entirely as a means of annoying her and not at all from affection for the child, which infuriated him so much that, the first thing he knew, he had refused to return him. But it was no deep plot (*Continued on page 178*)

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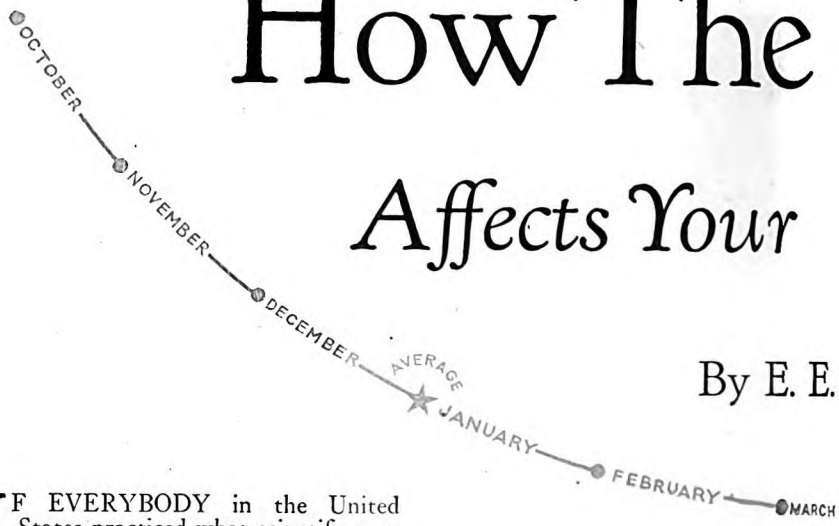
How The *Affects Your*

By E. E.



ILLUSTRATED BY

IF EVERYBODY in the United States practiced what scientific men have discovered about how to get along with the weather, we would live, on the average, about nine years longer than we do now.

A gift of nine extra years isn't to be sneezed at—but that is merely *one* of the gifts that weather stands ready to bring. Energy, optimism, enthusiasm, the spirit that views each day as a new adventure and faces it with eagerness—these are potential gifts of weather. But, just as we have to cultivate the art of getting along with people, so have we to cultivate the noble art of getting along with the weather.

These are no wild statements of some new health faddist who has gone "native;" on the contrary, they are the results of sober, careful scientific investigations in a half-hundred laboratories and computing rooms all over the world. And, if you feel inclined to verify these statements for yourself, you can do so by spending a day or two with any of the modern weather physiologists or by digging into some more or less weighty tomes in the nearest library.

The so-called vital statistics collected by the Government, on which some of the facts in this article are based, are really statistics of illness and death. But by taking the optimistic front of the picture, instead of the pessimistic back, together with various other bits of information that are available, it is possible to construct the *health* curve of America month by month instead of the *sickness* curve. Such a health curve discloses several remarkable facts.

The curve for New York City, or for any other community provided with good water, adequate sewers, and other modern sanitary equipment, has one great peak and one deep valley, like a diagram that highway engineers might make to show how a roadway climbs a mountain and sinks into a depression on the other side.

On the first of January the health curve is in about an average position—that is, part way down the side of the hill. During February, March, and April the curve sinks continually lower. About the last week in April it reaches its lowest point of the year. At this period germ infections or other assaults on our health find us poorly prepared to fight them. (Any experienced person will tell you that a "spring cold" is the hardest to shake off.)

But about the first of May the curve takes a quick turn for the better and its rise is faster than the previous decline. By about the middle of June it is as high as it was in January, meaning that our health reserves are once more about at their average for the year. The rise goes on. July and early August show the curve still climbing. By mid-August or the first of September the health curve reaches its peak for the year. You and I and other average Americans possess then our largest annual reserve of health. Almost nothing makes us sick. Germs fall back baffled from the impregnable Gibraltar of our health.

Then begins the annual fall decline. From early fall to late winter the health curve is always sinking. From early spring to late summer it is rising. That is the simple annual picture of our national reserves of health.

ONE important thing about this annual health curve is that it represents the up-and-down swing in the condition of *normal, healthy* people. Sickly, delicate invalids do not get into it. But although it represents the normal health swing, it by no means represents everybody in the same way. If your individual health assets have been built up during the good times of summer and have been conserved, week by week, as much as possible, you can cross the dangerous spring depression with little to fear. Others, with too small reserves, will suffer mild distress. Still others will go through severe crises. And some unfortunates, their reserves all gone, will be wiped out.

Which observations naturally bring us down to such important questions as these:

What are the definite things about the annual weather which cause these yearly ups and downs of health?

Why do some people accumulate high health reserves while others are depleted?

What can you and I, as individuals, do about it?

Here is the general answer: The weather is essentially friendly. It is the positive cause of the great September health peak. Its rôle in the spring depression is negative. We have not allowed

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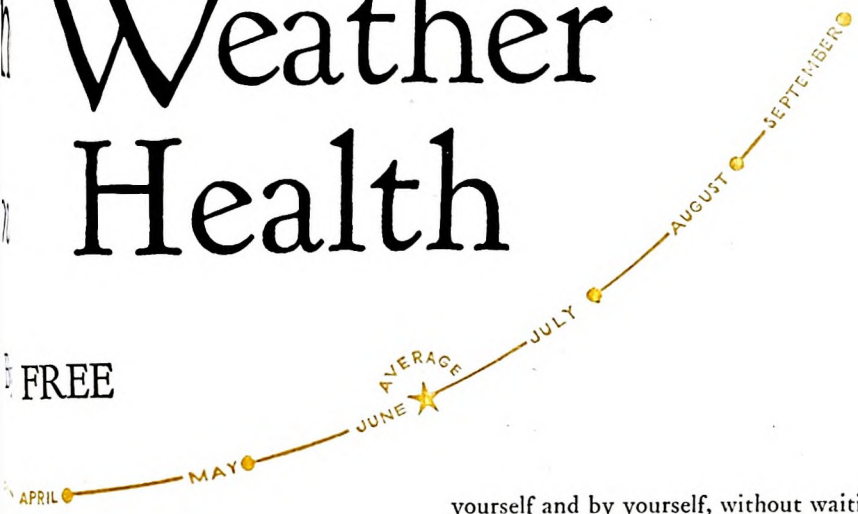
Weather Health

FREE



EDWARD A. WILSON

it to "do its stuff." Weather will provide all necessary health reserves for those who have knowledge and foresight to use it. If every normal, healthy American would acquire that knowledge and practice it, this would be enough to fill up that yawning gully of ill health in March and April—to level out the general health of our population to match the buoyant heights of energy and well-being at the opposite season of the year.

This confidence is supported by what has been done in the past. Strange as it may seem, almost exactly where the highest peak of health stands today, there used to be, twenty-five or thirty years ago, a canyon of ill health even deeper than the one we now encounter every spring. This was due, as we comparative oldsters well remember, to what were called "vacation diseases." These consisted of a variety of intestinal infections, typhoid fever among them, that laid us low during the middle or late summer.

As late as 1910, for example, when the conquest of these ills was already under way, 6,000 children died in New York City of that group of disorders roughly classified as "summer complaint." By 1927, this toll had been cut down to less than 800. In the same period deaths from typhoid fever fell from 550 to 75.

THE sanitary experts filled up that former valley of their health curve by showing people why they and their children became sick when the thermometer rose. Everybody had known before in a vague, general way that spoiled food and polluted water were dangerous, but they kept on taking chances. Then magazines and newspapers began to print pictures of the bacteria which people were raising in unrefrigerated larders or pouring down their throats by drinking from roadside wells. America began to buy ice boxes and to watch water or milk that was to be drunk. The hot-weather chasm of sickness was transformed into a highland of health.

The same thing can be done to the remaining valley of low health reserves in the winter and spring. And the glorious part about it is, that you can start leveling up that valley of ill health for yourself and by yourself, without waiting for the Government sanitary corps, for new food regulations, for a better city water supply, or for other health measures.

All that I ask is that you will bear in mind that the general health slump which comes every spring is due almost entirely to *preventable* diseases contracted by those whose health reserves have been exhausted. The following Weather-Health Calendar, if conscientiously followed out, should enable you to hold your own through the spring's critical period and aid you to build up gradually during the remainder of the year enough surplus energy and resistance so that next winter and every winter afterward will be seasons of health stimulation instead of health depression.

LET'S go:

JANUARY: Begin by accustoming yourself gradually to lower indoor temperatures. American homes and offices are usually kept between 75° and 80° Fahrenheit. This is too hot. It softens you and makes your skin sluggish. Get the thermometer down to 70° or even to 68°, and keep it there. Open the windows and chill the rooms off two or three times a day. Take walks morning and evening in the cold air, breathing deeply and without bundling up. If you work in a place where you cannot control the temperature, use a part of your lunch hour for your weather bracer. Wear the same weight underwear winter and summer. Most people wear too many clothes, even when they go out of doors. Try wearing fewer, so that when you go out into the air your skin gets a real shock. The surprise is good, for it is better than the much-praised cold bath. The whole idea is to build up the power of your body (chiefly your skin) to react vigorously to the cold. People whose skins are incompetent or lazy catch colds, get indigestion, and suffer various other ills by sitting or sleeping in drafts. But that's not the fault of the weather—it's the fault of not having allowed the weather to exercise their skins.

FEBRUARY: Assuming that you started the winter with only average health reserves, these are now beginning to get low. It is best, therefore, to escape as much as possible from the *chances* of infection. The typical winter and spring diseases, such as colds, tonsillitis, influenza, pneumonia, (*Continued on page 166*)

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Nate Tichenor, who had never felt his heart beat high in any woman's presence, was suddenly thrilled to the core of his being at sight of Lorry Kershaw leaning over the gate

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PETER B. KYNE'S

Epic Novel of the New West

Outlaws of Eden

LOVELY Lorry Kershaw was the last of her clan, and her father's sudden death left her to face alone the problems which were her Kershaw heritage. For several generations the violence and lawlessness of the Kershaw-Hensley feud had made outlaws of the two families—who divided between them the wealth of Eden Valley—and gradually the Kershaws had lost to the Hensleys, until now old Ranceford Kershaw's death left Lorry burdened with debt, not only to Silas Babson and his Bank of Valley Center, but also to Nate Tichenor, last of the Hensley clan.

It was Babson whose demands for settlement precipitated Ranceford's death, and it was Nate upon whom Lorry had to call for help when her father's heart gave way at the sight of smoke issuing from the chimney of the old Hensley house—smoke which meant that this last of his ancient enemies had returned to Eden Valley after a nine years' absence.

But that call for help, which brought Nate Tichenor to her car, confirmed the end of the feud between the Bar H and the Circle K—and marked the beginning of the epic conflict between the outlaws of Eden Valley and the dwellers in Forlorn Valley who had branded them as outlaws. This conflict was precipitated by Silas Babson, whose bank was facing ruin as the result of unwise investments and post-war deflation, ably assisted by his henchman, Henry Rookby. The scheme which Babson had hit upon to rehabilitate his fortunes depended upon the formation of the Forlorn Valley Irrigation District—and this depended upon the acquisition of Eden Valley and the water rights of Eden Valley Creek. His first step was the pressure brought to bear upon Ranceford Kershaw which resulted in the latter's death. Lorry was her father's sole heir—her brother, Owen, having died in France—and Nate Tichenor was an absentee and presumably uninterested landowner. Lorry and Nate were hereditary enemies. It all looked very simple to Silas Babson—who could not dream that a meeting between young Owen Kershaw and Nate Tichenor on a battlefield in France had ended the Kershaw-Hensley feud forever, long before Old Ranceford and Lorry dreamed that it was ended.

PART III

NATE TICHENOR slept at the Bar H that night, but returned to the Circle K early the next morning, with two men he had picked up in Valley Center. He set them at once to the task of digging Rance Kershaw's grave in the family cemetery, Lorry Kershaw pointing out to them the desired spot. About noon the coffin arrived from Valley Center and he helped the man who delivered it to place Kershaw in it. At one-thirty he and Lorry hitched a team to a wagon and he drove it around and tied the team in front of the house.

At two o'clock the girl met his inquiring glance bravely and said: "We might as well proceed, Nate. Nobody's coming to Dad's funeral."

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

She had commenced calling him Nate the night before, as if she had known him familiarly all his life. So he decided on a lessened formality in his own form of address

"Then let's get going, Lorry."

With the aid of the two hired men, he carried Rance Kershaw out to the wagon and, mounting the seat, drove his late enemy on the latter's last pilgrimage, while Lorry, Miss Bachman, and the two laborers followed in the Kershaw car. At the grave Tichenor read the funeral service, the men covered the grave, Tichenor gave them each a ten-dollar bill, and with Lorry and Miss Bachman returned to the house. He was rather proud of the manner in which Lorry had carried on, even though he had expected her to exhibit the traditional courage of her clan.

THE two days that followed Rance Kershaw's funeral were spent by Nate Tichenor at the Bar H headquarters, looking over his decayed estate and formulating plans for its restoration. But in the midst of these thoughts his mind constantly shuttled back to a consideration of Lorry Kershaw and her affairs.

He did not know Silas Babson except by sight; hence, lacking the slightest knowledge of the man's character, he was at a loss to know why Babson had so suddenly turned on the Kershaws. Had Babson desired to acquire the ranch cheap, it was his privilege to bid for it at the sheriff's sale when the original holder of the mortgage foreclosed, and acquire it quite as cheaply as he might when foreclosing on his own account. Was it possible he had purchased the mortgage because he feared the holder of it might grant an extension?

If so, then Babson desired it, not as an investment, but as a weapon. Certainly, Tichenor decided, he was moving by indirection; and since Tichenor was resolved, if the mortgage had to be foreclosed eventually, to acquire the Circle K for himself, or rather for the Bar H Land and Cattle Company, of which he was the sole owner, he decided finally to try a shot in the dark and halt Babson's operations before they had fairly started.

The inability to puzzle out a trail had always annoyed him; he knew, too, it must be annoying and harassing Lorry Kershaw to a far greater extent, and his heart was filled with sympathy for her. She was a fine girl, and if he was going to be her neighbor he desired her friendship, not only for both their sakes, but for the sake of all the Hensleys and Kershaws who had died with their boots on.

Forthwith he motored into Gold Run and telephoned to his attorney in San Francisco. "Tichenor speaking, Paddon. Listen carefully. Ranceford Kershaw is dead and has left a bankrupt estate to his sole heir, a daughter named Lorraine. But two years ago he gave a deed of gift to his daughter of those four thousand acres I spoke to you about—you have the legal description. Well, Lorraine Kershaw filed that deed of gift for record very recently, as I discovered when running down the title at the courthouse in Gold Run. The local bank holds thirty thousand dollars' worth of Rance Kershaw's notes, unsecured, overdue, and with interest in default, and the president and controlling owner of that bank holds an overdue first mortgage in the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with a year's interest in default. In addition, the estate owes the Bar H Land and Cattle Company more than three hundred thousand dollars. The bank and the banker are going to foreclose, but the Bar H isn't."

"Good news," the lawyer interjected as Nate Tichenor paused for breath. "It would seem that the girl is not in a position to hold you up. So you ought to get that acreage cheap."

"Precisely. But we're not going to give her the opportunity to begin to think she can hold us up; there'll be no argument as to the price. I'm mailing my bank in San Francisco today a check in its favor for four hundred thousand dollars, with instructions to issue a certified check in favor of Lorraine Kershaw and send it over to your office. Meanwhile, prepare a deed from Lorraine Kershaw to the Mountain Valley Power Company for that four thousand acres—"

"GOOD heavens, man, you're not going to pay her a hundred dollars an acre," Paddon interrupted, "when you can get it for ten!"

"Don't be foolish, Paddon. I know the Kershaws. Old Robin Kershaw was no fool. He looked fifty years into the future and realized the possibilities for power and irrigation on Eden Valley Creek. My grandfather was no fool, either—in some ways. He got the dam site, but Kershaw beat him to the lake site. The Kershaws never mortgaged that property; it was the ace in the hole for the clan, and they know its value."

"Why not do a little trading? Offer the girl twenty an acre and work up."

"Listen, Paddon. You transact my legal business for me, but I do not need you for my general manager. I'm more than nine years old. That land is worth four hundred thousand dollars to me if I can get it without a fight and without

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leaving a bad taste in Lorry Kershaw's mouth. I can afford to pay for my fancies; I have a fancy for that four thousand acres, and I fancy it now! But I do not wish to be known in the premises, so do not come up, yourself, to close this deal. Send somebody not connected with your office; the Kershaws have dealt with me through you in the past, and the girl would suspect collusion. Understood?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

THE following afternoon a livery car from Gold Run arrived at the ranch, bearing Mr. Rube Tenney, Mrs. Rube Tenney, and two little Tenneys, a boy and a girl. Mr. Tenney, in his younger days, had been a Hensley bodyguard, willing (albeit never called upon to do so) to kill a Kershaw out of loyalty to the bread he ate. For many years after that he was riding boss under Nate Tichenor's father, and when the latter died, was elevated to the position of ranch superintendent. This position he had held with credit and honor until Nate Tichenor went out of the cattle business.

Rube Tenney was nearly fifty years old now, but still active and trustworthy. He greeted his old master as informally as if it had not been 1917 since they had seen each other.

"Well, I got your wire ordering me to report, Nate," Rube Tenney announced. "So I came a-runnin'."

Tichenor smiled. When the Bar H retirement had left Tenney without a job, Nate had financed his old superintendent in the lease of a ranch and a band of two thousand sheep.

"You left a good man in charge of your sheep, I hope, Rube?"

"I sold 'em to a good man. My lease was expiring in October, an' after three bad feed years I reckoned I'd better quit before my sheep died o' starvation." He handed Nate a check. "There's the money you staked me to. I got a few thousand over an' above that. Thank God, the rest o' my life will be spent with decent, respectable cows. Now's a fine time to git back into the cattle business. Prices is advancin' but you can still stock up cheap."

"I'm not going back into the cattle business, Rube. But you are. You're to be riding boss of the Circle K—on the salary of a ranch superintendent."

"Ah! Closin' in on them Kershaws, eh?" Tenney grinned. He regarded the ruin of the Kershaws as a holy duty, in addition to being a delicious piece of humor.

Patiently Nate proceeded to disillusion him, and while he was doing it the Tenney head wagged understandingly. "Never did figger you'd be able to keep up steam like the Hensleys," he declared. "Very well, son. I'm glad to have the job. We'll look after the Kershaw girl and see that nobody brands her calves. I never worked for a woman before, but if she knows her business I reckon I can allow for her peculiarities."

"You'll not be riding boss for more than a year, Rube. Sooner or later the Bar H will take over the Circle K and the cattle."

"The present ain't no nice time to haze the girl around," Mr. Tenney agreed. "I'm a-representin' your interests, eh?"

Tichenor nodded and Tenney rose and stretched his parenthetical legs. "Well, reckon I'd better git on the job."

"Miss Kershaw knows all about you—knows I've sent for you. There's a Miss Bachman staying with her at present. Tell her I suggested she send Miss Bachman back to Valley Center in this rented car of yours."

He gazed long and affectionately after the departing Rube Tenney and his brood. "Old Faithful," he soliloquized. "He doesn't suspect I bought him out of the sheep business and took a loss to do it! But it's worth it to have him back on the job—to be free of worry about that Kershaw girl and her finances—and mine. Fine joke on Rube and me if she takes a notion to fire him—for a woman's reason!"

WHEN Silas Babson returned to Valley Center he brought with him three legal documents, all undated. One was a petition to the county board of supervisors for permission to form the Forlorn Valley Irrigation District; another was a formal application to the State Water Commission requesting the allocation to the Forlorn Valley Irrigation District of the flood or freshet waters of Eden Valley Creek; the third was the articles of incorporation of the district.

From which it will be seen that Babson was not the sort who starts an action before the ammunition has been brought up. His attorneys, Messrs. Brooks, Gagan and Brooks, had agreed with him that, under the circumstances, his strategy was excellent, but had taken occasion to warn him that if Nathan Tichenor and Lorraine Kershaw should decide to oppose his proposition seriously, he would realize he had a fight on his hands before he got through with them. Gagan took occasion to read Babson the legal *modus operandi* for acquiring the water, as embodied in the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

Babson was comforted. "We can lick with that," he suggested.

"Maybe. It depends entirely on how hard they fight. Under legislation recently enacted, a State Water Commission has been appointed, and this commission has control of the unappropriated waters in all streams in this state. As I understand your situation, if you can get your machinery in operation to enter a condemnation suit *before* Tichenor sells his dam site to this power company you suspect of having an interest in it, and before the Kershaw girl sells her lake site to the same power company, you will, by the filing of that suit, automatically ruin the aspirations of your competitor, and you may safely accept my assurance that you can win such a condemnation suit.

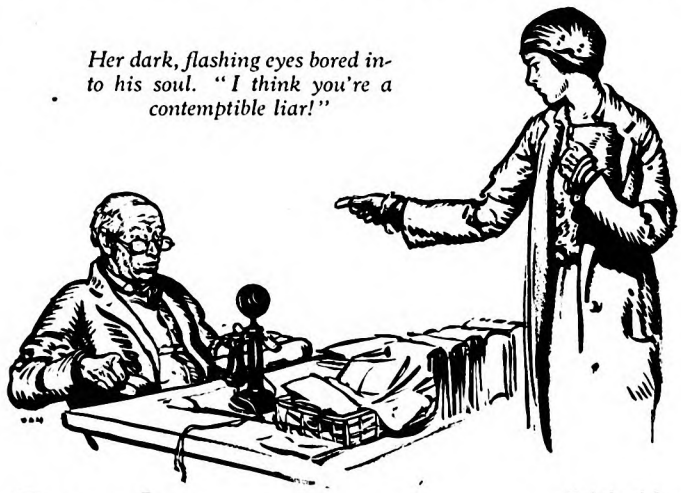
"What the district will have to pay Tichenor and Miss Kershaw for these properties is, of course, a matter for a jury to decide, but whatever the figure the jury sets—and it is entitled, under the law, to set a figure somewhat higher than the reasonable value of the properties in the case of condemnation by an irrigation district—your irrigation district will have to pay the price promptly or forfeit its right to acquire the lands. You cannot keep your paw on this mouse indefinitely, Mr. Babson; hence, when you enter the suit you should make certain of the funds for payment, immediately upon being granted judgment."

Babson nodded his comprehension, and the attorney continued: "Your first choice of an impounding dam is now owned by Tichenor and the lake site by Miss Kershaw. If these properties are sold to the power company, before your district is organized, the power company, being a public service utility, cannot be disturbed in its possession. You understand that point clearly?"

Again Babson nodded.

"We will assume," Gagan went on, "that this is exactly what will come to pass, and that you will not be able to acquire the Tichenor dam site and the Kershaw lake site. Now, have you an alternative dam site and an alternative lake site? Unless you have, just hand us a check for the cost of this interview and forget your irrigation project."

BABSON drew a sheet of paper toward him and made a rough sketch of Eden Valley and the surrounding country. "This portion of the valley, which is occupied by Tichenor and the Kershaw ranches, is usually referred to as 'the Pan,'" he explained. "This narrow cañon at the head of the Pan is known as 'the Handle.' It lies in the public domain, and runs approximately from south to north. From this point in the Handle a cañon, slightly higher in elevation, leads west from the Handle and slopes gradually down to an arid, cup-shaped valley containing some ten thousand acres and lying on the western side of a low range that forms the western boundary of Forlorn Valley. By placing a large diversion dam in Eden Valley Creek at this point in the Handle, the water can be led down this cañon through the main canal to the cup-shaped valley here. The encircling hills form a natural reservoir and we won't have to build a dam. By cutting a canal through a pass in the hills on the western boundary of Forlorn Valley and installing our floodgate there, the water can be led from this natural reservoir by easy gradient along the northern base of the hills that form the southern buttress of Forlorn Valley and separate it from Eden Valley. Thence laterals from this main canal will lead the (*Continued on page 167*)



Her dark, flashing eyes bored into his soul. "I think you're a contemptible liar!"

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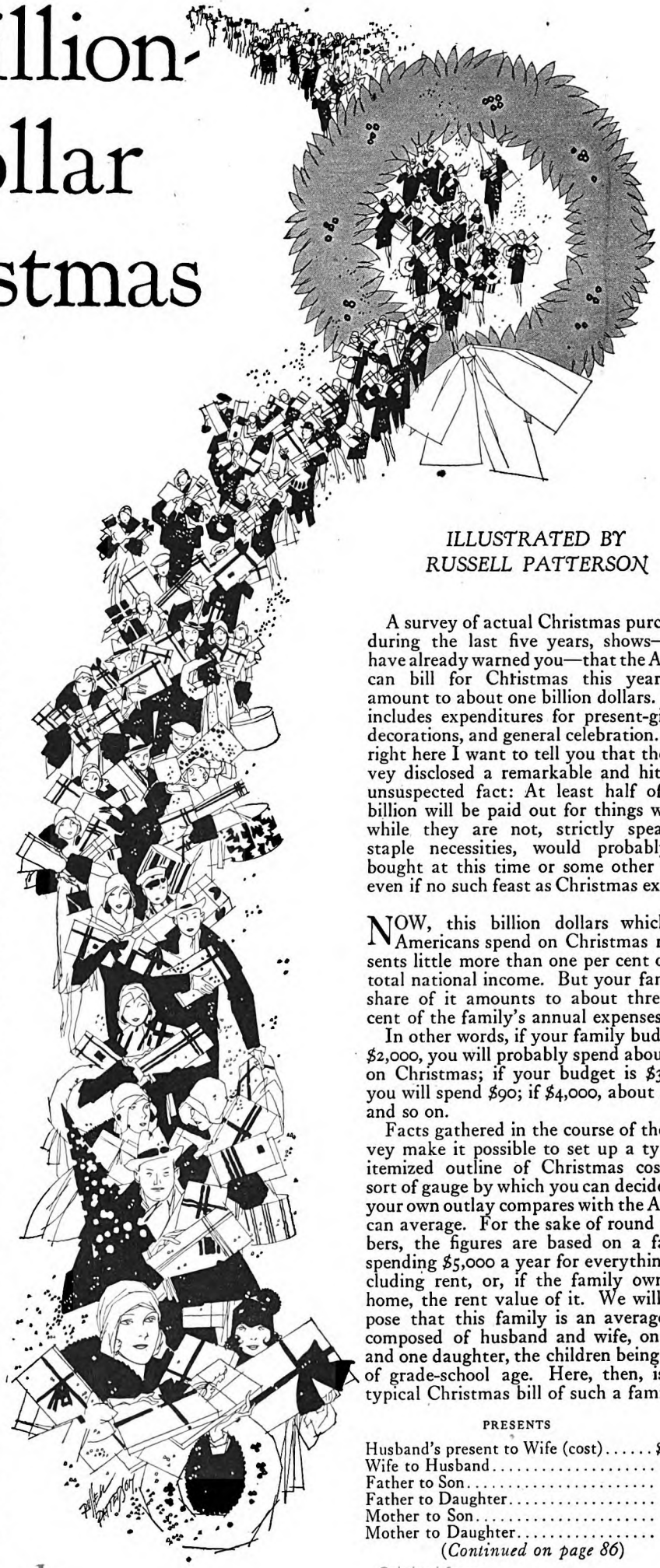
Our Billion-Dollar Christmas

By RONALD MILLAR



ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

HOLLY wreaths gleaming against crystal-clear panes. Spicy smells from the kitchen. Mysterious packages being whisked in and out of hiding places. Children's voices burbling in gleeful anticipation. Tired faces breaking into tender smiles. . . .

In short, Christmas is just around the corner—our made-in-America *billion-dollar* Christmas, and worth every penny of it! And if you are the average moderately well-to-do American citizen, three out of every hundred dollars you part with in this year of grace will be spent to prove that you believe in Christmas and are willing to pay for your share of it!

A generation ago, everybody believed that the ideal gift was something which nobody would ever think of buying for himself. Indeed, it was considered downright bad form to give anything useful to anyone except servants, or needy relatives. Nowadays, it is quite the thing to make every birthday or Christmas present fill a long-felt want or need.

And, more and more, our wants and needs tend to conform to the modern passion for simplicity. We no longer crowd our houses with expensive gewgaws and gimcracks. Fewer and better possessions are the rule. Manufacturers and merchants recognize this fact and show their respect for it in their Christmas offerings. Indeed, you would have to travel far and long to find a store boasting the assorted Christmas rubbish which used to tempt our parents to a frenzy of giving!

ANOTHER reason for fewer and better presents is our increased prosperity. Curiously enough, the possession of a bank account seems to make folks less self-conscious about dollar marks. Today most people feel greater satisfaction in giving or receiving a fitting present than an expensive one. They want their gifts to express thoughtful consideration and good taste rather than the ability to spend money. One proof of this is the time and care put into today's Christmas shopping. All merchants agree that the modern shopper's foot-mileage per dollar is very high.

And now let's forget our good manners, get right down to brass tacks, and look the old gift horse in the mouth!

A survey of actual Christmas purchases during the last five years, shows—as I have already warned you—that the American bill for Christmas this year will amount to about one billion dollars. This includes expenditures for present-giving, decorations, and general celebration. And right here I want to tell you that the survey disclosed a remarkable and hitherto unsuspected fact: At least half of this billion will be paid out for things which, while they are not, strictly speaking, staple necessities, would probably be bought at this time or some other time, even if no such feast as Christmas existed.

NOW, this billion dollars which we Americans spend on Christmas represents little more than one per cent of the total national income. But your family's share of it amounts to about three per cent of the family's annual expenses.

In other words, if your family budget is $2,000, you will probably spend about $60 on Christmas; if your budget is $3,000, you will spend $90; if $4,000, about $120; and so on.

Facts gathered in the course of the survey make it possible to set up a typical, itemized outline of Christmas costs—a sort of gauge by which you can decide how your own outlay compares with the American average. For the sake of round numbers, the figures are based on a family spending $5,000 a year for everything, including rent, or, if the family owns its home, the rent value of it. We will suppose that this family is an average one composed of husband and wife, one son and one daughter, the children being both of grade-school age. Here, then, is the typical Christmas bill of such a family:

PRESENTS

Husband's present to Wife (cost)	$40.00
Wife to Husband	25.00
Father to Son	12.00
Father to Daughter	8.00
Mother to Son	6.00
Mother to Daughter	6.00

(*Continued on page 86*)

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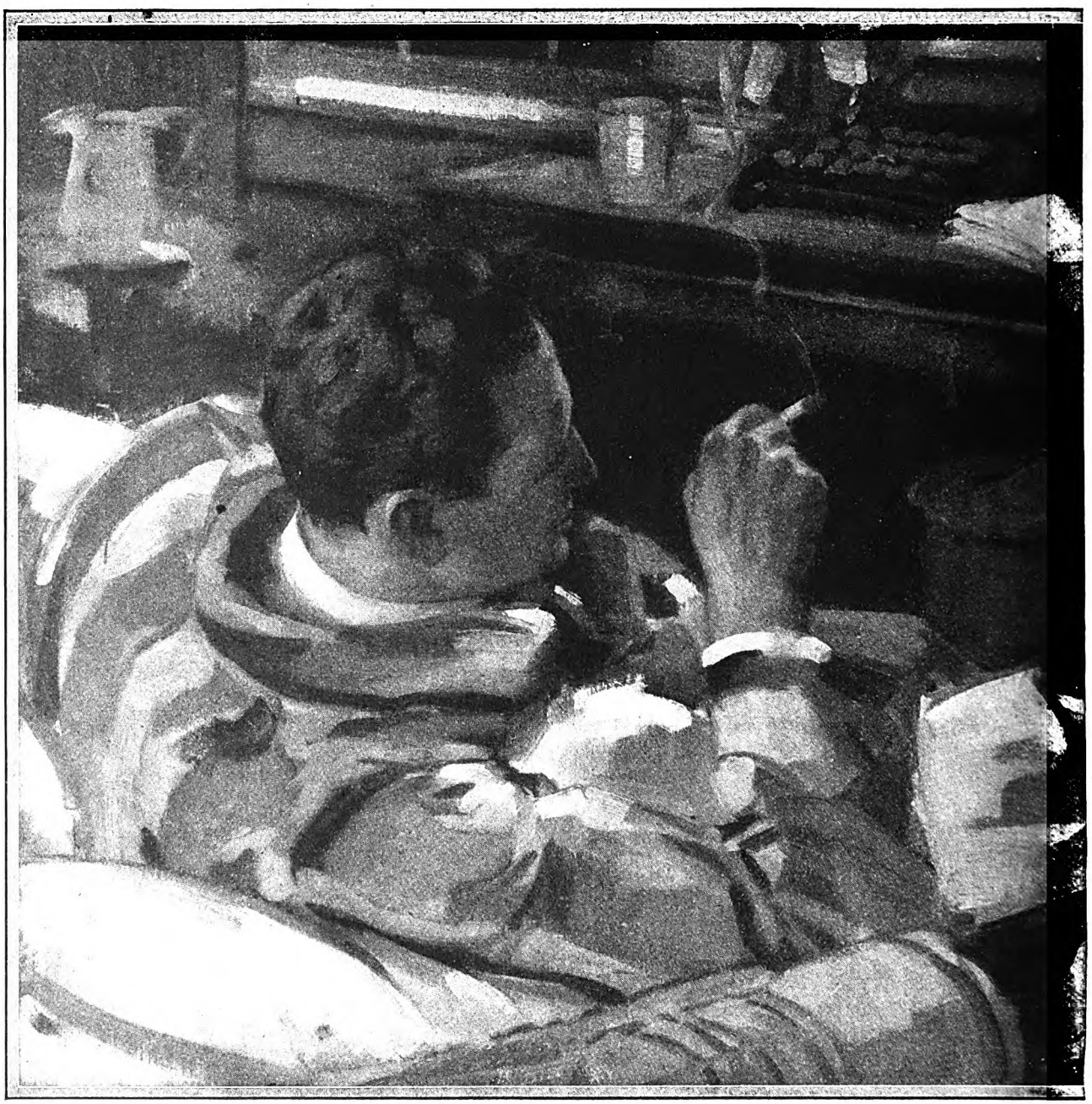

Such a Good

By INEZ SABASTIAN

JANIE RAYBURN was one of those people who cast their bread upon the waters and see it come back fruit cake. She would have been amazed if it hadn't. And when she fell in love with Greg Vickers, the Fates threw down their shears, shoved their spinning wheels aside, and sent peals of eerie laughter cackling out among the stars. For Greg was of that vast company who, after toasting and buttering their crusts, and even adding, on occasion, a bit of jam, see them come floating back in the form of dog biscuit.

All his life he had been clambering over and digging his way under one particular obstacle. And when he married Janie he took its very personification to his bosom. As a result, when their first anniversary arrived, their marriage had reached the top of the slippery toboggan of matrimonial disaster. Yet he still loved her so much that his heart beat faster as he hurried home to her, and if he was late, she was so frightened that she almost phoned the police station and all the hospitals.

His world held nothing but Janie. And she was ruining his life. And he knew it.

I can tell you how Janie looked—little and slim and blondish, with big, gray eyes—and I can enumerate her characteristics, but you will learn about her more quickly and easily by looking into her past.

Janie came from an old family that had ruled its small town until her grandfather put his financial faith into an invention and he. father, in turn, invested his in an imaginary oil well. As a result, when Janie was five her mother became a widow whose

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Sport

The story of a girl who thought she had to run her husband's life

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH CHENOWETH

social position demanded that Mr. Rayburn be given an expensive funeral, and whose monetary resources could just about pay for the obituary notice.

By the end of another twelve months Mrs. Rayburn was caterer and arranger of cantatas, pageants, and whatnot for the countryside. At ten, Janie knew just how much veal a chicken salad could embrace and still be self-respecting; at fifteen, she could train any Young Ladies' Bible Class in the March of the Rosebuds with one hand, and transform the most reluctant and embittered Boys' Intermediate into the Bees' Brigade with the other. She was invaluable to her mother. She wrote most of the cantatas and planned the pageants and kirmesses herself, played accompaniments for hours on end, and stepped into any rôle, be it for soprano or bass, if illness depleted the cast.

She learned to conciliate, to compromise, to use all the soft answers that turn away the wrath of the daughter of the next-largest bank when the daughter of the largest bank is made prima donna. It became second nature to her to make a plan for life, work out a pattern for its events, and then do her best to see that people did what they could to make the cloth fit. She learned to look upon an obstacle as merely a turn in the road—and as a rule, one for the better.

When she was sixteen she decided to go to Vassar, to the great relief of her best friend, who was in love with the town's most eligible young man and felt that, with Janie on hand, she might as well get her to a nunnery. Just before Janie was

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graduated from high school, a year later, her mother died, worn out with the struggle to make two fruit salads appear where only one had any right to be. Public sympathy engulfed Janie; she had always gallantly held her head so high that the town actually enjoyed offering her perfectly legitimate sympathy which she couldn't possibly side-step by looking on the bright side of the situation.

The Women's Club felt that it couldn't do better than award its college scholarship, fortunately available that year, to her. Her school record was excellent, and the poor little thing certainly deserved it, with her mother just dead, and all. She'd be a credit to the club. All of which was true, and Janie was indeed forlorn, but the runner-up for that scholarship, shunted off to State Normal, will go to her grave convinced that Janie in some way used undue influence with Providence.

There was nothing hard-headed or scheming about Janie. She had a very genuine love for people, all people; it wasn't her fault that the ones she befriended usually turned out to be the ones who could help her most. Because she was Janie, the dowdy girl to whom she lent her extra fountain pen during entrance exams *would* turn out to be the daughter of one of the most influential men in the country. And also because she was Janie, that girl, on graduation, had ceased to be dowdy and had learned so to carry herself that she was a credit to that same influential father when he became an ambassador.

During February of her senior year Janie went to a Yale prom and met Greg Vickers. The man she went with, a brother of the girl to whom she had lent the fountain pen, had high hopes on his own account, but as soon as he saw the expression in Greg's eyes and the light in Janie's face when he intoduced them, he knew instantly that friend-of-the-family was the best rôle he could hope to play, so far as Janie Rayburn was concerned.

YOU, too, will have to meet Greg.

He was the son of a man who was as popular in his way as Janie was in hers. The Reverend Hugh Vickers was a minister in the good-sized New England city where he had been born; the most influential Catholic priest in town and the most accomplished ward heeler loved him as dearly as did his parishioners. He made large, capable footprints in the sands of time, in which his rather shy son resolutely refused to tread.

Greg's passion for individuality dated from the time when, at twelve, one of his chums nicknamed him "Chip"—because, having his father's frank, likable good looks and sturdy frame, he was constantly being told that he was a chip off the old block. Greg returned home that night bruised and bloody, having fought every boy in his gang. But he was never called "Chip" again.

He had always wanted to write. Discovering that fact—when he won an essay contest conducted by a local paper—his parents immediately began to foster the desire. And Greg promptly gave up all efforts in that line. He wanted to be himself! He went to Yale, because his father had gone to Harvard and was still remembered there. He was going to escape that influence if he had to become a thug to do it—"and if I did manage to go to jail, they'd just about let me out because the police captain knew Father!" he gloomily reflected.

That determination to be individual led him into bypaths that were alien to his nature, stunting some of his abilities, developing others, for which he cared less. He developed a belligerence toward life that grew from having to make himself do so many things that he didn't really want to do. He wasn't especially keen about athletics, preferred playing tennis or golf with a friend to being part of a show in the Bowl.

His father approved of that attitude, thought that the college should foster athletics for the individual. So Greg hurled himself into the other camp and went out for football. He never was good enough to be more than a substitute till his last year, when he was sent into a big game that had already been won, just long enough to get his letter. He wasn't happy over it, but he did feel a certain sort of satisfaction.

What he really wanted to do was to write, of course, but if he tried it, the thought of his father rose up before him, an insurmountable barrier. The fact that he adored his father made no difference.

HIS love affair with Janie was as headlong as the flight of a star. Nothing could have slowed its progress. It brought out a new Janie who had never been warped by higgling economies and compromises, and a new Greg who was free to feel that he needn't fight the expectations and plans of someone else. It exploded old limitations for both of them, spread a new heaven and earth before their eyes because it gave them new concepts of themselves.

They were married in June, just after Commencement, in a newspaper office in Greenwich, Connecticut.

"I've got at least ten friends who'd be wild if I had a big wedding and didn't ask them to be maid of honor," Janie explained, as they waited for the justice of the peace to arrive; he was correspondent for a New York paper and had gone out to pursue news of a raid on some bootleggers. "This way we shan't even have any witnesses, you know."

They said their vows to the music of clanking presses and then rejoined their amazed companions, who had been driving with them into New York and were playing bridge in a near-by garage while a tire was being mended.

The smell of printers' ink and the fires of love inspired Greg to confess his ambition to write, so long stifled.

"I don't want to go into that office and try to sell bonds," he told Janie, as they swung into the back road to White Plains. "I want to write. I've got two hundred dollars that my grandmother left me; we could take a couple of rooms in Greenwich Village, and rent a typewriter, and—well, probably we'd be able to paper the walls with rejection slips, but we'd be happy anyway."

Janie gave him an adoring smile. But bleak horror possessed her soul. The darling, impractical thing! She knew that rents in Greenwich Village were as high as his hopes of success; she'd gone with her roommate to look at rooms there, a few weeks before. And she knew what rejection slips would do to Greg; he'd simply wilt under them. He had already tried his hand at fiction, these last few months, and the editors' indifference to his offerings had been appalling. He had not yet learned that writing was as much of a trade as plumbing, and one that he would have to learn as painstakingly as any plumber ever learned to wipe a joint.

Janie, who had had to spend her life learning to know more about people than they knew themselves, sighed, and once more stepped into the rôle into which her mother had thrust her. She had hoped that she would never have to play it again. Since her meeting with Greg, and his proposal, she had been what she had always wanted to be—a sheltered woman, who didn't have to know anything about battling with the world. She wanted to go right on being one. She wanted to be the kind of wife who never reads the papers, because her husband tells her what's in them while she gets breakfast. She wanted to have a baby, and as soon as it was able to walk, to have another.

But how could she settle down and vegetate, when Greg needed her so tremendously in the rôle in which she had dramatized herself almost as far back as she could remember?

"I think there's a better way than that, honey," she told him now. "You ought to have a writing job for a while. I'll phone Doris Mayo tomorrow; her father is managing editor of the *Gazette*." Her voice took on a speculative note, one that Greg was to learn to dread. A certain facial expression went with it: her gray eyes narrowed slightly, and her pretty mouth was set just the least bit—as her mother's was wont to set when Mrs. Rayburn was informing the Wednesday Club that they couldn't have olives and celery with the fifty-cent luncheon.

"I'll phone Doris and she'll probably ask us up to dinner right away," she went on; her hand, nestled into Greg's, seemed to him to become impersonal He wondered if she was even aware of the delightful contact. A familiar, hated sensation crept into his consciousness; his throat was constricted, and the muscles of his arms grew tense. He braced himself as he always had when his father began making plans for him. "She'll probably ask what you're going to do, or her father will, and that'll lead right up to—"

"Janie, I couldn't ask him for a job! Playing friendship—" Greg squirmed.

"Not at all! Of course you couldn't! But it will come about perfectly easily; it'll be all right. You wait and see."

Greg was uncomfortable, but even then he did not realize that the jaws of the trap that he had escaped with such difficulty in his own home were neatly closing about him.

THE more he learned of the ways of newspapers, the more he marveled at his being taken on by the *Gazette*. Pull, of course—pull managed by Janie. He spent that first summer hanging around the newspaper reporters' room in the Federal Building, phoning the office whenever anything happened, as the men from the other papers did. He tried to work at short stories evenings, but somehow he never had much time for that.

He and Janie lived at the Cavendish, one of New York's newest, most ornate hotels. Just completed, it was not yet paying expenses. Janie manipulated another pull—through Trix Henderson's brother this time—and got an excellent reduction on even the lowest summer rates. They paid ten dollars a week for a

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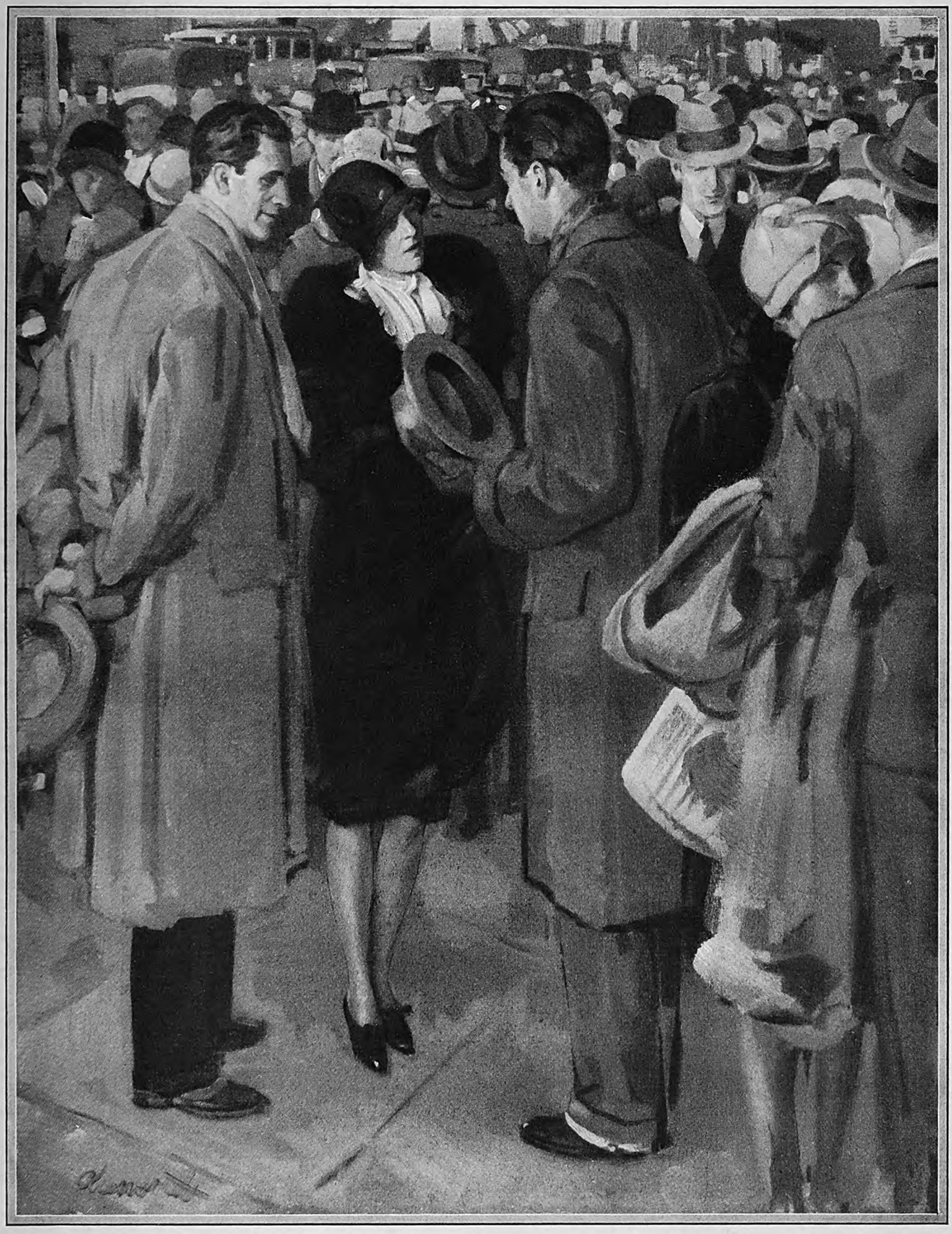

"Greg!" he exploded, with his usual vehemence. "Made up your mind about that North Pole trip?" Janie felt as if someone had handed her a popover that proved to be a bomb

double room on the second floor, at the bottom of what was optimistically called an air shaft. They had to hang out of the window and peer toward the sky, even on sunny days, to see what the weather was. And the kitchens were just beneath them, which meant the maddening rattle of dish-washing late at night and the odor of cooking during the day. But with Greg's salary thirty-five a week, they were amazingly lucky to get such a good break, of course.

They were well supplied with friends who had country homes; no week-end lacked its invitation. And no week-end whose party included anyone of consequence was barren of results in the way of new acquaintances who were influential. Greg was more than a little bewildered by Janie in those days. The right people always liked her. (*Continued on page 156*)

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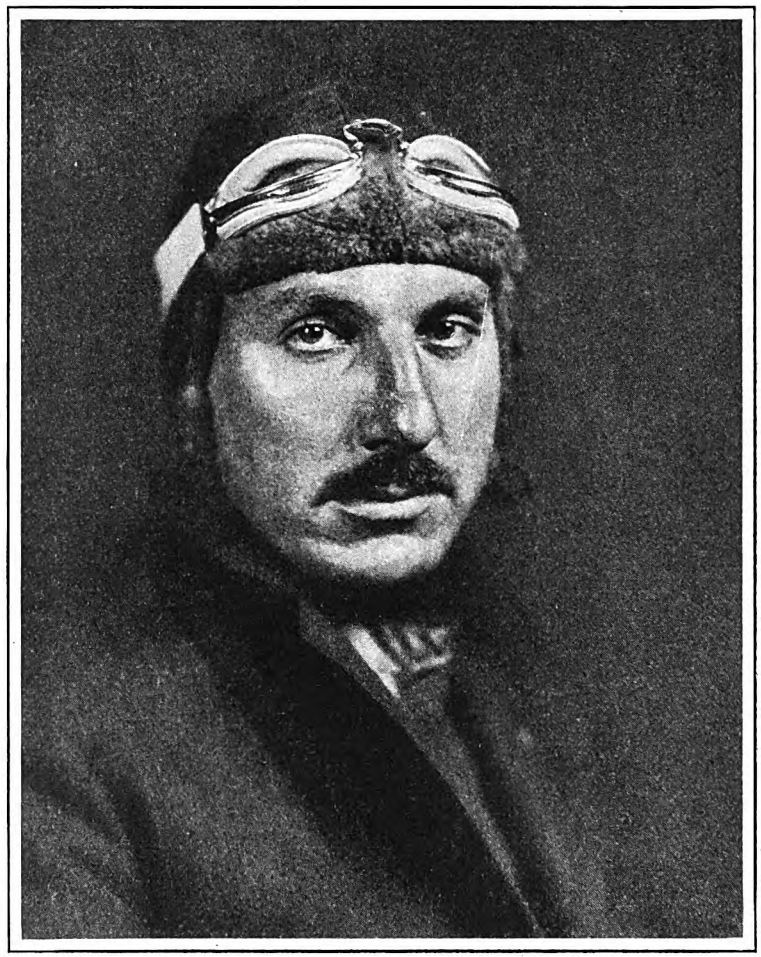

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Dean Smith, the young air-mail pilot, who is wintering with Commander Byrd in Little America, Antarctica, and incidentally doing a little flying at umpty-umpt below zero

A Wrestler of Winds

ON a June day in 1919, high up over the old Oregon Trail, an airplane ate up the sky. Behind the control stick, Dean Smith, a young man of nineteen, sat, his eyes glued on the instrument board. This was a real adventure. The first of its kind in the air! For the pilot was completing the first transcontinental air mail route, opening the various landing fields from Omaha to California.

Pilot Smith came by his adventuring blood naturally, for he is the only son of Rhoda Harris Smith, who crossed over this same Oregon Trail in a covered wagon with her parents fifty-eight years ago, going from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Cove, Oregon. But whereas the young aviator completed his airplane journey—with all the stop-overs this work entailed—in one week, his mother and grandparents consumed more than two years in reaching their destination.

Dean Smith, calm-eyed, black-haired, rode to fame on the wings of ill winds and rough weather. He was chosen by Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd as co-pilot with Balchen and June because of his ability to keep his head and courage in every sort of weather. Eight years as an air-mail pilot had developed the boy from a barnstorming kid into a successful Wrestler of Winds. And today, at the age of twenty-nine, Dean Smith is considered one of the best bad-weather fliers in the world.

It is common knowledge that Richard Byrd picked his men for his Antarctic expedition from twenty-five thousand of our country's best. It was decided that an air-mail pilot should be included, because, as Byrd explained, these men are the nearest fellows we have to Arctic explorers. Uncle Sam's slogan: "Neither rain, nor snow, nor fog, nor gloom of night shall stay these couriers from their skyward flight," has trained them to work as well by night as by day, to take great risks, and to endure almost insuperable hardships.

Smith was recommended to Byrd as a man who could not only put a plane together at forty below and dine on seal steak, but a man who stood out beyond the ordinary because he was always longing to get away from pavements and blaze an unknown trail.

The Dean, as his friends call him, is a silent man. When Commander Byrd interviewed him, he didn't have much to say beyond the fact that he wanted to go, that he could get along with people, and that he was never sick. Nothing about his flying record. Nothing about the fact that he has spent almost as many hours in the air as any man in the country.

But, doubtless, Richard Byrd would have been surprised had he known the sequel to this interview. A half dozen of Dean's best friends were waiting for him that day at an uptown New York restaurant, eager to know the outcome. Around noontime, the tall pilot sauntered into the room where his companions were.

"Did he take you?" "What did he say?" "Are you going?" "Is it all set?" they asked in unison.

The Dean lighted his pipe. "I guess so," he answered. But as he took his place with the others, his companions noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. . . .

Dean Smith was born in Cove, Oregon, at the home of his grandparents. When he was only six months old he hit the trail for the first time. He was taken to Central America by his parents, as his father's business was located there. He returned to Oregon when he was three years old to spend his early years. But he was always running away from home around supper-time "to go over to Grandma's to hear a covered-wagon story."

The boy was educated at Principia College, St. Louis, but left school in 1917 to enlist as a private in the Signal Corps. This was a few months before his eighteenth birthday. He was promoted to Master Signal Electrician, the highest non-commissioned office of the Signal Corps of the Army. He was the youngest Master Signal Electrician in the service. In this capacity one of his duties was the choosing of certain enlisted men to be trained for flying service. "I chose myself first," he explained. "That's how I got to be a cadet in the Ground School."

Smith received his original training at Kelly Field and took to the air like a fish to water. Like Lindbergh, he was a born flyer. Upon completing his course he asked to be sent abroad with the A. E. F., but instead he was ordered to Fort Scott to serve as Flying Instructor. He soon realized flying was the main thing in life for him, and after the war he began barnstorming the country in a tin ship, taking folks up for a five-minute ride for five dollars each. When his plane cracked up, he entered the air mail service. This was in 1920. And it was from this beginning that he made his name as one of the finest bad-weather pilots in the country, carrying hundreds of tons of mail, thousands of passengers, and traversing hundreds of thousands of air miles, at all hours and in all weather.

First, his route was from Hadley Field to Bellefonte. Next from Bellefonte to Cleveland. Then from Cleveland to Chicago. From Chicago to Omaha. Finally, in 1924, his permanent course was fixed from Hadley Field to Cleveland. He flew this 394-mile route with an almost con-

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sistent record of a little under four hours.

Strangely enough, the Dean's first air-mail trip was disastrous. He was on a trial flight from Omaha to Cheyenne. Suddenly his motor went dead and he landed in a cow pasture. Picking himself out of the smash-up, he limped to the nearest telegraph station and wired his division superintendent: "Dead stick. Low altitude. Only available landing place back of cow. Cow killed. Ship wrecked."

Another time Smith felt the finger of eternity fleetingly laid on his chest. This incident I doubt that you will find in any official record. It was on a beautiful, sultry summer night. The Dean was flying his accustomed route from Hadley Field to Cleveland. Because of the closeness of the evening, he had put an old shoe in the rudder to hold it firm and was leaning his head out of the side of the plane to catch any chance breeze. All of a sudden, out of nowhere, loomed up something that to Dean's startled eyes looked very much like a skyscraper.

Pulling back his stick, Dean hurtled his ship up into the blue, missing the Zeppelin, Los Angeles, by not more than one hundred and fifty feet.

The Dean is an unusually shy man, and his reticence seems incompatible with his big stature. He is the tallest man in the Byrd expedition, being six feet four inches high. Just before Smith sailed for the Polar seas, a great deal of fun was afforded when a telegram was received by him, referring to an order he had given a manufacturer to make his Antarctic socks. "Your socks are now under construction," the message read. Little wonder, when they were size 22 and his specially made shoes size 26-C. Not that he actually wears these sizes ordinarily. The socks and shoes were made to fit over a half-dozen other pairs of socks as a protection against the frigid weather.

As the country at the bottom of the world is largely mountainous, great altitude will be required from the airplanes that are with the Byrd expedition. And one may be sure that where the frozen mountains stick their heads high into the stubborn air, no ill wind will hold Dean Smith back. ROSA STRIDER REILLY

To Tip or Not To Tip?

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mary A. Lindsley, who has created a Scotchman's Paradise in Washington, D. C.

THE license plate said Portland, Oregon, but one might have guessed it; for the car was dusty and travel-stained and the luggage piled high. The sole occupant, a woman, drew up before the hotel in Washington, D. C., with the final flourish that marks journey's end. At once a starter and a bell-boy sprang to action. One by one they lifted down hat boxes, golf bags, suitcases, satchels. As they deposited the last on the sidewalk, the woman alighted and proffered a bill.

"No, ma'am," said the bell-hop, his brown, smiling countenance moist from his exertions. "No, ma'am, thank you, but we don't take tips at this here hotel."

Coming after a cross-country tour, it was too much. The woman sank square on the running board and her hand wandered vacantly to her head.

"Where am I?" she demanded. "Have I by any chance reached Paradise?"

In the past seven years thousands of travelers coming to the Dodge Hotel have stopped, open-mouthed and unbelieving, as their silver has been politely but firmly refused. By the grapevine route there has traveled throughout the country news of this wonderful hotel, the only first-class non-tipping hostelry in America. Mary A. Lindsley, its director, carries a double distinction. Among hotel men she is accredited the ablest woman manager in the country. To the traveling public she is one who works miracles. To herself she is a pioneer on a new road which ere long we may all be traveling.

"Fifty years from now," she prophesies, "tipping in this country will be practically abolished. Since the World War, there is a new traveling public in America. The great body of these new travelers are willing to pay their way and to pay fairly. But they object—in principle and as a matter of fairness and convenience—to tipping. What they want they are going to get. This hotel is just pointing the way it can be done."

She speaks with the assurance born of success. For this experiment in non-tipping, started at the worst possible time, during the business slump of 1921, is paying regular dividends and bids fair to pay bigger ones.

The credit belongs justly to Miss Lindsley. She asked for the hotel while its walls were rising. She planned the unique system of management (unique in that it has no parallel) by which the hotel pays a living wage to bell-boys, waitresses, and chambermaids. The entire force of the hotel is sold heart and soul to the non-tipping idea, and the members are prepared to demonstrate in service that it can be done, and well done.

When I told Miss Lindsley that I should like to ask questions, her gray eyes twinkled.

"We would have many interruptions here," she suggested. "Suppose we run along the Potomac." So we ran down under the magnolias which help make spring in Washington lovelier, and we talked and talked. There are gray threads in Mary Lindsley's hair, more than her forty-eight years justify. But then she served at a British Base Hospital during the two years of our participation in the World War, and gray hairs came rather rapidly at that period. No other hint of that terrific experience remains. She is as cheerful and wholesome as a breath of fresh air. And she is having a glorious time with life.

"Pathfinders have not only to find a way but to show it to all the others, haven't they?" she said gayly. "Well, I'll put it all in a nutshell. I've had lots of practice answering questions as to how it can be done! Nobody knew anything about a non-tipping hotel when we began. All the research I could do brought nothing to light. We had to have some basis to work from, so we matched the minimum wage paid by the United States Government, which is a living wage in this city. Government clerks begin at $65 a month. Our chambermaids begin at that,

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our waitresses at $71.50, our bell-boys at $75. We run just like a high-class office on a 48-hour week, with paid vacations and paid sick leave after the first six months' service. We raise wages every six months for the first two years and then raise individuals according to the judgment of the managers. All overtime work is paid extra."

"But," I protested, "ordinarily bell-boys get from $25 to $35 a month, and waitresses work for a dollar a day or less and chambermaids for as little as $35 a month. How can you do it?"

"For one thing," said Miss Lindsley with decision, "there are no perquisites attached to any job at the Dodge Hotel. All employees live outside unless they pay guest-rates for rooms. Nobody gets free meals. I, as manager, pay like everyone else, except for a ten per cent discount on my own meals in the dining-room. There is a cafeteria for employees where good meals are served at cost. But no one has any privileges."

Lest some reader is now elevating a sophisticated eyebrow, I hasten to add that I personally tried to tip the hotel employees. Of twenty, just one took a tip, and he had disappeared on my second stay. Bell-boys brought me papers and magazines, a typewriter, laundry. I checked my wraps at the checkroom off the dining-room; porters took my bags; a starter helped me in and out of taxis. Waitresses brought me attractively served and wonderfully cooked food, and all this without tips. As the beauty parlor and the bootblack stand are under hotel management, I had my hair done and my shoes polished without tipping.

I liked it. As a seasoned traveler, I still suffer agonies of anxiety as to whether I have the right amount of dimes and quarters, and I always have sharp twinges of conscience when I give a half-dollar for a fifteen-cent service just because I don't dare ask for change. What the bell-boy might think terrifies the best of us. At this hotel I was at peace.

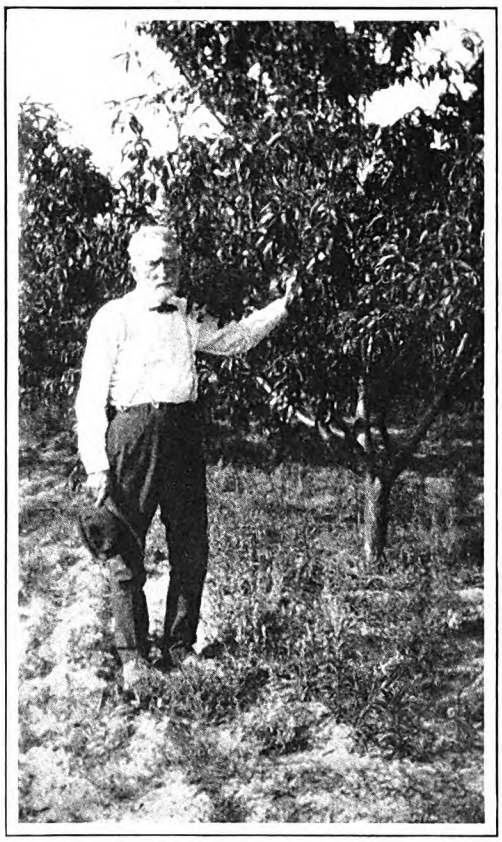
And peace, says Mary Lindsley, is what people who stay in hotels should have.

Twenty-five thousand guests stayed at the Dodge Hotel last year. Lords and princesses sign beside distinguished Americans. The dining-room seldom lacks a senator, a congressman or so, and maybe a chief justice. For three years after its opening, the hotel received only women. But men came with their families and demanded admission. From the time of the Coolidge inauguration the hotel has been open to both sexes.

Mary A. Lindsley has shown us that we may have tipping or not, just as we like.

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

Retire? Why, I'm Just Beginning to Live



"If ever I lose my zest for work," says eighty-six-year-old James D. Fooshe, "I'll know I'm getting old"

"WHEN I was eighty years old, I got the fright of my life," said James D. Fooshe, an octogenarian peach-orchardist of Gracewood, Georgia. "I was a farmer, just like I had been nearly all of my life, when my nine children got together, held a council of war, and insisted that it was time I retired. Said I was working too hard, and that they were going to repay me by making life easy for me; and that I was not to do *another lick of hard work as long as I lived!*

"And they fussed around, and kept right on—until I yielded.

"Well," he continued, drawing a long breath, "I took about three months' trial of the effects of soft living—and it mighty near finished me. So I hustled right out and started a peach orchard."

Almost two thousand peach trees Mr. Fooshe set out on his hillside farm, and today, six years later, he has seen them come into full bearing. "Do you do all the work yourself?" I asked.

"Just me and my old mule," he chuckled, "and a colored boy I call in to pump when I spray my trees. Not having an extra pair of hands I have to do that, you see, for the pumping and spraying just simply can't be done separate."

Always of a pioneering spirit, Mr. Fooshe might be termed the first "diversified farmer" in the South—where diversified methods of planting are now spreading like wildfire in a section that formerly cultivated cotton, and cotton only, year in and year out. Always he had ideas—ideas different from local planters, revolutionary ideas of farming that frequently antagonized those with whom he came in contact.

The hale old planter graphically told me of the early years of hardship and desperate struggle to wrest a living for the twelve children who came with astonishing regularity as the years went by. He went into diversified farming more than fifty years ago. Asked why he employed ideas so radical compared to anything the Southern farmer had ever tried, he replied:

"I know it was like committing sacrilege in a section where the money crop was cotton, cotton, cotton. But when cotton don't bring any money, and you've got a crop of young mouths the size I had to fill, you'll turn anything to account to get them fed.

"I planted cotton—some. But I planted a succession of crops, so that I would have something to sell the whole year round. Then I fattened cattle and sold them—you could buy the poor, starving things cheap in those days. I kept a hundred sheep for the wool, meat, and fertilizer. I kept bees for our sweets, began to grow seed for market—and this proving successful, I also began to raise queen bees. I raised queen bees for A. I. Root, the big bee man, for over forty years—often having orders for fifty queens ahead.

"Making a success of these different ventures was not so easy as it sounds. It meant a lot of hard work, and perseverance.

"But, as I have said, I had a large growing family to raise and to educate. I didn't have a chance for much schooling myself—but I meant that my children should have as good an education as I could possibly get for them. Another revolutionary idea I had in those days was that every person, boy or girl, should be fitted for some profession in life. I hoped it would not be necessary for my girls to have to earn their living—but I wanted them to be prepared for it if they did.

"Nine of my children are living today. All have university educations, and all have more than repaid me for the sacrifices I made for them."

The orchardist smiled as his mind went back reminiscently over the years. Happy memories seemed his!

But to go on with his story:

The years went by—the children married and scattered. His wife died, and Mr. Fooshe, now advanced in years, was left alone. The children begged him to leave the old place, and come and make his home with them. They wanted to make his declining (*Continued on page 155*)

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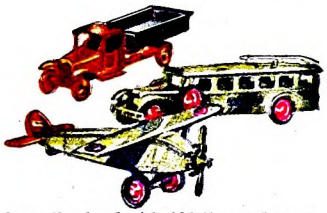

Dump Truck—*holds 120 lbs., 23" long and works almost like a real truck. Made of pressed steel, with real dumping body* *$1.00

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to get a coaster wagon that boys *won't break!*

"I want a coaster wagon that boys won't break, and I'm going to an auto parts maker to get it," our toy buyer announced last Fall.

So he went to a well known worker in pressed steel, who made tough durable automobile fenders, hoods and running boards.

Our buyer, an expert in the manufacture of toys, explained how the wagon should be made—"and build it out of the same material as your sturdiest auto parts," he instructed.

The wagon when completed withstood every test, including the holding of six men with a total weight of 1200 lbs.

Our toy buyer was delighted, and contracted at once for a tremendous number of the wagons. So Sears, Roebuck customers not only get the *best quality* wagons, but also a *much lower price*, because of large quantity buying.

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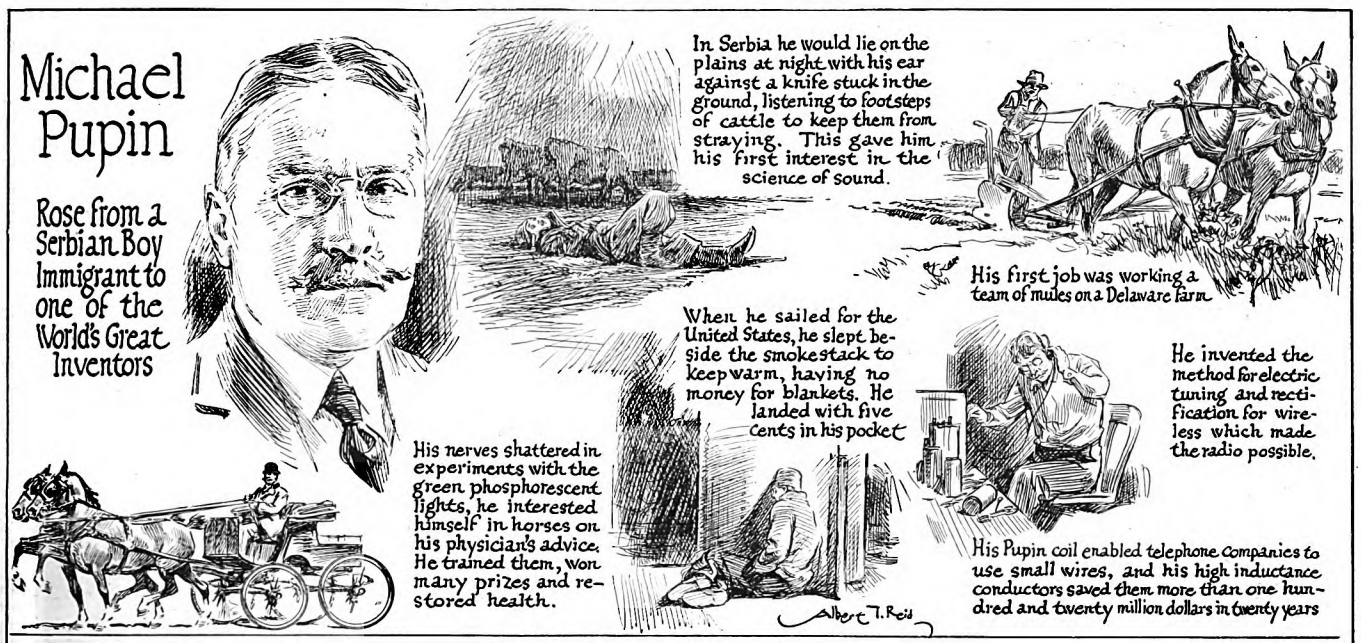

How They Got That Way — *By Dale Carnegie and Albert T. Reid*

The Scarab Murder Case

(*Continued from page 15*)

advice. And, another thing, I felt a little strange in a new country—I wasn't just sure how to go about reporting the matter. . . . So I hurried along to your flat here." He stopped abruptly and watched Vance eagerly. "What's the procedure?"

Vance stretched his long legs before him and lazily contemplated the end of his cigarette.

"I'll take over the procedure," he replied at length; "it's not so dashed complicated, and it varies according to circumstances. One may call the police station, or stick one's head out of the window and scream, or confide in a traffic officer, or simply ignore the corpse and wait for someone else to stumble on it. It amounts to the same thing in the end—the murderer is almost sure to get safely away. . . . However, in the present case I'll vary the system a bit by telephoning to the Criminal Courts Building."

HE TURNED to the mother-of-pearl French telephone on the Venetian tabouret at his side, and asked for a number. A few moments later he was speaking to the District Attorney.

"Greetings, Markham, old dear. Beastly weather, what?" His voice was too indolent to be entirely convincing. "By the by, Benjamin H. Kyle has passed to his Maker by foul means. He's at present lying on the floor of the Bliss Museum with a badly fractured skull. . . . Oh, yes—quite dead, I understand. Are you interested, by any chance? Thought I'd be unfriendly and notify you. . . . Sad—sad. . . . I'm about to make a few observations *in situ criminis*. . . . Tut, tut! This is no time for reproaches. Don't be so deuced serious. . . . Really, I think you'd better come along. . . . Right-o! I'll await you here."

He replaced the receiver on the bracket and again settled back in his chair.

"The District Attorney will be along anon," he announced, "and we'll probably have time for a few observations before the police arrive."

His eyes shifted dreamily to Scarlett.

"Yes . . . as you say . . . I'm acquainted with the Bliss outfit. Fascinatin' possibilities in the affair; it may prove most entertainin'. . . ." (I knew by his expression that his mind was contemplating—not without a certain degree of anticipatory interest—a new criminal problem.) "So, the front door was ajar, eh? And when you called out, no one answered?"

SCARLETT nodded but made no audible reply. He was obviously puzzled by Vance's casual reception of his appalling recital.

"Where were the servants? Couldn't they have heard you call?"

"Not likely. They're in the other side of the house—downstairs. The only person who could have heard me was Doctor Bliss—provided he'd been in his study."

"You could have rung the front doorbell, or summoned someone from the main hall," Vance suggested.

Scarlett shifted in his chair uneasily.

"Quite true," he admitted. "But—dash it all, old man!—I was in a funk. . . ."

"Yes, yes—of course. Most natural. *Prima-facie* evidence and all that. Very suspicious, eh, what? Still, you had no reason for wanting the old codger out of the way, had you?"

"Oh, my God, no!" Scarlett went pale. "He footed the bills. Without his support the Bliss excavations and the museum itself would go by the board."

Vance nodded.

"Bliss told me of the situation when I was in Egypt. . . . Didn't Kyle own the property in which the museum is situated?"

"Yes—both houses. You see, there are two of 'em. Bliss and his family and young Salveter—Kyle's nephew—live in one, and the museum occupies the other. Two doors have been cut through, and the museum-house entrance has been bricked up. So it's practically one establishment."

"And where did Kyle live?"

"In the brownstone house next to the museum. He owned a block of six or seven adjoining houses along the street."

Vance rose and walked meditatively to the window.

"Do you know how Kyle became interested in Egyptology? It was rather out of his line. His weakness was for hospitals and those unspeakable English portraits of the Gainsborough school. He was one of the bidders for the Blue Boy. Luckily for him, he didn't get it."

"It was young Salveter who wangled his uncle into financing Bliss. The boy was a pupil of Bliss's when the latter was Instructor of Egyptology at Harvard. When he was graduated he was at a loose end, and old Kyle financed the expedition to give the lad something to do. Very fond of his nephew, was old Kyle."

"And Salveter's been with Bliss ever since?"

"Very much so. To the extent of living in the same house with him. Hasn't left his side since their first visit to Egypt three years ago. Bliss made him Assistant Curator of the Museum. He deserved the post, too. A bright boy—lives and eats Egyptology."

VANCE returned to the table and rang for Currie.

"The situation has possibilities," he remarked, in his habitual drawl. . . . "By the by, what other members of the Bliss ménage are there?"

"There's Mrs. Bliss—you met her in Cairo—a strange girl, half Egyptian, much younger than Bliss. And then there's Hani, an Egyptian upper servant,

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The Great Tomorrow

By Walter B. Pitkin

Overtaking Tomorrow in the Air

Some weeks ago the chronicler of these events had to make a speedy business trip from Los Angeles to New York and back. That meant air travel. On the new Transcontinental Air Transport planes he crossed the continent in just forty-eight hours, then recrossed it. Which struck him as pretty brisk jogging. In fact, he worked himself up into a considerable lather of excitement. A matchless performance! It would be a long time before anybody could beat that! And then . . .

Before he reached the airport on the return journey, he looked down through a couple of miles of air in Kansas—or was it Oklahoma?—and saw some queer yellow towers strung across the world in a straight line. They weren't windmills. Nor oil wells. Then what?

"Beacons for night flying," explained the aviator. "Within a few weeks, we shall run passenger planes with berths. Now you have to get out and take a train, thus losing much time. It's absurd to spend forty-eight hours between Los Angeles and New York. Come back in a few months, and you'll make the trip in thirty-six hours—and sleep in real comfort above the clouds."

We're flying so fast toward the Great Tomorrow that, if we don't look out, we may overhaul and pass the darned thing. And then it will be a Wee Yesterday! But we'll not all be out of jobs, for ahead will loom another Great Tomorrow.

And Now the Diesel of the Air!

Less than one year ago Elmer Sperry, the brilliant inventor of the gyroscope and a hundred other things, remarked to this chronicler: "Studies of the Diesel indicate that it can be adapted to airplanes. We are at work on the problem now. It won't be long before Diesels will fly."

Some six months later the first Diesel flew from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. It used less fuel and cheaper fuel than any gasoline motor; and it was vastly safer.

Only three months ago a Detroit factory decided upon mass production of this same Diesel. Within a year the plant will probably be running full blast.

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whom Bliss brought back with him—or, rather, whom *Mrs.* Bliss brought back with *her*. Hani was an old retainer of Meri's father. . . ."

"Meri?"

Scarlett blinked and looked ill at ease.

"I meant Mrs. Bliss," he explained. "Her given mame is Meri-Amen. In Egypt, you see, it's customary to think of a lady by her native name."

"Oh, quite. And what position does this Hani occupy in the household?"

Scarlett pursed his lips.

"A somewhat anomalous one, if you ask me. Fellaheen stock—a Coptic Christian of sorts. He accompanied old Abercrombie—Meri's father—on his various tours of exploration, and assisted in cataloging at the Cairo Museum. When Abercrombie died, he acted as a kind of foster father to Meri. He was attached to the Bliss expedition this spring in the capacity of Field Inspector of Antiquities for the Egyptian government. He's a sort of high-class handy-man about the museum. Knows a lot of Egyptology, too."

"Does he hold any official post with the Egyptian government now?"

"That I don't know . . . though I wouldn't be surprised if he's doing a bit of patriotic spying. You never can tell about these chaps."

"And do these persons complete the household?"

"There are two American servants—Brush, the butler, and Dingle, the cook."

Currie entered the room at this moment.

"Oh, I say, Currie," Vance addressed him; "an eminent gentleman has just been murdered in the neighborhood, and I am going to view the body. Lay out a dark gray suit and my Bangkok. A somber tie, of course. . . . And, Currie—the Amontillado first."

"Yes, sir."

CURRIE received the news as if murders were everyday events in his life, and went out.

"Do you know any reason, Scarlett," Vance asked, "why Kyle should have been put out of the way?"

The other hesitated almost imperceptibly.

"Can't imagine," he said, knitting his brows. "He was a kindly, generous old fellow—pompous and rather vain, but eminently likable. I'm not acquainted with his private life, though. He may have had enemies. . . ."

"Still," suggested Vance, "it's not exactly likely that an enemy would have followed him to the museum and wreaked vengeance on him in a strange place, when anyone might have walked in."

Scarlett sat up abruptly.

"But you're not implying that anyone in the house—"

"My dear fellow!"

Currie entered the room at this moment with the sherry, and Vance poured out three glasses. When we had drunk the wine he excused himself to dress. Scarlett paced up and down restlessly during the quarter of an hour Vance was absent.

Almost at the moment when Vance returned to the library an automobile horn sounded raucously outside. Markham was below waiting for us.

AS WE walked toward the door Vance asked Scarlett:

"Was it custom'ry for Kyle to be in the museum at this hour of the morning?"

"No, most unusual. But Doctor Bliss had made an appointment with him for this morning, to discuss the expenditures of the last expedition and the possibilities of continuing the excavations."

"You knew of this appointment?"

"Oh, yes. Doctor Bliss called him by phone last night during the conference, when we were assembling the report."

"Well, well." Vance passed out into the hall. "So there were others who also knew that Kyle would be at the museum this morning."

Scarlett halted and looked startled.

"Really, you're not intimating—"

"Who heard the appointment made?" Vance was already descending the stairs.

Scarlett followed him with puzzled, downcast eyes.

"Well, let me see. . . . There was Salveter, and Hani, and . . ."

"Pray, don't hesitate."

"And Mrs. Bliss."

"Everyone in the household, then, but Brush and Dingle?"

"Yes. . . . But see here, Vance; the appointment was for eleven o'clock and the poor old duffer was done in before half past ten."

"That's most inveiglin'," Vance murmured.

II

THE VENGEANCE OF SEKHMET

(Friday, July 13; 11:30 A. M.)

MARKHAM greeted Vance with a look of sour reproach.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded tartly. "I was in the midst of an important committee meeting—"

"The meaning is still to be ascertained," Vance interrupted, stepping into the car. "The cause of your ungracious presence, however, is a most fascinatin' murder."

Markham shot him a shrewd look, and gave orders to the chauffeur to drive with all possible haste to the Bliss Museum. He recognized the symptoms of Vance's perturbation: a frivolous outward attitude on Vance's part was always indicative of an inner seriousness.

Markham and he had been friends for fifteen years, and Vance had aided him in many of his investigations. In fact, he had come to depend on Vance's assistance in the more complicated criminal cases that came under his jurisdiction.*

It would be difficult to find two men so diametrically opposed to each other temperamentally. Markham was stern, aggressive, straightforward, grave, and a trifle ponderous. Vance was debonair, whimsical, and superficially cynical—an amateur of the arts, and with only an impersonal concern in serious social and moral problems. But this very disparateness seemed to bind them together.

On our way to the museum, a few blocks distant, Scarlett recounted briefly to the District Attorney the details of his macabre discovery.

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*As legal adviser, monetary steward, and constant companion of Philo Vance, I kept a complete record of the principal criminal cases in which he participated during Markham's incumbency. Four of these cases I have already recorded in book form—"The Benson Murder Case" (Scribner's, 1926); "The 'Canary' Murder Case" (Scribner's, 1927); "The Greene Murder Case" (Scribner's, 1928); and "The Bishop Murder Case" (Scribner's, 1929).

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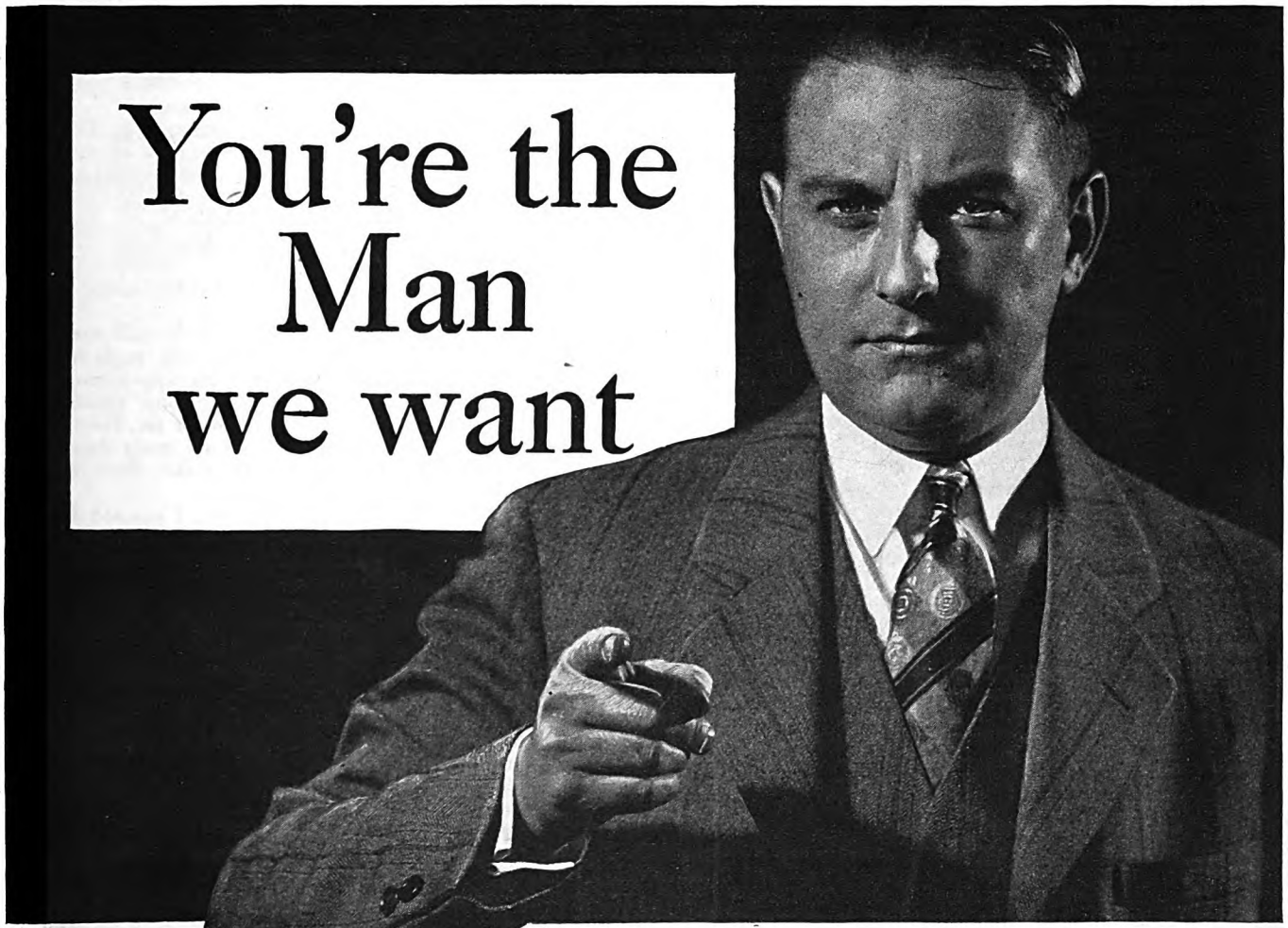

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Markham listened attentively. Then he turned to Vance.

"Of course, it may be just an act of thuggery—someone from the street. . . ."

"Oh, my aunt!" Vance sighed and shook his head lugubriously. "Really, y' know, thugs don't enter conspicuous private houses in broad daylight and rap persons over the head with statues. They at least bring their own weapons and choose *mises en scène* which offer some degree of safety."

"Well, anyway," Markham grumbled, "I've notified Sergeant Heath.* He'll be along presently."

At the corner of Twentieth Street and Fourth Avenue he halted the car. A uniformed patrolman stood before a signal box, who, on recognizing the District Attorney, came to attention and saluted.

"Hop in the front seat, Officer," Markham ordered. "We may need you."

When we reached the museum Markham stationed the officer at the foot of the steps leading to the double front door; and we at once ascended to the vestibule.

I made a casual mental note of the two houses, which Scarlett had already briefly described to us. Each had a twenty-five-foot frontage, and was constructed of large flat blocks of brownstone. The house on the right had no entrance—it had obviously been walled up. Nor were there any windows on the areaway level. The house on the left, however, had not been altered. It was three stories high; and a broad flight of stone stairs, with high stone banisters, led to the first floor. The "basement," as was usual in such structures, was a little below the street level. The two houses had at one time been exactly alike, and now, with the alterations and the one entrance, gave the impression of being a single establishment.

AS WE entered the shallow vestibule—a characteristic of all the old brownstone mansions along the street—I noticed that the heavy oak entrance door, which Scarlett had said was ajar earlier in the morning, was now closed. Vance, too, remarked the fact, for he at once turned to Scarlett and asked:

"Did you close the door when you left the house?"

Scarlett looked seriously at the massive panels, as if trying to recall his actions.

"Really, old man, I can't remember," he answered. "I was devilishly upset. I may have shut the door. . . ."

Vance tried the knob, and the door opened.

"Well, well. The latch has been set, anyway. Very careless on someone's part. . . . Is that usual?"

Scarlett looked astonished.

"Never knew it to be unlatched."

Vance held up his hand, indicating that we were to remain in the vestibule, and stepped quietly inside to the steel door on the right leading into the museum. We could see him open it gingerly but could not distinguish what was beyond. He disappeared for a moment.

"Oh, Kyle's quite dead," he announced somberly on his return. "And apparently no one has discovered him yet." He cautiously reclosed the front door. "We sha'n't take advantage of the latch being set," he added. "We'll abide by the conventions and see who answers." Then he pressed the bell-button.

A FEW moments later the door was opened by a cadaverous, chlorotic man in butler's livery. He bowed to Scarlett, and coldly inspected the rest of us.

"Brush, I believe." It was Vance who spoke.

The man bowed slightly without taking his eyes off of us.

"Is Doctor Bliss in?" Vance asked.

Brush shifted his gaze interrogatively to Scarlett. Receiving an assuring nod, he opened the door a little wider.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "He's in his study. Who shall I say is calling?"

"You needn't disturb him, Brush." Vance stepped into the entrance hall, and we followed him. "Has the doctor been in his study all morning?"

The butler drew himself up and attempted to reprove Vance with a look of haughty indignation.

Vance smiled, not unkindly.

"Your manner is quite correct, Brush. But we're not wanting lessons in etiquette. This is Mr. Markham, the District Attorney of New York; and we're here for information. Do you care to give it voluntarily?"

The man had caught sight of the uniformed officer at the foot of the stone steps, and his face paled.

"You'll be doing the doctor a favor by answering," Scarlett put in.

"Doctor Bliss has been in his study since nine o'clock," the butler replied.

"How can you be sure of that fact?" Vance asked.

"I brought him his breakfast there; and I've been on this floor ever since."

"Doctor Bliss's study," interjected Scarlett, "is at the rear of this hall." He pointed to a curtained door at the end of the wide corridor.

"He should be able to hear us now," remarked Markham.

"No, the door is padded," Scarlett explained. "The study is his *sanctum sanctorum;* and no sounds can reach him from the house."

The butler, his eyes like two glittering pin-points, had started to move away.

"Just a moment, Brush." Vance's voice halted him. "Who else is in the house at this time?"

The man turned, and when he answered it seemed to me that his voice quavered slightly. "Mr. Hani is upstairs. He has been indisposed—"

"Oh, has he, now?" Vance took out his cigarette-case. "And the other members of the household?"

"Mrs. Bliss went out about nine—to do some shopping, so I understood her to say.—Mr. Salveter left the house shortly afterwards."

"And Dingle?"

"She's in the kitchen, below, sir."

Vance studied the butler appraisingly.

"You need a tonic, Brush. A combination of iron, arsenic, and strychnine would build you up."

"Yes, sir. I've been thinking of consulting a doctor. . . . It's lack of fresh air, sir."

"Just so." Vance had selected one of his beloved *Régies*, and was lighting it with meticulous care. "By the by, Brush; what about Mr. Kyle? He called here this morning, I understand."

"He's in the museum. . . . I'd forgotten, sir. Doctor Bliss may be with him."

"Indeed! And what time did Mr. Kyle arrive?"

"About ten o'clock."

"Did you admit him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you notify Doctor Bliss of his arrival?"

"No, sir. Mr. Kyle told me not to disturb the doctor. He explained that he was early for his appointment, and wished to look over some curios in the museum for an hour or so. He said he'd knock on the doctor's study door later."

"And he went direct into the museum?"

"Yes, sir—in fact, I opened the door for him."

Vance drew luxuriously on his cigarette for a moment.

"One more thing, Brush. I note that the latch on the front door has been set, so that anyone from the outside could enter the house without ringing. . . ."

THE man gave a slight start and, going quickly to the door, bent over and inspected the lock.

"So it is, sir. . . . Very strange."

Vance watched him closely.

"Why strange?"

"Well, sir, it wasn't unlatched when Mr. Kyle came at ten o'clock. I looked at it specially when I let him in. He said he wished to be left alone in the museum, and as members of the house sometimes leave the door on the latch when they go out for a short time, I made sure that no one had done so this morning. Otherwise they might have come in and disturbed Mr. Kyle without my warning them."

"But, Brush," interjected Scarlett excitedly; "when I got here at half past ten the door was open—"

Vance made an admonitory gesture.

"That's all right, Scarlett." Then he turned back to the butler. "Where did you go after admitting Mr. Kyle?"

"Into the drawing-room." The man pointed to a large sliding door halfway down the hall on the left, at the foot of the stairs.

"And remained there till when?"

"Till ten minutes ago."

"Did you hear Mr. Scarlett come in and go out of the front door?"

"No, sir. . . . But then, I was using the vacuum cleaner. The noise of the motor—"

"Quite so. But if the vacuum cleaner's motor was hummin', how do you know that Doctor Bliss did not leave his study?"

"The drawing-room door was open, sir. I'd have seen him if he came out."

"But he might have gone into the museum and left the house by the front door without your hearing him. Y' know, you didn't hear Mr. Scarlett enter."

"That would have been out of the question, sir. Doctor Bliss wore only a light dressing gown over his pyjamas. His clothes are all upstairs."

"Very good, Brush. . . . And now, one more question. Has the front doorbell rung since Mr. Kyle's arrival?"

"No, sir."

*Sergeant Ernest Heath, of the Homicide Bureau, had worked with Markham on most of his important cases. He was an honest, capable, but uninspired police officer, who, after the Benson and the "Canary" murder cases, had come to respect Vance highly. Vance admired the Sergeant; and the two—despite their fundamental differences in outlook and training—collaborated with admirable smoothness.

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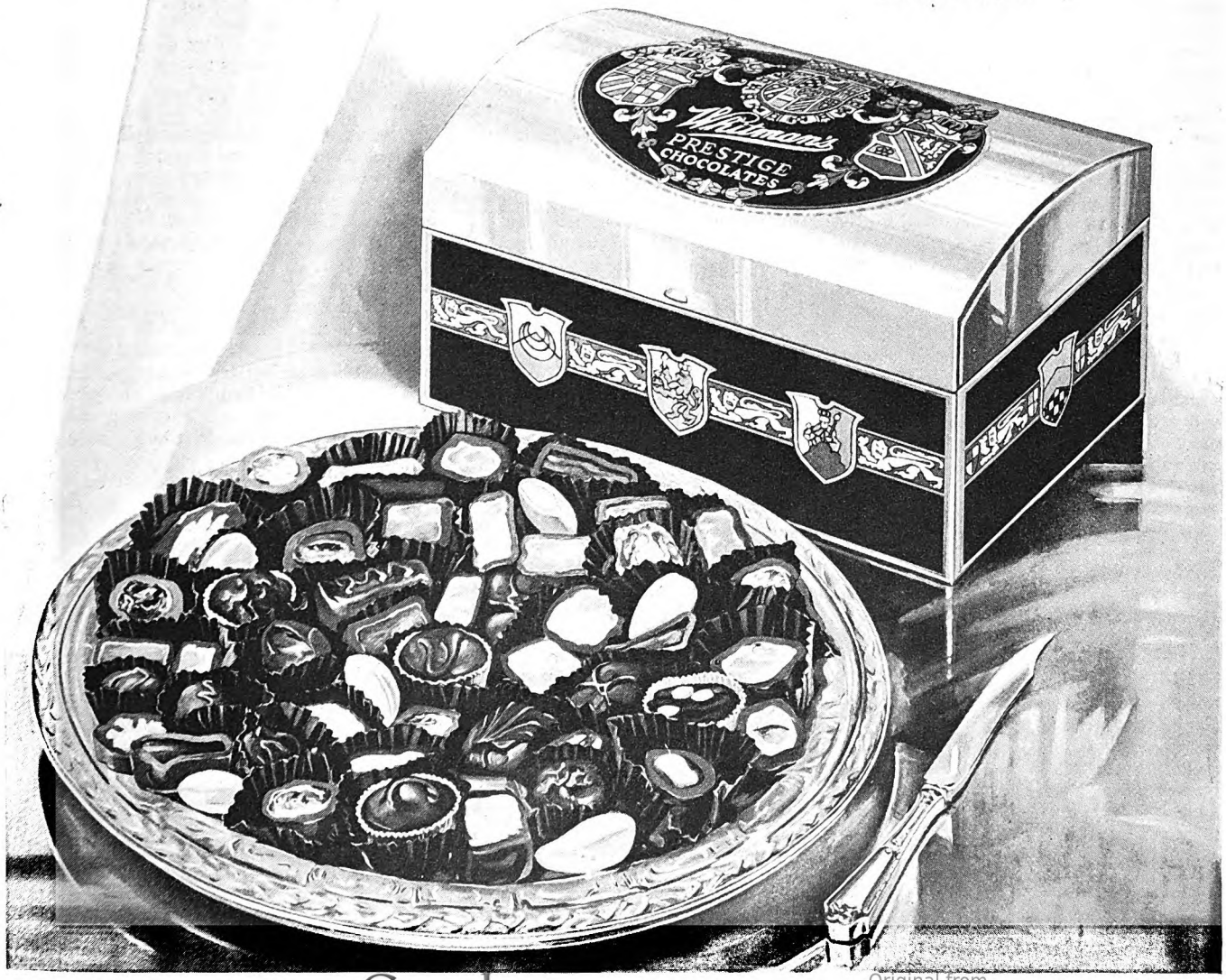

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"Maybe it rang and Dingle answered it. . . . That motor hum, don't y' know."

"She would have come up and told me, sir. She never answers the door in the mornings. She's not in presentable habiliments till afternoon."

"Quite characteristically feminine," Vance murmured. . . . "That will be all for the present, Brush. You may go downstairs and wait for our call. An accident has happened to Mr. Kyle, and we are going to look into it. You are to say nothing . . . understand?" His voice had suddenly become stern and ominous.

Brush drew himself up with a quick intake of breath; he appeared positively ill, and I almost expected him to faint.

"Certainly, sir—I understand." His words were articulated with great effort. Then he walked away unsteadily and disappeared down the rear stairs to the left of Doctor Bliss's study door.

Vance spoke in a low voice to Markham, who immediately beckoned to the officer in the street below.

"You are to stand in the vestibule here," he ordered. "When Sergeant Heath and his men come, bring them to us at once. We'll be in there." He indicated the steel door leading into the museum. "If anyone else calls, hold them and notify us. Don't let anyone ring the bell."

The officer saluted and took up his post; and the rest of us, with Vance leading the way, passed through the steel door into the museum.

A flight of carpeted stairs; four feet wide, led down along the wall to the floor of the enormous room beyond, which was on the street level. The first-story floor—the one which had been even with the hallway of the house we had just quitted—had been removed, so that the room of the museum was two stories high. Two huge pillars, with steel beams and diagonal joists, had been erected as supports. Moreover, the walls marking the former rooms had been demolished. The result was that the room occupied the entire width and length of the house—about twenty-five by seventy feet—and had a ceiling almost twenty feet high.

At the front were a series of tall, leaded-glass windows running across the entire width of the building; and at the rear, above a series of oak cabinets, a similar row of windows had been cut. The curtains of the front windows were drawn, but those at the rear were open.

AS WE stood for a moment at the head of the steps I noted a small circular iron stairway at the rear leading to a small steel door on the same level as the door through which we had entered.

The arrangement of the museum in relation to the house which served as living quarters for the Blisses, was to prove of considerable importance in Vance's solution of Benjamin H. Kyle's murder, and for purposes of clarity I am including in this record a plan of the two houses. The floor of the museum, as I have said, was on the street level—it had formerly been the "basement" floor. And it must be borne in mind that the rooms indicated on the left-hand half of the plan were one story above the museum floor and halfway between the museum floor and the ceiling.

My eyes at once searched the opposite corner of the room for the murdered man; but that part of the museum was in shadow, and all I could see was a dark mass, like a recumbent human body, in front of the farthest rear cabinet.

Vance and Markham had descended the stairs, while Scarlett and I waited on the upper landing. Vance went straightway to the front of the museum and pulled the draw-cords of the curtains. Light flooded the semi-darkness; and for the first time I took in the beautiful and amazing contents of that great room.

IN THE center of the opposite wall rose a ten-foot obelisk from Heliopolis, commemorating an expedition of Queen Hetshepshut of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and bearing her cartouche. To the right and left of the obelisk stood two plaster-cast portrait statues—one of Queen Totisheri of the Seventeenth Dynasty, and the other a black replica of the famous Turin statue of Rameses II—considered the finest piece of sculptured portraiture in antiquity.

Above and beside them hung several papyri, framed and under glass, their faded burnt-orange backgrounds—punctuated with red, yellow, green, and white patches—making splashes of attractive color against the dingy gray plaster of the wall. Four large limestone bas-reliefs, taken from a Nineteenth-Dynasty tomb at Memphis and containing passages from the Book of the Dead, were aligned above the papyri.

Beneath the front windows stood a black granite Twenty-second-Dynasty sarcophagus fully ten feet long, its front and sides covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions. It was surmounted by a mummy-shaped lid, showing the soul bird, or Ba—with its falcon's form and human head. This sarcophagus was one of the rarest in America, and had been brought to this country by Doctor Bliss from the ancient necropolis at Uast, or Thebes. In the corner beyond was a cedar-wood statue of an Asiatic, found in Palestine—a relic of the conquests of Thutmose III.

Near the foot of the stairs on which I stood loomed the majestic Khefre statue from the Fourth Dynasty. It was made of black plaster of Paris, varnished and polished in imitation of the original diorite. It stood nearly eight feet high; and its dignity and power and magistral calm seemed to dominate the entire museum.*

Beyond the statue, and extending all the way to the spiral stairs at the rear, was a row of anthropomorphic mummy cases, gaudily decorated in gold and brilliant colors. Above them hung two enormously enlarged tinted photographs—one showing the Colossi of Memnon, the other depicting the great Amon Temple at Karnak.

Around the two supporting columns in the center of the museum deep shelves had been built, and on them reposed a fascinating array of ushabtis—beautifully carved and gayly painted wooden figures—taken from the tomb of Mehenkwetre, the chancellor and steward of the royal palace during the reign of Pharaoh Nebhapetre Mentuhotpe III of the Eleventh Dynasty.*

Extending between the two pillars was a long, low, velvet-covered table, perhaps fourteen feet in length, bearing a beautiful collection of alabaster perfumery and canopic vases, blue lotiform jars, kohl pots of polished obsidian, and several cylindrical carved cosmetic jars of semi-translucent and opaque calcite. At the rear of the room was a squat coffer with inlays of blue glazed faïence, white and red ivory and black ebony; and beside it stood a carved chair of state, decorated in gesso and gilt, and bearing a design of lotus flowers and buds.

Across the front of the room ran a long glass showcase containing pectoral collars of cloisonné, amulets in majolica, shell pendants, girdles of gold cowries, rhombic beads of carnelian and feldspar, bracelets and anklets and finger rings, gold and ebony fans, and a collection of scarabs of most of the Pharaohs down to Ptolemaic times.

Around the walls, just below the ceiling, ran a five-foot frieze—the reproduction of the famous Rhapsody of Pentewere, commemorating the victory of Rameses II over the Hittites at Kadesh in Syria.

AS SOON as Vance had opened the heavy curtains of the front windows, he and Markham moved toward the rear of the room. Scarlett and I descended the stairs and followed them. Kyle was lying on his face, his legs slightly drawn up under him, and his arms reaching out and encircling the feet of a life-size statue in the corner. I had seen reproductions of this statue many times, but I did not know its name.

It was Vance who enlightened me. He stood contemplating the huddled body of the dead man, and slowly his eyes shifted to the ominous sculpture—a brown limestone carving of a man with a jackal's head, holding a scepter.

"Anubis," he murmured, his face set tensely. "The Egyptian god of the underworld. Y' know, Markham, Anubis was the god who prowled about the tombs of the dead. He guided the dead through Amenti—the shadowy abode of Osiris. He plays an important part in the Book of the Dead—he symbolized the grave; and he weighed the souls of men, and assigned each to its abode. Without Anubis's help the soul would never have found the Realm of Shades. He was the only friend of the dying and the dead. . . . And here is Kyle, in an attitude of final and humble entreaty before him."

Vance's eyes rested for a moment on the repellent features of Anubis. Then his gaze moved dreamily to the prostrate man who, but for the hideous wound in his head, might have been paying obeisance to the underworld god. He pointed to the smaller statue which had caused Kyle's death.

This statue was about two feet long and was black and shiny. It still lay diagonally across the back of the murdered man's skull; it seemed to have been caught and held there in the concavity made by the blow. An irregular pool of dark blood had formed beside the head,

*Khefre was the builder of the great Sphinx, and also of one of the three great Gizeh pyramids—Ur ("The Mighty"), now known as the Second Pyramid.

*These models, as I learned later, had been found by Doctor Bliss in the spring of 1920; and he had given a large number of them to the Metropolitan Museum.

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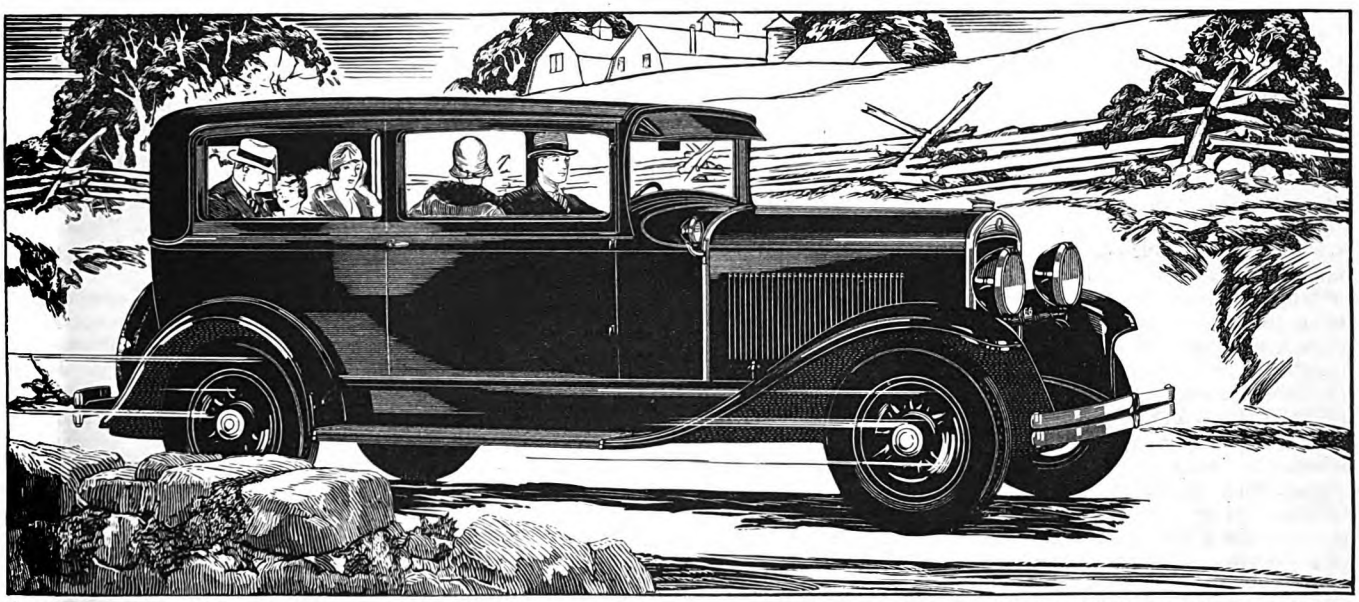

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and I noted—without giving the matter any particular thought—that one point of the periphery of the pool had been smeared outward over the polished maple-wood floor.

"I don't like this, Markham," Vance was saying in a low voice. "I don't like it at all. . . . That diorite statue, which killed Kyle, is Sekhmet, the Egyptian goddess of vengeance—the destroying element. She was the goddess who protected the good and annihilated the wicked—the goddess who slayed. The Egyptians believed in her violent power; and there are many strange legend'ry tales of her dark and terrible acts of revenge. . . ."

III

SCARABÆUS SACER

(Friday, July 13; noon.)

VANCE frowned slightly and studied the small black figure for a moment. "It may mean nothing—surely nothing supernatural—but the fact that this particular statue was chosen for the murder makes me wonder if there may not be something diabolical and sinister and superstitious in this affair."

"Come, come, Vance!" Markham spoke with forced matter-of-factness. "This is modern New York, not legendary Egypt."

"Yes . . . oh, yes. But superstition is still a ruling factor in so-called human nature. Moreover, there are many more convenient weapons in this room—weapons fully as lethal and more readily wielded. Why should a cumbersome, heavy statue of Sekhmet have been chosen for the deed? . . . In any event, it took a strong man to swing it with such force."

He looked toward Scarlett, whose eyes had been fixed on the dead man with a stare of fascination.

"Where was this statue kept?"

Scarlett blinked.

"Why—let me see. . . ." He was obviously trying to collect his wits. "Ah, yes. On the top of that cabinet." He pointed unsteadily to the row of wide shelves in front of Kyle's body. "It was one of the new pieces we unpacked yesterday. Hani placed it there. You see, we used that end cabinet temporarily for the new items, until we could arrange and catalog 'em properly."

There were ten sections in the row of cabinets that extended across the rear of the museum, each one being about two and a half feet wide and a little over seven feet high. These cabinets—which in reality were but open shelves—were filled with all manner of curios: scores of examples of pottery and wooden vases, scent bottles, alabaster lamps, breastplates, bows and arrows, adzes, swords, daggers, sistra, bronze and copper hand mirrors, ivory game boards, perfume boxes, whip handles, palm-leaf sandals, wooden combs, palettes, head rests, reed baskets, carved spoons, plasterers' tools, sacrificial flint knives, terra-cotta masks and grotesques, statuettes, coronets, and the like.

Each cabinet had a separate curtain of a material which looked like silk rep, suspended with brass rings on a small metal rod. The curtains to all the cabinets were drawn open, with the exception of the one on the end cabinet before which the dead body of Kyle lay. The curtain of this cabinet was only partly drawn.

Vance had turned round.

"And what about the Anubis, Scarlett?" he asked. "Was it a recent acquisition?"

"That came yesterday, too. It was placed in that corner—to keep the shipment together."

Vance nodded, and walked to the partly-curtained cabinet. He stood for several moments peering into the shelves.

"Very interestin'," he murmured, almost as if to himself. "I see you have a most unusual post-Hyksos bearded sphinx. . . . And that blue-glass vessel is very lovely . . . though not as lovely as yon blue-paste panther-head. . . . Ah! I note many evidences of old Intef's bellicose nature—that battle-ax, for instance. . . . And, my word! there are some scimitars and daggers which look positively Asiatic. And"—he peered closely into the top shelf—"a most fascinatin' collection of ceremonial maces."

"Things Doctor Bliss picked up on his recent expedition," explained Scarlett. "Those flint and porphyry maces came from the antechamber of Intef's tomb. . . ."

AT THIS moment the great metal door of the museum creaked on its hinges, and Sergeant Ernest Heath and three detectives appeared at the head of the stairs. The Sergeant immediately descended into the room, leaving his men on the little landing.

He greeted Markham with the usual ritualistic handshake.

"Howdy, sir," he rumbled. "I got here as soon as I could. Brought three of the boys from the Bureau, and sent word to Captain Dubois and Doc Doremus* to follow us up."

"It looks as if we might be in for another unpleasant scandal, Sergeant." Markham's tone was pessimistic. "That's Benjamin H. Kyle."

Heath stared aggressively at the dead man and grunted.

"A nasty job," he commented through his teeth. "What in hell is that thing he was croaked with?"

Vance, who had been leaning over the shelves of the cabinet, his back to us, now turned round with a genial smile.

"That, Sergeant, is Sekhmet, an ancient goddess of the primitive Egyptians. But she isn't in hell, so to speak. This gentleman, however"—he touched the tall statue of Anubis—"is from the nether regions."

"I mighta known you'd be here, Mr. Vance." Heath grinned with genuine friendliness, and held out his hand. "I've got you down on my suspect list. Every time there's a fancy homicide, who do I find on the spot but Mr. Philo Vance! . . . Glad to see you, Mr. Vance. I reckon you'll get your psychological processes to working now and clean this mystery up *pronto*."

"It'll take more than psychology to solve this case, I'm afraid." Vance had grasped the Sergeant's hand cordially. "A smatterin' of Egyptology might help, don't y' know."

"I'll leave that nifty stuff to you, Mr. Vance. What I want, first and foremost, is the fingerprints on that—that—" He bent over the small statue of Sekhmet. "That's the damnedest thing I ever saw. The guy who sculped that was cuckoo. It's got a lion's head with a big ball on the dome."

"The lion's head of Sekhmet is undoubtedly totemistic, Sergeant," explained Vance good-naturedly. "And that 'ball' is a representation of the solar disk. The snake peering from the forehead is a cobra—or uræus—and was the sign of royalty."

"Have it your own way, sir." The Sergeant had become impatient. "What I want is the fingerprints."

He swung about and walked toward the front of the museum.

"Hey, Snitkin!" he called belligerently to one of the men on the stair landing. "Relieve that officer outside—send him back to his beat. And bring Dubois in here as soon as he shows up." Then he returned to Markham. "Who'll give me the low-down on this, sir?"

Markham introduced him to Scarlett.

"This gentleman," he said, "found Mr. Kyle. He can tell you all we know of the case thus far."

Scarlett and Heath talked together for five minutes or so, the Sergeant maintaining throughout the conversation an attitude of undisguised suspicion. It was a basic principle with him that everyone was guilty until one's innocence had been completely and irrefutably established.

Vance in the meantime had been bending over Kyle's body with an intentness that puzzled me. Presently his eyes narrowed slightly and he went down on one knee, thrusting his head forward to within a foot of the floor. Then he took out his monocle, polished it carefully, and adjusted it. Markham and I both watched him in silence. After a few moments he straightened up.

"I say, Scarlett; is there a magnifyin' glass handy?"

SCARLETT, who had just finished talking to Sergeant Heath, went at once to the glass case containing the scarabs and opened one of the drawers.

"What sort of a museum would this be without a magnifier?" he asked, with a feeble attempt at jocularity, holding out a Coddington lens.

Vance took it and turned to Heath.

"May I borrow your flashlight, Sergeant?"

"Sure thing!" Heath handed him a push-button flash.

Vance again knelt down, and with the flashlight in one hand and the lens in the other, inspected a tiny oblong object that lay about a foot from Kyle's body.

"Sa Ra . . . Suten Bat . . . Nub-Kheperu-re . . . Intef." His voice was low and resonant.

The Sergeant put his hands in his pockets and sniffed.

"And what language might that be, Mr. Vance?" he asked.

"It's the transliteration of a few ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. I'm reading from this scarab. . . ."

The Sergeant had become interested. He stepped forward and leaned over the object that Vance was inspecting.

"A scarab, huh?"

*Captain Dubois was then the fingerprint expert of the New York Police Department; and Doctor Emanuel Doremus was the Medical Examiner.

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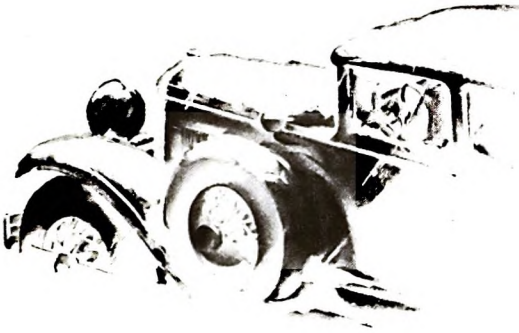
"Now we'll go home . . . maybe!"



At midnight you and your wife say goodnight, and go out to the car. While you've been inside playing bridge, your engine has been standing for hours in the cold night.

"Now we'll go home!" you say. You step on the starter.

"Maybe!" the engine answers, as the starter slowly grinds the crankshaft.

* * *

The new Mobiloil Arctic, which is recommended for most cars in winter, will retain absolute fluidity in the coldest weather, and give complete lubrication at *all* operating temperatures.

Find your car in the chart at the right. Then drain and refill with the correct grade of the new Mobiloil for your engine, *for this time of the year*, as shown in red. Remember that the first few moments of cold starting and running with a heavy oil, may easily bring more destructive wear than miles of ordinary driving.

The new Mobiloil is the result of years of searching study and experiment with every make and model of engine. Mobiloil engineers were the first to advocate a special oil for winter use. They have studied the engine in your car in the Mobiloil cold-weather laboratory and under actual winter driving conditions. Now, from this knowledge and experience, they tell you with assurance that the new Mobiloil for winter use will keep the first-year feel in your engine, lubricate efficiently and *last longer*.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

Change to the New Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant Now

You can further fortify your engine against the wear and strain of the cold winter months ahead by having your transmission and differential drained and refilled with the new Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant. Many transmission and gear lubricants separate out in cold weather. Others tend to harden. The new Mobiloil "CW" maintains its original composition and clings tenaciously to each gear tooth. This lightens the engine load and makes gear shifting easy in even the coldest weather.

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil

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"Yes, Sergeant. Sometimes called a scarabee, or scarabæid, or scarabæus—that is to say, beetle. . . . This little oval bit of lapis lazuli was the sacred symbol of the old Egyptians. . . . This particular one, by the by, is most fascinatin'. It is the state seal of Intef V—a Pharaoh of the Seventeenth Dynasty. About 1650 B. C.—or over thirty-five hundred years ago—he wore it. It bears the title and throne name of Intefoe, or Intef. His Horus name was Nefer-Kheperu, if I remember correctly. He was one of the native Egyptian rulers at Thebes during the reign of the Hyksos in the Delta.* The tomb of this gentleman is the one that Doctor Bliss has been excavating for several years. . . . And you of course note, Sergeant, that the scarab is set in a modern scarfpin. . . ."

Heath grunted with satisfaction. Here, at least, was a piece of tangible evidence.

"A beetle, is it? And a scarfpin! . . . Well, Mr. Vance, I'd like to get my hands on the bird who wore that blue thingumajig in his cravat."

"I can enlighten you on that point, Sergeant." Vance rose to his feet and looked toward the little metal door at the head of the circular stairway. "That scarfpin is the property of Doctor Bliss."

IV

TRACKS IN THE BLOOD

(Friday, July 13; 12:15 P. M.)

SCARLETT had been watching Vance intently, a look of horrified amazement on his bronzed face.

"I'm afraid you're right, Vance," he said, nodding with reluctance. "Doctor Bliss found that scarab in one of the antechambers of Intef's tomb two years ago. He didn't mention it to the Egyptian authorites; and when he returned to America he had it set in a scarfpin. But surely its presence here can have no significance. . . ."

"Really, now!" Vance faced Scarlett with a steady gaze. "I remember quite well the episode in the Bibân-el-Mulûk. I was *particeps criminis*, as it were, to the theft. But since there were other scarabs of Intef, as well as a cylindrical seal, in the British Museum, I turned my eyes the other way. . . . This is the first time I've had a close look at the scarab. . . ."

Heath started toward the front stairs.

"Say, you—Emery!" he bawled, addressing one of the two men on the landing. "Round up this guy Bliss, and bring 'im in here—"

"Oh, I say, Sergeant!" Vance hastened after him and put a restraining hand on his arm. "Why so precipitate? Let's be calm. . . . This isn't the correct moment to drag Bliss in. And when we want him all we'll have to do is knock on that little door—he's undoubtedly in his study, and he can't run away. . . . And there's a bit of prelimin'ry surveying to be done first."

Heath hesitated and made a grimace. Then: "Never mind, Emery. But go out in the back yard, and see that nobody tries to make a get-away. . . . And you, Hennessey"—he addressed the other man—"stand in the front hall. If anyone tries to leave the house, grab 'em and bring 'em in—see?"

THE two detectives disappeared with a stealth that struck me as highly ludicrous.

"Got something up your sleeve, sir?" the Sergeant asked, eying Vance hopefully. "This homicide, though, don't look very complicated to me. Kyle gets bumped off by a blow over the head, and beside him is a scarfpin belonging to Doctor Bliss. . . . That's simple enough, ain't it?"

"Too dashed simple, Sergeant," Vance returned quietly, contemplating the dead man. "That's the whole trouble. . . ."

Suddenly he moved toward the statue of Anubis and, leaning over, picked up a folded piece of paper which had lain almost hidden beneath one of Kyle's outstretched hands. Carefully unfolding it, he held it toward the light. It was a legal-sized sheet of paper, and was covered with figures.

"This document," he remarked, "must have been in Kyle's possession when he passed from this world. . . . Know anything about it, Scarlett?"

Scarlett stepped forward eagerly and took the paper with an unsteady hand.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "It's the report of expenditures we drew up last night. Doctor Bliss was working on this tabulation—"

"Uh-huh!" Heath grinned with vicious satisfaction. "So! Our dead friend here musta seen Bliss this morning—else how could he have got that paper?"

Scarlett frowned.

"I must say it looks that way," he conceded. "This report hadn't been made out when the rest of us knocked off last night. Doctor Bliss said he was going to draw it up before Mr. Kyle got here this morning." He seemed utterly nonplused as he handed the paper back to Vance. "But there's something wrong somewhere. . . . You know, Vance, it's not reasonable—"

"Don't be futile, Scarlett." Vance's admonition cut him short. "If Doctor Bliss had wielded the statue of Sekhmet, why should he have left this report here to incriminate himself? . . . As you say, something is wrong somewhere."

"Wrong, is it!" Heath scoffed. "There's that beetle—and now we find this report. What more do you want, Mr. Vance?"

"A great deal more." Vance spoke softly. "A man doesn't ordinarily commit murder and leave such obvious bits of direct evidence strewn all about the place. . . . It's childish."

Heath snorted.

"Panic—that's what it was. He got scared and beat it in a hurry. . . ."

Vance's eyes rested on the little metal door of Doctor Bliss's study.

"By the by, Scarlett," he asked; "when did you last see that scarab scarfpin?"

"Last night." The man had begun to pace restlessly up and down. "It was beastly hot in the study, and Doctor Bliss took off his collar and four-in-hand and laid 'em on the table. The scarab pin was sticking in the cravat."

"Ah!" Vance's gaze did not shift from the little door. "The pin lay on the table during the conference, eh? . . . And, as you told me, Hani and Mrs. Bliss and Salveter and yourself were present."

"Right."

"Anyone, then, might have seen it and taken it?"

"Well—yes, . . . I suppose so."

Vance thought a moment.

"Still, this report . . . most curious! . . . I could bear to know how it got in Kyle's hands. You say it hadn't been completed when the conference broke up?"

"Oh, no." Scarlett seemed hesitant about answering. "We all turned in our figures, and Doctor Bliss said he was going to add 'em up and present them to Kyle today. Then he telephoned Kyle—in our presence—and made an appointment with him for eleven this morning."

"Is that all he said to Kyle on the phone?"

"Practically . . . though I believe he mentioned the new shipment that came yesterday—"

"Indeed? Very interestin'. . . . And what did Doctor Bliss say about the shipment?"

"As I remember—I really didn't pay much attention—he told Kyle that the crates had been unpacked, and added that he wanted Kyle to inspect their contents. . . . You see, there was some doubt whether Kyle would finance another expedition. The Egyptian government had been somewhat snooty, and had retained most of the choicest items for the Cairo Museum. Kyle didn't like this, and, as he had already put oodles of money in the enterprise, he was inclined to back out. No *kudos* for him, you understand. . . . In fact, Kyle's attitude was the cause of the conference. Doctor Bliss wanted to show him the exact cost of the former excavations and try to induce him to finance a continuation of the work. . . ."

"And the old boy refused to do it," supplemented Heath; "and then the doctor got excited and cracked him over the head with that black statue."

"You *will* insist that life is so simple, Sergeant," sighed Vance.

"I'd sure hate to think it was as complex as you make it, Mr. Vance." Heath's retort came very near to an expression of dignified sarcasm.

THE words were scarcely out of his mouth when the main door was opened quietly and a middle-aged, dark-complexioned man in native Egyptian costume appeared at the head of the front stairs. He surveyed us with inquisitive calm and, slowly and with great deliberation of movement, descended into the museum.

"Good morning, Mr. Scarlett," he said in a low, monotonous voice. He glanced at the murdered man. "I observe that tragedy has visited this household."

"Yes, Hani." Scarlett spoke with a certain condescension. "Mr. Kyle has been murdered. These gentlemen"—he made a slight gesture in our direction—"are investigating the crime."

Hani bowed gravely. He was of middle height, somewhat slender, and gave one the impression of contemptuous aloof-

*The daughter of this particular Pharaoh—Nefra—incidentally is the titular heroine of H. Rider Haggard's romance "Queen of the Dawn." Haggard, following the chronology of H. R. Hall, incorrectly placed Intef in the Fourteenth Dynasty instead of the Seventeenth, making him a contemporary of the great Hyksos Pharaoh, Apopi, whose son Khyan—the hero of the book—marries Nefra. The researches of Bliss and Weigall have demonstrated that this relationship is a glaring anachronism.

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When Age Chuckles

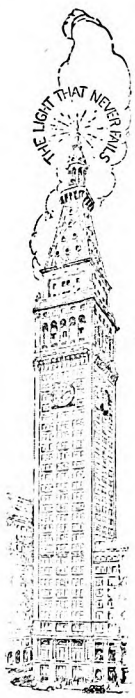
"*YOU are the youngest looking grandfather I ever saw. What's the secret?*" "*My dear, two things. The good health that I have worked for and won—and a keen interest in life. With books, music, sports, travel, inventions—each day brings something new. I want to see what will follow the telephone, radio, automobile, aircraft—what electricity will do next. . . .*"

No longer do scientists accept the idea of a fixed "span of life". They know that the average length of life is longer in some countries than in others. They know that babies fare more safely in the world—that people everywhere face fewer dangers today from contagious and other diseases.

While the average length of life has increased by 10 years since 1901, the improvement has been achieved mainly among the younger ages, leaving as our most pressing problem the protection of the lives of those who have passed middle age.

One by one the perils which formerly caused untimely deaths are being conquered. "Witches" are not burned nowadays to stop plagues. On the other hand, sanitation, vaccination, inoculation and other scientific means are employed to prevent most of them.

People are learning the effect of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness, proper breathing and exercise, sleep and a well-balanced diet. An annual medical examination for the discovery and correction of physical impairments before they have progressed too far to be remedied will help keep the body sound.



In the United States and Canada there are more than 2,500,000 people between 70 and 80 years of age; more than 600,000 between 80 and 90; fifty-odd thousand between 90 and 100; and about 5,000 past the century mark.

The person who plans wisely to live to a happy and ripe old age never forgets that the mind is a powerful influence and that physical troubles are apt to follow a morbid viewpoint.

The world is tingling today with promise of future marvels even more wonderful than those we now know. Live to enjoy them.

* * *

You will find that the Metropolitan booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life", will help. Ask for Booklet 129-A. Mailed free.

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ness. There was a distinct glint of racial animosity in his close-set eyes. His face was relatively short—he was markedly dolichocephalic—and his straight nose had the typical rounded extremity of the Egyptian Copt. His eyes were brown—the color of his skin—and his eyebrows bushy. He wore a close-cut, semi-gray beard, and his lips were full and sensual. His head was covered by a soft, dark tarboosh bearing a pendent tassel of blue silk, and about his shoulders hung a long kaftan of red-and-white-striped cotton, which fell to his ankles and barely revealed his yellow-leather babooshes.

HE STOOD for a full minute looking down at Kyle's body, without any trace of repulsion or even regret. Then he lifted his head and contemplated the statue of Anubis. A queer devotional expression came over his face; and presently his lips curled in a faint sardonic smile. After a moment he made a sweeping gesture with his left hand and, turning slowly, faced us. But his eyes were not on us—they were fixed on some distant point far beyond the front windows.

"There is no need for an investigation, *effendis*," he said, in a sepulchral tone. "It is the judgment of Sekhmet. For many generations the sacred tombs of our forefathers have been violated by the treasure-seeking Occidental. But the gods of old Egypt were powerful gods and protected their children. They have been patient. But the despoilers have gone too far. It was time for the wrath of their vengeance to strike. And it has struck. The tomb of Intefoe has been saved from the vandal. Sekhmet has pronounced her judgment, just as she did when she slaughtered the rebels at Eheninsi* to protect her father, Ra, against their treason."

He paused and drew a deep breath.

"But Anubis will never guide a sacrilegious *giaour* to the Halls of Osiris—however reverently he may plead. . . ."

Both Hani's manner and his words were impressive; and as he spoke I remembered, with an unpleasant feeling, the recent tragedy of Lord Carnarvon and the strange tales of ancient sorcery that sprang up to account for his death on supernatural grounds.

"Quite unscientific, don't y' know." Vance's voice, cynical and drawling, brought me quickly back to the world of reality. "I seriously question the ability of that piece of black igneous rock to accomplish a murder unless wielded by ordin'ry human hands. . . . And if you *must* talk tosh, Hani, we'd be tremendously obliged if you'd do it in the privacy of your bedchamber. It's most borin'."

The Egyptian shot him a look of hatred.

"The West has much to learn from the East regarding matters of the soul," he pronounced oracularly.

"I dare say." Vance smiled blandly. "But the soul is not now under discussion. The West, which you despise, is prone to practicality; and you'd do well to forego the metempsychosis for the nonce and answer a few questions which the District Attorney would like to put to you."

Hani bowed his acquiescence; and Markham, taking his cigar from his mouth, fixed a stern look upon him.

"Where were you all this forenoon?" he asked.

"In my room—upstairs. I was not well."

"And you heard no sounds in the museum here?"

"It would have been impossible for me to hear any sound in this room."

"And you saw no one enter or leave the house?"

"No. My room is at the rear, and I did not leave it until a few moments ago."

Vance put the next question:

"Why did you leave it then?"

"I had work to do here in the museum," the man replied sullenly.

"But I understand you heard Doctor Bliss make an appointment with Mr. Kyle for eleven this morning." Vance was watching Hani sharply. "Did you intend to interrupt the conference?"

"I had forgotten about the appointment." The answer did not come spontaneously. "If I had found Doctor Bliss and Mr. Kyle in conference I would have returned to my room."

"To be sure." Vance's tone held a tinge of sarcasm. "I say, Hani, what's your full name?"

The Egyptian hesitated, but only for a second. Then he said:

"Anpu Hani."

Vance's eyebrows went up, and there was irony in the slow smile that crept to the corners of his mouth.

"'Anpu,'" he repeated. "Most allurin'. *Anpu*, I believe, is the Egyptian name for Anubis, what? You would seem to be identified with that unpleasant-lookin' gentleman in the corner, with the jackal's head."

Hani compressed his thick lips and made no response.

"It really doesn't matter, y' know," Vance remarked lightly. . . . "By the by, wasn't it you who placed the small statue of Sekhmet atop the cabinet yonder?"

"Yes. It was unpacked yesterday."

"And was it you who drew the curtain across the end cabinet?"

"Yes—at Bliss *effendi's* request. The objects in it were in great disarray. We had not yet had time to arrange them."

VANCE turned thoughtfully to Scarlett.

"Just what was said by Doctor Bliss to Mr. Kyle over the phone last night?"

"I think I've told you everything, old man." Scarlett appeared both puzzled and startled at Vance's persistent curiosity on this point. "He simply made the appointment for eleven o'clock, saying he'd have the financial report ready at that time."

"And what did he say about the new shipment?"

"Nothing, except that he was desirous of having Mr. Kyle see the items."

"And did he mention their whereabouts?"

"Yes; I recall that he said they had been placed in the end cabinet—the one with the drawn curtains."

Vance nodded with a satisfaction I did not then understand.

"That accounts probably for Kyle's having come early to inspect the—what shall I say?—loot."

He faced Hani again with an engaging smile.

"And is it not true that you and the others at the conference last night heard this phone call?"

"Yes—we all heard it." The Egyptian had become morose; but I noticed that he was studying Vance surreptitiously from the corner of his eye.

"And—I take it—" mused Vance, "anyone who knew Kyle might have surmised that he would come early to inspect the items in that end cabinet. . . . Eh, Scarlett?"

Scarlett shifted uneasily and looked at the great figure of the serene Khefre.

"Well—since you put it that way—yes. . . . Fact is, Vance, Doctor Bliss suggested that Mr. Kyle come early and have a peep at the treasures."

These ramifications had begun to irritate Sergeant Heath.

"Pardon me, Mr. Vance," he blurted, with ill-concealed annoyance; "but do you happen to be the defense attorney for this Doctor Bliss? If you aren't working hard to alibi him, I'm the Queen of Sheba."

"You're certainly not Solomon, Sergeant," returned Vance. "Don't you care to weigh all the possibilities?"

"Weigh hell!" Heath was losing his temper. "I want a heart-to-heart talk with this guy who wore that beetle-pin and drew up that report. I know clean-cut evidence when I see it."

"I don't doubt that for a moment." Vance spoke dulcetly. "But even clean-cut evidence may have various interpretations. . . ."

SNITKIN threw open the door noisily at this point, and Doctor Doremus, New York's Chief Medical Examiner, tripped jauntily down the stairs. He was a thin, nervous man, with a seamed, prematurely old face which carried a look at once crabbed and jocular.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he greeted us breezily. He shook hands perfunctorily with Markham and Heath, and, squaring off, gave Vance an exaggeratedly disgruntled look.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, tilting his straw hat at an even more rakish angle. "Wherever there's a murder I find you, sir." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Lunch-time, by George!" His flashing gaze moved about the museum and came to rest on one of the anthropomorphic mummy cases. "This place don't look healthy. . . . Where's the body, Sergeant?"

Heath had been standing before the prostrate body of Kyle. He now moved aside and pointed to the dead man.

"That's him, Doc."

Doremus came forward and peered indifferently at the corpse.

"Well, he's dead," he pronounced, cocking his eye at Heath.

"Honest to Gawd?" The Sergeant was good-naturedly sarcastic.

"That's the way it strikes me—though since Carrel's experiments you never can tell. . . . Anyway, I'll stand by my decision." He chuckled and, kneeling down, touched one of Kyle's hands. Then he moved one of the dead man's legs sidewise. "And he's been dead for about two hours—not longer, maybe less."

Heath took out a large handkerchief and, with great care, lifted the black statue of Sekhmet from Kyle's head.

*Egyptian name of Heracleopolis.

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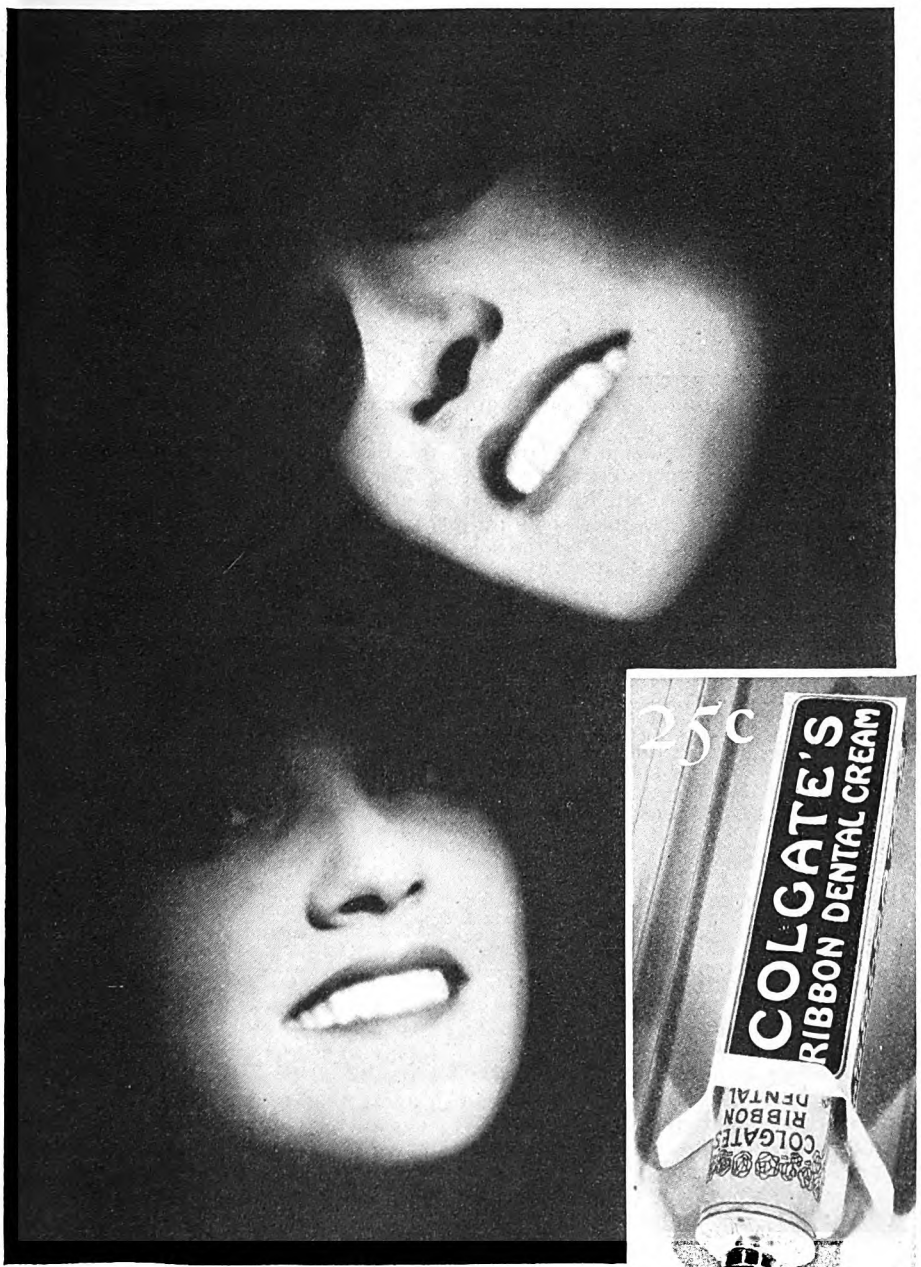
Compare the *action* of this Penetrating Foam

with ordinary toothpastes which fail to get down into crevices where food particles collect and decay begins



Vastly more important than mere surface brushing of teeth is the daily removal of the lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth.

Some toothpastes merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth. They cannot reach the hard-to-clean places...where decay starts.

However, everyone using Colgate's feels secure, knowing that it has a higher penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

The active Colgate foam, containing the world's greatest cleansing agent, sweeps down into every tiny crevice, and literally washes away the impurities, leaving the teeth really clean, protected from premature decay.

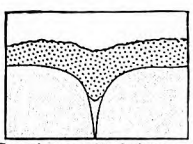
In this foam is also carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't...an extra not found in ordinary toothpastes.

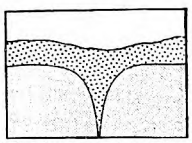
And Colgate's is economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste than any other leading brand at that price.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1610,
P. O. Box 375,
Grand Central Post Office,
New York City.

FREE

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

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"I'm saving this for fingerprints. . . . Any signs of a struggle, Doc?"

Doremus turned the body over and made a careful inspection of the face, the hands, and the clothes.

"Don't see any," he returned laconically. "Was struck from the rear, I'd say. Fell forward, arms outstretched. Didn't move after he'd hit the floor."

"Any chance, Doctor, of his having been dead when the statue hit him?" asked Vance.

"Nope." Doremus rose and teetered on his toes impatiently. "Too much blood for that."

"Simple case of assault, then?"

"Looks like it. . . . I'm no wizard, though." The doctor had become irritable. "The autopsy will settle that point."

"Can we have the *post-mortem* report immediately?" Markham made the request.

"As soon as the Sergeant gets the body to the mortuary."

"It'll be there by the time you've finished lunch, Doc," said Heath. "I ordered the wagon before I left the Bureau."

"That being that, I'll run along." Again Doremus shook hands with Markham and Heath, and throwing a friendly salutation to Vance, walked briskly out of the room.

I HAD noticed that ever since Heath had placed the statue of Sekhmet to one side he had stood staring impatiently at the small pool of blood. As soon as Doremus had departed he knelt down and became doggedly interested in something on the floor. He took out his flashlight, which Vance had returned to him, and focused it on the edge of the blood-pool at the point where I had noted the outward smear. Then, after a moment, he moved a short distance away, and again shot his light on a faint smudge which stained the yellow wood floor. Once more he shifted his position—this time toward the little spiral stairs. A grunt of satisfaction escaped him now and, rising, he walked, in a wide circle, to the stairs themselves. There he again knelt down and ran the beam of his flashlight over the lower steps. On the third step the ray of light suddenly halted, and the Sergeant's face shot forward in an attitude of intense concentration.

A grin slowly overspread his broad features and, straightening up, he brought a gaze of triumph to bear on Vance.

"I've got the case tied up in a sack now, sir," he announced.

"I take it," repined Vance, "you've found the spoor of the murderer."

"I'll say!" Heath nodded with the deliberate emphasis of finality. "It's just like I told you. . . ."

"Don't be too positive, Sergeant." Vance's face had grown somber. "The obvious explanation is often the wrong one."

"Yeah?" Heath turned to Scarlett. "Listen, Mr. Scarlett, I gotta question to ask you—and I want a straight answer." Scarlett bristled, but the Sergeant paid no attention to his resentment. "What kind of shoes does this Doctor Bliss generally wear round the house?"

Scarlett hesitated, and looked appealingly to Vance.

"Tell the Sergeant whatever you know," Vance advised him. "This is no time for reticences. You can trust me. There's no question of disloyalty now. The truth, d' ye see, is all that matters."

Scarlett cleared his throat nervously.

"Rubber tennis shoes," he said, in a low voice. "Ever since his first expedition in Egypt he has had weak feet—they troubled him abominably. He got relief by wearing white canvas sneakers with rubber soles."

"Sure he did." Heath walked back toward the body of Kyle. "Step over here a minute, Mr. Vance. I got something to show you."

Vance moved forward, and I followed.

"TAKE a look at that footprint," the Sergeant continued, pointing toward the smear at the edge of the pool of blood where Kyle's head had lain. "It don't show up much till you get close to it . . . but, once you spot it, you'll notice that it has marks of a rubber-soled shoe, with crossings like a checkerboard on the sole and round spots on the heel."

Vance bent over and inspected the footprint in the blood.

"Quite right, Sergeant." He had become very grave and serious.

"And now look here," Heath went on, pointing to two other smudges on the floor halfway to the iron stairs.

Vance leaned over the spots, and nodded.

"Yes," he admitted. "Those marks were probably made by the murderer. . . ."

"And once more, sir." Heath went to the stairs and flashed his pocket-light on the third step.

Vance adjusted his monocle and looked closely. Then he rose and stood still for a moment, his chin resting in the palm of his hand.

"How about it, Mr. Vance?" the Sergeant demanded. "Is that evidence enough for you?"

MARKHAM stepped to the foot of the circular stairway and placed his hand on Vance's shoulder.

"Why this stubbornness, old friend?" he asked in a kindly voice. "It begins to look like a clear case."

Vance lifted his eyes.

"A clear case—yes! But a clear case of what? . . . It doesn't make sense. Does a man of Bliss's mentality brutally murder a man with whom he is known to have had an appointment, and then leave his scarab pin and a financial report, which no one else could have produced, on the scene of the crime, to involve himself? And, lest that evidence wasn't enough, is he going to leave bloody footprints, of a distinctive and personal design, leading from the body to his study? . . . Is it reasonable?"

"It may not be reasonable," Markham conceded; "but these things are nevertheless facts. And there's nothing to be done but confront Doctor Bliss with them."

"I suppose you're right." Vance's eyes again drifted toward the little metal door at the head of the spiral stairs. "Yes . . . the time has come to put Bliss on the carpet. . . . But I don't like it, Markham. There's something awry. . . . Maybe the doctor himself can enlighten us. Let me fetch him—I've known him for several years."

Vance turned and ascended the stairs, taking care not to step on the telltale footprint the Sergeant had discovered.

(*To be continued*)

Our Billion-Dollar Christmas

(*Continued from page 63*)

Children to Father (bought by Mother)	4.00
Children to Mother (usually ditto)	2.00
Gifts for Relatives and Friends (about ten at average cost of $2)	20.00
Cash gifts to Janitor, Postman, Laundress, etc.	12.00
Total for presents	$135.00

OTHER COSTS

Christmas Tree (50c to $4.00) average size	$1.50
Tree Decorations, including stand, 3 strands of lights (7 bulbs each), and trimmings (cost $9.00 but last 3 years)	3.00
House Decorations (wreaths, etc.)	3.00
Gift Dressings (including seals, tags, fancy wrapping paper, ribbon, etc.)	2.00
Greeting Cards (40 averaging 10c to 15c)	5.00
Postage, Mail Insurance, Registry	2.00
Telegram (average of one)	50
Christmas Dinner (extras)	2.00
Total besides presents	$19.00
GRAND TOTAL	$154.00

Almost everybody will find *something* to disagree with in this bill. But remember that averages do not pretend to be accurate measures of special cases.

A young woman, looking over that list, said: "Twenty-five dollars is more than my mother would think of spending on my father's present, for she knows that he pays for it in the end."

Likewise, a boy who was consulted declared: "My father always gives me lots more than two dollars so I can buy my mother a really nice present." Here again we have a case of indirect giving—and a fine one.

But the fact remains that during the Christmas season most wives and mothers are more apt to think of the sentiment involved than of the ultimate cost. Nor do most fathers conspire with their sons to disguise expensive gifts as samples of filial devotion.

The usual case is for the man of the family to let the woman of the family do virtually *all* the Christmas shopping, including the secret buying of the things that will be found later under the Christmas tree as "surprises" from the children to their mother. This, at any rate, is the only conclusion that can be drawn from what appears to be a ten-to-one ratio of women shoppers to men shoppers in department stores during the Christmas rush. Even if the capital *is* provided by the husband, the labor is done by the wife.

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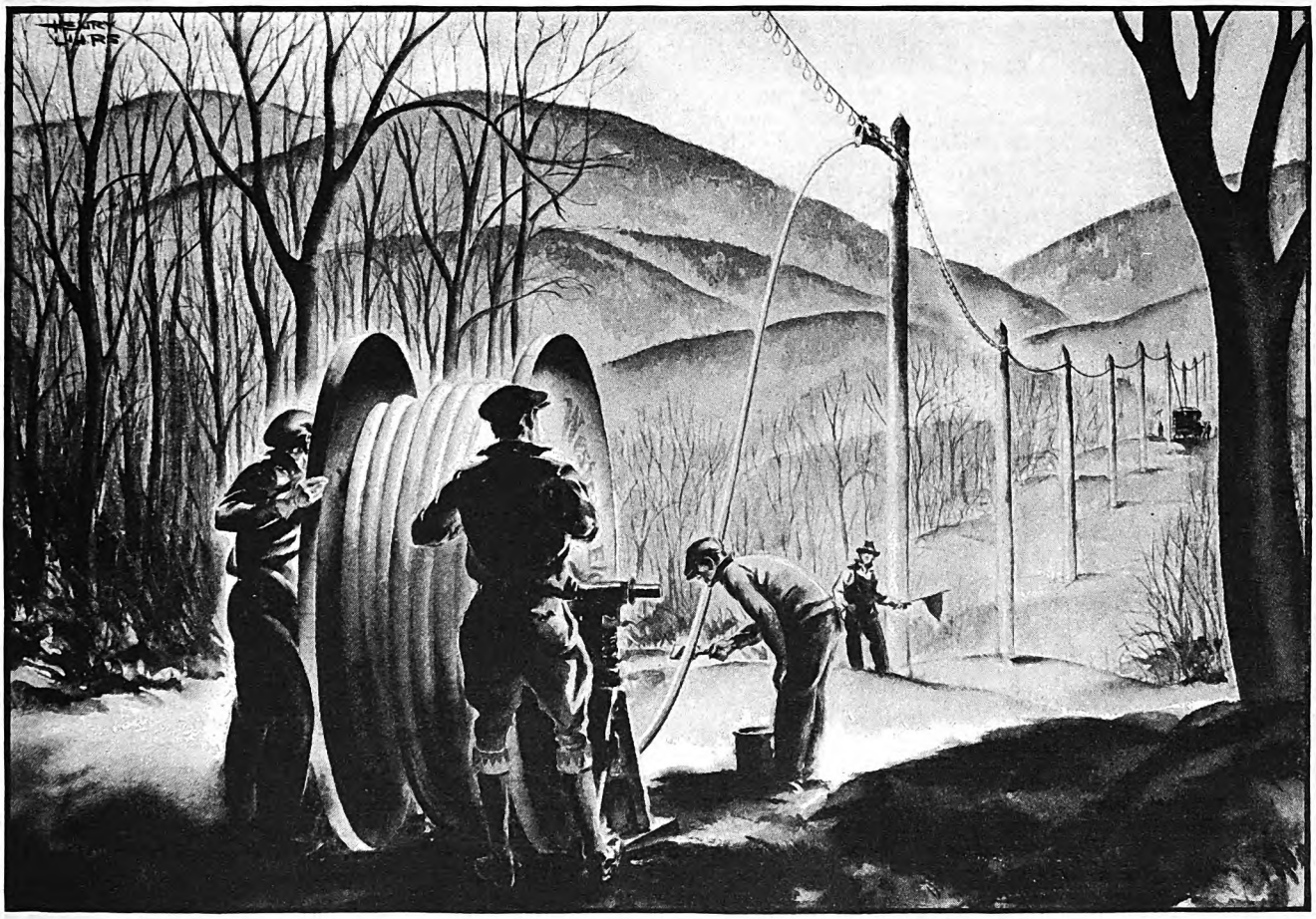

BIG AND LITTLE, RICH AND POOR, CAN PROJECT THEIR PERSONALITIES OVER THE WIDE NETWORK OF ITS WIRES

In the service of all the people

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell System is owned by 450,000 stockholders and operated by more than 400,000 workers for the service of the people of the nation.

It is a democratic instrument of a democracy. Big and little, rich and poor, can project their personalities over the wide network of its wires. For friendship or business, pleasure or profit, the telephone is indispensable to our modern civilization.

This year the Bell System is erecting new telephone buildings in more than 200 cities. It is putting in thousands of miles of cable, thousands of sections of switchboard and hundreds of thousands of new telephones. Its expenditure for plant and improvements in service in 1929 will be more than 550 millions of dollars—half again as much as it cost to build the Panama Canal.

This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

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Another kick against our typical American Christmas bill is sure to be registered by husbands who have just agreed to pay for a radio de luxe, a new Oriental rug, a baby grand, or a fur coat—any of which additions to the family overhead are likely to be disguised with a green and red tag on December twenty-fifth, inscribed "To John" or "To Mary," with love and the good wishes of the season.

Such articles are, however, transparent hoaxes so far as Christmas costs are concerned. You might as well try to add the December rent to the bill! Husbands and wives are always entering into agreements whereby some much-needed or much-desired object is acquired, and the one who needs it, or wants it most, is always sure to say: "Let *that* be my Christmas present. If you'll promise not to give me *another thing*, then I'll feel we can afford it."

Of course, at the last minute, the other party to the plot always buys some "little thing" as an additional present, just as a "surprise." When the final costs are cast up, however, it turns out that using the Christmas spirit in this way commonly results in a fundamental economy. The extra present is never quite so costly after an expensive agreement gift has been bought.

Another little-known fact which emerged from our survey of Christmas expenses is that there is a marked increase in savings-bank accounts during December. Without doubt this is derived in part from the Christmas bonuses which many firms give employees. The notion that people rush down to the bank and withdraw their dollars to pay for the visit of Santa Claus is not borne out by the facts. Far from decreasing, the savings deposits during this month are swelled by an average of about twelve dollars for each depositor. Many parents—and, more particularly, grandparents—like to start or to increase the bank accounts of their favorite youngsters at this time; and if such saved sums are occasionally withdrawn to pay the grocer and the milkman later on, Santa Claus cannot be held responsible.

LET'S now see in detail just what becomes of the Christmas billion. While there may be some doubt about the amount of your share, there is quite a bit of exact information on *where* you spend whatever share of it is yours.

Let's begin at the beginning. The one who has Christmas as an all-year-round problem is Uncle Sam. Having to act as messenger for all the gift-givers, his work starts far in advance of anybody else's and it never ends. A special force in the Post Office Department is detailed to this job. It begins to make its plans for next year's Christmas the day after this year's is over. All weak points in handling the holiday rush are analyzed, and plans are made to avoid similar mistakes in the year to come.

In New York City, where ten per cent of all the mail in the United States is handled, the Christmas work during the ten-day period from December 14th to 24th is increased by almost half. About six million daily letters are the usual grist, but more than eight million go through the canceling machine at Christmas time. The total number of extra parcel post packages during the ten days before Christmas mounts to fifteen million.

There is, in fact, a much greater increase than these figures indicate, for the simple reason that other mail, especially business mail, decreases tremendously at this season.

Dead letter mail piles up tremendously during the Christmas season. The total number of letters gone astray during the year is twenty-four million. One fifth of these is estimated to be found in Santa Claus' mail bags. These Christmas dead letters contain, on the average, about ten thousand dollars in cash, one million in drafts and checks, and another million of greeting cards. The drafts and checks are returned to the sender, of course. But the rest of this dead letter mail could probably account for many a quarrel and misunderstanding.

One fifth of all dead parcels accumulated during the year are Christmas packages, aggregating nearly 50,000. These, however, are not a total loss (except to giver and intended receiver), for the Post Office Department sells the harvest from much mis-addressed parcels for about $30,000 each year.

BUT, despite the enormous government enterprise created by Christmas giving, the average family pays less than three dollars for postage, mail insurance, registration, and Christmas telegrams. This is the smallest item of all, except the one which is set down for the most typical symbol of the season, namely, the Christmas tree.

The United States Forest Service estimates that between four and five million firs, spruces, pines, and other evergreen trees are cut yearly to supply a support for Christmas garlands and lights. This seems a very conservative estimate, since the manufacturers of those strings of colored electric bulbs report an output large enough to hang twenty-five of the little globes on each of about seven million trees.

The other characteristic expense of this season is the one for greeting cards. The average family has a circle of about forty relatives and friends whom it likes to remember in this way each year. While it is possible to buy greeting cards for sums ranging from five cents to five dollars, the average paid is between ten and fifteen cents. There is a fine distinction in the trade between what are called "personal greeting cards" and "counter cards." The latter are those that can be bought for five or ten cents apiece at any drug or stationery store; the former are those which, through an engraved or printed message, express your own personal sentiments, without the aid of a hired rhymester. These have to be bought by the dozen or the gross and are bound to cost from fifteen cents apiece up.

Despite the multiplication of other "days" and "weeks," at least seventy per cent of the annual greeting-card business is derived from Christmas.

Next in the rank of trades which owe their existence largely to the Yuletide spirit comes the toy business. At least forty per cent of the toy makers' prosperity is founded upon the conviction that one of Santa Claus' jobs is to satisfy the play instinct of children. Eight dollars apiece for son and daughter is a usual yearly outlay on this score. Much of this goes, however, for gifts not to be classed strictly as toys—namely, sleds, express wagons, roller skates, bicycles, baseball outfits, and similar articles that might come under the head of sporting goods, more or less useful the year round.

Next to toys, jewelry appears most often on the Christmas bill. One fifth of what the public spends annually in jewelry stores is traceable to Christmas giving. Since this includes a heavy charge for watches, household silver, and other such necessities, it would be misleading to regard this cost as one of the extravagances of the season.

The heaviest of all contributions to the Christmas count is, of course, made through department stores. Extra money which these stores take in as a result of the Santa Claus influence amounts, the figures show, to only eight per cent of their annual business. But so large is that annual business nowadays that your December share of it is likely to mount to fifty dollars.

From the standpoint of the department store owner, this fevered concentration of buying during the first three weeks in December is less pleasing than is commonly believed. It would be far better for him if the purchases were evenly distributed throughout the year. The cost of selling a Christmas article is higher than the cost of the sale of a similar article in midsummer, for the simple reason that stocks have to be increased at a heavy risk, extra help has to be employed, lights and decorations have to be put up, while prices cannot soar correspondingly, because of competition. This is not intended to arouse sympathy for the poor merchant who is compelled to take our money at Christmas time. He profits, naturally, but not nearly so much as is commonly supposed.

INDIVIDUAL department items that flourish particularly at this season are (we give you three guesses, and they'll probably all be right) neckties, handkerchiefs, ribbons, and children's clothing. This last item is ample testimony to the fact that frugal Americans are adopting an old European custom, which is to present their sons and daughters with necessary winter wardrobes properly decorated for the occasion with tissue paper, seals, and red cord. For some reason, children tend to set a higher value on garments acquired via the Santa Claus route, provided, of course, they are accompanied by a few toys to set the event apart from the ordinary delivery of a new suit or a pair of shoes.

Speaking of shoes, it is an unexplained mystery that more than twenty-five per cent of men's footwear appears to be bought during the month of December. At least, that is the experience of department stores in five large cities. This can hardly be accounted for by the Christmas slippers that wives give husbands.

Further testimony of the predominance of feminine shoppers is provided by the records of the haberdashers. These gentlemen would seem to have an advantage in the matter of neckties, handkerchiefs, and socks, these being favorite gifts from wives to husbands, young women to their fiancés, and aunts to nephews. But the cold figures show that during the Christmas season these articles are chiefly selected, not in the special haberdashery

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"The same advice I gave your Dad... **LISTERINE,** *often"*

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm, gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright, kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it!

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old-timers—bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Used full strength, Listerine kills, in 15 seconds, even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Three well-known bacteriological laboratories have demonstrated this amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Yet it is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full-strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with full-strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.

How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs that lodge there.

It checks* SORE THROAT *quickly

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

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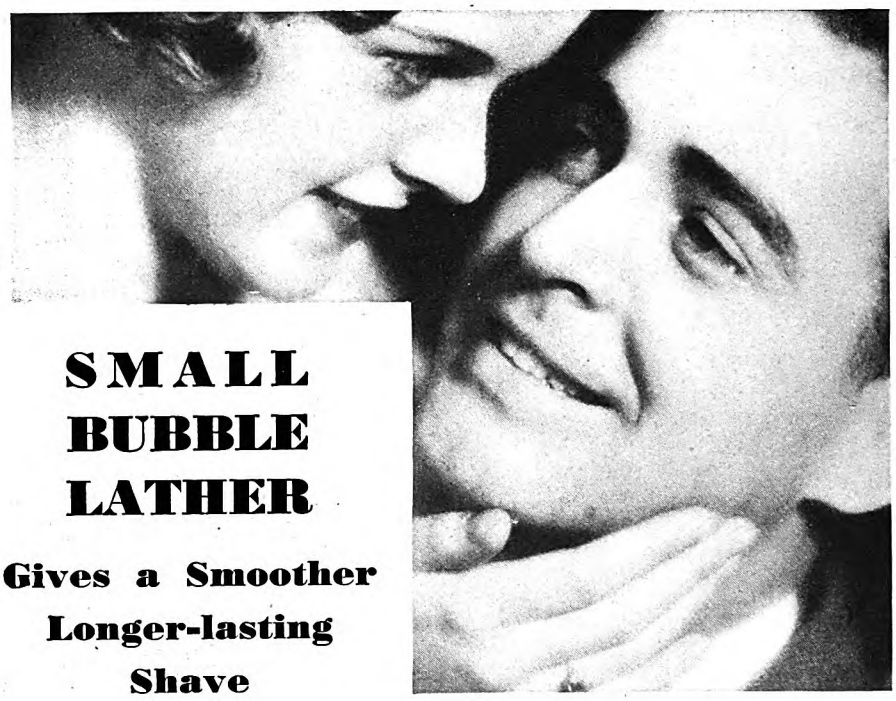

SMALL BUBBLE LATHER

Gives a Smoother Longer-lasting Shave

—*that's what millions of men say*

EXTRA hours of comfort and satisfaction . . . only a *close* shave insures them. And a close shave is dependent upon a thorough softening of the beard. Small bubble lather—that's the answer. Small bubbles carry more water, hence moisten more completely than big bubbles, as the diagrams plainly prove.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, *now.* We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1718,
P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....

Address .....

shops, but over the counters of the department stores.

Among the principal charges that you will find on your January drug bill will be those for perfume and candy. It is impossible to say exactly how much the toll for Christmas perfume amounts to, since it is inextricably tangled up with toilet water, soap, bath salts, and so on. The candy account, much of which now passes over the counters of drugstores instead of candy stores, is easier to analyze.

Something like eight hundred million dollars' worth of candy is sold each year in the United States. The Christmas "extra" of this business is about three per cent. For your average family, this means about four dollars.

Christmas tobacco, which is supposed to balance on the masculine side the feminine taste for sweets, seems actually to do so. If you get your share this year, you will smoke or have offered to you to smoke about twenty-seven cigars that will owe their origin to Santa Claus. This is about six cigars above the customary hazard.

The once-favored method of solving the gift problem by buying a book appears to be on the wane. Instead of sending a two-dollar novel to Aunt Amanda, with good wishes, a fifteen-cent card is more likely to go to her today. This does not apply, of course, to books for children, at least one of which is almost sure to find itself chalked up on your Christmas budget in the sum of about two dollars.

THE problem of how much is given, or ought to be given, in the way of Christmas tips and other gratuities is a difficult one. Naturally, no statistics exist. The investigator found, however, that others had already asked themselves this same question. Chief among them was the Building Managers and Owners Association of New York City. In an effort to get at an equitable basis, this organization made a survey of the hundreds of apartment buildings and other structures under the control of its members. The findings were incorporated in a regular schedule, providing for each employee according to salary and time of employment.

Residents of apartments were notified, for example, that tips henceforth were forbidden. Instead, an annual free offering was to be made which would be divided among the workers. The amounts given turned out to be astonishingly alike. While the records show evidence of an occasional spendthrift who tries to buy special attention in his apartment house by the gift of a hundred-dollar bill or of the miser who feels that a dollar is ample reward for a year of faithful service, the usual contribution is approximately one per cent of the rent paid. In other words, if your rent is $1,000 a year, your gifts to the janitor, the hall boy, and other household helpers, even including the postman and the newsboy, will be about ten dollars altogether.

One way of getting some check on figures for the cost of Christmas is to consult the United States Treasury Department about the amount of money in circulation at various times during the year. One of those curves which statisticians love to draw shows a substantial peak of circulating money in December. In part, this is due to actual gifts of currency at Christmas time. But by far the most im-

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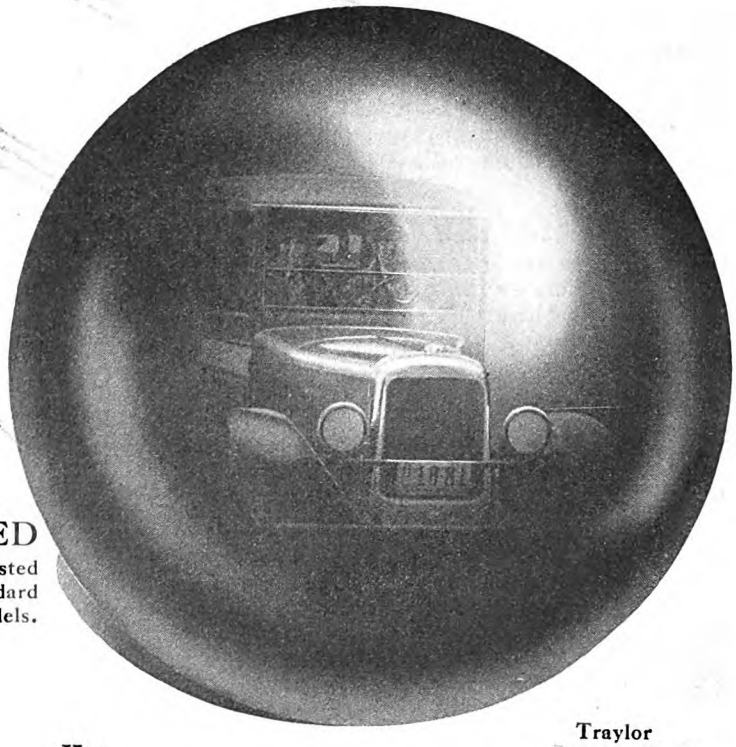
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

No finer tribute could be paid to the greater endurance, greater freedom from friction and the sturdy strength of New Departure Ball Bearings than their adoption by the leading motor truck manufacturers — notwithstanding their higher cost over other types of anti-friction bearings.

Pure rolling motion is frictionless—and *nothing rolls like a ball.* New Departure Ball Bearings, containing the most perfect spheres made by man, increase the efficiency, dependability, life and operating economies of the motor trucks and buses in the list below.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO., BRISTOL, CONN.
WORLD'S LARGEST BALL BEARING MANUFACTURER

"NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL"
In Motor Trucks



NEW DEPARTURE EQUIPPED

The manufacturers of the motor trucks and buses listed here all employ New Departure Ball Bearings as standard 1929 equipment, either in all or a number of their models.

A. C. F.
Acme
Ahrens-Fox
American La France
Armleder
Atterbury
Autocar
Available
Biederman
Bradfield Cab
Brockway
Chevrolet
Checker Cab
Clarkspeed
Clinton
Clydesdale
Coleman
Commerce
Concord
Corbitt
Day Elder Bus
Defiance
Denby, (Calif.)
Divco
Diamond T
Dodge Brothers
Dover
Durant
Fageol
Fargo
Federal
Ford
F. W. D.
Garford
G. M. C.
Graham-Paige
Gramm
Gramm-Bernstein
Guilder
Hahn
Harvey
Hawkeye
Hug
International
Indiana
Kenworth
King-Zeitler
Kissel
Lange
Larrabee-Deyo
Le Blond-Schacht
Lehigh
Mack
Menominee
Moreland
Noble
Old Reliable
Oshkosh
Parker
Pierce-Arrow
Relay
Reo
Republic
Sanford
Service
Standard
Sterling
Stewart
Studebaker
Super-Truck
Traylor
Twin-Coach
United
U. S.
Valley
Ward La France
White Bus
Willys-Knight
World
Yellow Cab
Yellow Coach

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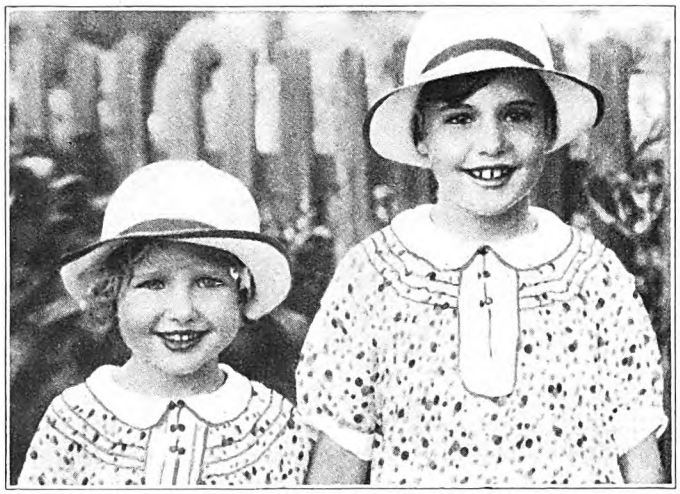

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot of Park Avenue, New York

Mary and Antoinette Pinchot... *Healthy.... happy — and guarded by this simple care*

They're a jolly pair, with wide and friendly smiles—the little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot of New York City and Milford. Both youngsters are outdoor girls. In blue chinchilla coats, they ice-skate in Central Park. Or, gingham clad in autumn days, whizz on rollers in the Mall.

Their father takes them daily through a simple set of exercises. Their mother watches with care the diet laid out by famous child specialists.

Each little girl begins her day with the *hot, cooked* cereal long considered the children's own—Cream of Wheat.

"The children started eating Cream of Wheat when they were babies," says Mrs. Pinchot. "It is an accepted part of their health building routine."

When Mary and Antoinette make short work of their bowls of Cream of Wheat they're doing just what leading child specialists advise. Recently, 221 members of recognized medical societies in four great cities went on record in unanimous approval of Cream of Wheat.

They stress its high carbohydrate content, so rich in energy, and its quick digestibility.

Start your children out ready for the day ahead. Give them a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their hot, cooked cereal. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. P-27
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Name of Child.....

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample Cream of Wheat check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT © 1929, The C. of W. Corp.

portant cause of the increase is undoubtedly the fact that the wandering Christmas shopper carries unusual amounts of ready cash.

Judging by figures for former years, the amount of extra currency in circulation in December of this year will total one quarter of a billion dollars. The other three quarters of the Christmas bill will probably be paid by checks or else the extra Christmas cash will be spent over again more than once.

Perhaps a billion for one day's excitement may seem high to the family bill-payers, but remember that you have *received* as well as *given*. The twenty dollars on your average bill that is charged to outgoing presents can be checked off against incoming ones. If you happen to be the head of a family that is rising in the economic scale, your Christmas outgo may be larger than your intake, but the answer, in that case, is that you are assisting your less prosperous relatives and can afford it.

PEOPLE who still insist that Christmas costs are excessively high often reason something like this: A man draws a hundred dollars from the bank and gives it to his wife for Christmas. She buys him a present for twenty-five dollars and distributes fifty dollars or so of the balance to the children. They buy some presents and perhaps distribute some more cash. Then everybody adds up what he or she has spent and given, making a total, perhaps, of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five dollars, quite forgetting that much of that money has been counted twice or three times in the bill. And with a week or two to think about how January first bills are going to be met, an apprehensive calculator can work up his Christmas expenses in his own mind to three or four hundred dollars, instead of the hundred dollars actually spent.

If the bill-payer will take the trouble to set down, item by item, the costs actually incurred for presents, he will find himself facing a tally something like this:

To Department Stores, largely for clothing, household equipment, furniture, or similar useful objects	$50.00
To Jewelry Stores, including such things as watches, household silver, fountain pens, or the like	32.00
To Toy Stores (mostly the toy or sporting goods department of Department Stores)	16.00
To Drug, Candy, and Tobacco Stores, covering toilet articles, perfumery, cigars, cigarettes, boxes of candy, etc.	17.00
To Chain and Novelty Stores for decorations, cards, ash trays, vases, lamps, or similar things	13.00
To tips for services rendered	12.00
Miscellaneous, including grocer's extras, the Christmas tree, postage, telegrams, etc	10.00
Total	$150.00

And now let the head of the house go and view the results of his generosity. There the presents are, piled under the lighted tree in their orginal wrappings. At least half of them he would have had to buy anyway. The other half are surely worth more than their cost when measured in pleasure. What could seventy-five dollars do that would be more worth while?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Some day you'll buy her a Frigidaire...*why not for Christmas*

Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment . . . without attention. The "Cold Control" permits control over temperatures in the freezing compartment and speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts.

OF COURSE, she wants Frigidaire! And some day you'll buy it. So why not make that *some day* now?

Give her a Frigidaire for Christmas.

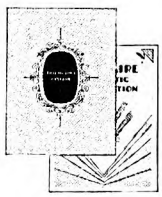
Give her the convenience of making desserts with the famous Frigidaire "Cold Control." Give her the care-free, healthful refrigeration assured by Frigidaire's surplus power. Give her the advantages of self-sealing freezing trays that permit two widely different temperatures in the same cabinet.

In other words, give her a *real* Frigidaire . . . one with the Frigidaire name-plate on it. Then you'll be *sure* she'll have a truly *modern* electric refrigerator. She'll have a cabinet of striking beauty in Tu-Tone Porcelain-on-steel. She'll have the incredible quietness of the Frigidaire power unit . . . a unit that is out of sight and away from dust and dirt. And she'll have the convenient arrangement of the Frigidaire shelves . . . shelves placed at a height that makes stooping unnecessary.

And it's *easy* to give her a Frigidaire. Prices are low and terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. So, avoid the usual last minute rush. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room and have Frigidaire in your home on Christmas morning. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a MILLION *in use*



FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Department C-108, Dayton, Ohio,
Please send me a copy of the Frigidaire recipe book. Also the Frigidaire catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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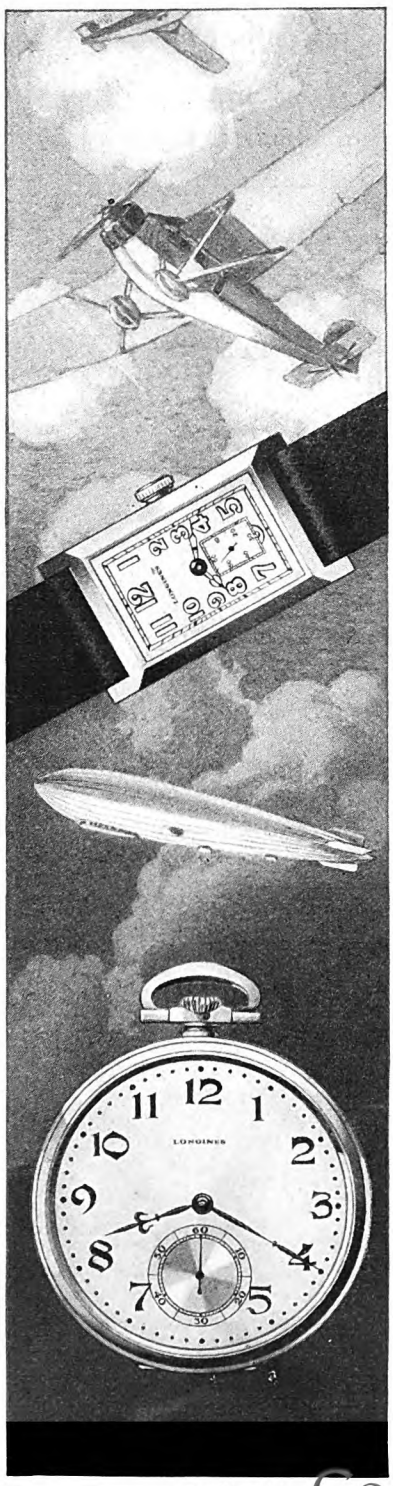
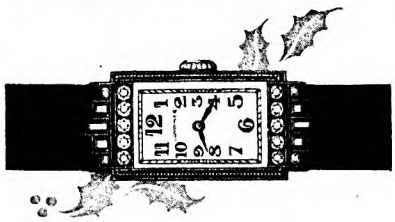
A. WITTNAUER CO. WATCHES EST. 1866

The perfect Gift
a LONGINES WATCH
PIONEER OF THE AIR



More than sixty years of continuous improvement have assured the Longines watch a world-wide reputation for accuracy.

Justifying the absolute reliance placed in their precision, Longines have been exclusive time equipment on nearly every long distance flight in the history of aviation, including this year's outstanding achievements of WILLIAMS and YANCEY, ASSOLANT, LEFEVRE and LOTTI and the GRAF ZEPPELIN.



TRUE PIONEERS OF THE AIR

Longines in 1927 first broadcast the correct time over the radio. Now the "Longines Musical Note" is heard daily over one hundred stations from coast to coast.

Longines watches are priced from $35 to $3,500 and are sold by leading jewelers. Write for illustrated booklet.

A. WITTNAUER CO.
402-404 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
GENEVA CHICAGO MONTREAL

Prince Edward—The Island Where There is No Divorce and No Crime

(*Continued from page 49*)

problems which are keeping our own police, sociologists, and preachers awake or tossing with bad dreams.

Why?

It seemed to me that we in America, with our rising crime and divorce rates, ought to be interested in the answer. My wife and I went up to Prince Edward Island to get it.

We went by motor—up the Atlantic coast into Maine, on over the "line" into New Brunswick, and then eastward across New Brunswick to Cape Tormentine, on its eastern coast. From this picturesque cape it is only nine miles across Northumberland Strait to the little village of Port Borden, on Prince Edward Island. Here two huge car ferries of the Canadian National Railways link mainland and island, making hourly trips daily, except in winter.

"What happens in winter?" I asked the second mate of one of the boats.

"Ice," he answered. "The whole gulf freezes up. The ice gets from ten to fifteen feet thick and we've got to smash our way through it. Our boat, the Prince Edward Island, is an ice-breaker, and a good one. We try to get her over and back at least once a day in winter; but it's work."

This evening, however, the strait was clear. Whipped by the wind into tossing white caps, it shimmered golden and blue under the glow of a glorious sunset. The last boat had gone for the night and so we wandered about the cape village. Men were making ready lobster traps for the next day, which opened the season. Women chatted on front porches and over garden fences. Presently we, too, settled down on a front porch for a chat with the village physician, Doctor Barnhill.

"SO YOU'RE interested in the Island, eh?" he said. "Well, you'll like it. Great people, those folks over there. They always know how to get what they want."

I asked him what he meant by that.

"They get what they want," he repeated with emphasis. "It wasn't so many years ago, maybe twelve or fifteen, when they had no car ferry. Winter came and shut 'em up tight. Then they decided to have a year-round ferry service, went out after it, and it wasn't long before they got it. The government built it for them and gave them one boat, but they wanted two. Today they've got two."

Doctor Barnhill blew a smoke cloud and then went on:

"They know how to work together, those Islanders. They don't divide themselves by squabbles when it's to their advantage to be united. They may be Conservatives or Liberals on election day, and Presbyterians or Methodists or Catholics on Sundays, but on other days of the year it's each for all and all for the place in which they live.

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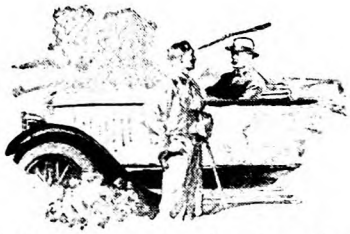


"I advised him strongly against the purchase"

"He invests his modest earnings in good sound securities"

C. P. Nelson, President of the First National Bank, Danville, Ill., tells a story of two farmers, one of whom speculated, while the other invested . . .

"ALL the speculating isn't done in the stock market," said Mr. Nelson. "This community, several years ago, experienced something like the present fever of stock market speculation—but it was a boom in farm lands.

"There was a farmer, a Mr. R. . . . , who wanted to buy a piece of farm land near his own place. He came to me for advice.

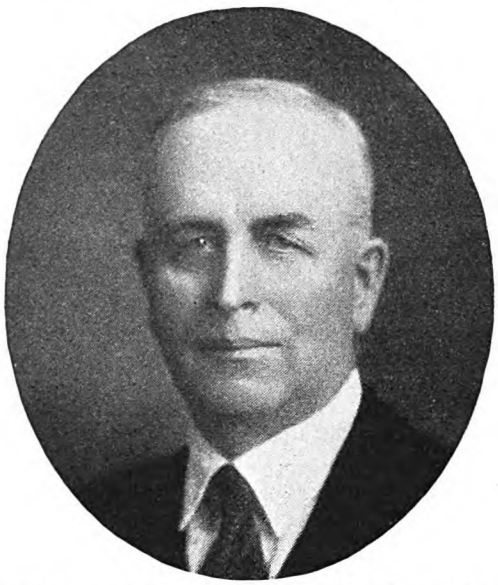
"A banker looks at the price of an investment in terms of its yield. Land is no exception. I knew the price was much too high, so I advised him strongly against the purchase.

"'But land's going up all the time,' the farmer told me. 'Look at what land is worth around here compared with before the war.' I still told him the price was too high.

"But somehow he raised the money, and bought the land.

"Today that land is perhaps a good buy—because today that land is priced below the pre-war value. But that doesn't help Mr. R. . . . . The deflation deprived him of the new land he bought, and of his farm as well.

"So today, when somebody talks about a stock that's 'going up all the time,' I remember the bitter lesson Mr. R. . . . . and thousands of others like him learned.



C. P. Nelson, *President of the First National Bank, Danville, Ill., is prominent in the civic and business affairs of this thriving community. Mr. Nelson has the distinguished record of forty-five years' continuous service in the First National Bank.*

"Unlike Mr. R. . . . . , a neighbor of his, also a farmer, clung to the Liberty Bonds he bought, and invests his modest earnings from his farm in sound, conservative securities.

"He now has a secure reserve against misfortune, and no period of deflation can deprive him of land and home."

* * *

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Nelson, they feel a very deep responsibility toward the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of sound and far-sighted investing.

Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

In hundreds of communities, bankers have chosen from Straus offerings for recommendation to their depositors and for purchase for their own bank reserves.

Among Straus offerings are bonds of widely diversified types, real estate mortgage, railway, municipal, public utility, and foreign bonds.

Send for this booklet— As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money". Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet L-1021.

ESTABLISHED 1882 **S. W. STRAUS & CO.** INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDINGS . . . *In New York,* 565 Fifth Ave., *In Chicago,* Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd., *In San Francisco,* 79 Post St.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of Booklet L-1021, "How to Invest Money". I am considering investing $ . . . . .

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *City*_____

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The unmistakable evidence of engineering Leadership

Now found in more than 20 leading automobiles

HERE is an easy way to judge the engineering perfection of the car you buy. Look at the front end. See if the manufacturer has provided a Pines Automatic Winterfront. A simple test. Yet, the fine records and reputations of the cars which have been given this protection, prove it a most reliable one.

Experience and tests have convinced leading automotive engineers that you as a car owner need this insurance against the many serious damages to which cold motors are exposed. The adoption of this device by more than twenty manufacturers is all the proof you need that motor protection — *automatic protection* —is an engineering necessity. Note the list of cars. It shows plainly that the Pines Automatic Winterfront has made an important contribution to engineering progress.

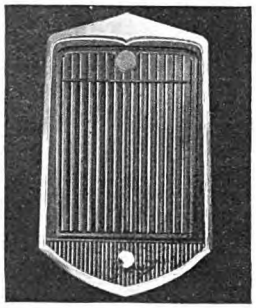
Are you buying a new car?

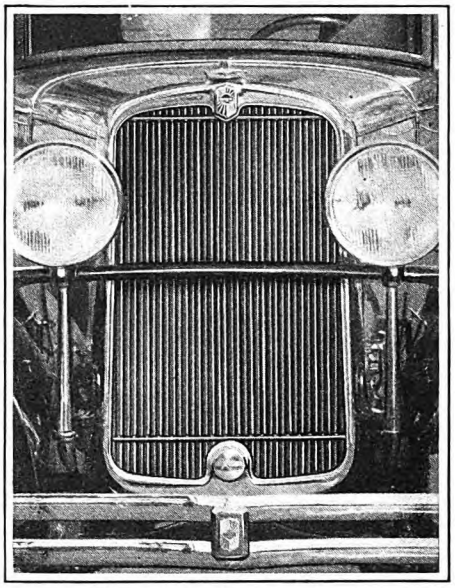
If you are — look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront over the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

True—Pines Automatic Winterfront has brought a degree of beauty to the front end of the motor car. But it has won its enviable place in the automobile industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor. Damage — experts agree — which is responsible for 50 to 75% of all repair costs.

The New Vertical Detachable Type

If the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable type shutter which gives you the same advantages as the built-in type.





Illustrating the Nash New 400 equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront. Fulton Sylphon Thermostat is used in this Winterfront.

Do you own a car?

If you do—watch the thermometer—and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront as the weather begins to get cold, or at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

No more tangible evidence of the necessity for this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this precaution into their own hands—and build Pines Automatic Winterfront into their cars.

Bring *your* car up-to-date. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 1137 N. Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

These fine cars are equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfronts

BUICK 40-50-60 WILLYS-KNIGHT 66B
PIERCE-ARROW 133-143 STUTZ
ROLLS ROYCE HUPMOBILE 8
PEERLESS 125 CHECKER CAB
CHRYSLER 77
JORDAN 8 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
DODGE SR. SIX BLACKHAWK
NASH BRADFIELD CAB
GARDNER 130 DURANT 66 and 70
STEARNS-KNIGHT DE LUXE 8-90
GRAHAM-PAIGE 621, 827, 837
CORD

and others—names on request

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Distributing Organization.

PINES WINTERFRONT —*It's Automatic*

"They've got telephone and telegraph cables laid under the strait, and now they're talking of building a tunnel under it. A tunnel between here and the Island would have to be twelve miles long, and it would cost two million dollars a mile. It may not be in a year, or even in twenty years, but the day'll come when that tunnel will be built. If they want it, they'll get it. If the daddies don't get it, the sons will."

The doctor told me of the start of the silver-fox-breeding industry on the Island, and of how, at the height of the demand that followed for Prince Edward Island foxes, as much as $35,000 was paid for one pair of them, and $15,000 a pair was a common price.

"They've made millions out of foxes," he said. "And lately they've gone in for seed potatoes. Through coöperation and study and by banding themselves together for mutual benefit, their farmers are growing some of the finest seed potatoes in the world. Almost every farmer on the Island is a grower and making money from them."

Crime?

"They don't go in for that. They earn their money," said the doctor.

Divorce?

Doctor Barnhill pondered. He had seen much of life. I wanted his opinion, that of a disinterested neighbor.

"I don't know," he said presently. "Maybe it's their persistence that holds 'em together. They've a habit of finishing what they set out to do. They're not easily licked—by anything."

Later, I detected in the voice of others of the mainland village that same note of admiration which rang in the doctor's as he spoke of "the Island."

"They're rich over there," said one.

"They've fine farms," said another.

"They can afford the best," said a third.

On that crescent-shaped bit of land out there across the darkening strait there seemed to be the secret for well-being, contentment, and power!

NEXT morning, with a long line of others, our automobile was loaded onto railroad flat cars, and a locomotive shifted the cars out over a long jetty onto the waiting ferry. Freight trains are thus conveyed bodily to the Island, which has two hundred and seventy miles of railway. Within an hour we were unloaded at Port Borden and headed for Charlottetown, the Island's capital and only city, thirty-odd miles away.

Almost at once, on this island, there comes upon you a feeling of utter peace. There is no noise, no bustle, no hurry. The patchwork of tilled fields, with their variety of waving grains and dark-green splashes of thriving potatoes, seems to snooze in the sunshine. Farmers jog leisurely along the red dirt roads in old-fashioned farm carriages. Even the motors seem to loaf on their way, and thousands of tiny yellow wild flowers nod drowsily by the roadside.

In Charlottetown, next day, I called at several offices at nine o'clock in the morning—to find them still deserted. Not until ten o'clock does the town get to work, though in the country farmers are up at daybreak, as farmers are everywhere.

Yet the work gets done. Stores are

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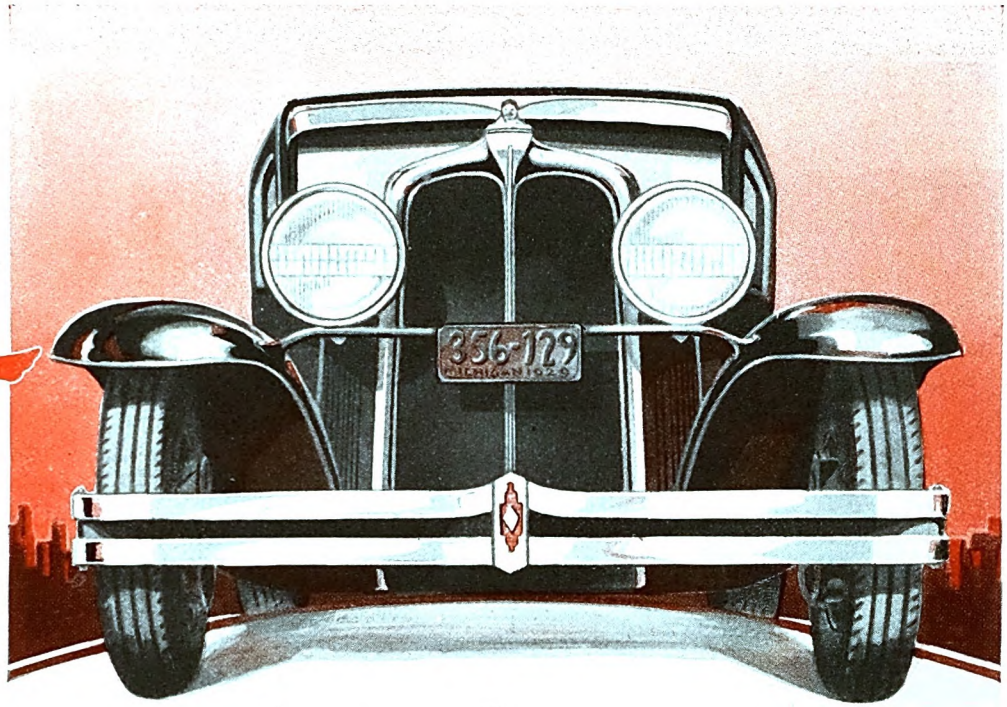

A Most Impressive Success-

because of these outstanding qualities

Back of the spectacular success of the Pontiac Big Six is a combination of outstanding qualities which have swept it on to the very pinnacle of motor car value in its field. Never before, at or near its price, has any automobile offered so impressive a proof of its superiority as Pontiac, with its—

Outstanding Performance—Highest top speed and quickest acceleration of any car in its field—proved conclusively by the "fifth wheel," most accurate speed measuring device known to automotive engineers. Greatest power—60 brake horsepower developed by the 200-cubic-inch L-head engine at the moderate engine speed of 3000 r.p.m. Unmatched smoothness due to the Harmonic Balancer. Unequaled cooling, either winter or summer, due to the Cross-flow Radiator with automatic temperature control—features exclusive with Pontiac in its field. Non-squeak internal four-wheel brakes, providing maximum safety on ice or snow-decked roads.

Outstanding Reliability—Moderate engine speed for any given road speed—positive full pressure lubrication—crankcase ventilation preventing dilution of engine oil—airplane type interchangeable bronze-backed main bearings . . . features which keep the Pontiac always dependable and vigorously young long after many cars in its price class have succumbed to the ailments of old age.

Outstanding Style—Big car smartness and quality in the roomy, luxurious, sturdy bodies by Fisher. Flaring fenders, seventy inches across, Duco color combinations rivaling the rainbow for splendor and variety.

Outstanding Economy—Out of 996 cars of 33 different makes operated by a large corporation during 1928, Pontiac cost *one cent less per mile* to operate than any other low-priced six!

See your nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer. Experience at first hand Pontiac's big car performance. Know its outstanding qualities, its decisive superiority, and you will be satisfied with no other car under $1,000. Your dealer's allowance on your present car will probably cover the down payment, and make the Pontiac Big Six yours for a small amount each month.

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Bumpers, spring covers and Lovejoy shock absorbers regular equipment at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

PONTIAC BIG SIX $745

2-DOOR SEDAN, F. O. B. PONTIAC, MICH.

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This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . founded on Automatic Heat Control

Once in a while you find a man who likes to get up early and go down in the cold to start the fire; who doesn't mind the thought of his wife spending her day climbing up and down the basement stairs; and who is perfectly willing to dedicate his evenings to janitor work, trying to keep the temperature somewhere near the comfort level.

But not often do you find such men in these days of automatic heating. It's so much easier to give up the disagreeable job of running the heating plant and let the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator operate checks and drafts automatically to maintain uniform, healthful temperature.

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control . . . the foundation of automatic heating . . . in two ways: Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls)—or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful automatic service . . . May be purchased on easy payments . . . Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating".

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of industrial temperature, pressure and safety combustion controllers, industrial motor valves, automatic control for unit heaters, and Jewell Temperature Regulators.) Executive Offices: 2763 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

prosperous, houses are painted, lawns are cropped, streets are clean. There is a complete absence of the "Tourists Accommodated" signs that one sees everywhere in New England.

And everywhere, in town, village, or country, two facts quickly impress themselves upon the visitor: First, these Islanders have a deep-rooted and active pride in their homes; second, they have no less an interest and pride in their churches. Charlottetown, which has less than 13,000 inhabitants, boasts churches which would grace the streets of a great city. Every countryside church is immaculate. A shabby home is so rare as to cause comment.

ONE of the first men with whom I talked in Charlottetown was Frederick J. Nash, the president of the Patriot Publishing Company. A newspaper man of long experience, he is also a lecturer of note on the Island, and a former member of the Canadian Parliament.

"Have you noticed the homes here, and the churches?" he asked. "There is your first reason for the absence of divorce. Few young men marry here until they can provide homes for their brides, and maintain them. Our young married folks don't live in rooms, but in houses, and they're proud of the fact."

Every leader with whom I talked brought up this subject of home and church—such men as Frank R. Heartz, the lieutenant governor of the province; John A. Mathieson, the chief justice; and Dr. Cyrus Macmillan, who is head of the English department of McGill University, at Montreal, and rated as one of the most brilliant of the younger men of Canada.

These men, all Island-born and reared, spoke of the home as a "shrine" and as linked with the church. The custom is not so commonly practiced today as it was, but morning and evening religious services are still conducted in hundreds of Island homes daily.

"This island is isolated," said Chief Justice Mathieson. "We are not disturbed by metropolitan influences, nor bothered by every new ism and cult and creed. Our people have been left free to maintain their ideals and traditions."

It is worth while to look back to the day and men whence these ideals and traditions sprung, for the Island's present state grew from its past.

The basic stock was Scotch, English, Irish, and Acadian French, and this was augmented in the period of the Revolutionary War by immigrants from New England who remained loyal to Britain. Later immigration changed the stock but little. On every hand you hear tales of daring men, of devout men.

There were churchmen who left deep footprints in the Island's soil of memory—such as Angus McEachern, a Catholic beloved by Protestants and his own alike; Samuel McCully, the Baptist; the doughty Donald McDonald; MacLean Sinclair, who became one of the world's great Gaelic scholars; and other fighting preachers.

The most remarkable of these was Donald McDonald, a powerful, rugged Highlander of fiery zeal and eloquence. He made Presbyterianism the dominant Protestant creed of the Island and swayed

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Portrait painted for The Hoover Co. by Ralph Fisher Skelton

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

Am I the Woman of a Year Ago?

I WONDER if you remember me—you husbands to whom I said last Christmas the things I could not say to my husband? ¶ I was the woman whose husband gave her each Christmas some pretty trinket. The woman whose youth was slipping from her too fast. The woman whose cleaning burdens were too heavy. The woman who wanted, but could not ask for, a Hoover. ¶ I'm not the woman of a year ago. ¶ In one short year I have discovered that youth need not go so swiftly—that cleaning duties need not be burdensome. ¶ *For last Christmas my husband did give me a Hoover!*

"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"

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Fagged out? Japan Tea is the new safeguard against needless fatigue

Scientists have now discovered in flavory cups of Japan Tea a precious health-giving element

Always dog-tired—completely "played out" before noontime comes around?

Scientists have now traced much of this needless fatigue, as well as a number of other common ailments, to a very simple cause. *Our food frequently gives us too little of a certain precious element—Vitamin C.*

This health-giving Vitamin C has now been found in Japan green tea.

"Important to us," writes one scientist, "are the results of a diet *poor* in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken for rheumatism.* It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

Thousands of men and women, formerly victims of low energy days, nervousness, sleeplessness and poor appetite, are today taking this simple precaution. They are drinking health-building Japan tea regularly.

In simple Japan Tea, scientists have discovered an abundance of this health-giving Vitamin C

Japan tea is certainly no "cure all." But it *is* known to contain an abundance of Vitamin C—a positive safeguard against these troubles.

Try it for a few weeks

Make a test yourself. Drink several cups of Japan green tea regularly, at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon.

See if at the end of two or three weeks you haven't perked up. You'll probably look and feel many times more healthy. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

One of the two most popular teas in the country, Japan green tea comes in several grades—under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it.

FREE *valuable leaflet giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 752 Wrigley Building, Chicago.*

Name.....

Address.....

people as did no Islander before his day, or since.

Donald McDonald would stride into the pulpit, throw off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and tear open his collar. Poising the big pulpit Bible upright, he would strike a hand downward into the pages. Wherever the Book opened he would find his text and blaze forth into a sermon that held his auditors spellbound for two hours.

For forty years he stormed up and down the Island in periodic sorties from his stronghold at Belfast. His was a religion of old-fashioned intensity, with the fires of Hell lashing in the foreground to consume the sinner and to spur the righteous. At times, in the midst of his exhortation, he would stop abruptly, plunk his silver watch down upon the pulpit, and command five minutes of silent communion with God. A minute would pass, without the stir of a muscle, without a sound other than the labored breathing of the worshipers; and, suddenly, from out the silence, Donald McDonald's great voice would boom with terrible portent:

"It is now one minute past eleven o'clock. Every man, woman, and child is one minute nearer to eternity!"

And then, later: "Two minutes have passed!"

Then, "You are three minutes nearer to your God!"

He held them in the hollow of his hand. The Island still talks of him—of the sinners who fell prostrate upon the floor, moaning and crying out for forgiveness, of the conversions he made, of the good done by him.

Mr. Nash, of the "Patriot," told me: "Donald McDonald's influence is still felt. For more than thirty years after his death he was a living power here. You could pick up any Island newspaper years after he had gone and still find his name in the paid death notices of his followers. The item would announce the death of a person in the usual way, but at the bottom would be this line:

"'Converted by the ministry of Donald McDonald.'"

OUTSIDE of the church, there are other stories of these old-timers, likewise significant. The Island has not always been so prosperous as it is today, nor so inviting and easy to live upon. It has been *made* so, by work and by courage, within comparatively recent years.

Today, the big government ice-breaker, the Prince Edward Island, maintains daily communication with the mainland in winter, but fifteen years ago there was no ice-breaker. Winter trapped the Islanders behind an icy barrier, nine miles wide at its narrowest point and broken by treacherous "lollies"—the channels of soft ice formed by the grinding together of the floes. It demanded skill and boldness to cross this barrier.

The accepted way of crossing was by the use of a boat so constructed that it could be dragged over the firm ice like a sled until a lolly was reached, when it was launched in the lolly and rowed to firm ice again. The women rode in the boat; the men "worked" their passage by pulling it afoot, harnessed together in single file. The harness had a double purpose, the second being safety, for the

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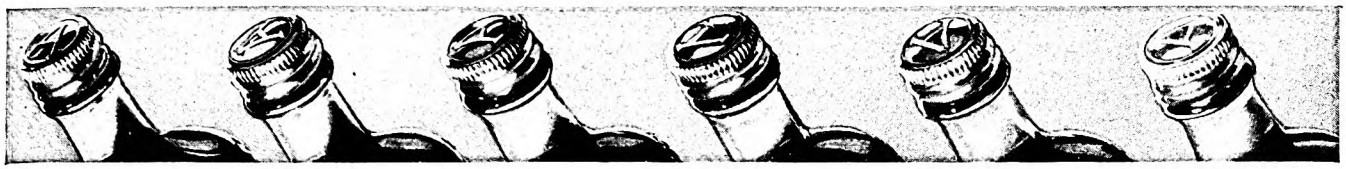

TEN MILLION PEOPLE HAVE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

WHO'LL KILL TINEA TRICHOPHYTON?

"I" SAYS ABSORBINE JR.

FRIENDS, Absorbine Jr. has news for you. I who have stood by you through many an ache and sprain; I who have soothed your sunburn and bruises, eased your sore muscles and loosened your stiffened necks; I, Absorbine Jr., take up a new crusade in your behalf.

Beware of this tiny monster

A tiny parasite with a big name is on a rampage. Dermatologists call him tinea trichophyton, the parasite that causes a form of ringworm or "athlete's foot".

According to a great skin specialist, 10,000,000 men and women are already infected by this upstart parasite. A bulletin of the United States Public Health Service declares that half the adult population now has it or has had it at some time.

Tinea trichophyton lurks in golf shower rooms, gymnasiums, on the wet tiles about swimming pools, on the floor of locker rooms, hotel rooms, and bathing establishments, waiting for the unwary foot. Then it is carried home to breed on carpets and bath mats, to infect the feet of other members of the family. It's getting so a man can't shoot a quiet game of golf without running afoul of this tiny monster.

This outrage must stop.

So I, Absorbine Jr., have declared war on tinea trichophyton.

In a private combat in a laboratory, dermatologists watched while I slew millions of these ringworm parasites. What I did in the laboratory, I am prepared to do for you.

Look for tinea trichophyton tonight

No one is immune from the attacks of tinea trichophyton. It is possible to be infected for weeks without even knowing it.

The first symptoms of "athlete's foot" usually appear between the toes. Look for these symptoms: if the skin is moist or peeling, cracked or inflamed, or if there are small blisters and itching, or white thickened skin between the toes, you can be almost certain that the ringworm parasite is at work.

Let me at him now before he spreads along the sides and soles of the feet and burrows beneath the skin.

I stop the itching in short order and when I come to grips with tinea trichophyton his game is up.

Still on the job for sundry pains

Get me on your side for aches and pains. I'm an expert in easing sore muscles and relieving sprains, burns and bruises. Get me today at your nearest druggist's and keep me handy in your club locker—and on the bath-room shelf.

Sincerely yours,

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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lead man's discovery of a lolly often was made only after he had plunged bodily into it.

"Then what?" I asked a native.

"They'd pull him out, launch the boat, and row on," he answered in matter-of-fact fashion. "What else could they do?"

He added that each man wore high rubber boots to protect him as much as possible from the water, and they would all take turns in the lead position.

Those winters caused thousands of people to leave the Island. Farmers who were satisfied and happy there but for that drawback abandoned their farms. In 1891, at its peak, the population of the Island was 109,078. This number had dropped to 93,728 in 1911, and to 88,615 in 1921. Lately the Island has been holding its own and perhaps gaining a trifle. The abandoned farms are being taken up again in spots. The presence of the ice-breaker in the strait, of telephone and telegraph cables under the ice-jammed waters of winter, and of regular railroad service uniting the province with the world, as well as the building of roads, has checked emigration and encouraged immigration. Nevertheless, the Island owes a debt to its ice barrier and to its winters.

The ice barrier kept out the faint of heart, but it was no barrier to the courageous. Those who came and stayed were the strong and not the weak—men and women who felt no qualms at inconvenience, isolation, danger, and even hardship. It was a sturdy manhood that the Island attracted and reared.

Captain Alex. Taylor, now a farmer in the Belfast district of the Island, but who in his seafaring days sailed with Jack London's famous character, Wolf Larsen, told me a story of one of the old-day mail carriers whose route took him across the ice. The story shows the type of men that Prince Edward Island begot in those days when the ice in the strait was unbroken.

Alone and on foot, with the heavy pouch of mail swung over his back, this mail carrier set out one winter day for Pictou, Nova Scotia, twenty miles distant across the ice. At Pictou he was to deliver the mail to the stage driver, who was to convey it to Halifax, where it was to be placed on a boat sailing for England.

However, a storm delayed the carrier and he arrived late at Pictou. The stage had left, for it had passengers for the boat, and the boat was sailing on the next day. It was ninety miles from Pictou to Halifax over the stage road, and that road was deep in snow. Without a word of complaint, the carrier from Prince Edward re-shouldered his mail and *walked* on to Halifax! He caught the boat!

After hearing such stories as this one, I readily believed a Prince Edward Island farmer when he said: "When it comes to getting work done, our Island boys are worth four Old Country immigrants."

And I better understood what the mainland folks had meant in saying that "when those Islanders start something, they usually finish it"—and the doctor's statement, "They're not easily licked—by anything."

On this island the pioneer spirit, the unspoiled spirit of the worker of the land, still lives. It is the background against which is silhouetted the Island's attitude on divorce.

"Divorce is looked upon as an admission of failure here," said Chief Justice Mathieson. "It is a mark against a man's record, a thing he must explain. The divorced man has failed in his duty as a home-maker, a husband, and a father, and few duties in life are higher than these three.

"The fact that a man is divorced is a handicap to him if he seeks a responsible position, and justly so," continued the chief justice. "An applicant for a post of responsibility must stand upon his past record. If that record is marred by a failure in three of the most important duties he has undertaken, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he will fail in other duties. At least, the burden of proof to the contrary ought to be upon him. In business and in other pursuits men don't overcome obstacles by running away from them.

"Then why ought we to foster a different standard for marital difficulties, which frequently are of the most trivial and childish sort? It is ridiculous and silly for a man who has mastered oceans and deserts and conquered continents, to come meekly into a court-room, hat in hand, to plead that he can't get along with his wife.

"Public opinion on Prince Edward Island demands that a man give the same attention and effort to marriage that he gives daily to his business. Consequently, divorce does not exist on the Island."

Mention divorce to a farmer there and he will look at you blankly. The word has no place in his thoughts. But mention potatoes, or foxes, or the American tariff, and he becomes a cyclopedia of information.

I talked one evening with A. E. Dewar, a prosperous retired farmer, now residing in Charlottetown. Mr. Dewar is over seventy years old. I sought him out because of his reputation for sound thinking and common sense. He is something of a philosopher.

"Mister, divorce just isn't fashionable here," he said. "It isn't a subject for popular conversation. Folks aren't concerned over it like you are in the States.

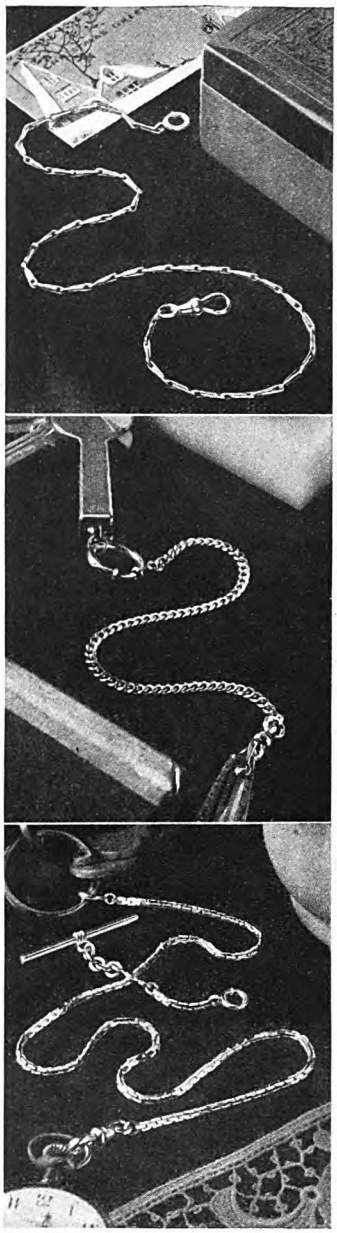
"Not so many years back," he went on, "you folks down in the States had no more use for divorce than we have. But you began to talk about it, to print pieces in your newspapers.

"Then, presently, some bolder folks began to talk a bit louder, saying that it wasn't so bad to be divorced as they had thought at first. Before long most everybody was talking out loud about it, some for and some against. And the more you talked and aired the proposition, the easier it became to make excuses for it. What was very bad in the beginning became not so bad, until thousands of folks concluded divorce wasn't bad at all, but a mighty good thing. That's how you came by your divorce problem: You made divorce fashionable and popular through arguing about it. Up here, we just don't argue."

I talked with Governor Heartz about divorce.

"When a community is overwhelmingly against a thing, you simply have none of it," said the governor. "We have a law,

For appearance's sake, wear a watch-chain



Of course, there is a limit to the jewelry a man may own. The Christmas shopper may remember that with some anguish. But fashion has always acknowledged the vogue of a watch-chain—and at no time more willingly than today. . . . Make your gift a Simmons Chain! A Simmons Chain is smart. And if the wearer prefers a wrist-watch, both ends of the chain may be used to guard knife, emblem, key-ring, and other accessories. Illustrated are Waldemar 19302, at $5; 25098, a sport chain, at $3.25, and Dickens 18921½, at $8.25 . . . all yellow gold-filled. Your jeweler has them in green and white as well, or combinations, at reasonably higher prices. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

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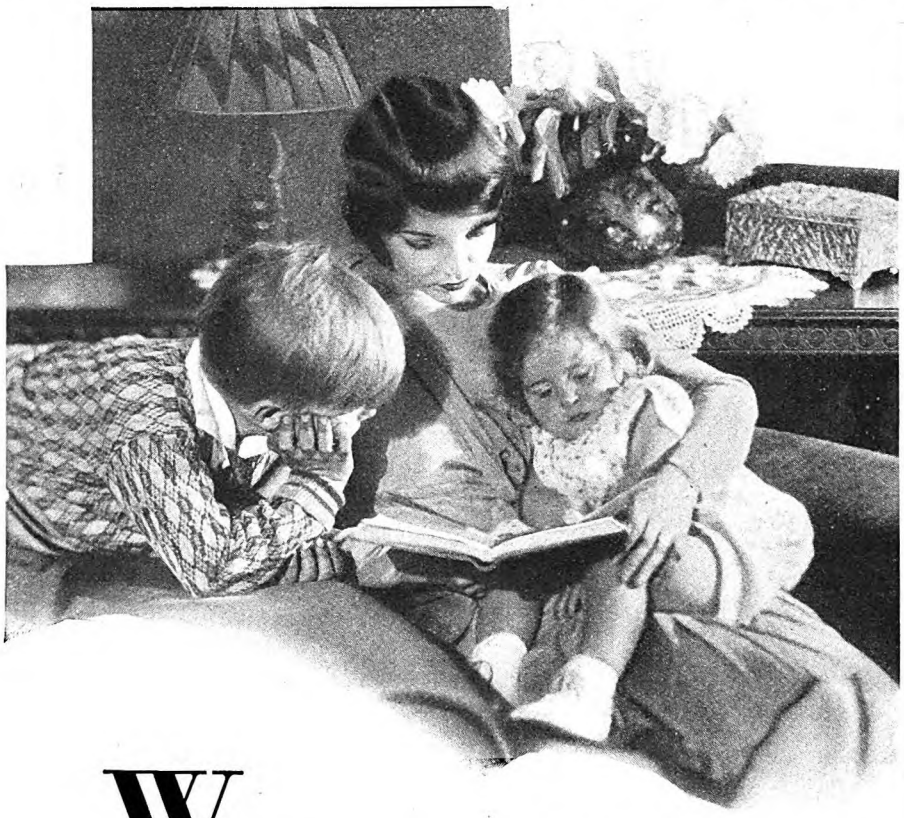

When a man FORGETS to think of those . . . . *who think of him!*

MOST men don't neglect this important matter purposely. They forget. They procrastinate. They forever put off until tomorrow a task that should be done today. And there's always just one tomorrow that never comes!

This question of insurance protection is important. It's vitally so. A woman can't stand up and battle the world alone these days—Not when she's got a kiddie or two claiming a good part of her waking hours—or a mortgage to worry about or a monthly rent problem to solve—Not when questions of food and clothing and education crop up constantly

She NEEDS life insurance protection—plenty of it—planned insurance—laid out with *your* vision and with the help of a Provident Mutual representative.

"When a man forgets to think of those who think of him"—that phrase crystallizes one of the tragedies of present-day living. In the days that lie ahead with their mysteries, their unforeseen happenings, their uncertainties, this little matter of FORGETTING may be fatal.

Why not take the first step toward adequate insurance protection just by mailing the coupon at the bottom of this advertisement?

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna

Founded 1865

LOW RATES—LOW COST

... Mail this coupon NOW!

You may send me full information concerning Provident Mutual policies, with the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

I was born_____ Month Day Year

My name is_____

My address is_____

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passed in 1835, which empowers the governor and executive council to establish a divorce court, but no governor has ever bothered to form something for which there is no public demand.

"I know of no place that has a higher standard of morality, and of no people who take a greater pride in their homes. The people derive from God-fearing, wholesome stock. They are industrious, and the wealth is generally distributed and not concentrated in a few hands. We have no idlers and no 'leisure class.'

"These facts explain not only the absence of divorce, but also the absence of crime," concluded the governor. "We are isolated and beyond the influence of any large city. The island might be likened to a big village in which everybody knows everybody else. Any stranger, especially one of the criminal type, is quickly marked. It wouldn't be easy for him to escape if he got into mischief. The crooks let us alone."

Incidentally, the chief of police in Charlottetown is A. Birtwhistle, a former sergeant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, a fact which in itself speaks for the discipline and efficiency of the little police force.

I had one more question and I took it to Dr. Cyrus Macmillan. He is a Harvard graduate and his wife was a Philadelphia girl. Doctor Macmillan knows conditions on both sides of the international border.

"You have sent thousands of Islanders to the United States to become citizens," I said. "How many Islanders go across the border to get a divorce?"

"That occurs only rarely," he assured me. "The inheritance laws of the Island don't recognize such divorces. It doesn't happen often enough even to be talked about as gossip."

"What is the most powerful deterrent of all divorce?"

"Tradition," said Doctor Macmillan. "That explains the popular sentiment against it, and sentiment in a community of this size is more powerful than any law."

He added: "It is the law."

Crucible

(*Continued from page 33*)

have seen her swamped, and three men doing puny battle with a creaming power beyond their strength to conquer.

Heroic work, this fighting the sea with ash blades. And fit to crack the muscles of a man not used to doing it. But they grimly stuck it out until the fall of darkness brought a lessening of the wind's vigor. The sea steadied. Swells became longer, more regular. And they had a space in which to hunch their backs and bend weary heads above the oar butts and rest.

Randall's game leg—brace and pull, brace and pull, hour after hour—hurt him fearfully. But he held the pain between set teeth, grimly, saying nothing—except with the drained whiteness of his face. . . . Lancaster had known how it must be wrenching, straining at that leg of Randall's, so he had put the last ounce that was in him behind his own strokes, trying to ease Randall's work a little.

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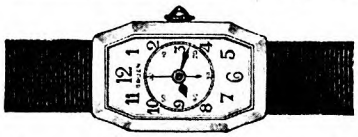
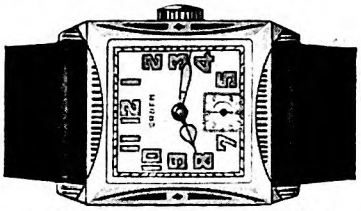


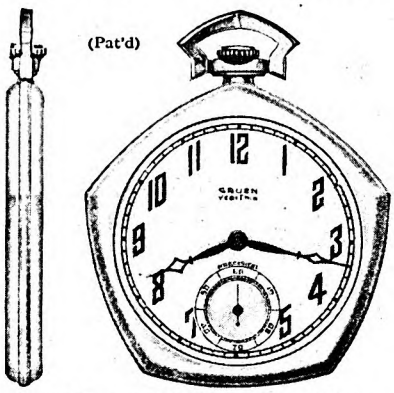
Nurse's Cartouche— combining style with large second-hand for pulse readings, $40. *In* 14-*kt. solid gold* case,* $50

Gruen Cartouche, 14-*kt. solid gold*, set with* 6 *diamonds; smart silk cord,* $200. *Other diamond-set designs* $2500 *to* $60



Gruen wrist watch, 15-*jewel,* $35. *Other designs,* $175 *to* $27.50

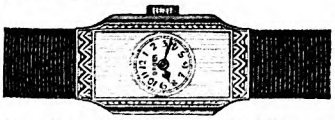
Gruen Cartouche, 15-*jewel movement,* $35. *Similar designs in* 14-*kt. solid gold*,* $40



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, 17-*jewel* Precision *movement,* 14-*kt. solid gold* case,* $100. *Other Pocket Watches* $500 *to* $27.50

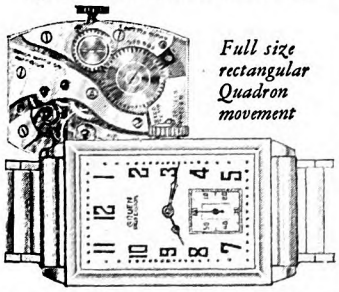
Especially desirable —these NEWEST Gruen Designs

Here are some so new that this Christmas they can be regarded as practically exclusive!



Gruen Cartouche, 14-*kt. solid gold* case, engraved antique finish,* 15-*jewel movement,* $50

Gruen Cartouche, 14-*kt. solid gold* case and mesh bracelet, set with* 18 *diamonds,* 17-*jewel* Precision *movement,* $300



Full size rectangular Quadron movement

Gruen Quadron, with Guild band, 17-*jewel* Precision *movement,* $72.50. *Other Quadrons,* $175 *to* $50

**For that finest gift, choose a Gruen in a solid gold case*

Guild Watches - - -

GIFTS *that once princes alone could give!*

Princely! That is what you would like to make your gift. Yet it must be within your means.

Of all gifts, most worthy to be called princely is a guild watch. For centuries, it was a gift only royalty could afford.

Guild watches today, though now within the reach of all, still carry the same feeling of richness.

For every watch by the modern Gruen Guild has been fashioned in the same tradition of fine workmanship which made the old guild watches so highly prized.

The modern Gruen Guild was organized among men whose fathers were watchmakers before them.

Many of these present-day guildsmen can trace their ancestry to famous guild masters of centuries ago.

Pictured here are examples showing the distinctiveness of their creations.

For the beloved one who heads your Christmas list — why not a princely gift—a Gruen Watch?

Your Gruen jeweler can show you the Guild Watches illustrated here; also many others to suit the taste of every member of the family. Prices $3500 to $27.50.

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish—none less than $50. Made only in the Precision Workshop

Look for the mark Precision *on the dial*

Gruen Watch Makers Guild
Time Hill, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Branches in various parts of the world

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

GRUEN WATCHES

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Guild Watches

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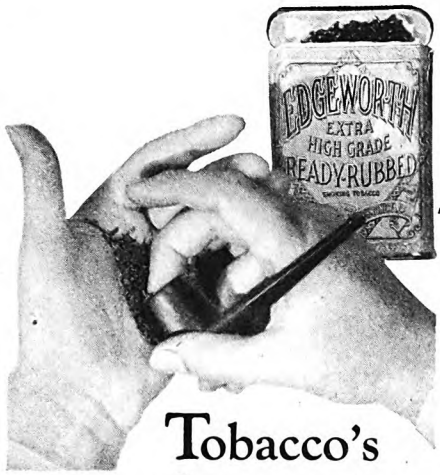

Tobacco's at its *best* . . . in a pipe

MEN'S preference for a man's smoke—the pipe—is plenty positive. But do you know why?

We'll tell you. It's a triple reason. First, pipe tobacco's *different*—for instance, Edgeworth. Second, tobacco smolders *like it should* in a pipe—completely, all of it. And third, these mean *you* get more satisfaction—greater relish of the good old savory burley, soothing fullness of rich smoke.

There's even a fourth reason: you like good company. The pipe-smoking brotherhood is that. Its members are thinkers and leaders.

Tobacco's at its best in a pipe. It gets a chance to be itself there—to loosen up as it comes to life, to expand and take in air and *glow*. Only the choicest leaves get that chance, moreover, for pipes tell the truth about tobacco. Choice leaves, choice blends, *and mighty careful handling*. Edgeworth comes up through eleven distinct processes before we're willing to pass it on to you.

If you've been missing all this, that's your misfortune. If you keep on, it's your fault—for we're waiting to send you your first pipefuls of Edgeworth. See the coupon? Fill it out, get a *good* pipe and the postman will bring you a neat little glad-to-meet-you packet of good old Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy it anywhere in two forms—"Edgeworth Ready Rubbed" and "Edgeworth Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

EDGEWORTH

LARUS & BRO. CO.,
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

Name_____

Street_____

Town and state_____

Now let the Edgeworth come! F2

Now every muscle in Lancaster's splendid body was screaming with fatigue. But he was game. He lifted his head after a bit and grinned encouragingly.

"We'll see a ship tonight," he asserted cheerfully to Randall. And then to the drowsing castaway: "Got a nip of something in that bag of yours, brother? A little Scotch, maybe—or something to liven up the party?"

All day the castaway had lain like a lump, eyes closed most of the time. He hadn't talked. He hadn't said a word since those three when he had come to in the plane's cabin: "Where am I?" Nor did he by word answer Lancaster's question now, which had pricked him awake. He just stared for a moment, then tried to get his gaze around or through the two men sitting hunched between himself and the bow, where the bag reposed. Seemed as if he wanted to assure himself that it was still there. And he shook his head with what vehemence he could muster.

"Then we'll just have a sip of water," said Lancaster. "Wet your throat, Dick, and pass it along."

RANDALL, nearest the bow, got the canteen and had a swallow or two. He passed it on to Lancaster. And Lancaster handed it straight on to the castaway, denying himself for the moment. But the fellow was too spent to hold it, so Lancaster got an arm under his head and tipped the canteen to his lips and let it gurgle. . . . The poor devil needed it . . . And when he was done drinking, Lancaster lifted the canteen to his own ear and shook it a little. It was empty, drained of its last drop.

All through the long night's starless murk the little boat drifted. A shell of wood, a speck on the sea, alone in immensity of darkness.

The sun rose red in sea mist. This burned away and the sun had them fair. All day it lashed and scourged them in their open boat. The castaway was in coma most of the time. Along toward the heel of the afternoon Randall went down in collapse on the boat's bottom. Only Lancaster stayed up, watching with red eyes for that ship that didn't come. . . .

So through the long night, and down the length of another blistering day, Lancaster fought his fight. He fought hunger; he battled with thirst; and his aching eyes campaigned against empty distances—wide seas shimmering under starshine and moonglow; doing devil's dances under the blaze of the sun.

He struggled to keep the clutching hand of death away from that cockleshell of a boat—got Randall back in the stern sheets beside the castaway and rigged an awning of oars and jackets above their heads to shield them from the burn of the sun. Randall was off his head, eyes like glass, mumbling thickly of sky courses and crowds and buckling struts. The castaway was still, breathing slow, hanging onto life with amazing tenacity.

God, if it would only rain! A shower, a sprinkle—just a drop!—to help replace the sucked-out moisture of their flesh. . . . Lancaster hadn't wet a lip in more than fifty hours. . . . His tongue was thick enough to choke him. . . . His brain was drying up and rattling in his skull. . . . But somebody had to watch. . . .

So Lancaster fought his fight. And he made a man's bout of it. More than once he was down, sleep standing over him and waiting the count. But always he came up with that one thought: Watch. . . . Watch. . . . Watch! . . .

The sun went and the night came on, mighty in its vastness, filled with stars clean down to the sea. . . . Queer stars, to Lancaster's pain-stabbed eyes—they danced and spun dizzily, like flung sparks from some gigantic grinding wheel. . . . They were everywhere, filling the universe.

Watch. . . . Watch. . . . Hello! That's queer! . . . Lancaster rubbed his tortured eyes. . . . That's queer—two stars among the millions, but not like any of the others! Two, horizon down—and one of them was red and one was green. . . . . Green and red. . . . Darn queer! Lancaster's laughter croaked out in the night. Who ever saw a green star and a red one lifting and falling on the sea swells! . . . . He rubbed his eyes again, hard, knuckles in until it hurt. . . Yes, they were still there—red and green . . . green and red. . . . And then Lancaster *knew!*

He dragged himself over the thwarts, desperately, forward toward the cockleshell's bow. . . Groping hands, fumbling fingers—and up went a star of Lancaster's own, soaring up from the boat's bow, sailing up serenely toward the sky. . . . High up it burst into a thousand little stars, dropping, dying, winking out.

Lancaster's tired head drooped. . . . The world of men seemed very far away . . . very—far—away. . . .

THE sun was in the sky again—long, long hours after Lancaster had touched off his rocket. On the bridge of a gaunt gray steamer plowing up the sea lanes toward San Francisco were three men. One of these three was the ship's captain; the other two were Lancaster and Randall. The castaway was down below decks in the sick bay—under watchful eyes.

"We had it by wireless," said the captain. "All the sea has been on the lookout for that fellow. Half a million in negotiable securities in that black bag of his. Loot from a Los Angeles bank—and he a trusted officer! He took passage on a steamer for the islands. Feared arrest coming off the ship and bribed a couple of deck hands to set him down in a boat, with some food and water. They confessed, a day after. He figured to make land by himself, but he didn't reckon on a three-day storm driving him the other way. We've all been on the lookout for him, hoping to collect the thirty thousand that's on his mangy head. But that's coming to you fellows. You brought him in. Thirty thousand dollars is a snug bit of money, any way you look at it."

Lancaster nodded, almost absently. His thought was not with the captain's words. Something had happened to Lancaster. The ice was gone from his eyes—had been melted away in a crucible fit to try the metal of any man.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes—a snug bit of money. . . . But you know, Captain, there are some things better than money in this man's world. Much better!"

Lancaster was speaking to the captain of the ship, but he was looking at Dick Randall—looking him square in the eyes.

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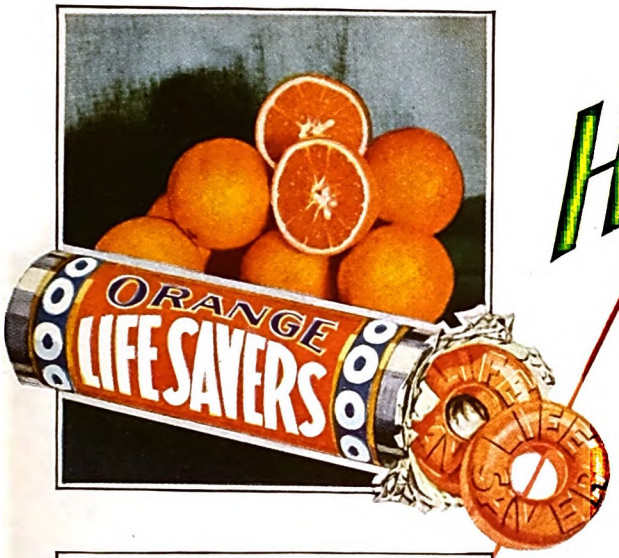

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THE SPORTFOLIO

Sportsmanship: The Diplomat

By CHARLEY PADDOCK

"INTERNATIONAL sportsmanship," said Lawson Robertson, lolling back in a lounge chair of the American Olympic team's most recent ship, "is greater than international diplomacy when it comes to making friendships among nations. There are things greater than victory among men."

Across the comfortable table, Dink Templeton, youthful mentor of Stanford University, California, whose track teams had startled the world, and I, nodded in assent. "Robbie" had been twice chief of the American Olympic teams, and he knew. He produced from his wallet a worn cablegram from Bevil Rudd, Kimberley, South Africa, in proof of his assertion. It warmly wished all members of the United States team, and Robertson, luck in the Olympic contest.

I realized the sincerity of the message, because I had seen his heroic sacrifice in one of the greatest races I have ever witnessed—that 800 meters, or half-mile grind, of the 1920 Olympics.

The pick of the world had started that day, and Don Scott of Mississippi, Earl Eby of Pennsylvania, Pesky Sprott of California, and Tom Campbell of Yale, representing the United States, Martin of Switzerland, Mountain and Hill of England, and Rudd (*Continued on page 112*)

One Hundred Best Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

:enturies of physicians) the "Father of Medicine," and Archimedes solved his heorems, while a soldier, symbolizing the eternal opposition of war and art, stabbed him to death. Last of all, Élie Faure lets us stand by while Phidias, with the patience that is genius, carves the figures for the Parthenon and Praxiteles chisels Aphrodite's perfect grace. When shall we see such an age again?

TO UNDERSTAND these Greeks would in itself be a sufficient education; and, indeed, a great American educator is making the experiment of giving two years of the college course, for one hundred fortunate students, to a study of Greek civilization in all its varied wealth. The Romans do not give us so much; for, though they admirably laid the foundations of social order and political continuity for the nations of modern Europe, they lost themselves too much in laws and wars, in building roads and sewers, and warding off encompassing barbarians, to snatch from their hard lives the quiet thought that powers in literature, philosophy, and art. Yet even here there are gods: the greatest statesmen that ever lived perhaps, made companionable by Plutarch's artistry; the poet Lucretius expounding in mascuine verse the inescapable Nature of things; the delicate felicity of Virgil, weaving his country's legendary past into a cloth of poetic gold; and, last of the Romans, Marcus Aurelius, meditating on the vanity of lust and power from the vantage point of an unequaled throne.

It is a tremendous and tragic story, how this great colossus bestrode all the earth with majesty, and then through corruption and slavery slowly rotted away, until barbarian armies from without and Oriental cults from within brought it down to ruin. Here it is that the greatest historian of all, Edward Gibbon, begins his stately recital of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and plays with his mighty organ-prose a *marche funèbre* of desolation. Let us read those purple pages leisurely; life is not so important that we may not spare for this philosopher writing history the unhurried calm that we must have in order to drink in the wisdom of his comments and the music of his periods.

Gibbon is so generous that he tells the story not of dying Rome alone, but of that infancy of northern Europe which we know as the Middle Ages. Here is the rise of the Papacy to the realization of the greatest dream of Western statesmanship—the unification of Europe; here is the conversion of Constantine and the coronation of Charlemagne; here is the bloody tale of how Mohammed and his generals, leading armies hungry for booty and infuriated with theology, swept over Africa and Spain, built the civilization of Bagdad and Cordova, and sank back into the desert when the Turks, still more barbarous than themselves, poured down through the Caucasus upon the disordered West. How the Jews and the Persians prospered under Moslem sway let Maimonides and Omar attest. We shall find in Williams the noble record of Arab achievements in mathematics and medicine, in astronomy and philosophy; and Faure will show us their unique and delicate architecture in the Alhambra at Granada and in India's Taj Mahal.

BUT there were a few Christians too in those days; and Robinson, taking up *The Human Adventure*, describes their civilization so well that we cannot spare him from our list. Dante and Chaucer sum up the age; The Canterbury Pilgrims, though on a pious mission, frolic with stories as earthy as Rabelais'; and Dante, though at war with his Church, lifts its theology to such splendor and dignity that for a moment we forget the suffering that created Hell. Abélard doubted that theology, but very suddenly lost the manhood to stand his ground; nothing could be more pitiful and human than this weak abandonment of Héloise and truth. If you would know how perfect, even in our

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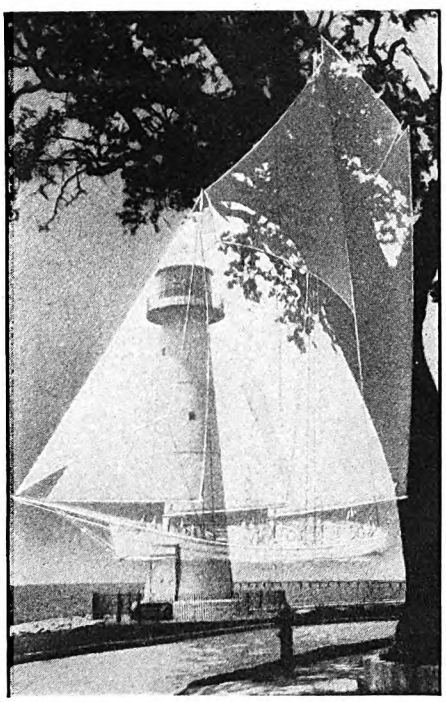

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THE SPORTFOLIO

(Continued from page 109)

of South Africa, were coming in on the final lap.

Just as they came to the last turn, Rudd locked elbows with Scott and accidentally pushed him from the track. In that moment of excitement and strain, when Rudd saw the Olympic tape just a little way ahead—a tape that he had always hoped to break—when he heard those thousands yelling for him to go on, he turned his head and said, "Beg pardon, Scott!"

It happened that Rudd lost the race by a scant two feet to Hill, of England. There were many at the finish line who knew that if he had kept a straight course and hadn't taken that moment to turn his head to voice an apology, he would have won the championship of the world.

The first thing that Scott did when he finished was to tell of the incident; and it accomplished more in cementing the athletic friendship between Great Britain and the United States than a dozen victories on the field for Rudd could have done.

I discussed the subject of international accord through athletics with Mrs. May Sutton Bundy, who, after twenty-four years of tennis-court battles, again defended the fair name of California and of the United States on the international courts in the spring of 1929. Her kindly gray eyes sparkling, she corroborated Coach Robertson with a tennis story that again portrayed international good will.

It was the first year that France captured the international Davis Cup from America. France had won two matches and so had (Continued on page 115)

styleless days, English prose can be, read George Moore's quiet narrative of this immortal love. Henry Adams tells the story too in *Mont St. Michel and Chartres* and expounds the encyclopedic orthodoxy of St. Thomas Aquinas as incidents in his personally conducted tour of the great French cathedrals; here Gothic is made to talk English and reveal itself even to Americans.

And here also we come upon that unappreciated glory, Taine's *History of English Literature;* a book as scholarly in preparation and as brilliant in exposition as can be found this side of Gibbon; it took a Frenchman to explain their literature to the English. Finally we listen to the masculine-mélancholy music of the Middle Ages, and the Gregorian chant surrounds and deepens us with its flowing majesty. Cecil Gray is no perfect guide here, he is only brief; and those who love music as the highest philosophy will deviate from our list at this point and read the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of the Oxford *History of Music.* Life without music, as Nietzsche said, would be a mistake.

THEN the Middle Ages melt away, and suddenly we stand before that full flowering of medieval art and thought, the Italian Renaissance. Mr. Wells gives us a few inadequate pages of outline, and then we abandon ourselves, for seven spacious and astounding volumes, to the lead of John Addington Symonds, who took the very breath of his ailing life, and even the latitude of his morals, from this greatest epoch of the Christian age. (If your years are too short for so extended a tour, read Burckhardt's single volume, *The Renaissance in Italy;* if you have learned to make haste slowly, read Burckhardt and Symonds too.)

Here again is a very swarm of genius: At Florence we enter the Palace of the Medici, where Pico della Mirandola is burning candles before the bust of the rediscovered Plato, and a boy called Michelangelo is carving the figure of a toothless faun; and at Rome we walk the marble floors of the Vatican with Julius II and Leo X, and watch them turning the wealth and poetry of the Church to the stimulation and nourishment of every art. Vasari opens to us the studios of Botticelli, Brunelleschi, Leonardo, Raphael, and Angelo; Faure rhapsodizes on this unprecedented efflorescence of painting, statuary, and ornament; Machiavelli makes Cæsar Borgia sit for the portrait of the ideal prince; Cellini abandons murder occasionally to cast his Perseus or make a perfect vase; Bruno and Vanini renew man's effort to understand the world with reason; Copernicus, Vesalius, and Gilbert lay the corner stones of modern science; and Palestrina takes us to heaven on the wings of song.

BUT Luther, coming down from the cold, stern North, does not like the licentious art of sunny Italy; and in a voice heard throughout the world he calls for the return of the Church to primitive asceticism and simplicity. The princes of Germany, using the religious revolt as an instrument of policy, separate their growing realms from the Papacy, establish a multitude of independent states, and inaugurate the dynastic nationalism which is the thread of European history from the Reformation to the Revolution. National consciousness replaces religious conscience, patriotism replaces piety, and every European people has for a century its own Renaissance. It is an age of political romance: Catherine de' Medici and Henry VIII, Charles V and Philip of the Armada, Elizabeth and Essex, Mary Queen of Scots and her inextricable lovers, and the Terrible Ivan. It is an epoch of giants in literature: In France, Rabelais riots with all the Commandments and adjectives, and Montaigne discusses affairs public and private in the greatest essays ever written; in Spain, Cervantes finds one arm sufficient for writing the most famous of all novels, and Lope de Vega composes eighteen hundred plays; in London, a butcher's son produces the greatest of all modern dramas, and all England, as Spengler would say, is "in form." It is the springtime of the modern soul.

Scholars are wont to say that after that brilliant coming-of-age in Spain, England, and France, Europe suffered a setback and fell from the high level of the Renaissance. In a sense it is true: The seventeenth century is an epoch of religious conflict, the

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THE SPORTFOLIO

(Continued from page 112)

America. Big Bill Tilden, then tennis champion of the world and crowned again last September as seventh champion of the United States, was playing René La Coste, the champion of France, in the deciding battle. Each had won two sets and they were about even in points, when suddenly Tilden hit the ball sharply to La Coste, and the Frenchman, striving desperately to return it, slipped and fell on the court, but not before he had sent the ball bounding back to Tilden for an easy kill.

All that Big Bill had to do was to hit it across the net before La Coste had time to scramble to his feet. Anyone could have done it. But in the fraction of a second that Bill had time to think, he lifted the ball high into the air, so high that it gave La Coste time to jump to his feet and to smash it back for the point that he needed.

This was the turning point of the match and it led to the championship of the world for René La Coste and the Davis Cup for France.

But there was something bigger than a championship cup involved, something deeper, something finer than the laurel wreath of victory.

The Spirit of Sportsmanship! It is greater than Victory. It begins on the sand lots where boys play their first baseball. It is found on the schoolgrounds where the spirit of competition for a cause begins to take shape. It is one of the most valuable lessons learned at the college or university. Sportsmanship knows no nationality. It is to be found wherever men play together.

period of that Thirty Years' War which ruined Germany and that Puritan Revolution which put an end for a century to the poetic and artistic exuberance of England. But, even so, consider the roster of the seventeenth century. It is the time of the Three Musketeers: Richelieu and Mazarin strengthen the central government of France against the feudal barons and bequeath a united and powerful state to Louis XIV as an organized medium of security and order for the fine flower of French culture in the eighteenth century. La Rochefoucauld gives finished form to the cynicism of theaters and courts; Molière fights with ridicule the hypocrisies and conceits of his people; and Pascal mingles, in passionate rhetoric, mathematics and piety. Bacon and Milton raise English prose to its highest reach, and Milton writes, in addition, some tolerable verse. It is an era of mighty systems in philosophy; Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke in England; Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz on the Continent. In science, it is the age of Galileo in astronomy, of Sir William Harvey in physiology, of Robert Boyle in chemistry, of Isaac Newton in everything. In painting, it is a shower of stars: in Holland, Rembrandt and Frans Hals; in Flanders, Rubens and Van Dyck; in France, Poussin and Claude Lorrain; in Spain, El Greco and Velasquez. And in music, Bach is born.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH is one of the Olympians nearest to Jove; and you must not rest until your body and soul have trembled with the rhythmic sublimity of the Mass in B minor and the Passion according to St. Matthew. With the old organist of Arnstadt and everywhere, who had time between masterpieces to have twenty children, music reaches one of its twin dominating peaks; not till the mad Beethoven will it scale such a height again. The eighteenth century is full of noble melody: Händel dispenses oratorios, and Haydn develops the sonata and the symphony; Gluck makes a noble accompaniment for Iphigenia's sacrifice; and Mozart, out of his sadness and his happiness, weaves such a concourse of sweet sound as makes all later compositions seem chaotic and discordant. If you wish to know "absolute music"—music relying not on stories, or pictures, or ideas, but on its own "meaningless" beauty—turn off your radio for a moment and play on your discarded phonograph the Andante from Mozart's Quartet in D major.

BUT here we are at the eighteenth century, which Clive Bell, in his precious volumette on *Civilization*, rates with the age of Pericles and the Renaissance as one of the three supreme epochs in the history of culture—an age of barbaric wars, advancing science, and liberated philosophy; of baronial exploitation, fine manners, and such handsome dress as makes our forked pantaloons and incarcerating skirts seem funereal and penal. "Those who have not lived before 1789," said that brilliant piece of "mud in a silk stocking," as Napoleon called Talleyrand, "have never known the full happiness of life." Read in Sainte-Beuve's *Portraits* the lives of these gilded men; see their pictures in Watteau and Fragonard, in Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney; and then take with Taine and Carlyle a front seat at the fiery drama of their fall. Think of an age that could produce such historians as Gibbon and Voltaire, such philosophers as Hume and Kant, such an undertaking as the French *Encyclopedia*, such a biographer as Boswell, such a circle as Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Burke, Garrick, and Reynolds; such novelists as Fielding and Sterne, still unsurpassed in England; such an economist as Adam Smith, such a cynic as Jonathan Swift, such a woman as Mary Wollstonecraft!

And so the Revolution comes, aristocracy is guillotined, art and manners droop, truth replaces beauty, and science remakes the world nearer to its heart's desire. Let Robinson tell of that Industrial Revolution which has so quickly and profoundly transformed our lives, our governments, our morals, our religions, and our philosophies; it is one of the great pivots on which history revolves. As the eighteenth century had been the age of theoretical mechanics and physics (and the next was the era of their victory in action), so the nineteenth century was the age of theoretical biology (and the twentieth will see it in triumphant operation);

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new conceptions of the nature of development and man dominated the scientific scene and precipitated a war of faiths that has unsettled and saddened the Western mind. It was a century poor in sculpture, despite the unfinished Rodin, and a century full of dubious experiments in painting, from Turner's sunsets to Whistler's rain; but in music, strange to say (for who could have expected it in an age of machines?), it outsang every other epoch in history.

Here is Beethoven, passing with the turn of the century from the Mozartian simplicity of his early works through the power of the *Eroica*, the perfection of the Fifth Symphony, and the subtle delicacy of the Emperor Concerto and the Kreutzer Sonata, to the mad exuberance of the later sonatas and the Choral Symphony; here is Schubert, infinite store of melody, leaving unsung masterpieces by the hundred in his attic; here is the misty-melancholy Schumann, center of one of the finest love stories in truth or fiction; here is Johannes Brahms, looking like a butcher and composing like an angel, weaving harmonies profounder than any of Schumann, and yet so loyal to his memory that, though loving with full devotion the mad musician's widow (the greatest woman pianist of her time), and taking care of her for forty years, he never dared to ask her hand in marriage.

What a dynasty of suffering, from the dying Beethoven shaking his fist at fate, through Schubert drunk and Schumann insane, through Chopin, hunted by tubercle bacilli and deserted by George Sand, to Richard Wagner, genius and charlatan, who bore indignities for half a century and then made German kings and princes pay the piper at Bayreuth! Happier was Mendelssohn, who was too kind and simple to suffer much; and Liszt, who drank fame to the last drop, till all his life was an intoxication with glory; and Rossini, who preferred cooking spaghetti to writing *The Barber of Seville;* and genial Verdi, living on his Fortunatus' purse of melody and putting a barrel-organ into every opera house in Europe. But when we pass to Russia, it is melancholy that strums the strings again; the broken Moussorgsky sings of death, and the pathetic Tschaikowsky, breaking his heart over a Venus of the opera, ends his life with a cup of poison. (We may be sure of this, since all respectable historians deny it.)

APPARENTLY beauty is born in suffering, and wisdom is the child of grief. The philosophers of our parent-century were almost as unhappy as the composers; they began with Schopenhauer, who wrote an encyclopedia of misery, and ended with Nietzsche, who loved life because it was a tragedy, but went insane with the thought that he might have to live again. What a pitiful sight, once more, is the invalid Buckle, who never had a healthy moment in his life and died at forty-one before he could complete even the Introduction to his *History of Civilization in England!* The only sound man in all the list of nineteenth-century genius was old Goethe, who differed from Shelley by growing up. Read Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, and treat yourself to a week's company with a mature mind. Read Part One of *Faust*, but let no historian of literature —not even the great Brandes—lure you

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Keep June Warmth
IN YOUR CAR

LET the freezing weather come! Let the cutting wind sweep down from the North! You'll feel none of the outside cold as you drive along, if your car is equipped for winter with a

TROPIC-AIRE

The Original Fan-Equipped

Hot Water Automobile Heater

It fills the car with the genial warmth of June. For no source of heat is so great, clean and steady as your engine's hot water, as used directly by this efficient heater.

***SIMPLY TURN THE SWITCH.* An electric fan circulates the heat throughout the car, using no more current than a tail-light.**

***FAN USED ALL SUMMER, TOO!* The hot water is easily turned off so that you can use the fan for cooling ventilation on hot summer days.**

***FOR ALL CARS.* Made in three styles including a special style for Model "A" Fords. Tropic-Aire Hot Water Heaters are sold and installed by dealers and garages in every locality.**

Look for the TROPIC-AIRE sign and display, or write us for circular and name of nearest distributor.

TROPIC-AIRE, Inc.

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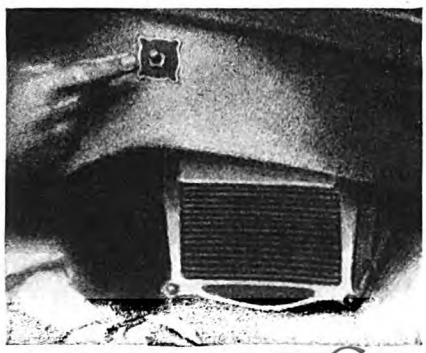

"For Those Who Don't Go South"

into Part Two: It is a senile hotchpotch of nonsense worthy of Edward Lear. The only other mind comparable to Goethe's in that age was that of Napoleon, powerful instrument of imagination, energy, and will; let Ludwig tell you his story, and then read the ninety sparkling pages with which Taine analyzes the Corsican's genius in *The Modern Régime*.

ABSORB every word of Taine's chapter on Byron, and then read *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, *Cain*, and two or three cantos of *Don Juan*. Do not miss the odes of Keats; they are the finest poems in the language. Verlaine and De Musset fall out of our list, because no translation can capture their wistful melody, and Heine is included despite the failure of all who have tried to transpose from one tongue to another the wit and music of his verse. Tennyson enters with *In Memoriam* and the *Idylls of the King;* but, if courage failed not, his place would be given to Sir Thomas Malory, whose *Mort d'Arthur* is a stately monument of English prose. Of Balzac, when this century of books is done, you must read a great deal; for he is almost as illuminating as life itself. Skip through *Les Misérables*, but miss not a word of Flaubert's two masterpieces (*Mme. Bovary* and *Salammbo*), which the list here dishonestly groups as one with the connivance of a publisher who issues most of Flaubert in one volume. Then you may nibble at the delicacies offered you by Anatole France, who is the distilled essence of French culture and art; only *Penguin Isle* is named, but if you are a gourmand for beauty and subtlety of speech you will read twenty volumes of Anatole.

Take *Pickwick Papers* and *Vanity Fair* (or take *David Copperfield* and *Henry Esmond*) leisurely, and forget our egotistic depreciation of the Victorian Age; let our time equal that in literature and then we may throw stones. Pass from England to Scandinavia, and—ignoring Ibsen's other plays—read *Peer Gynt*, the greatest poem since *Faust*. Cross over to Russia, taste the perfection of Turgeniev, wander without hurry through the mountain ranges of Tolstoi's *War and Peace* (there are seventeen hundred pages), and at last surrender yourself to Dostoievski, the greatest novelist of all. Here again every volume is precious; if you wish to be torn up to the very roots with instruction and human revelation, you will read not only *The Brothers Karamazov*, but *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, and *The Possessed*. After that you may come home to America.

Does the list slight some of our native heroes? But remember our youth; we have but lately passed from pioneering to commercialism and are just beginning to emerge from commercialism into art; Whitman is our only giant yet. Thoreau is a stage in every full life, voice of that Return-to-Nature fever which burns in the blood of every youth who protests against being too quickly civilized. Emerson is a trifle thin today, and there is almost as little *meat* in him as in Thoreau; but those who study style must stay with him for a week. Poe, too, is a bit overrated; a man of melodious and spookish lines, a weaver of terrible tales that appeal to our bourgeois love of mystery and our tenderfoot delight in imagined pain; we are glad to suffer by proxy. We call Poe a great artist when we mean only that his biography is interesting and his suffering attractive to us.

And so we come to our own century, age of electricity and *Götterdämmerung*, age of the Great Madness and the Mad Peace, age of intellectual and moral change more rapid and fundamental than any epoch in history ever knew. Let Henry Adams reveal to you the secret of our time; there is no place for it here. Possibly Bergson has the answer to Adams: The mechanistic philosophy which is the basis of our pessimism is not the necessary conclusion of biology; perhaps, after all, men are not machines. Havelock Ellis, the greatest scholar of our day, seems to us something more than a machine; and as we read *Jean Christophe*, the supreme novel of our century, we catch the feeling of the artist, as against that of the scientist—the sense, not of helplessness, but of creation. Spengler differs from us and will have it that our civilization is dying; if it is so, it is only because of that passion for power and that addiction to war which he admires with all the envy of the intellectual who thinks that he was born for action. Let Professor Fay, therefore, bare for us the origins of the World War, that we may see how base these envied glories are in their origin and how filthy in their result; and let our children read him too, that they may learn how wars are made, and how men may in three years retrace nearly all the steps that mankind has slowly climbed, through three thousand years, from savagery to civilization.

These are sad books, but by the time we reach the end of our list we shall be strong enough to face truth without anesthesia. We may still believe, despite all our knowledge, that the race that made Plato and Leonardo will some day grow wisdom enough to control population; to keep the seas open to food and fuel for all peoples, and all markets open for all traders and all capital; and perhaps by some international organization to graduate humanity out of war. Stranger things than that have been accomplished in the history of mankind; forty times such a marvel could not equal the incredible development of man from slime or beast to Confucius and Christ. We have seen nothing yet.

THIS, then, is our Odyssey of books. Here is another world, containing the selected excellence of a hundred generations; not quite so fair and vital as this actual world of nature and human enterprise, but abounding nevertheless in wisdom unsuspected and beauty unexplored. Life is better than literature, friendship is sweeter than philosophy, and children reach into our hearts with a profounder music than comes from any symphony; but even so, these living delights offer no derogation to the modest and secondary pleasures of our books. When life is bitter, or friendship slips away, or perhaps our children leave us for their own haunts and homes, we shall come and sit at the table with Shakespeare and Goethe, and laugh at the world with Rabelais, and see its autumn loveliness with John Keats. For these are friends who give us only their best, who never answer back, and always await our call.

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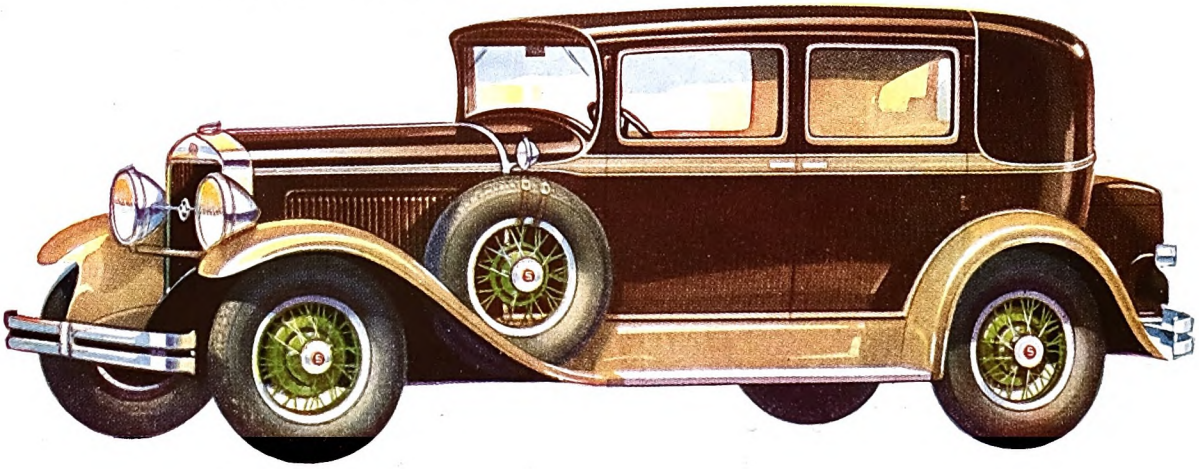
THIS CHRISTMAS . . . GIVE HER THE KEYS TO HAPPINESS

EACH year this gracious Christmas custom grows in favor . . . the presentation of the Keys to Happiness to one well beloved. An attractive gift case holds the shining keys for one of Studebaker's smart new motor cars — an Eight by the Builder of Champions! When all the world is turning to the responsive, flexible power, the satin-smoothness — and the *distinction* — of the Eight, this glorious gift of her very own car becomes more precious. For women are alert to the motor car trend — they know that, admittedly, the world's finest cars are Eights! And you know her car will be worth more a year from now if it *is* an Eight. Illustrated is one of the reasons why Studebaker *leads the world* in the sale of eight-cylinder cars . . . The Commander Eight Brougham for five.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



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One Dollar

Slightly more in Canada and other countries

Contents

Give Him the Williams Holiday Package

FOR a Man's Christmas! For any man . . . anywhere . . . The Williams Holiday Package.

No useless fol-de-rol is this Christmas Package. Sensible in price . . . *One Dollar.* Beautiful in its holiday red, green and gold. Useful in the highly necessary articles it contains—Shaving Cream; Aqua Velva for *after-shaving;* Men's Talc; Toilet Soap; and an attractive metal box for old razor blades, always a bother to dispose of. Your gift problem solved . . . for *him!*

This Holiday Package fulfills every requirement of usefulness, good sense and beauty. An ideal gift for executives to give their associates, or their business friends.

Williams Shaving Cream is remarkable for its uncolored purity, its coolness, mildness; its fine effect upon the skin. The Williams lather has been standard for close to a century.

Aqua Velva, made just for *after-shaving*, completes the shave. It healthfully stimulates the skin. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Protects from dust, germs, roughness, chapping. Keeps the skin all day long as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva make it easy and pleasant to keep one's face smooth-shaven and Fit. They have long been prized by exacting, well-groomed men. They are contained in this holiday package.

Your dealer has this Holiday Package. Ask for it by name—*The Williams Holiday Package.* Price, One Dollar in the United States.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA

Just Notice the Fine Skins of Men who use WILLIAMS

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

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You Can't Build Skyscrapers with Your Head in the Sky

(*Continued from page 17*)

"Miss W., have you seen the X files?" She replied, "No," and rose to hunt for them.

Swiftly as she moved, with the grace of young womanhood, the man was ever before her, into files and out, into cases, through the doors to the library and other offices, back again, and again past me, with each time the pause of a breath of an instant and a polite "Excuse me," as I clumsily tried to efface myself against a wall while the chase was on. Suddenly the files were found; he hurtled through the door again, and it closed with swift, noiseless force.

"The human steam engine," Henry B. Joy called Kahn years ago. But Kahn does not run on a track. He swoops and soars and lights. There were three hundred and fifty people busy in his offices at that time, working on designs for forty buildings. Grouped according to service I found draftsmen, designers, plumbing engineers, refrigerating engineers, ventilating engineers, construction engineers, testing laboratory workers, and among them, from time to time, that coatless, acrobatic figure, with its upstanding hair, moving with almost incredible celerity from one group to another. Nobody sprang to attention as it paused, but everyone attended. And faces lighted, eyes brightened, smiles followed it. The tour of the office might have been called a joyous flight.

KAHN'S forty-seven years of work have given him a philosophy which he outlines as clearly as he plans his buildings.

"Nine tenths of my success," he says, "has come because *I listened to what people said they wanted and gave it to them.* When I began, the real architects would design only museums, cathedrals, capitols, and monuments. The office boy was considered good enough to design the factory buildings. I am still that office boy designing factories. I have no dignity to be impaired. When anyone suggests changes, I listen. In our offices there are no jealousies; sometimes six or ten of us work on a design together. We listen to our clients and learn from them; their ideas become ours also.

"It was this listening that gave me opportunity. I don't know how to make opportunity, but I know how to make myself ready for it. I find that most men worry all through their work about that which is to come—the thing they are *going* to do, the money they are *going* to get. *I worry only about the thing I am doing.* The rest will take care of itself. I move fast but I don't hurry."

And, strangely, Kahn does not. He hustles, but he does not hurry. He gives the thing in hand all the time it needs.

One Sunday morning, as Albert Kahn, Ernestine Kahn, and I sat in the Kahn home, I found a totally different man. The human steam engine had disappeared. In one of the loveliest rooms I have ever seen, perfect in its appointments, indescribably comfortable, sunlit, dark-paneled, a room inviting rest, sat at his ease a quiet, poised, equable gentleman, at peace with the world. He relaxed completely, and laughed through his tale of the years of work, his eyes seeking those of his charming wife.

Upon my ears fell a tale compounded of struggle, ability, and dogged perseverance, mixed with the audacity of health and a modicum of what Kahn frankly calls "luck."

HE WAS born in the little village of Rhaunen, in the province of Westphalia, Germany. But the family wandered to Cologne, to Paris, to Echternach, near Luxembourg. At Echternach it was decided that, with six children to feed, the new world promised better than the old, and Father Kahn, a preacher by profession, decided to prepare for work in the new land by studying merchant tailoring. He landed in Baltimore and, with the ignorance of a newcomer, bought out a moribund tailoring business, which promptly died. Relatives lived in Detroit; he went to them and later sent for his family. Albert, then eleven, the head of the family in his father's absence, helped his able mother as best he could.

"My mother was a good business woman," he said. "Several times by running small shops, she made money. But Father had a positive genius for getting some fine-sounding scheme that promptly lost it. After we got to America, we started a restaurant. That didn't last. I had always had a bent for drawing, and despite the fact that at school I got the worst marks in that of anything, my father encouraged me by buying me drawing boards and various materials for sketching. Mother must have thought something of my drawing, for she asked for a job for me in the office of a Detroit architect."

He stopped to laugh.

"I wasn't popular in that office," he said. "By this time, Father, who had to make some kind of a living, was peddling fruit. My first morning job was to curry the horse and clean the stable. The head draftsman objected to me and always wrinkled his nose when I went by. I had a hard time of it. One day when, as usual, I did something wrong, I just went outside and bawled. Old Julius Melchers, the wood carver, came out, stopped, and asked what was the matter.

"'I don't know anything and can't do anything right,' I told him, and he replied:

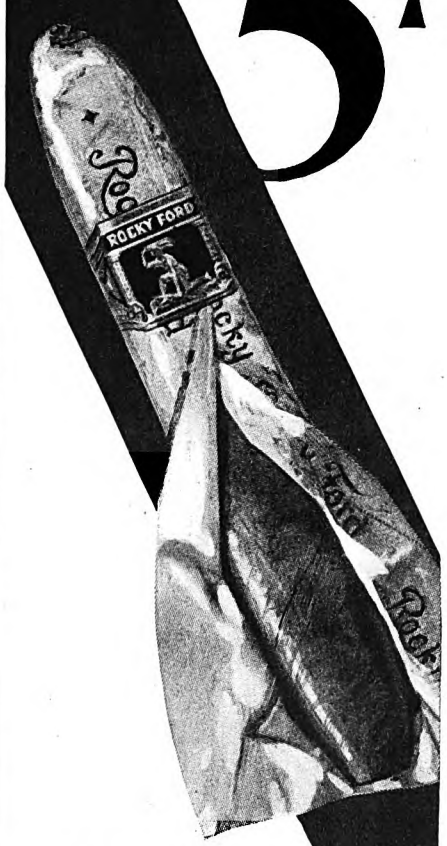
"'See here, Albert, I run a drawing school Sunday mornings. Come. If you have money, you can pay; if not, all right.'

"Of course, I had no money. I was working for nothing. All of us had to work a year for nothing as apprentices in those days. But I went to his school though I could not pay. I hung on and learned something. Then Gari Melchers, his son, the famous painter, found me a place in the office of George D. Mason. In that office I had fair and kindly treatment. There I passed my first milestone."

Kahn stayed in that office thirteen

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford 5¢



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You might as well wear *no stockings at all*

THAT is, for all the protection these gossamer wisps of chiffon give your ankles. It takes very special care, nowadays, to keep your skin smooth and white and lovely—free from chapping and roughening. Each morning, before you dress, rub your ankles—your shoulders and your hands—with almond-scented, protecting Hinds Cream. Spread it on again before you hop into bed. This delightful, magic cream will guard your skin against the deadly effects of cold and rain and chapping winds—will keep it exquisitely firm and white. Rub it into your hands particularly—it keeps your cuticle soft—your knuckles smooth—your whole hands groomed and young. Send the coupon below for a generous sample bottle. See what wonders just a few days' use of Hinds Cream will do for your skin.

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years. The fortunes of the family, always fluctuating, gave him plenty to do at home. For Albert, according to his brothers, was, almost from their arrival in America, the real head of the family.

"I can recall," said one of them, "when I was six and Albert sixteen, I did something out of order.

"'Moritz,' said my father, 'I am going to tell Albert about this when he comes home!'

"Albert was a thin strip of a lad, but he fathered us all. I've seen him give one of the boys a licking, when that boy was a whole head taller and a lot heavier than Albert, and could have licked him with one hand. But he stood and took what he got. Why? Because we looked on Albert as our boss, and by the time he was eighteen he was the main support of the family."

But it was meager support. Beginning at two dollars and a half a week after the year of free service, Albert went outside the office to get more money. For there were now eight children. At one time he was a night waiter at the Phoenix Club; again, he was bell ringer at a restaurant. The other older boys helped. Julius Kahn, now president of the Truscon Steel Corporation, a fifteen-million-dollar enterprise with offices all over the world, was then carrying evening and morning papers.

WHEN Albert Kahn was twenty-one, he heard of a contest offered by *The American Architect*. The prize winner would be awarded five hundred dollars for a year's travel abroad. Albert saw one of the draftsmen in the office making sketches.

"That man was too clever to work hard," said Kahn. "He never finished his plans. But he told me of the contest and I decided to try. I didn't have any idea of winning, and I didn't have any notion of how Mother could manage if I did win. I just sent in 'renderings,' as we called them; and the next thing I knew I had the prize. How I ever got it, I don't understand. I had to promise to send the magazine twelve articles and twelve drawings. Mother insisted she could manage, so I started out.

"In Europe I saw so many wonderful things, I just got bewildered. I knew nothing and nobody, but I drew and drew. The articles I tried to write were terrible. After blue penciling the second one, the editor wrote: 'Never mind about the articles. Send more sketches!' In Florence, I ran into another man, and when he found I was an architect, he asked to see my drawings. Miserably, I showed them. He shook his head. He, too, was an architect, traveling on a Roche scholarship exactly three times my five hundred dollars.

"'Your sketches are all wrong,' he said frankly, 'but you seem to know how to travel on a small amount. Suppose we go together to Bologna.'

"'But you, you've got fifteen hundred a year,' I stammered.

"'It's almost gone,' he admitted. I therefore agreed, provided I was allowed to run things.

Together we traveled and he taught me. A few years ago he went from this earth, but he left behind his monument. It stands in Washington, D. C., the new Lincoln Memorial. His name was Henry Bacon."

When Albert Kahn came back to Amer-

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Confidential . . .

TO HUSBANDS

If there's one thing you don't want said about your wife, it's "Old-fashioned." Her charming home—her colorful clothes—every little thing about her simply can't be old-fashioned.

The wives who are leaders in society today realize that now it's the fashion (not just the fad) to keep their appointments and start their theatre parties—*on the dot.*

This calls for a supremely accurate watch—a watch that ticks gracefully along, always telling *exact* time.

If your wife is the gracious, understanding woman we believe she is, she will want Accuracy first of all.

But lest the beauty of the Hamiltons on this page mislead you, sir, let us remind you that Hamilton is the "Watch of Railroad Accuracy"—and a living Christmas gift that goes on living!

TO WIVES

Your husband may have told you he really doesn't *want* anything for Christmas. But there's one thing he may need and not know it.

Twenty times a day in his struggle for success he may be hampered by a watch he himself only half trusts.

Yet every investigation proves that the successful man is time-minded. His time means money. His watch *must* be accurate.

So give him a Hamilton. For years it has timed the country's fastest trains . . . and nestled in the pockets of many of America's foremost Captains of Industry.

Its very name assures you of uncanny Accuracy.

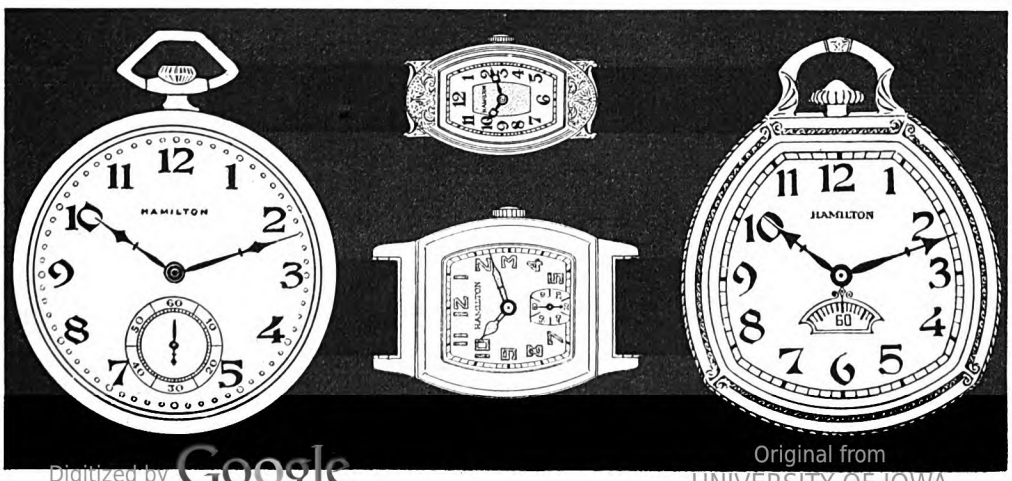
Let us send you a copy of "The Timekeeper," showing a complete line of Hamiltons. Address Hamilton Watch Co., American makers of high-grade watches. 883 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

Left—The "STEPHEN GIRARD"—In extra-heavy 14k green or white gold. The dial is of sterling silver with solid gold numerals, $137 to $197.

Upper Center—The "BRIARCLIFFE"—One of the loveliest of the new women's models. In 14k white gold, $75. With raised numerals, $10 extra.



Right—The "VAN BUREN"—Designed with a dash of daring! In 14k filled green or white gold, $55; with the new secometer dial (as shown) $60.

Lower Center—The "RALEIGH"—A beautiful strap watch in the modern mode. In 14k filled yellow, white or green gold. Plain, $55; Engraved, $57.

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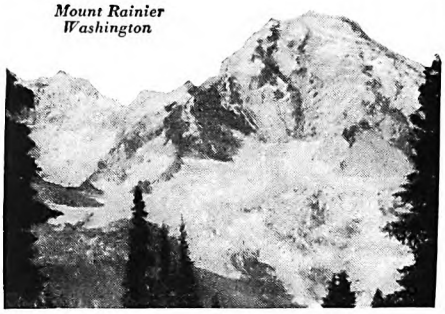

Mount Rainier
Washington

Would You Climb the Mountain Peak of Success?

—*then learn from these who have traveled the trail*

Climbing the mountain peak of success—like climbing Mount Rainier—takes ambition and effort and courage.

But with competent guides to point out the trail—to help you over the rough places—and to cheer you on when the spirit tires and the will weakens—you can advance surely and steadily to the better position and larger income which loom ahead.

Thousands of men and women have been guided by LaSalle up the narrow, testing path to success. Twenty years of preparation and service with almost seven hundred thousand earnest, ambitious success-seekers have developed and proven our ability to aid you.

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Just a few years ago, F. R. Griffiths was a stenographer and D. F. Crammond a retail clerk. Neither knew more than the simplest elements of bookkeeping.

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☐ Telegraphy
☐ Railway Accounting
☐ Paper Salesmanship
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence

Name_____

Present Position_____

Address_____

ica and his old place in Mason's office, it was with a new vision of beauty.

Within a year he and two other young architects had begun in business for themselves.

"That first year," said Albert Kahn, "we made six hundred dollars apiece. The next year things went a bit better."

But the way of a young architect is long. Building little houses costing a few thousand dollars formed the bulk of Kahn's work for years.

"I remember my first chance at a big job," he said, smiling. "A man and his wife came to the office and said they wanted a twenty-thousand-dollar house. That sounded marvelous to me. I had nothing to show them; the best building I had planned was a cigar store! So I put on my hat and took them there. We had hardly crossed the threshold when the owner called from behind the counter, 'Hey, Kahn, I want to see you. Nice building you put up for me. Just look at that woodwork!'

"I looked, and it had warped. My twenty-thousand prospect died then and there."

Little by little, however, Kahn entered the field of industrial construction. Nothing was too small for him to tackle; anything no one else wanted he was willing to take. Detroit was a small city then, with the automobile industry hardly begun. He began to get small jobs from automobile manufacturers, and where he got one he invariably got another. Owners of plants looked upon him with favor. Here was a young man who tried to use their ideas and save them money.

MEANWHILE, the Kahn boys were growing up. Julius Kahn, one of the younger brothers, was working with a construction company. Fitfully, as family finances permitted, and as Albert could help, Julius had studied engineering. Those were the days when concrete was in its beginnings as building material, and both brothers were interested in its development. But concrete floors sagged badly, often broke; and there was no reinforcing that had been successful. Julius Kahn studied the Swiss and French reinforcing bars that were rejected by the builders in this country because they required expert workmen, too highly paid for industrial construction.

"I believe I could build a bar better than those, that would do," Julius said to his brother.

"I kept at him and encouraged him," said Albert Kahn, "and he designed a bar and patented it. Then we had to get a chance to try it out. I had done work for Henry B. Joy, and he gave us a chance to try it in a tank. It seemed to hold all right, and Mr. Joy ordered me to build the Packard Building. I was scared stiff when I tackled it. If it succeeded it meant an entirely new form of architecture. With concrete safe, and heavy masonry discarded, entirely new plans for windows and for floor spaces would be possible. We put up the building and it was all right."

But that is stating it feebly. The Packard Building was visited by hundreds of manufacturers who had followed the history of concrete. There were plenty of doubters, who expected it to crack within a year. But a few men took a chance on like construction. Julius and Albert found backers to finance a small factory for making bars. Albert designed buildings and, through a temporary construction company, put them up. When the bar had won its way, the construction company was abandoned and the brothers worked independently.

The bar and its use, and the entirely new plans Albert Kahn was able to make for factories through its use, put his business upon a solid foundation. It amply took care of the Kahn family, three daughters and one son who is now a brain specialist at the University of Michigan. It provided a good income. But it by no means accounts for the present Kahn fortune. With their savings, Albert and Ernestine Kahn bought land in the city of Detroit, specializing in corner lots. The growth of the city has amply justified their faith in its progress and the Kahn real estate holdings are today worth many times the original investment.

THROUGH all this, Kahn has stood faithfully by his idea of himself as a business man with an appreciation of beauty. When the unlimited order for the Fisher Building came, he was able to show his knowledge and ability in one of the most beautiful skyscrapers in the country, and one of the most unusual. His avowed object is to make the industrial world a world of loveliness as well as utility. And when one compares Kahn's factories, airy, light, clean, and well proportioned, with the ugly old red-brick buildings of thirty years ago, one is bound to admit that he is on his way.

"A great deal of my knowledge," he says earnestly, "grew from the Fords, father and son. They always have many ideas. Every new building they build has distinctive features. When Henry Ford took me to the old race course where the Highland Park plant stands and told me what he wanted, I was amazed. I had never known of buildings such as he said he wanted. But I designed them, according to his ideas. Ford's big contribution to industrial building is the covering of many activities with one roof, and thus saving expense in building, heating, and upkeep. Look at his engineering laboratory. It is like no building on earth—a huge glass house. In it are offices, a library, and then in one big room draftsmen, model makers, a machine shop, an assembly shop, a wood-working shop, a printing plant, an ice-making machine, all spick-and-span in a spotless hall, with the light pouring down from green-rimmed arched skylights above. In one corner, partitioned off, is the famous hall where he dances the old-time dances. But you could dance anywhere on that polished floor. All Ford's buildings are well built, and look well. Their windows are always clean, the trim painted, their floors polished, their lawns clipped. Ford's ideas again."

If I have written to any purpose, you have seen that Albert Kahn gives credit for the germ of most of his ideas to someone else. But no one else is responsible for his indefatigable energy, his nice practical sense, his judgment in picking out from his "listening" that which is most useful.

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OUT OF THE SHADOW

HAVE you ever seen a little child suffering from diphtheria, fighting for breath, his face filled with agony. Unless you have, you cannot know how dreadful was the shadow that once hung so unrelentingly over childhood.

For centuries, across the length and breadth of continents—in mansions and in hovels—parents and physicians were forced to watch helpless children struggling hopelessly against the terrible disease *because nobody knew how to protect them.*

Then, a generation ago, medical research set itself to the task of conquering diphtheria. With inexorable patience, so characteristic of scientists, efforts were repeated again and again, regardless of failure. And at last *it was proved that microbes cause diphtheria*—and mankind learned how to set these tiny murderers upon themselves and force them to protect, rather than destroy us.

The men who combined to achieve this great victory—who brought the children of the world out of the shadow of this awful peril—were Klebs, Loeffler and Roux. *Thanks to their work, deaths from diphtheria in the U. S. have been reduced more than 80% in the last 25 years. . . .*

. . . But what of the 8426 who were not brought out of the shadow, who died in 1927★ from this preventable disease? Could they not have been saved? They could! In the great majority of cases a simple precaution could have done so! Just as the 600,000 who die every year in the United States from preventable diseases which could be saved by prompt utilization of the means now at the service of the physician.

In the struggle against disease, the House of Squibb has always been in active co-operation with the medical profession. Its work today in furnishing physicians with reliable vaccines and antitoxins to use when needed, is the service it has rendered for almost three-quarters of a century. These products are developed in the Squibb Laboratories by working in close co-operation with physicians and hospitals.

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★Statistics on deaths from diphtheria in 1928 not available until December 31, 1929

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A Seat in the Subway

(*Continued from page 19*)

dragged its way to One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, when a few men and women, fighting their way to the doors, began to seem to get out.

It was exceedingly unpleasant, this close and enforced contact with humanity in the raw, but it was also enlightening. Two or three times Alicia was astounded. An Italian woman with a baby in her arms was shoved into the train at Times Square. Immediately a miracle happened. Men flattened themselves against each other to make an aisle where no aisle was physically possible. At the end of the aisle two men rose automatically from their seats, for the woman was two men wide. The woman sat down smiling. The aisle closed itself. The train rumbled on. People nodded to one another soberly. The woman had deserved a seat. She had got it.

Alicia saw the same thing happen again. A messenger boy carrying a tremendous box of flowers got his aisle of honor and his seat. A whole immigrant family of five were given seats, though they expected none and didn't know what it was all about anyway. A haggard woman in mourning with traces of tears in her eyes got a seat and the oblivion she craved. A pretty young thing about to have a baby and very conscious of it was seated by that evening's carload as gallantly as if they had all been diplomats. A one-legged negro—gangway and many helping hands and a seat without question.

AT THE store next day Alicia was laughing about it.

She said: "Honestly, it's funny about New York people. They're supposed to be hard-boiled. I think they're just tired and worried and rushed, the way everybody is." And then Alicia said: "All a person has to do is work on their sympathy. You could be perfectly able-bodied and have two good feet to stand on, but I'll bet anything you could go into the subway and just pretend you were deaf and dumb, and get a seat any time you wanted."

She was talking to two or three of the girls in the book department. They were dusting their books and talking across from table to table.

One of them, a tall, languid girl with straight yellow hair, said slowly: "I'd talk deaf and dumb the rest of my life to get myself off my own feet after standing up all day around this morgue. How about it, Ohio? I go up as far as a Hundred and Eighty-first. Let's give it a try tonight."

"Oh, no," said Alicia. As a theory her idea was splendid. But as something to put into practice it didn't seem so enticing. Besides, it wasn't exactly a square thing to do. Alicia thought of all these things very quickly and said, "Oh, no," again.

"What do you mean, oh, no?" demanded the tall, languid girl. "Listen, baby, if you know a way to get a seat, we try it—see? A seat's a seat, isn't it? Oh, no, my grandmother!"

The thought of riding home sitting down instead of sandwiched up was not unattractive. Alicia considered it. After all, it couldn't do any harm to try.

"How do you talk deaf and dumb?" she asked. "I mean, we'd have to do it right to get away with it."

"It's a cinch. Just wiggle your fingers and act as if it meant something. Hey, wait a minute. I got a better idea." She lifted her voice. "Jonesey, haven't you got a book there in the medicals on deaf and dumb? Give us a look, will you? I want to see something."

Huddled together, the tall, languid girl and Alicia bent over the diagrams, and in five minutes they had learned three letters perfectly, four very imperfectly and the rest not at all. Later, they made motions of apparent speech to each other across the tables until the manager strolled over and told them to quit clowning. They quit.

They tried it in the subway that evening, but their experiment was a flat failure because they couldn't keep from giggling. They looked so solemn to each other, and that made them laugh. But on the second evening they entered the train at Thirty-fourth Street with considerably more aplomb. They came crowding in together, to all appearances conversing brightly and happily and bravely; their fingers flying, their eyes eager, their lips tightly and firmly closed. The trains weren't so intolerably crowded till they got to Times Square, and at Thirty-fourth Street, though there was scarcely room to stand, there was still room to be seen. To be seen was all that was needed.

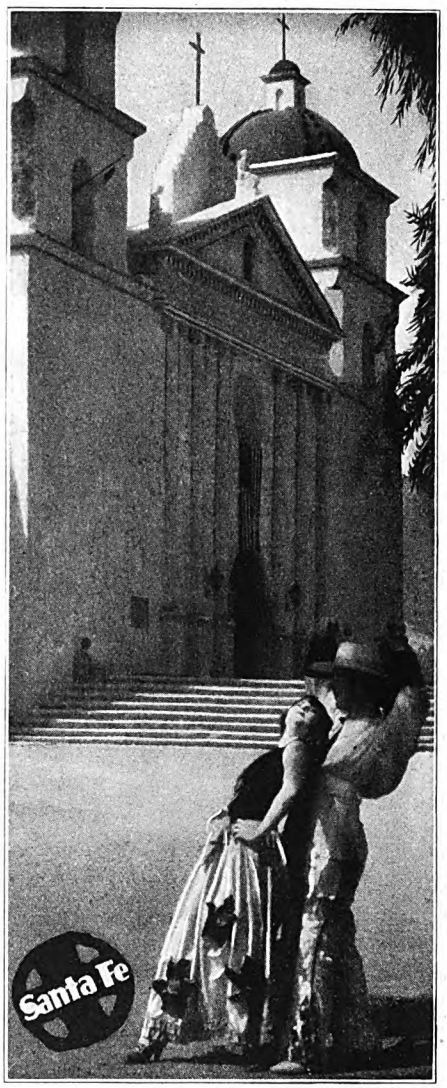
Alicia heard a man say: "Dummies! What d'ya know about that, Bill? Not bad-lookin' janes either." And Alicia heard a woman say: "Oh, isn't that pitiful! The little dark one's real cute, too." And another woman's voice warned: "Shh, Mabel, maybe they can read lips."

The tall, languid girl and Alicia got their seats instantly. They had rehearsed what they would do. They would sit down quickly, smile their thanks, and begin reading their papers at once. Above everything else, they mustn't forget and speak to each other on the ride home.

THEY got away with it, and they were as pleased as two schoolgirls. After they reached home they telephoned each other excitedly, for Alicia had had to get off first, and naturally without saying a word in parting. They told each other they would do it every evening. It was a new racket, and the idea was their very own. They actually had put something over on New York.

Three times in succession they did the trick successfully; and they had no qualms of conscience, because after all a seat was a seat, and even the newspapers said that a seat was what you paid your nickel for. Neither Alicia nor the other girl had the faintest premonition that the fourth evening was going to be any different from the other three.

It started, this fourth evening, as if everything was going to be fine. They shoved into the train at Thirty-fourth Street, talking busily with their fingers. The passengers observed them, as usual, with pitying, kindly eyes. At once, two men got up, an oldish short man and a youngish tall one. Alicia noted, half



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absently, that the youngish tall man was better-looking than the average, but she didn't have time to think about it particularly because she was too busy sitting down, smiling her mechanical thanks and hurriedly unfolding her newspaper.

It was then that the youngish man proceeded to do something that sent a tiny first chill of uncertainty up her spine. He smiled back at her, a quizzical, questioning sort of smile. Then he nodded in a casual, friendly way and began addressing her with his fingers in the deaf and dumb code.

Alicia's mouth gasped open. Frantically she grabbed for the hand of the languid girl who sat next to her; grabbed for it and gripped it tight. The entire inside of her froze hard, yet her cheeks, she could tell, were flaming red. She couldn't move. She couldn't even think. She simply sat there and stared up at her silent inquisitor, and her eyes widened and widened.

They were caught.

She noticed that a little frown as of mystification was beginning to pucker the young man's forehead, but still he contrived to smile, though with less assurance. His fingers flew. And still Alicia stared at him. It came to her as a sort of shock that a deaf and dumb person could be so straight and slim, and so young and so wholesomely good-looking; that was all she thought then. Next, she became aware that she had torn her eyes away and that she was looking down at nothing and shaking her head with vehemence.

A hoarse voice whispered something into her ear. The voice belonged to the languid girl, and it was droning a warning.

"Sit tight, kid," hissed the voice; "sit tight! Give him the fishy eye."

ALICIA discovered that she was trembling. Now she recollected her newspaper, caught it up before her, began focusing upon it with an unseeing gaze. Giants drop two, Yanks win-lose! A big headline, all across the front page. It didn't mean anything, and even if it did mean something, it didn't mean anything to Alicia. Win-lose! No sense to that. How could a person win-lose? Or lose-win?

Then something stole into her field of vision—a bronzed hand was holding out to her a small oblong of pale blue paper. She had to look up. The deaf and dumb boy was smiling down at her tentatively. In his left hand he held a blue scratch pad and a pencil. He had written her a message.

Alicia took the slip of paper gingerly. There was nothing else for her to do. She couldn't very well dash it aside. After all, if you are pretending you are deaf and dumb you can't ignore a message from someone who really is. She read it. Then she blinked, scowled, and read it again.

The message said: "Do you really think you rate the seat?"

Now the tall, languid girl was reading the message over Alicia's shoulder. She grunted savagely. "Oh, tell him to go chase himself," she said to Alicia aloud.

The young man was writing again. He handed down the paper, with his smile unchanged. The new message said: "I can read lips. If there were room to chase myself, I would, gladly."

This time Alicia glared at him. That is, she tried to glare, but the glare wasn't very effective, because she knew she was in the wrong. And, besides, as she really took a good, hard look at him, the realization smote her that here at last, all except his imperfection of speech, was the very sort of man she had been—well, daydreaming about for ever and ever so long. There was something about the way he held himself. His clothes were right too, unimpeachably right; and his hair was tawny; and his smile was sunny and crinkly at the corners. So, when Alicia tried to glare at him, without her knowledge the glare turned into a kind of half-wistful, half-frozen stare.

THE tall, languid girl at Alicia's side apparently had a one-track mind. She looked straight up at the young man and said without kindness: "If you can read lips, read this one: We don't want you. Go sell your papers. Go roll your hoop. Go jump in the lake."

But Alicia turned angrily to her companion. "Leave him alone," Alicia whispered with a sort of fierceness. "He can't help it, can he?"

"What if he can't?" persisted the languid girl. "That doesn't give him any call to get fratty with us, does it?" And then she turned to address a woman on her other side. "Madam," she said firmly, "you're absolutely right. I'm no more deaf and dumb than you are. Or, anyway, I'm certainly not dumb." Triumphantly she swung back to Alicia. "I guess that'll hold 'em for a while," said the languid girl.

The young man was laughing silently. But presently he palmed the scratch pad again and once more wrote something, tearing the sheet off and handing it to Alicia.

What Alicia read was: "Thank you for standing up for me. But just the same, even if it is funny, don't you think it's sort of a mean trick to pretend you've got an affliction when people who really have it are likely to be sensitive about it?"

This time Alicia reached for the pad. She wrote back: "I'm ashamed of myself. I think it's a dirty trick."

The boy nodded over this, and a moment later handed back a message. It said: "So do I."

There was no answer to that. Alicia crumpled the paper and dropped it on the floor. She focused her gaze upon the newspaper again, but in spite of her effort to concentrate she got no farther than the fact that Giants drop two, Yanks win-lose. It was funny, she thought dully. Here he was, standing right in front of her. In a few minutes he would get out of the train, or else she would get out. Either way she would never see him again.

Of course, she really didn't want to see him again, but just the same—well, even if he couldn't talk out loud the way other people could, there would always be that same strange magnetism about him. He would be fun to be with, fun to laugh with. And if he could read lips. . . . A queer little physical pain, not unlike the pain of homesickness, seemed to be gathering itself at the pit of Alicia's stomach.

Alicia shook herself.

The tall, languid girl was saying hoarsely: "The big sap's standing there laughing at us."

"Let him laugh," said Alicia, apparently without interest.

Another blue note came down. It said;

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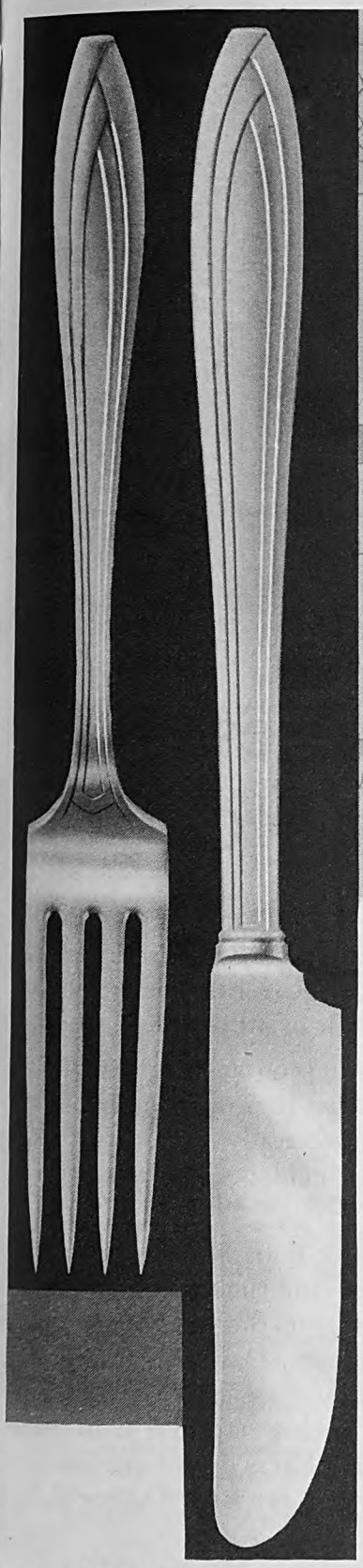

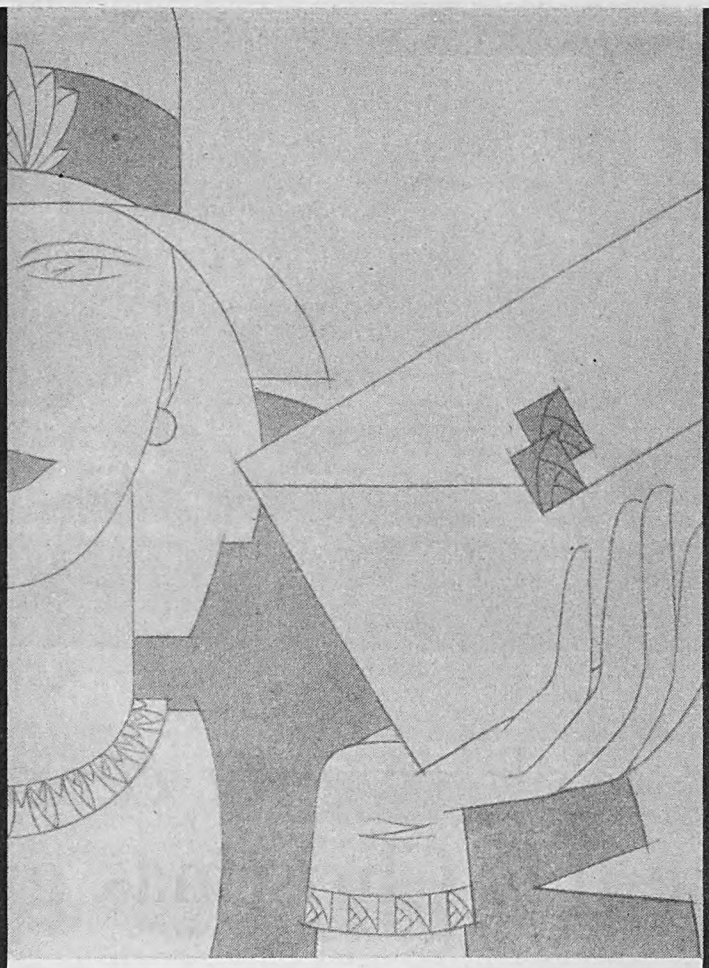

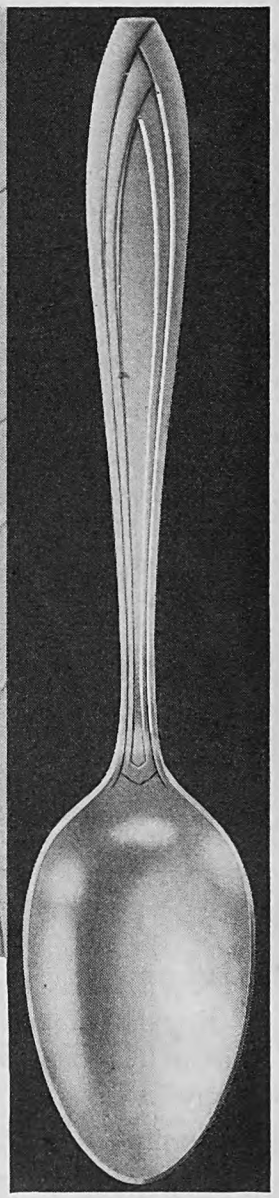

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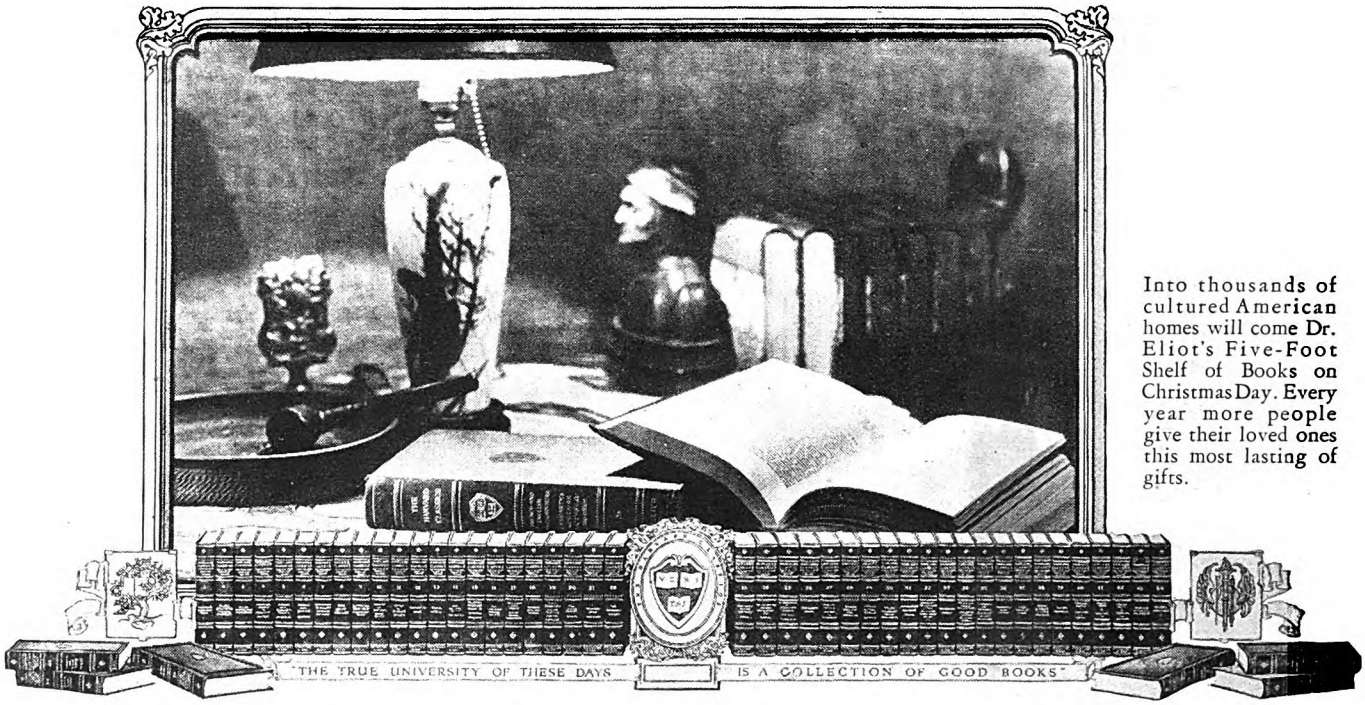

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"I'll turn around and face the other way." He did. There was just room in the crowd for him to turn.

And then Alicia said whole-heartedly: "That was awfully mean for you to talk to him that way, Margie. He's really a peach."

"Uh-huh?" remarked the languid girl. "You can have him if you want him."

"I wouldn't mind," said Alicia hotly. "I'll bet he's fun, no matter what's the matter with him!"

At One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, with the thinning crowd, the tall young man waved once, grinned, and forced his way to the end of the car. At the next station he disappeared, vanishing silently into the maw of New York's millions.

"And that," thought Alicia drably, "is that." The queer pain at the pit of her stomach was very real now. It was something of a relief for her to turn savagely to the man at her side. Said Alicia: "What if we did fake being deaf and dumb? Is it any of your business?"

The man said plaintively: "You could be arrested."

"Try it," said Alicia, and thought she felt better.

She pushed out heavily at her station. She felt heavy. She felt as if she was going to feel heavy all the rest of her life. What did life matter, anyway? It was just one day after another, just one disappointment after another. Now again she shook herself. "Bunk!" she said harshly. "All men are alike, anyway. One of 'em isn't any different from any of 'em. Forget it!"

IT WAS then that she found him standing squarely in front of her. The train was rumbling away in the distance. The last passengers were clanking through the turnstiles.

"I waited for you to get out," he said. "I went in the next car."

Alicia gaped. He had spoken aloud, with his lips.

He said hurriedly: "I'm the one who's done the dirty trick. I learned deaf and dumb because my oldest brother was shell-shocked in the war. That's how I knew you were faking. But it was rotten of me to pretend I couldn't hear."

"You—can you hear and talk and everything?" whispered Alicia, just able to speak.

He paid no attention. "I've seen you twice already," he raced on, as though talking against time. "I don't know—there was something. I mean I was really crazy to know you, and I didn't dare try. You know how New York is. I'm from Nebraska, if that explains anything. Anyway, tonight I got my break, and I played it for all it was worth. I was really mad at you for a minute, too."

"You mean because I faked?"

"Yes. But then I faked worse. You ought to be mad at *me*."

Alicia laughed happily. Unaccountably, she felt like laughing on and on. But she steadied herself. "How am I going to know you're not faking now?" she asked.

He blinked. He was confused. He opened his lips, closed them. What he finally said was: "Suppose you wait and see. In the meantime, let's get out of this darned subway. I don't like it."

"Don't you?" said Alicia, her eyes twinkling. "I love it!"

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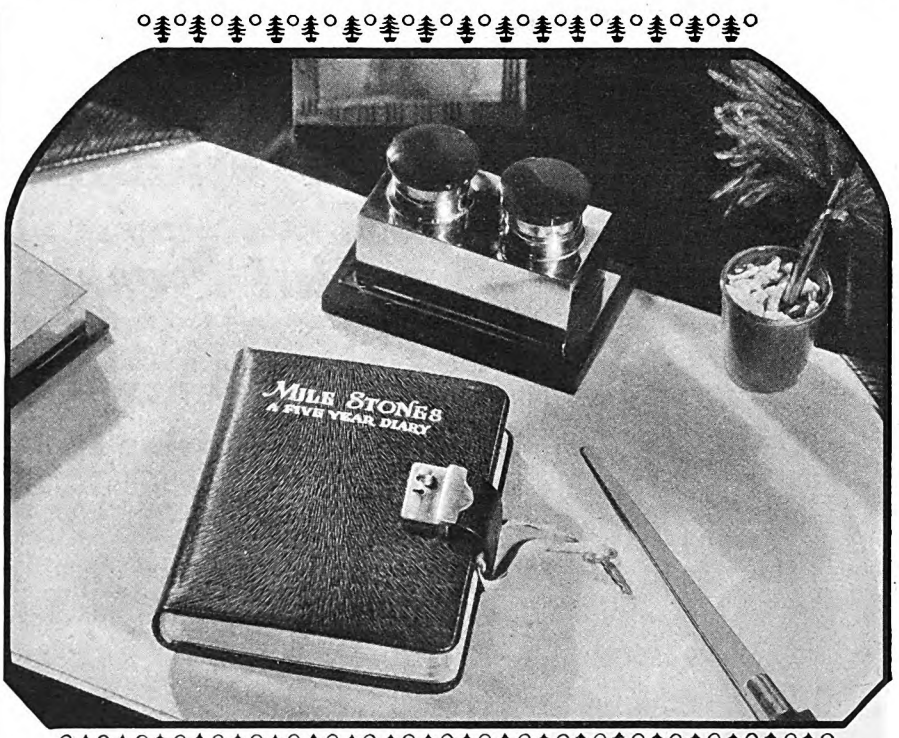

An always-welcomed GIFT to those you love

YOU COULD, of course, give many things more expensive. But will they be more appreciated than the gift of happy occasions re-lived over and over again? The occasions quickly jotted down at the time, that spring to life in minute detail, years later, when you see them in a diary?

Standard Diaries offer a choice of diaries for every different person you know. Beautiful five-year diaries with lock and key, like the one illustrated; for the memories of happy school days and the first precious years of marriage, where each day may be compared with its counterpart of the year before, and before that. Annual diaries, as beautiful, with space for more lengthy notes—for friends like clubwomen who must always be "jotting things down" for future reference. Handy, but very smart, vest-pocket-size diaries for business men.

Stationers everywhere have them, in a choice of exquisite leather bindings in the newest colors, at prices from $1 to $5. The coupon will bring you our illustrated booklet of the complete assortment. Should the dealer you regularly patronize not have the diary illustrated, "Mile Stones," No. 1453, enclose your check or money-order for $5 with the coupon. "Get your shopping done early."

STANDARD DIARIES

To your dealer or
THE STANDARD DIARY CO., Dept. J
26 Blackstone St., Cambridge, Mass.

☐ (1) Enclosed find $5 (check) (money-order) for Standard Diary, "Mile Stones," No. 1453 (rose) (green) (blue).

☐ (2) Send booklet of Standard Diary line.

Name_____

Address_____

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Nine National Advertisers Call 41,441 Families Into

The Nine Advertisers who investigated family buying and reading habits

Campbell Soup Company
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company
Frigidaire Corporation
National Piano Manufacturers Association
Postum Company, Inc.
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company
E. R. Squibb & Sons
Victor Talking Machine Company
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

NINE of the country's largest advertisers, each working independently, made nation-wide investigations of family buying and reading habits. It was like calling a *national convention* of consumers to a *special session*, to get a vote on two questions of vital concern to every advertiser. In each home two principal questions were asked:

First, "*Did two or more members of your family influence the purchase of (the particular product involved)?*" Second, "*What magazine is most generally read and liked by all the members of your family?*"

Every one of the nine advertisers got the same major results—the verdict of the people. They found that the great majority of families buy after *two or more members* of the group contribute opinions and advice. Of the total replies, 67.8% agreed on this point. Every one of the nine found that The American Magazine was the overwhelming favorite with *the whole family*. In 58.9% of the cases this preference was given.

These investigations establish the importance of family influence in buying—and point the way to The American Magazine as the most effective and economical medium for reaching the whole family in 2,200,000 homes. Write or telephone for further details without obligation.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

The American Magazine
First with all the FAMILY

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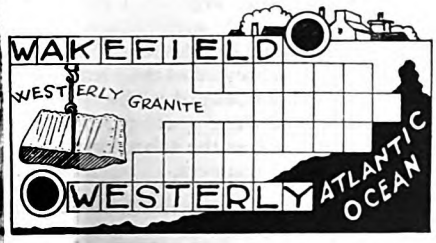
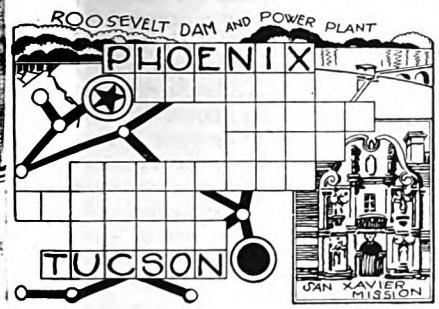
Prize-Winners and Clue Paragraphs

(*Continued from page 29*)

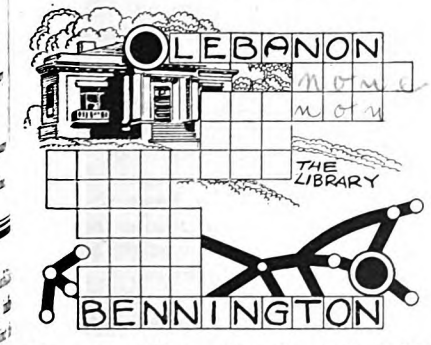
and spices from the tropics, some bring gold and furs for us from the far North, and fishermen may be seen bringing in the salmon from the fishing grounds in their quaint little boats. On to Juneau, the capital of Alaska! Over five hundred steam- and motor-driven ships make Juneau their home port. These boats are engaged in the Government service, in the fishing industry, in general freight and passenger service, and as pleasure boats.



Miss Elizabeth Curtiss claims that it is no trouble at all to travel-trail in a tempest from Wakefield, where she lives, to Westerly, where Benjamin Franklin once visited Dr. Joshua Babcock, and now noted for the near-by summer colonies of Watch Hill and Weekapaug.



"The trail from Phoenix, capital and largest city of Arizona, to Tucson, 'The Sunshine City of the Great Southwest,'" says Erwin H. Mauch, of the latter city, "leads through a scenic wonderland rich in historic lore."



None can fail to enjoy the trail of Miss Maude E. Williams, who takes us from her home-town, Lebanon, gateway to the White Mountains, on a truly American trail, south to Bennington.

Crossroads Trail

(*Continued from page 29*)

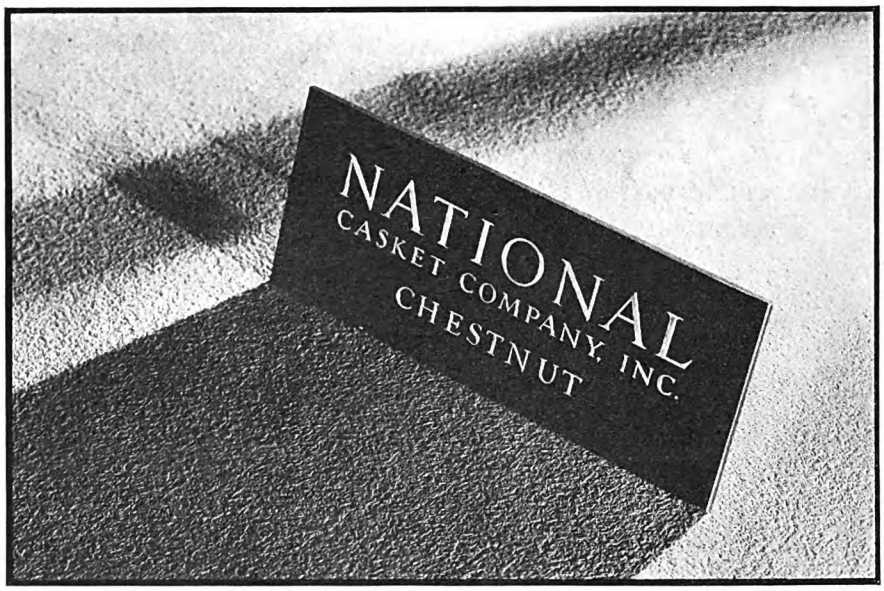
without lament. Dynamic Detroit, "The City of the Straits," with fewer handicaps for expansion than any other city; where the curfew does not stop you from seeing her many points of interest. At any inn, get the city's special dish of fried frogs'

Indispensable yet seldom bought carefully

UNFORTUNATELY, many caskets are bought with little knowledge or thought of underlying strength . . . the quality of materials used . . . the fineness of the workmanship. True, the purchase is made at a time of great emotional stress. The mind is often unable to balance cost against value. But one should have some assurance that quality is there . . . some simple means of knowing that real value underlies the outward beauty.

There is such a means . . . the trademark shown below, which appears on every National casket. Inconspicuously placed, it is nevertheless always plainly visible.

This trademark identifies the casket as a product of the country's leading manufacturer. It states of what material the casket is made...bronze...copper...Armco Ingot Iron...mahogany



...oak...chestnut. It is the purchaser's guarantee of quality workmanship. It pledges the authenticity of the design. It is backed by a reputation for manufacturing reliability extending over nearly half a century.

Trademarked National caskets are sold everywhere, but only through funeral directors. The man who recommends a National casket believes in recommending the best. It is entirely reasonable to assume that he has high standards of service.

We have prepared a booklet, "Funeral Facts." It contains much that we believe may be very helpful in time of need. We shall be glad to send a copy upon request. Just write Dept. G 2, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.
DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

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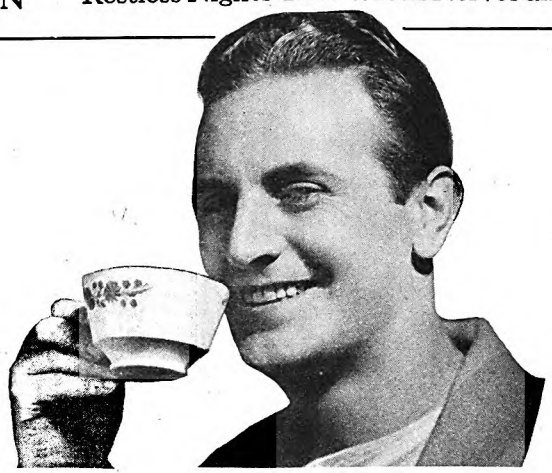
SEND THE COUPON

Accept 3-Day Test—It May End for You the Restless Nights That Wreck Nerves and Health



Here Is Sleep

Immediately You Go To Bed

New Energy, New Vitality All Next Day

An Utterly Drugless Way to Induce Sleep That 20,000 Doctors Are Advising

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day teem with new energy and "pep." You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then, *while* you sleep, Ovaltine resupplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain today at any drug or grocery store—or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. A-16 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person) *518R*

NOT IN THE HEADLINES

Locked in by ice of the Arctic wilds year after year, the fur trappers on North Cape, Siberia, have staked their lives and their heartbreaking labor on the elements. Always they have waited until summer to send out the pelts they had worked the year round to capture. Never did the furs reach the markets in time to command profitable prices, and often their cargoes went to the bottom of the northern seas when ships crashed with the eternal icebergs. Not long ago, after a terrible battle with blizzards and perils of the Arctic winter, Noel Wein, an Alaskan aviator, landed at the bleak post and flew back to Seward with one hundred thousand dollars' worth of furs. His flight is regarded as the salvation of the hardy colony of trappers.

Crossroads Trail

(*Continued from page 133*)

legs. Chicago, the Magic City of the Middle West, where the river runs backward but the city ever goes forward; where the ramparts of old Fort Dearborn once stood; where a lamp in a barn started a fire in 1871. Today, a leader in meat packing, grain, and flour. Where you can get any magazine or ware at a moment's notice. Metaphysically speaking, it is gladsome tidings to know that her stock is so far above par. Allegro! (This story contains 37 of the words required to follow the Crossroads Trail.)

SOLUTIONS TO NOVEMBER TRAILS:

MILWAUKEE, duke, archduke, arc, march, BISMARCK, optimism, adopt, paradox, par, transparent, orchestra, rest, spores, spot, SPOKANE, cane, canoe, piano, OLYMPIA, pianist, valiant, vale, SALEM, salmon, palm, opal, topaz, tiptop, tip, stipend, gender, EUGENE, renew, trend, trek, EUREKA, lure, purest, ores, forest, for, foreland, and, OAKLAND, andiron, dirt, sadiron, sad, PASADENA, vena, arsenal, deodars, dark, landmarks, brand, SAN DIEGO, dies, loneliest, lone, longhorn, horoscope, open, pens, ovens, over, ever, overwhelmed, help, EL PASO, pastor, tort, FORT WORTH, workmanship, shines, tine, lasting, DALLAS, lascar, cars, binoculars, cabin, ability, LITTLE ROCK.

ENID, enigma, souvenir, sou, southern, herald, other, both, mother, heretic, tick, somatic, coma, OKLAHOMA CITY.

ST. AUGUSTINE, inert, foreigner, for, fortress, rest, WEST PALM BEACH.

NILES, mile, millionth, onto, CANTON.

GREENVILLE, mills, smile, textiles, ales, CHARLESTON.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

The hugest of all the dinosaurs were the sauropods, giant vegetarians walking heavily on all fours, with more or less pillarlike legs, long snakelike necks, far-reaching tails, and a brain weighing less than a pound to govern a body with an estimated weight of some forty tons.

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Labels

"Do Not Open Until Christmas"
Causes me sardonic laughter,
When the presents reach my dwelling
Six or seven days thereafter.

Carolyn Wells.

Fringe of the Fantastic

(*Continued from page 47*)

the most vigorous and warlike people on the continent. They would be the handsomest, too, were it not that their features have a wolfish appearance because of their custom of knocking out two of the lower incisor teeth. One of their chiefs told me that this curious practice is due to dread of lockjaw. It seems that a good many years ago an epidemic of tetanus swept Masailand, and since then the natives have knocked out their lower teeth so that, should there be a recurrence of the disease, food could be given to the sufferers through the apertures thus provided.

"Most of the savage customs that seem so senseless to Europeans had, at least in the beginning, a perfectly good reason," continued the White Father. "Thus, throughout Central Africa you find the women disfiguring themselves with sticks thrust through the nostrils, and earrings which bring the lobes of their ears down to their shoulders, and metal disks the size of a saucer which they insert in their upper lips. Nowadays, they thus disfigure themselves from motives of vanity, but the custom owes its origin to precisely an opposite reason. In the days of the slave trade, when Arab slavers scoured the country in search of 'black ivory' for sale to the planters of the West Indies and the United States, the observant natives noted that women whose faces were pitted by smallpox or otherwise noticeably disfigured were seldom taken, being regarded as damaged goods. So, in order to escape being sold into slavery, the women deliberately disfigured themselves. The slave trade has long since ended, but for generations to come the mutilated faces of the women of the Congo will keep its sinister memory alive."

"WHY are *you* keeping so mum, Armstrong?" asked Hawkins, addressing himself to the American engineer. "You've been wandering about in the Back-of-Beyond for a good many years and ought to be able to contribute something to this forum of the fantastic."

"I'm bringing Edith home..

has daddy done anything about the bathroom?"

You can understand how daughter feels. Here she is about to bring her dearest college friend to meet her mother and father, to see her home. How eager she is to have it make a good impression. In swift mental review she sees every room. Okay, okay, okay... until she comes to the bathroom. One detail stops her. Decidedly not in good taste. She has often urged it. Now it *must* be changed.

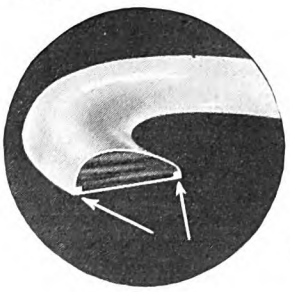
A very simple change that thousands have discovered does more than any other one thing to modernize a bathroom—replacing the old-fashioned wood toilet seat with a handsome, new, all-white Brunswick.

This big improvement can easily be made in any bathroom. The new Brunswick White Seat is especially designed so you may install it yourself.

The Brunswick patented 9-ply reinforcement feature enables us to guarantee it for a lifetime, yet it costs no more. The white pyralin sheet covering will not crack, split, wear off or discolor.

For charming bathrooms decorated in colors, the new Brunswick Seat is made in pearl-finish pyralin in nine lovely colors.

Phone your plumber for a new Brunswick Seat. Write for booklet, "Bathroom Magic" giving full details. Address: The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, Dept. U-3, 623 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.



In this cross-section, "Two Little White Squares" are all you can see of the Brunswick patented 9-ply reinforcement feature. They mean tough, wear-resisting pyralin at the critical edges 9 times thicker, 800 percent stronger!

Brunswick

WHITE SEATS

MADE BY THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY, CHICAGO

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
Dept. U-3,
623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago
Please send me a copy of your new booklet, "Bathroom Magic."

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

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WHEN THE FORECAST READS

He'll be glad you gave him a "travelo"

OPPOSITE his name on your gift list write "travelo" . . . and *that* shopping is *finished.* He'll revel in "travelo's" snug, compact warmth. He'll have comfort and health-safety for cold weather work or play; freedom and ease for muscle and mind.

"travelo" is the country club jacket that likes hard work. Many styles; all of the best new heathers and solid colors. Featured by 11,000 stores . . . priced to please the giver, too. Elastic-knit by the creators of "travelo" SwimSuits. Write Peckham-Foreman, Inc., (Dept. A), Park Avenue, New York, for free Portfolio of Styles. It shows people you know in "travelo" Jackets.

"travelo"
knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys
THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

Lido
KNIT JACKETS

Lower in cost than "travelo"—better value than anything else at its price

For some moments the bronzed prospector puffed his pipe meditatively.

"I've had some odd experiences, of course," he finally admitted, "and have seen some curious things, but I don't recall any that will stack up with the yarns you fellows have been telling. I guess the queerest experience I ever had was in Circassia. But it isn't much of a story," he concluded apologetically.

"Go ahead," we chorused. "Tell it anyway."

"IT ALL happened a good many years ago," he began, "when I was oil-prospecting on the shores of the Caspian. I was making my headquarters at an awful hotel in Baku, the center of the oil industry in the Caucasus, and in those days the wickedest town on earth, bar none. I never walked its streets after dark without keeping my right hand in my pocket and a revolver in my hand. Staying at the hotel, I became acquainted with a man who sat next to me at the table. He was an Armenian—an affable, well-educated fellow but rather mysterious in regard to his own affairs.

"The time came when, my work in the Baku region being finished, I was ready to head for Moscow and home. But I hated to leave the Caucasus without seeing more of it, for it is a beautiful country—tremendous mountains, vast forests, gloomy defiles, torrential streams. I remarked as much one evening to the Armenian.

"'I'm starting tomorrow for Circassia on a business trip,' he remarked. 'Why don't you come along? It will be a bit rough, I'm afraid, because one has to travel on horseback and trust to luck to find accommodations, but I think you will find it interesting.'

"I knew nothing about him, but he was a pleasant companion, and, as I was only a youngster in those days, I accepted his invitation. We started out from Tiflis, accompanied by a couple of servants, and it wasn't until we were in the heart of the Circassian mountains that I discovered what business the fellow was in. He was a slave-dealer! And, judging from the amount of money he carried with him, he had made a big success at it. He handled the supply end of the business, as it were, buying the girls in Russian territory and running them across the Black Sea to the Turkish ports of Constantinople, Trebizond, and Samsun, where Circassian beauties, because of their light hair and fair skins, were always in demand.

"He wasn't in the least ashamed of his business, but he had to keep his mouth shut and move cautiously for fear of being arrested by the Russian authorities, who had set out to break up the slave trade and had their spies everywhere. He was well-known among the mountaineers, who seemed to like him, for he spoke their dialect and was open-handed and jolly. More than once they put us up for the night in their thatched huts, when there was no inn at hand.

"Eventually, after a lot of palaver, the conversation would come round to the business in hand, and then they would trot out their daughters—beautiful girls of from twelve to eighteen, with corn-colored hair down to their knees and lovely peaches-and-cream complexions. Sometimes the deal was put through in a few minutes; at other times the haggling occupied several hours. How much did he pay for them? Well, it is a good many years ago and I don't remember exactly, but I should say that five hundred rubles—that is, two hundred and fifty dollars—was about the average price.

And, let me tell you, those poverty-stricken Circassian peasants were mighty glad to get the money. From their point of view there was no disgrace in the transaction, for they had been doing that sort of thing for generations. Were the girls terrified at the thought of being sold into slavery? Far from it. Consider their situation. If they remained in the Caucasus they would lead lives of the bitterest toil—hewers of wood and carriers of water, sometimes even yoked to their father's plow. But if they went to the big cities they would have every luxury—fine clothes, carriages, negro slaves to wait upon them—for only the wealthy could afford to purchase them.

"Once a figure was agreed on, the Armenian bound the bargain by paying the girl's parents a portion of the purchase price—say a hundred rubles—with the understanding that the balance would be paid when she was delivered, sound and well, at an appointed rendezvous in Petrovsk, an obscure Russian port on the Black Sea. Here, bidding farewell to the fathers or brothers who had accompanied them, the girls would be embarked on small, swift steamers for shipment to Constantinople, Trebizond, or Samsun, either to fill orders already given by wealthy pashas, or for sale at auction in the slave markets which existed secretly in all those cities."

THE conclusion of Armstrong's story was suddenly interrupted in singular fashion. A tall and muscular negro, clad in a straw kilt and a cap of monkey skin and parrot feathers, his forbidding features creased in a grin that would have frightened a bulldog, stalked solemnly across the open space before the trading station, followed by a woman, quite naked, pounding lustily on a drum.

"The local witch-doctor," commented Heymann, looking at the man sharply. "Probably going somewhere to make big medicine, judging from his dress."

"How about these witch-doctors?" I asked. "One hears curious stories about them."

"Most of them are rank impostors," said De Fresnoy, "but because the blacks are incredibly gullible and superstitious, they exercise enormous power in certain of the tribes. Some of them can do a few sleight-of-hand tricks that are rather clever, but, when it comes to that sort of thing, the African is a clumsy amateur compared to the Asiatic."

"I'm not so certain about that," stated Hawkins. "When I was in the khedivial service before the war I saw a chap in Cairo perform a trick which took some explaining. He was not a negro, however, but an Arab. He had a great reputation among the natives, and a well-known American magician, who was making a tour of the world, stopped off in Cairo to see him. This American chap had a letter of introduction to me, and with some difficulty I persuaded the Arab to give a private performance for his benefit. It was held one evening in the court-

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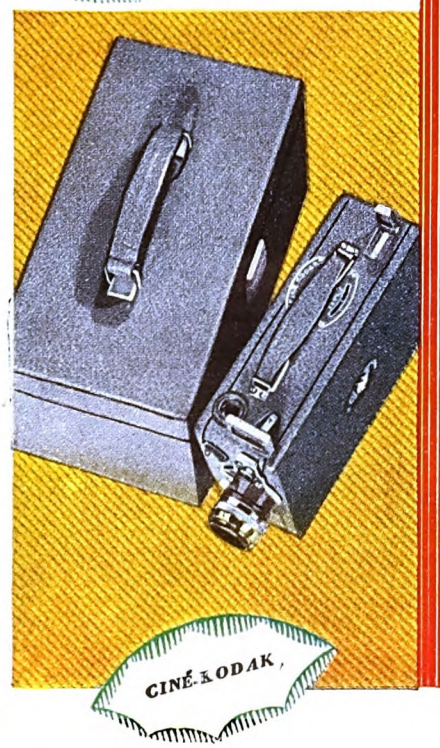
Give a Kodak

Eastman presents five unusual Christmas opportunities . . . five splendid cameras created during the last few months . . . all offered in a variety of colors . . . all designed in the modern mode.

Kodak Ensembles: Covered with fabric suede; with moire lining. Contains Kodak, mirror, change pocket, lipstick, rouge and powder compact. Choice of colors: rose, beige, green. Picture size: 1⅝ x 2½. Price: $15.00.

Kodaks Petite: Dainty Kodaks in five vivacious colors: blue, gray, rose, lavender, green. Picture size: 1⅝ x 2½. Price, $6.50; with case, $7.50.

Pocket Kodaks Junior: Colors: blue, brown, green and black. Picture sizes: No. 1, 2¼ x 3¼; No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼. Prices: No. 1—$11.00 with case, $9.00 without; No. 1A—$12.50 with case, $10.00 without.



Model BB f.1.9 Ciné-Kodaks: Light, small, efficient. Case has compartments for Kodacolor attachments, two packages of film and lens for telephoto effects. Colors: blue, gray, brown, black. Price, including case, $140.

Colored Brownies: Colors: red, green, gray, brown, blue. Models: 2 and 2A. Pictures: 2¼ x 3¼ and 2½x 4¼ respectively. Prices: $3 and $4 without case, $5 and $6 with case.

For these Christmas opportunities, see your Kodak dealer. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas

JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gillette

Five Dollars

GIVE HIM SHAVING COMFORT IN ABUNDANCE WITH THE FAMOUS FIFTY BOX OF GILLETTE BLADES

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UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

yard of his house behind the Citadel.

"The Arab, a patriarchal-looking, very dignified old chap, performed a few tricks which to me appeared quite extraordinary, but the American made it perfectly clear that he wasn't impressed with them. After a time, indeed, his skepticism turned to open rudeness. At length the Arab, who, as I have said, was a person of considerable consequence in the native community, and who was giving the performance out of courtesy, lost his patience.

"'IT IS evident that you think I am a charlatan, Effendi,' he said to the American. 'You have at your tongue's end an explanation for everything. Well, here is a trick that perhaps you cannot explain so readily. You will please place your two hands flat upon the table. By way of punishing you for your disbelief I shall lay upon you the curse of the Unseen Ants.'

"The American smiled tolerantly and spread his hands, palms down, on the table around which we were seated.

"'You are going to be devoured by ants,' the Arab continued gravely, 'but they will be invisible to human eyes. They will bite you until you are in agonies of torture, but you will be able neither to rid yourself of them nor to see them.'

"He made a few passes over the American's outspread hands, muttering some sort of Arabic incantation as he did so. For a few minutes nothing happened. Then we saw a puzzled expression steal over the American's face. A moment later he surreptitiously rubbed the back of one hand with the palm of the other. Soon he was scratching away as though his hands were being eaten with acid. Great beads of perspiration rolled down his face and neck, though it was not a particularly warm night, and he brushed them away with hands which had become fiery and swollen. Soon his face and neck were as inflamed as his hands. His lips swelled and his eyes were almost shut. He was obviously in torment.

"'Bring me some water,' he called at length. 'I can feel these damned ants crawling all over me, but I can't see them.'

"Someone brought a bucket of water, into which he plunged his head and hands, but the pain only increased. An application of olive oil was equally unavailing. The man was evidently in such agony that I was geting rather worried, as were his friends. I was on the point of intervening when the Arab, who throughout the performance had sat back, silent and unsmiling, spoke.

"'Do you still believe that I am an impostor, Effendi,' he inquired courteously, 'or are you now willing to admit that I can do some things which your Western science cannot explain?'

"'I'm willing to admit anything,' the tortured American snarled ungraciously, 'as long as you rid me of these damned ants. I'm being eaten alive.'

"'I think that your disbelief has been sufficiently punished, Effendi,' said the Arab, making a few passes over the victim's face and hands. 'In half an hour or so the ants will leave you.'

"Believe it or not, within twenty minutes the pain began to abate, and, in little more time than the Arab had set, the unseen ants had gone as mysteriously as they had come. By that time the American had lost all his cocksureness. He left the Arab's house a meek and frightened man.

"But I wasn't satisfied, and a few days later, after the American had left Cairo, I hunted up the Arab, who was under certain obligations to me, and asked him for an explanation.

"'The explanation is simple enough, Hawkins Effendi,' he said, and a suspicion of a smile lurked in his eyes. 'When I made the passes over the American effendi's hands, I sprinkled on them a few grains of a very powerful irritant powder of which I have the secret. Though the effect is only temporary, it is extremely painful while it lasts, producing exactly the same sensation as the bites of white ants. The effendi, you will recall, rubbed his face and neck with his hands, thus transferring some of the powder to those parts, and in a few minutes he was convinced that he was being eaten alive. After a little time, when the effects of the irritant were about due to disappear anyway, I told him that he had been sufficiently punished, made a few more passes for the purpose of impressing him, and, behold, the Unseen Ants shortly disappeared.'"

"But you must admit that the Arabs are capable of doing some things which can't be explained away so easily," said Newton. "For example, how do you explain the fact that when Gordon was murdered at Khartoum, the details of his death were common gossip in the bazaars of Cairo, two thousand miles away, the following morning, yet more than a fortnight elapsed before the first dispatches reached the British Residency?"

"I don't attempt to explain it," agreed Hawkins. "Everyone who has lived for any length of time in Africa knows that certain things happen out here for which there is no logical explanation. There is no question that the natives have some means of secret and rapid communication of which we Europeans know nothing."

"If the Gordon incident had taken place here in Central Africa," the White Father suggested, "I should attribute it to the use of drums. There is no doubt that messages can be sent for great distances, and with amazing rapidity, by means of drums."

WHILE we were talking, the blood-red sun had dropped suddenly behind the jungle's rim, and night followed like the turning out of a lamp, for there is no twilight in the tropics. From the mighty river, now become a ribbon of purple shot with silver from the gibbous moon, suddenly arose the deep rubadub roar of a native drum which echoed across the mysterious vasts of Africa, sending who knows what strange message into the unknown.

"I declare the meeting adjourned *sine die*," announced Newton.

As the group broke up, the White Father made some remark, but the words were lost in the scraping of chairs and the clink of glasses.

"I didn't catch that, Padre," I told him.

"'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,'" the priest quoted, "'than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"And," I remarked, "that is equally applicable to Smith and Brown and Jones."

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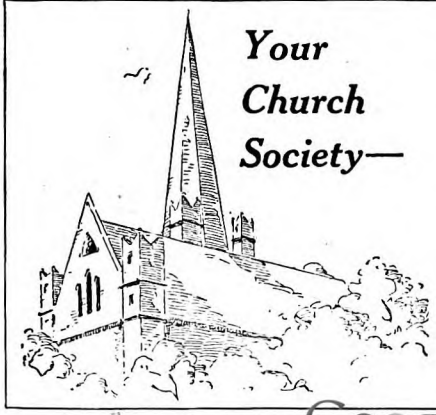

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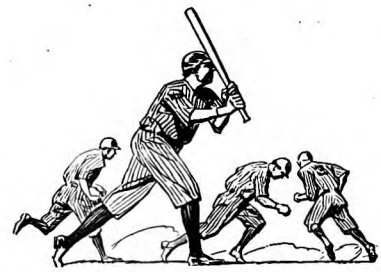

BABE RUTH has jogged more than thirty-four miles in running out the total of over five hundred home runs he has hit since he first entered the American League and became the greatest attraction of the baseball world.

One Night in Flanders

(*Continued from page 23*)

remnants of old clothes had got caught on a nail or projecting shattered wood, and would be blowing to and fro in the night wind.

I pried around amongst the wreckage and household remnants on the floor, and came across two objects that brought tears to my eyes: a tiny child's pair of wooden clogs and a rosary with a small brass medallion of the Virgin and Child.

On that, and many another, occasion, I knelt down in the darkness and prayed that the whole of this terrible business might cease.

I remembered all the stray graves I had seen. I thought of the daily toll of useless tragedy. I thought of that vast line of opposing humanity stretching from the North Sea to Switzerland, and wondered what had happened to the world. I realized it would not be long before Christmas arrived, only a few weeks, and also saw clearly that unless something happened to take us out of the line altogether, we would spend our Christmas in that desolate area before Messines.

THE weeks passed. Weeks charged with mounting hopelessness.

With pendulum-like accuracy, we came in and out of those same trenches. Each time we left the line, it was with fewer numbers than when we went in.

We were drifting towards a Christmas such as none of us had ever seen, and such as none of us, in our wildest dreams, had ever expected to have. Christmas in the trenches! There can be no season in the year more distressingly at variance with the whole nature of war than Christmas. "Good will toward men." What a mockery! It made one laugh sarcastically at the whole idea.

The unexpected relief did not come. On the twenty-second of December, after our usual short rest, we were again back in the line.

Curiously enough, the weather, which had for long been damp and dreary, with dull gray skies, had changed to

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right, sunlit days and cold, frosty nights. There was no snow, but the ground was covered with frost. The water in our trenches was frozen over, and, as one moved about, it was with the sound of crunching ice. The air was very still.

As one plowed down the trench on one of those still, starry nights and saw the war-worn soldiers in clusters around their fire buckets, their faces lit in the yellow-red glow, one could easily feel where their hearts were.

What a Christmas! Lurking in a frozen spot in the ground that wound its way across an ex-turnip field! On Christmas Eve the post arrived, and with it came several parcels of the smaller size, bringing presents of food and cigarettes from those we envied back at home. Perhaps a pathetic little present of two packets of cigarettes for some soldier from his poverty-stricken wife or mother, or a cake and several cans of potted meat and sardines for those of higher station.

Mufflers and thick woolen socks arrived too, in large volume. We had mufflers enough to be able to lend a hundred or so to the Germans.

With the usual effervescent nature of the British soldier, we all cheered up a bit. The quiet and the presents combined had imparted a little extra brightness to us all. By about midnight, songs were breaking out here and there, and the arrival of sundry mouth organs in the post had enabled some of our mouth-organ experts to get under way.

How pathetic those songs sounded out here in that curious setting. Even now, as I write, I can hear the plaintive refrain of "Tipperary" with mouth-organ accompaniment being wafted on the night air, across those dark, history-laden fields. Overhead, a blaze of stars in the dark-blue sky. Below, the singing and the glowing fire buckets.

HOW painfully ridiculous it seemed! Nation facing nation from two long, winding slots in the ground. This, after all the mental evolution of man through the ages, was the method used to settle a dispute!

Behind the war on both sides were those who started it, organized it, and ran it—cultured men who believed, presumably, in civilization, and no doubt felt superior to prehistoric man in every way—yet, along had come a dispute and the methods used to settle it had dropped humanity back a hundred thousand years. Christians, told to love one another, now were engaged in killing one another!

In peace, science has developed amazing skill in the art of fostering life. Even hopeless cripples are cared for at enormous expense. In war, the strongest and best are thrown into a mechanical and explosive hell, and demolition and destruction become the most important scientific attainments. Look at a giant telescope, and consider the mathematical triumphs of the greatest astronomers. Nothing is more noble.

Look at a bayonet on the end of a rifle, invented by the same race of men, fashioned and proportioned so as to provide the maximum amount of use in killing and wounding. Can anything be more pathetic in the make-up of the world than the dual nature of civilization? It was with thoughts such as these that I found my-

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when Ambassador to France, acknowledged royalty by wearing a military sword at the court of Louis XVI. The sword has just been discovered among the effects of M. Cabanis, close friend of "Poor Richard" during his residence in Paris.

self sitting, past midnight, at the entrance of my dugout, idly scraping mud off my boots. On my left a group of soldiers clustered, in various positions, around a fire bucket. "Old Bill," "Bert," and "Alf" and their prototypes. They sat or stood, as the case might be, and talked of the night, and of those at home. One expert mouth-organist was among them.

"Let's 'ave 'Keep the 'Ome Fires Burnin','" said someone, whereupon the refrain of this song began.

SUDDENLY a sentry on my right, who had been gazing over the parapet according to his usual instructions, turned down the trench and shouted excitedly, "Shut up, you fellers! Listen!"

The music stopped dead. "What's the matter?" I asked, springing up from my dugout entrance.

"They're singin', sir! I 'eard 'em quite plain!"

"Who's singing?"

"The Germans, sir! Listen, and you'll 'ear 'em!"

Everybody turned towards the parapet and listened.

Sure enough, he was right!

We all distinctly heard the sound of what seemed like a concertina. It was soon coupled with voices and occasional laughter.

Our men seemed pleased to think that the Germans could sing, and play music too. There was much laughter and interest at this phenomenon, punctuated by renewed listening.

A few yards to the right of where the sentry had been standing, the remnants of a hedge and ditch ran out at right angles from our trenches, towards the Germans. The end of this hedge also marked the spot in our line nearest to theirs. We all instinctively went in this direction and listened again.

The German singing and playing continued, amidst much jocular comment from our men.

Suddenly, one of the crowd half scrambled up the parapet and shouted out, "Come over 'ere!"

There was a laugh amongst us at the absurdity of the notion.

Someone else repeated the invitation

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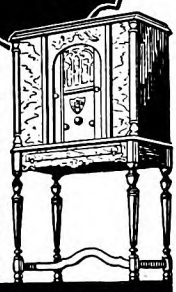

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louder. There was an un-understandable reply from the German trenches, which brought forth still further merriment on our side of the field. Even this terrible war had been unable to check the Spirit of Christmas that seemed to be abroad. Here, on Christmas Eve, something had snapped! Something containing traces of "Good Will" had happened, which had never happened before in the war.

Oh! If this spirit could only be maintained, and extended, until the stupidity could be realized, and human friendliness again established! Those humble soldiers with whom I lived, in spite of daily destruction, had no animosity toward the German, and I don't suppose their counterparts in the German Army had any either. We were all enveloped by a vast machine, being run by some person or persons unknown, in pursuance of a cause which presumably was a good one, but we had to take their word for it that it was so.

Patriotic fervor is usually dictated to the multitude by the management of a country on these occasions, for wars are weakened by too much inquiry as to their necessity. I felt the vast and terrible sadness of the war—not so much the sadness of death and destruction, but of the hopeless foolishness of humanity in placing itself in such an elementary predicament.

I FOUND myself praying to Christ, the founder of Christmas and all that it should mean in the hearts of men. I prayed for the extension of the amazing feeling of Good Will that had descended on the trenches that night—an extension to a point where no power could stop the friendliness and fusion of the two vast opposing armies; for if there be understanding, friendliness, and the Spirit of Christmas, there can be no war.

A ridiculous prayer from a warlike angle, and at that minute I was a very bad soldier; I was thinking of Christianity, rather than of killing Germans.

The night was still and beautiful, holding all that is ugly in human nature in its embrace. From above, the majesty of the stars shone down on those myriad pathetic little ant-like figures in four hundred miles of trenches, and made the whole thing look so stupid. . . .

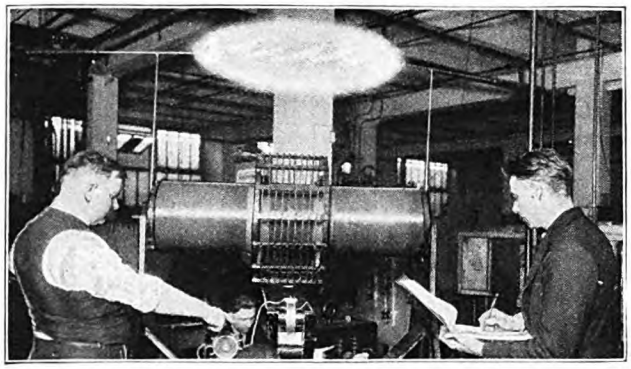
An excited soldier ran to me.

"They've met, sir! One of our men and a German! Out there in the open!"

I hastened back with him to the right, and found that this had not only really happened, but that one or two more from both sides were on their way to do the same thing. In the darkness these strange meetings were taking place. The situation from a military point of view was absurd. What should be done about it? We were soldiers who had fought, and had got to continue fighting. To stop suddenly and be friendly seemed a preposterous thing. *But there was a greater force than armies at the front that night.* Without any sense of fear and without my revolver I climbed the parapet and went out into the darkness of No Man's Land.

A gray form approached me. It was one of our men. He excitedly, and with great glee, showed me a German uniform button and a few cigarettes, souvenirs that he had been given by one of the enemy!

As the dawn came, I was able to see the situation. Our soldiers were everywhere in disorder. Some were standing on the



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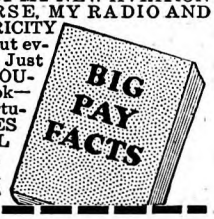

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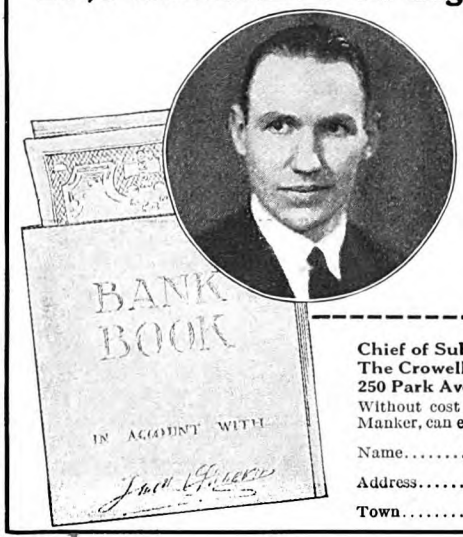

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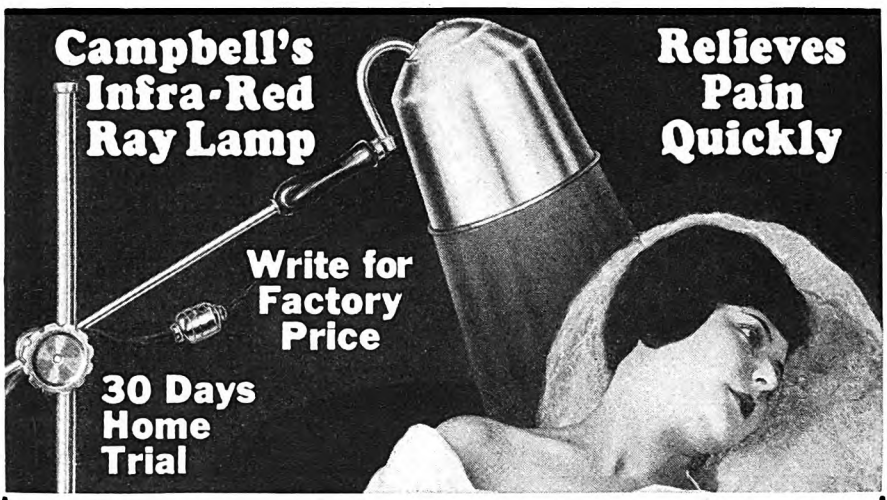

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parapet, a position which at a normal time would have spelt sudden death. Others were straggling out into No Man's Land, past our barbed wire laughing and talking.

Looking towards the German lines I saw precisely the same scene!

Quantities of German soldiers were swarming out of their trenches towards us. Their gray uniforms, with the red bands around their field caps, stood out sharply against the white, frosty ground and presented a scene of strange pictorial charm. The soldiers of both armies were approaching one another across No Man's Land with smiling curiosity, in just the way a crowd surges over a football field after a match. Something had leaped across the intervening space, like the leap of electricity between two overcharged spheres

The Spirit of Christmas had been too much for war!

AS THE rosy dawn dispersed the blue of night and the stars began to disappear, the weary warriors of both sides were meeting and endeavoring to talk in clusters of twos and threes.

Neither side had entertained the idea of coming out armed.

There was a mutual trust about the whole thing, although naturally accompanied by a curious shyness at first, which rapidly wore off. There was no trace of hatred or antagonism. One felt the establishment of that friendliness which forms itself between companions in misfortune. We discussed them in English, they discussed us in German, which bar to greater intimacy was removed later by the discovery of several German soldiers who could speak broken English.

I met a young German officer, and exchanged buttons as souvenirs. With my wire-cutting pliers I removed a button from his tunic, and gave him one of mine in exchange.

Later, I was photographed by a German with several others, in a group composed of both sides. Not far from us lay some dead, now approachable for the first time. The scene was so strange that in a simple, foolish way I felt the war could not endure in face of it all.

This fraternization was now taking

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place on a front of roughly half a mile. On our left the Seaforth Highlanders were having little of it, on our right the Somersets were having some, but not so much as ourselves. Strolling about in No Man's Land, I observed the extent of the thing. No Man's Land! where only a day ago it would have been impossible to move without disaster, but where now soldiers were exchanging food, souvenirs, and cigarettes; now and then strolling back into the trenches to bring out more goods for bartering.

What would have happened if this curious situation had spread in both directions, until such a scene was being enacted along the entire length of the front? With hate, and all the propaganda that is used to inflame soldiers, gone from the war, it would be hard to get the thing started again.

Those men out in No Man's Land were there only at the bidding of others, part of the vast herd which makes an army and which can be used as a blind force in any direction decided by a few. Suppose someone could have shouted loud enough to have been heard all along the front—then what?

What could the directing few do if a herd, numbering a million, refused to start again? And what is the right point of view to have if such a condition arose? Should Peace and Good Will—Christianity—be fostered, leading to amicable settlement of the dispute, or should armed force prevail? But if someone powerful enough had arisen in No Man's Land on that morning and advocated a "stop fighting" policy, he would have been court-martialed and probably executed. . . .

About noon, as the general laxity and friendliness were growing, a football match was suggested. Someone had evidently received a deflated football as a Christmas present. Playing football with the enemy, whilst an empire pays your soldier's salary, doesn't sound right somehow. However, this project was rudely interrupted.

I was suddenly sent for by the captain of my company, and something within me told me that all was not well. I arrived at his dugout and heard that there was displeasure in the mind of the Colonel at the nature of the proceedings.

The news had reached the General, and sharp orders had arrived to terminate any fraternization immediately. What else can a general do? Chatting with the enemy takes no place in his profession. So, with much trouble, the officers in the front line began herding the soldiers back into their trenches. The Germans were made to understand the friendly meeting was over. The orders to return to the trenches were reluctantly obeyed. There was talk of punishing those of us officers who had taken part in the celebration.

Christmas Night saw both sides back in their lines, and on our left a few still-mingling soldiers, who had not grasped the serious nature of the orders, were shot down by opposing machine-gun fire.

The war had started again. Rifles spat forth death across the shell-scarred turnip field, banishing the Spirit of Christmas that had flitted in a strange way across No Man's Land, and for a few hours had triumphed.

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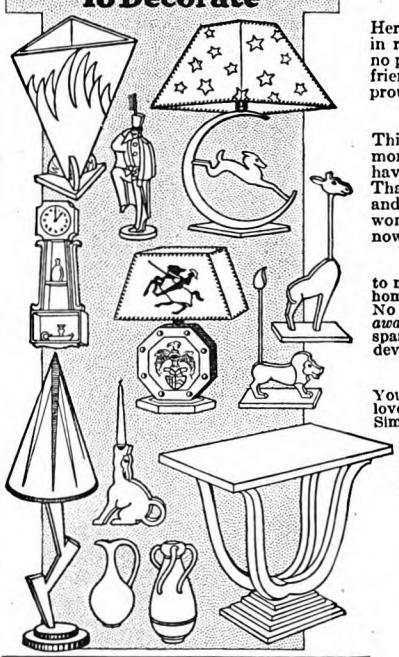

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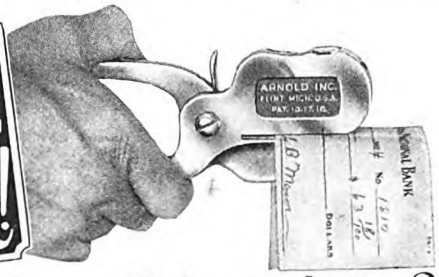

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Our Family Pets

(*Continued from page 25*)

cats of aristocratic breeding—just plain cats for him—and he dubbed my cat Mud—"For," said he, "anyone can see that his name is Mud." Climber proved a less active, more phlegmatic, type of cat than his cousin Bounder. His tastes lay in entirely different directions and he did not care for merry-go-rounds and holiday adventures. He led a peaceful and contented life until his master deserted him for the Legislative Halls of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts. Then he pined away and died. Mud had developed an abscess in the ear which was lanced and dressed in a spirit of deep contrition by the one who had given him the derogatory cognomen. The ear responded to the careful treatment, but poor puss did not survive long afterwards.

BABIES came and pets were forgotten until the boys were of an age to give evidence that they had tastes similar to their parents', and the summer before we went to Washington a police puppy was given to them. She was known as Judy, a nervous little dog and shy. When we went away, in the spring, we left the boys at home to complete that year in the public schools, and Judy remained with them. Later, she developed a severe case of distemper and went violently insane, so that the veterinary was summoned and with kindly administration gave her entrance to the "place where the good doggies go." Our son Calvin, writing to tell me the home news, gave a graphic account of the proceedings and concluded, "I am sorry to tell you all this in a letter which should be full of glad tidings."

I am unable to understand how anyone can get along without some sort of pet, just some living creature which looks to one for food and drink and comfort. It is difficult to satisfy this longing in an hotel apartment and the matter presented quite a problem until a friend suggested a canary. It was agreed that he should send one to me when I returned to Washington in the fall of 1923. Fast-moving events changed all our plans, and we transferred our residence from the hotel to a semi-private house. "Do you still want your bird?" my friend inquired. "Yes, two," I replied, and shortly afterwards Nip and Tuck arrived, two olive-green canaries from the Harz Mountains who warbled, whistled, and trilled their merry songs all the day long.

The bird family was augmented from time to time by other members: Snowflake, a white canary from California; Do-funny, a trained troupial who liked nothing better than to sit on the shoulder of the unsuspecting and tweak the ear; Peter Piper, a whistling canary; Goldy, a yellow bird; and Old Bill, a thrush. For a short time I had a mocking bird, which was all the birds in one as far as his songs went, but I heard it intimated that there was a law in the District of Columbia which prohibited the confinement of these birds in cages. I instituted an investigation and learned that it was indeed a fact and that the penalty for violating this law was a fine of five dollars or a month's imprisonment. I was reluctant to part with my chorister, but I was even more averse to embarrassing my country by the imprisonment of its First Lady.

The next pets to arrive, after Nip and Tuck, came unannounced in the shape of two cunning little kittens, one a tiger and the other jet-black, without a touch of color in its sleek coat. Tiger was a wanderer, and Blacky, in common with most cats, was a natural-born hunter. Tiger's first escapade took him to the Munitions Building, down near the Lincoln Memorial. Perhaps he was trying to "join the Navy and see the world through a porthole." We went on the air to broadcast his disappearance, giving a detailed description of him, and the following morning a guard discovered him strolling about in one of the corridors, recognized him, and returned our wandering puss. After that experience, we decided to get some collars for the cats, a green one for Tiger and a red one for Blacky, with "The White House" engraved on the name plate, but just about once in so often Tiger would take it into his head to go a-roving, only to be arrested by one of the officers and brought back.

In the spring, Blacky began to perpetrate his evil designs upon the birds who built their nests in the hedges around the east and west gardens, and once or twice he caught one of the baby rabbits whose mother had made a home for them underneath a clump of peonies. A family council was held and judgment rendered that henceforward, for the duration of the nesting season, the twins should be confined in the guardhouse, which in this case was a screened sentry box provided for the officers on night duty to protect them from the ravages of the pestiferous mosquitoes. One day, not long after their liberation, Tiger turned up missing once more and we were never able to trace him. Perhaps, instead of safeguarding him with the collar, we had made him a too attractive and tempting souvenir. Blacky remained to console us, but he usually preferred the kitchen to "association with the great" on the second floor.

IN THE meantime, our first dog had arrived, a wire-haired fox terrier named Peter Pan. He was a highly bred, extremely nervous little fellow, and there were so many people around that he couldn't get used to us all and seemed to reason that if he could lay a few by the heel some of his troubles would be alleviated. We thought we needed the workers more than the dog and we found a more quiet, less confusing household into which he was adopted and where he lives in peace and contentment with a variety of other pets.

Before he changed his abode, Paul Pry, an Airedale, half brother of President Harding's Laddie Boy, came to share his kennel underneath the south portico of the White House. Paul was perfectly uncontrollable, a great overgrown, awkward puppy. I have never seen the proverbial bull in a china shop, but after seeing Paul in the sitting-room, I have no great desire to extend my observations. I began

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teaching him the amenities of life by bringing him in for a few minutes at a time, two or three times a day, always on a leash and always galloping like a lively young colt. Gradually I got him under control and his devotion to what he considered my interests was unbounded. If I went out he established himself in my room, and woe be to that one who tried to touch my belongings in my absence.

EXIT Peter Pan, enter Rob Roy, herder of sheep, from the far-stretching fields of Wisconsin. Later, after passing a summer in its clear air untainted by smoke and dust and the fumes of gasoline of our city streets, I could understand better how difficult it must have been for the dog to adjust himself to his new surroundings, to gear his vision down to the more restricted outlook from the south grounds of the White House, although they embrace ten acres. I think he had never been in a house very much. The open fields and the big barns had been his habitation, and when I took him into the house for the first time, he crouched in fear. The elevator he regarded with dire suspicion as an infernal contraption and lay on the floor of it with all four legs spread out in an attempt to hang on. Oh, for the open country and the outer air with the sweet smell of growing things!

With pity in my heart, I led him forth again and for several days I brought him in for short periods only, talking to him the while and telling him that it was all right and that he would come to like it some day. In a week's time, he had lost his sense of fear and learned that after all it was rather pleasant to lie and sleep in the sun which came streaming in through the wide windows or in front of an open fire on a damp day when there was a chill in the air outside. His happiest moments, however, were passed in the open, and he and Paul Pry had many a gay frolic, living in peaceful harmony in spite of the difference in their breeding and tastes. If Rob discovered that food was being served in one of the guest-rooms, having already shared the President's and mine, and that the occupants were inclined to be regardful of a healthy dog's appetite, he obtained what he could for himself and then went to fetch Paul, so that he might partake of the delicacies offered. I think he reasoned that if he brought the other dog he might come in for a second helping himself. His conclusions usually proved sound.

In scouting around one afternoon, Rob found that tea was being set out in the Red parlor, that the sandwiches and the cakes were even then upon the table. He tasted to make sure that they were real, then went to call his friend, but before he had returned with him, his depredations had been discovered and when he reappeared, leading his recruit, a watchful eye was regarding the two from around a corner. A sadly disappointed pair, they retreated up the grand staircase with as much dignity manifested by the instigator of the crime as if he were retiring from a more legitimate errand.

If any of us went away, Rob seemed to feel that he had been lax in his attentions and that one of his sheep had strayed from the fold. When friends who were accustomed to stay with us for long periods of time went away, he would lie

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in front of their door with an anxious look in his eyes for two or three days, and when they returned, he received them as though they were wandering lambs restored to the pasturage.

Collies are prone to bark, and in this characteristic Rob Roy was no exception to his race. He would run around inside the hedge and fence of the south grounds, barking at the automobiles on the outside as though he prevented them thereby from jumping over the barriers. He would keep it up until well-nigh exhausted and often quite dusty and bedraggled. At a word of reproach and a reference to his being a "dirty dog" he would hang his head and drop his tail in a spirit of deep contrition, but he was at it again the next chance he had to repeat the performance. He did not enjoy his baths o'ermuch but he was happy when the ordeal was over, and with a bow of wide baby-blue ribbon at his neck, he walked the red velvet carpet in the corridor as proudly as any grandee at a royal court.

PAUL PRY was settling down into a well-behaved dog when another was sent to us—a Boston bull—which we named Beans. Small as he was, he assumed charge at once, much to the indignation of dignified Rob, who considered himself "head man." The late arrival was on the second floor when Rob was brought in to make his acquaintance. Paul was already there and he had taken a philosophical view of the situation, but when Rob got out of the elevator and saw this interloper and heard himself accosted in a manner not befitting his station, he gave the diminutive stranger one look of utter disgust, dropped his tail, turned, and reëntered the elevator. For a week he was compelled to submit to this indignity, and then our hearts relented and we sent Beans home to Northampton to stay with my mother and our housekeeper.

The first summer that we spent away from Washington, we took Rob with us. At the time of our departure, Paul Pry was in the dog hospital, where he had a cold abscess removed from his throat. He was to be sent to us as soon as he recovered and quartered with the company of Marines who were camped a short distance away from the house for guard duty. He had taken a dislike to some of the servants and once or twice had shown his feelings in an unpleasant way. I felt a little uncertain of his future conduct. The poor dog seemed to realize that he had been banished and, like the naughty little girl who, after being punished, went out into the garden and ate worms, saying, "Nobody loves me!" Paul went down to the beach and partook of some fish which had been washed ashore and again was compelled to spend some time with the veterinary.

At the close of the summer vacation, it was decided that Paul should become ship's dog and live on board the Mayflower. This was not to his liking and at every opportunity he took shore leave. For safe-keeping the steward took him to his home, near the Navy Yard, where he became so attached to the children and they to him that he spent the rest of his days with them. I think the children must have missed him after his sudden death, for I have been told that he protected them from an occasional whipping unless their mother had taken the precaution to shut him up before she began operations.

The next pet which was added to the family was of an entirely different order—a raccoon. She arrived on the morning of Thanksgiving Day and was sent as a contribution to the feast. It did not take us long to discover that she was no ordinary raccoon but an altogether amiable, domesticated creature and an interesting pet. We gave her the name Rebecca and had a house made for her in one of the large trees, with a wire fence built around it for her protection. We kept her chained when out of doors, but in the house she had her liberty. She was a mischievous, inquisitive party and we had to keep watch of her when she was in the house. She enjoyed nothing better than being placed in a bathtub with a little water in it and given a cake of soap with which to play. In this fashion she would amuse herself for an hour or more. Once or twice she got away, but was returned, and we feared that she might get into the street and be run over, so we had a pen made for her similar to those at the Zoo.

Installed in this modern apartment, we thought that she looked lonely and should be provided with some raccoon society, so we set up a matrimonial bureau for raccoons and secured for her a companion, one named Reuben. Rebecca had lived alone and had her own way so long that I fear she was a little overbearing and dictatorial, perhaps reminding her spouse that he was living on her bounty. In any case, he deserted her. Once he was apprehended and brought back, but the second time he made good his escape, and Rebecca continued to live in single blessedness.

PRUDENCE PRIM, of the white collie species, a creature of feminine wiles and graces, a breaker of hearts, came to bear Rob Roy company after the banishment of Paul Pry. "To know her is to love her" goes the song, and we all gave our hearts to Prudy. Together, she and Rob were a handsome and distinguished-looking pair. He assumed the rôle of guardian, guide, and friend, and she trusted him completely. She became my constant companion, never leaving my side when I was in the house, and sleeping by my bed or on my couch at night. In the drawing-room she was at perfect ease, and when allowed to come to tea would pass from one guest to another in courteous impartiality, with precisely the proper manner of cordial welcome.

In the dining-room with the family at mealtime she took up her place in one of the deep window recesses, Rob in another, and when dessert was served and they heard the scrape of the President's cup against the edge of his saucer, they knew that was the signal for coffee to be served on the hearth for Rob and a morsel of some special delicacy from the Mistress' hand for Prudence. Luncheon or dinner comfortably over, they were confident that a delicious tidbit rested in her hand to be impartially apportioned when the family retired upstairs, and they sat up expectantly in begging attitude.

One day, I made a bonnet of straw and trimmed it with maidenhair fern and green ribbons for Prudy. With it tied beneath her chin she was quite the "flapper" of the time, and she wore it to one of the

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garden parties for the soldier boys, making a great hit and becoming the center of attraction. She liked to wear it and always looked pleased and proud when it was brought out and its ribbons adjusted beneath her chin.

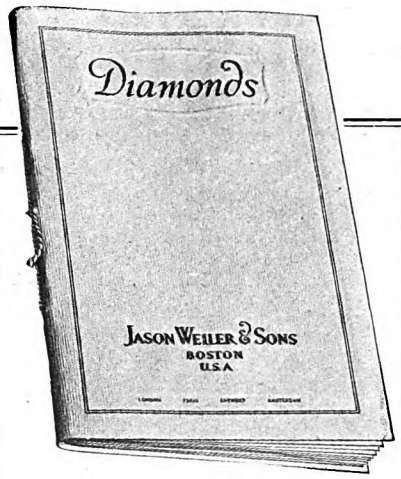
Prudence never seemed strong, and in the spring of 1927 she languished. She made the trip to the Black Hills with us, during which I kept her in my compartment and cared for her tenderly, for I loved her well. I hoped that the higher altitude and pure air and sunshine would restore her to health, but that was not to be, and Rob and I shared a common sorrow.

THEN came Tiny Tim, the red Chow-chow, on the President's birthday, but I knew as soon as I saw that little round ball of fluffy brown that he was mine. Three months old he was and had just been taken from his mother and five brothers and sisters. We thought he would be lonely for the old friends, homesick for the playground where he had rolled and tumbled with the other little roly-polies of his litter. I rigged up a wooden box, placed it on its side by my bed on one of the screened porches, with a soft blanket in the bottom and another on top hanging over the front a few inches. There I put him to bed, with a good-night pat and expectations of rude awakenings, but he slept through the long hours of the night as quietly as you please.

A month later, another white collie puppy came. She traveled two days in an airplane to get to us, and when she arrived there was a great smutch of grease on her white fur, indicating that planes are not yet equipped with garments with which to protect canine passengers against the grime of a journey by that modern means. While she had come by air, she seemed very much at sea, and for several days she cried and barked and whined pathetically, stopping only when picked up and held. Her puppy heart was set upon something which we humans were utterly unable to divine, and if we allowed her to go out of doors unleashed, she started for the hen yard, nor did she stop there. It is only that we managed to head her off before she went farther. Perhaps she had become air-minded.

Her kennel name was Diana of Wildwood, but we gave her the subtitle of Calamity Jane—it seemed to fit her so well—and we thereby gave recognition to a historical character of the early mining days of the Black Hills region, when the woman so designated, a tireless worker, a hard liver, and a kind friend, had kept a saloon, had nursed the miners when they fell ill of smallpox, and softened the rigors of pioneer life with the milk of human kindness. Her dying request that she be buried by the side of Wild Bill Hickok, a notorious gunman of those days, was respected and fulfilled, and their graves are visited by many tourists passing that way.

Yet another dog was brought to us the day before we were leaving the Hills to return to Washington, a baby black Chow. I was a little dubious about being permitted to take this latest acquisition along, but John and I laid our plans to be as unobtrusive about our preparations toward that end as possible, and we managed nicely. He was the more interested in the successful accomplishment, since it was



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not for himself that he was mindful, but for a Certain Young Lady to whom he wished to present this new puppy. Black as midnight, even to the black mouth and tongue of the well-bred Chow, she was—and is—an imp of Satan, and we named her Blackberry. She reached her ultimate destination the following spring and has had many rides in a smart roadster by the side of the Certain Young Lady, not always a model of deportment, for she will run away, but a very winsome doggy in spite of her willfulness.

Our dog family now numbered three: Rob Roy, Calamity Jane, and Tiny Tim. By this time Tim had rather outgrown the diminutive "Tiny" and he was sometimes referred to as Terrible Tim.

Now our foundling enters upon the scene of action. I refer to her in that way because she was left upon our doorstep, one Sunday night, by some people who drove up in an automobile and passed her out to one of the officers with a letter saying that she had been raised especially for Mrs. Coolidge because they knew she liked dogs. Tan and white in color, she was a small edition of a collie. Active and a bit domineering, she was never a favorite with the other dogs. They considered her too "bossy." Calamity Jane objected seriously to her advent, but after a few days decided to make the best of the matter and be agreeable to Ruby Rough, as we named her.

ABOUT this time, we entertained some guests who were politely impressed with our dogs, particularly the white collies, but they had a pair of black Belgian Gruenendaels, the parents of ten young dogs who were then a year old, and they thought we should have a black dog to complete the color scheme. A short time later one of the young dogs came to share the bones from the White House cupboard. Coal black, with no touch of other color, we named him King Cole. A little shy, rather bewildered by the noise and confusion of train transit, he arrived on a day when we were having an evening party. Rob Roy had not received the newcomer cordially and during the festivities I shut him in my room to insure his being unmolested. When we came upstairs, after the party was over, and entered the room, he received us joyfully, putting his front paws up on us, wagging his tail, and telling us with little sounds of joy from deep down in his throat that he had decided to be our doggy. But King was born to be somebody's *only* dog and he seemed always to be seeking for someone to love him and him alone.

For the following day, the President had planned a week-end trip down the river on the Mayflower. Rob Roy and Tim were usually the dogs who were taken along, but now we were confronted with a problem. We could not take both Rob and King Cole, because of the older dog's antagonism for the younger, and King was so shy and unaccustomed to his new surroundings that we disliked to leave him behind; so we decided, for this once, to have Rob stay at home. He did not see us go but he knew well enough what had happened, and when we returned on Monday morning, there was no sign of him anywhere. He was always on hand to meet us at the elevator door when we had been away, putting his forefeet up on the

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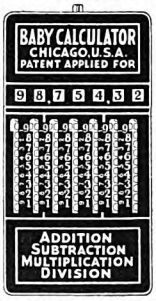

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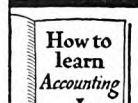

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President and making joyful little yelps of greeting. Searching, we found him in the boys' room, looking out the window, and a more indifferent dog I never saw—not a sign of delight at our return, not even a little wag of the tail. All day he went around, not sulky, not dejected, merely self-contained and aloof. Gradually he forgave us, but I think he never quite forgot.

Rob Roy's last summer was the happiest of his life, for he went with us to his native state and there he accompanied the President upon all his fishing expeditions. When he blew his whistle for the guide to come around from the boathouse with the canoes, Rob would listen for the answering whistle from the guide, rush to the back porch, and wait for him to come around the bend with two canoes, which he propelled by means of a long pole while standing with a foot in each canoe. Then Rob would rush through the house to the front porch, dash down the front steps to the landing, and wait there until the canoe in which the President always rode came near enough to allow him to jump in and then lie down with his head underneath the seat and wait. It made no difference how long the delay might be in starting, there he would lie and nothing could budge him. When all was in readiness and the canoe was shoved off, he got up, took a drink over the side, and then stood with his head up, his mouth open, and an eager look in his eyes, ready for the day's adventures. A beautiful picture he made standing there in the green canoe against the background of trees reflected in the water. Good old Rob! I hope that in the paradise prepared for dogs to which you have gone an understanding fisherman takes you along to bear him company.

FROM time to time animals were sent to us for whose comfort and safety it was impossible to make provision at the White House. These found a home at the Zoo. The first was a bear brought all the way from Chihuahua, Mexico, in a motor van. He was followed by a wallaby from Australia. I confess I had to resort to the dictionary to learn what sort of animal a wallaby was and found it defined as a small species of kangaroo. Twin lion cubs from Johannesburg, Africa, were accompanied by a duikir, which is a diminutive deer. The young lions were named Tax Reduction and Budget Bureau and commanded attention which was commensurate with the dignity of their names.

One year, at Easter, I received a baker's dozen of Pekin ducks which had been recently hatched and were no larger than the eggs out of which they had pecked their way. I established them in one of the bathrooms, but they soon outgrew their quarters and I was obliged to transfer them to more commodious ones at the Zoo.

As the administration of the thirtieth President of the Republic drew to a close, it became apparent that the family must be reduced in size before it returned to the smaller house from which it had come, and we began to look around for new homes for some of our pets. It seemed wise to place Calamity Jane where she would be under a certain amount of restraint, and we felt that we made a wise choice when we gave her into the keeping of a member of the White House guard, whose young daughter gives her loving care. For King

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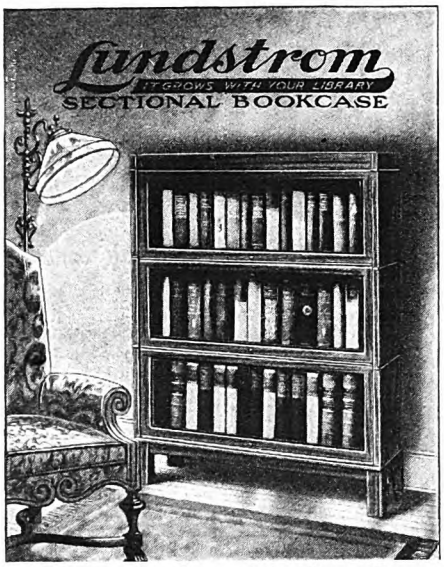

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Cole we wanted a home where he would receive undivided attention in answer to the wistful look in his eyes, and he went to live with a schoolteacher in Kentucky, where his education will no doubt be given careful attention. Tiny Tim came home with us and, during the summer, another white collie puppy came from Wisconsin. He belongs to Rob Roy's master and he seems to understand that he must be a very good doggie, a worthy successor to his noble progenitor.

This, then, is the story of the animal companions who shared in and contributed to the happiness of one family who, for a brief season, called the White House home. No account of that time would be complete without mention of their part in it. Rob Roy, in particular, was one of the close companions of the President during those busy years. In the afternoons, he accompanied him to his office, where he always took a vocal part in the Friday conferences with the members of the Press. Who shall say that his presence left no impression upon our Nation's history?

"HOME AGAIN!" That is the title of Mrs. Coolidge's article next month. She tells you why she and her famous husband returned to their simple house in Northampton, and why they prefer that house to others. It is an intimate, appealing story, charmingly and emotionally told.

Abigail Wants a Ring

(*Continued from page 53*)

tell from the tone of the letter she writes."

"But Abigail's faith—"

"Has got to live through it. Hasn't our faith lived through things, Peter?"

But it was hard that Abigail's faith should be tried in the fire so young. Peter went slowly downstairs and found Abigail playing Princess under the white-garlanded fir tree. He could not think of any way to soften the blow.

"You've got to give up your ring," he said.

Abigail clasped her hand tight over the precious finger. The color left her cheeks.

"It belongs to a lady," Peter said lamely.

He read her the letter. Aware that hope was gone, Abigail threw herself on the floor and sobbed. Her dark curls were spread over the carpet. Mutely she extended her hand for the ring to be removed. She knew better than to struggle. People in rich churches were a law unto themselves. Peter sat down on the floor and lifted her up so that her head rested on his shoulder.

"Daughter," he said, "you must have faith. There are times when it looks dark for all of us—when God takes our rings away. But we must believe that God intends good for us. We must trust Him to do the best for us."

"You never lost a ring!" Abigail wailed.

PETER took her hand and smoothed the bereaved fingers.

"I'll tell you a secret," he said. "You're big enough to have a secret. I've been preaching for fifteen years. I've always wanted to preach in a church where they didn't have a missionary barrel—one of the *larger* churches, Abigail. Now, I've never gone to one of those large places, but I believe that God intends good for me. Let's keep our faith, together, Abigail. You keep your faith, and Father will keep his. And we'll have a special sign, all our own. Sometimes we'll nod to each other—slowly—like this—and that will show we're still trusting."

Abigail promised. She liked a bargain and a special, secret sign. She even helped to do up the ring in a box, and she handed it to the Rural Free Delivery next day. But she could not help wondering what was the Lord's idea to let her have jewelry for a night only. He must be an Indian giver. Didn't the Bible say: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away"? There it was, in a nutshell. Nevertheless, she and her father gave each other the nod, now and then, to let each other know they still admired their Creator.

In a week there came another letter from Mrs. Hess, wanting to know why she had not received the ring. "I asked you to send it immediately," she wrote. Peter Reed went out and questioned the Rural Free Delivery. That imperturbable man said he had mailed the ring himself at the Eureka post office. No, he had not sent it registered. He had never registered a package in his life. What was the use? It cost more Peter wished with all his heart he had taken the ring to the post office himself. He would have sent it registered, and there would have been a record. But he had not relished another twenty-four-mile drive with Arab.

MRS. GEORGE HESS never received the ring. Her letters took on a threatening tinge. In February she wrote: "That ring cost fifty dollars. If you do not see fit to reimburse me, I shall have my suspicions."

Peter replied: "I shall certainly reimburse you, but I have not the fifty dollars just now. Please accept five dollars on account. I shall send more as soon as I am able."

But Peter was not able to send more in March. In April he scraped together seven dollars more. All that spring and summer the family were depressed over the ring.

That next September, Doctor John Norton, district superintendent, came to attend quarterly conference in the church where Mrs. Hess belonged. He had grown even plumper and redder since the days when Peter Reed knew him at seminary. And his eyes were more shrewd now than merry.

On the night of quarterly conference, he was entertained at the Hess home for dinner, since the Hess family were prominent church members. Mrs. Hess proceeded to tell him about the work which the Woman's Home Missionary Society had been doing. She liked to stand in well with her district superintendent.

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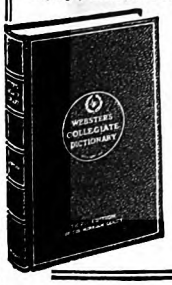

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"We had a most unfortunate experience with our missionary barrel," she said. "The family who received it were so undeserving. I don't like to make any accusations, but—well—a ring of mine got in the barrel by mistake and they have never returned it. Of course, they *say* it was lost in the mail, but I can't help thinking—!"

"Who is the pastor?" John Norton asked idly. He was not greatly interested. The offending pastor was out of his district, even out of his conference. And Mrs. Hess was a horrible woman who looked like a turkey.

"A man who signs himself Peter Reed," Mrs. Hess said grimly, as if she thought the name was an alias.

John Norton brought his hand down hard on the arm of his chair. His eyes lighted.

"I used to know a fellow of that name in seminary," he said. "It must be the one. I haven't thought of him in years. Splendid chap. We used to sit up till all hours of the night talking."

"Well, as I was saying, I've written and written and he says it was lost in the mail, but—"

JOHN NORTON turned stern. He was suddenly interested in Mrs. Hess's ring. The memory of young Peter Reed came and struck him full in the heart. Peter had been a tall, delicate boy with a sort of bright burning in his face. John Norton wondered how he could possibly have forgotten Peter.

"Are you by any chance accusing one of our ministers of theft?" he said.

He was very unpleasant for the rest of the dinner hour. Glorianna felt as if she had thrust her hand inadvertently into a clump of nettles. All during the quarterly conference John Norton thought of Peter Reed. He scarcely paid attention to the reports. His mind had run back fifteen years, back into that strange world called school. Why, Peter and he had been inseparable. They had told each other all their hopes. They had burned to make the world over.

But John Norton forgot his old schoolmate again in the press of his autumn duties. Peter was busy, too, down in Eureka. Many of his parishioners were sick with a fever which was epidemic in that part of Dakota. As Peter drove with Arab from farmhouse to lonely farmhouse, he felt that he never had dreaded winter so much as this year.

Sixteen years on the circuit now . . . sixteen years . . . it seemed to him lately that Clorinda had *aged*. He had always thought of her as looking the same as when they were married. But this fall he was frightened to see the lines in her face. *His Clorinda growing old!* They were sending every spare cent to Mrs. Hess. The ring was half paid for now, but Christmas was going to be an especially small affair this year. Peter sometimes wished he could go to sleep and wake up when that day was over.

When December came, and Christmas neared, John Norton remembered Peter again. There is something about Christmas which makes a man remember old friends, old hopes, old faiths. Memory is hung with the first wreath in the window. John went to spend the holidays with his wife's family in Dayton. He discovered

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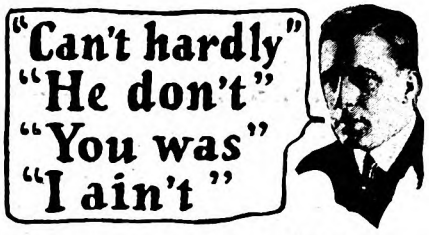

No one will correct *your* mistakes in English. People are too polite. They fear you will feel insulted, and unconsciously you keep on making the same mistakes. And, though you may think your English is good, it may be dotted with errors which *others* notice, and which destroy many of your opportunities for advancement.

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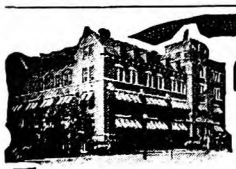

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Name.....Age.....

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that Dayton was only nineteen miles from Eureka, where Peter lived. A cutter with two strong horses could easily go there and back in a day. So, the twenty-fourth of December, which was Sunday, John left Dayton very early in the morning, bound for Eureka. He planned to slip into Peter's church in the back seat and hear him preach. What a surprise for old Peter!

John could not help but feel complacent as the handsome horses pulled the sleigh lightly along the prairie road. The snow frothed up under their hoofs. The air was bright as a bell. He was under a fine fur robe. He wondered pleasantly if Peter were as ardent as ever; if his belief in the grace of Heaven had lasted out these sixteen heavy years. He would not blame the man if he had run to seed. How quiet it was, out here on the prairie! It seemed to John as if he were sliding along farther and farther into silence.

But he did not think about the silence more than a moment. He chirruped to his horses. He thought of his investments, which were paying him a high percentage. He could not keep his mind on the spiritual side of life for long—not these days. That power had gone with his youth. All his beliefs were rather jaded. He was a man of the world, like any sensible person.

AT LAST he saw Peter's church, a speck ahead on the unending plain. As he drew near, he slowed down his horses. How uninviting these starved churches were! He thought of his own last church, with its Gothic towers, stained-glass windows, and carved choir screen. Why—this was only a tiny box, set on the prairie, without even a tree to bless it.

He slipped into the rear pew. Beastly hard it was. He looked about at the bare walls. There was no attempt at Christmas decoration. Well, after all, the manger was bare, too. . . . Peter came out of the little door behind the pulpit. John's hands clenched with pity. How shabby the man was! But his face was the same as in youth. There were deep lines, but it was the same. It had that old bright burning in it.

John Norton was surprised that Peter did not look unhappy. He examined Peter's face carefully, to make sure. No—the man looked as if he had never yielded to bitterness, as if he had himself in hand. John Norton counted the congregation—seventy-eight. In these past years, he had preached to as many as a thousand every Sunday morning. He felt a bit complacent as he thought of the thousand.

Peter Reed gave out his text: "Fear not: . . . for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

It was a grand, familiar text. John Norton had often preached on it in his own church. He settled back comfortably to listen. But he did not settle back for long. His complacency thinned away. Lord! how Peter could preach! He preached as if he knew what he was talking about, *as if he had been there and seen.* He was not mouthing the old phrases. John Norton began to feel humble and admiring, there in the back pew.

How Peter could preach! It took character to preach like that. It took a man who fears not, and to whom a Saviour has been born. This sermon was not hatched out on paper. This sermon had background. John felt spurious, like a spotted imitation stone beside the genuine. And to think Peter had reached this power, out here in the small circuits! Well, after all, Bethlehem was not a large place. . . .

When the service was over, John went up to the pulpit and shook hands. He no longer thought of what a surprise it was for old Peter. He just wanted to shake hands. But Peter was all innocent delight and astonishment. John met Clorinda. John met Abigail and the boys. He went over to the parsonage. Abigail took him out in back and showed him the tree her father had cut for Christmas. She showed him the candle in the sitting-room window, waiting to be lighted.

"We aren't going to have any presents this year for—for unavoidable reasons," she told him, with dignified reserve.

After dinner, Peter and John went up to the attic study and sat down. John saw the bare floor, the worn desk, and the rafters—but somehow he did not feel complacent. They talked about old times. They talked about their lives. John had intended to overpower Peter with stories of his success. Instead, he found himself asking Peter's advice about his problems. Peter seemed so strong and poised, like a tree planted by the rivers of water. John felt tired, and abashed, and feeble.

"You've done me good, Peter," he said. "You make me feel as if I had wasted my life!"

"It's been fine to see you. I've often thought of you, John, out there with your big opportunities. . . ."

It was very quiet in the attic. They could hear the children downstairs, dragging the evergreen indoors.

"There's one more thing I want you to do for me," John said. "I've got a church in my district, just vacant. It's a good church, five hundred members. I've been hunting the right man for it. I ask you humbly, Peter, will you come and grace the district?"

Peter would not have been human if his eyes had not widened. He gripped a knob on his desk to keep himself from stepping off the rim of the world.

"It's what I've wanted!" he said, his voice breaking with wonder.

THEY went straight downstairs and told the family. John would arrange the transfer. They might start packing next week. Clorinda was pleased, but anyone could see that she thought Peter deserved it. The children leaped and shouted, "Merry Christmas!" because it was all they could think to say and it sounded good.

Then John had to leave for his long ride back to Dayton. It was growing dark, so Abigail lighted the candle in the window. John Norton said he could see it from the road. All the Reeds stood on the porch and waved as his sleigh moved off behind the handsome horses. Then they went back inside the house and shut the door. It was going to be such a Christmas as they had never known.

Peter looked at Abigail, and Abigail looked at her father. They gave each other their slow nod. Then Peter opened his arms wide.

"*I'll* get you a ring, Abigail!" he said.

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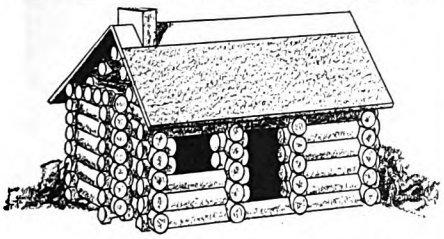

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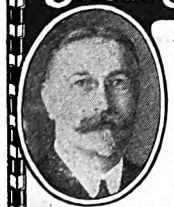

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Interesting People

(*Continued from page 70*)

years soft and easy. They *all* wanted him.

The father listened with mixed emotions. He had no craving for a life of ease. Work was his tonic—his life. Comfortably fixed, he had never accumulated a great deal, as money goes, for the education of his large flock and helping them get their various starts in life had kept him pretty well cleaned out. But what did he want with money? His happiness came in doing for his children. His life was in his work—the soil. But still they insisted, and to please them he agreed at last—against his better judgment.

"I was more miserable than I have ever been in my life," the old orchardist tells in speaking of that period. "In spite of all their kindness, I pined. I was homesick for the soil like a sailor is for the sea. Then, suddenly, I saw what it would eventually mean. It would weaken me, make an old man of me—and, even though I was past eighty, I saw that if I didn't just want to shrivel up and die, I had to jump into harness again."

Then comes the high-note of the hardy old pioneer's life. He had thrown a challenge to Life, and Life—proud of those with temerity to defy her—was to reward him with the fulfilling of his dreams.

"In all my years of farming," he told me, "I had never grown peaches—that is, on a scale for marketable purposes. And that was something I had always wanted to do. I used to sit and dream about it and figure how I would handle an orchard. So when I made up my mind that I couldn't stand being inactive any longer, I decided to get a small place out in the hills and go into the cultivation of peaches.

"I planted the trees; they grew; finally they began to bloom. Talk about a beautiful sight! Anyone who has never seen a peach orchard in bloom has something to live for. The trees came into bearing. They brought joy of cultivation and financial returns. My orchard was a success—my dream realized.

"I am eighty-six years old. My health is better than it has ever been. Last year seventeen hundred of my trees produced seventeen hundred bushels of fine fruit, for which I received top-notch prices. This year the crop will be larger, and it will increase every year.

"I am happy in my work. I feel that I have a number of years of active work ahead of me yet. If I have any secret of youth it comes from living close to Nature, working hard—and not being afraid to tackle any idea I believe in.

"I said I was happy in my orchard. Satisfied? Well, hardly that. If ever I begin to feel smug and satisfied, I shall take it as a danger signal and jump into another line.

"For—if ever I lose my zest for work—I'll know I'm getting old!"

EDITH BELL LOVE

OLIVER HERFORD begins next month his "Deb's Dictionary," a page of witty definitions in the modern manner with amusing drawings. This gives a young girl's ideas about what life is for and about.

"Last night I came home with great news"

"I'D TELEPHONED Ruth that I had a surprise for her and she could hardly wait for me to get home. You should have seen her face when I told her the Boss had given me a $25 increase in salary.

"'It's wonderful,' she said, 'just wonderful. Now we can pay those bills and even start saving.

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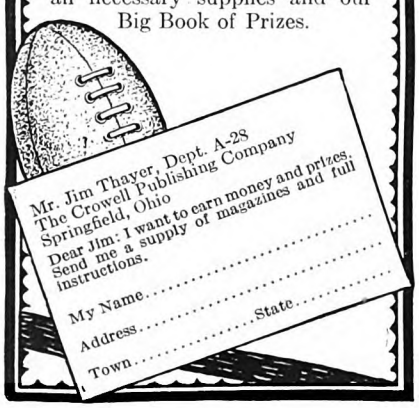

In Retrospect

By Berton Braley

The Fool I was at Twenty-One!
The little that I knew!
The silly things I'd think about;
The sillier things I'd do!
Oh, when I look upon that youth
And all the dreams he spun,
I wonder how I could have been
That Fool at Twenty-One.

He thought he knew the world and all
The life that makes it go;
How bruised he was before he learned
How much he didn't know!
No wise folk could enlighten him!
He had his course to run;
And so he went and ran it blind,
That Fool at Twenty-One.

The Fool I was at Twenty-One
Before I got my sense!
Before I learned the obvious things
By dour experience!
How time was lost in frantic waste
And thriftless, heedless "fun"!—
But how I'd love to be again
That Fool at Twenty-One!

Such a Good Sport

(*Continued from page 67*)

If Greg had taken up a bond-selling career, she could have helped him to make thousands that summer. Then, too, he discovered another side of her that worried him frightfully later on.

It rather irked him to stroll out of the lordly atmosphere of the Cavendish, saunter around the corner, and duck into a dairy lunchroom, as they very often did at mealtime. It was just an ordinary lunchroom, with white-topped tables that had no cloths, and a long counter where you were likely to stand between a mechanic from the nearest garage and a couple of workmen from the neighboring subway excavation while you ordered your food. Not that Greg didn't prefer the mechanic and the workmen to the chaps with whom he played tennis and water polo weekends. But when they met Trix Henderson just as they were going to dinner one evening, he was mortified, not for himself, but for Janie.

That dauntless young person never even batted one of her well-brushed eyelashes.

"Trix!" she cried joyously. "How gorgeous to meet you here. My dear, *can't* you come in and have dinner with us? This is the grandest place—honestly, I've never eaten such ham and eggs anywhere else in my life! We come here all the time. Oh, Trix, *do* come. You'll love it."

AND the exquisite Trix, whose father paid his *chef* a yearly salary that would have bought that lunchroom twice over, promptly joined them and vowed forever afterward that never had she eaten such good food anywhere else. Greg couldn't help wondering if Janie really did think the very ordinary ham and eggs offered by the Bee-Bee Lunch so superior. She'd never said anything about them before.

It stunned him to realize that she might have been bulldozing Trix on purpose. Janie, so little and helpless! And it humiliated him to think that she had to eat in places like that because she had married him and he couldn't afford anything better.

As yet he did not suspect the powers she was holding in leash. Late in the summer she began to let them out, to remove their muzzles for a breathing space, let them run free for a moment or two.

"You've got to write stuff that's signed, regularly," she told him. "You've got to get your name known."

"Fine chance," he told her flatly. "The *Gazette's* alive with specialists, men who've been writing politics and labor and general feature stuff since before you could read."

"WELL, there must be something," she insisted, and then, after a moment, "How about movies?"

"Don't know one Gish from the other," he retorted.

"You got along all right that time Mr. Stewart had so many new ones to cover and asked you to help out," she reminded him.

"Yes, with your help."

"No, really, you did it alone. I just made one or two little suggestions. You didn't really need me. Now, if Mr. Stewart wanted an assistant, or—when is he going on his vacation?"

"Probably had it months ago," Greg told her, with a touch of uneasiness that he hoped she didn't notice.

Janie said nothing more just then. But a few nights later she announced that they were to dine at the Mayos'. And when, after dinner, bridge was proposed and it developed that Mr. Mayo did not play, Greg feared the worst. For Janie remarked that she really didn't care about playing either, and as they didn't need her, she'd like to see Mr. Mayo's collection of autographs (which, as she well knew, was only the least bit less dear to him than his heart's blood). Janie, who wouldn't have known Button Gwinnett's signature from Al Smith's, or cared two whoops about either!

She made no comment on the hour that she spent in the Mayo library with its owner. But Greg was not surprised when,

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a week later, he was told to bid the Federal Building farewell and try his hand at helping Stewart with the motion picture department, preparatory to taking charge of it.

So Greg became a motion picture critic. His time was more or less his own, as Janie pointed out; there was no need to report at the office regularly, so long as he got his work done; he'd have time for fiction, now. And besides, his salary was raised. He appreciated those points. And he told himself that of course he was far better off than he'd have been blundering all this time on his own—but Janie was running his life, and it rankled so that he didn't care whether he ever wrote stories or not.

The success of their marriage would have been less endangered if she had turned shrew, or flirted with some other man. He knew that he ought to be grateful to her for all that she had done for him, but he couldn't; he could only tell himself that she must think he was an awful boob, that he couldn't get anywhere unless she helped him!

HIS time wasn't so much his own as she had thought it would be. There were previews to catch at odd hours, arriving and departing stars and directors to interview, a host of publicity men to get acquainted with, a new world to know.

Janie was sympathetic. Also helpful. He wished that she wouldn't be so darned helpful; that when he got home at night she'd talk about clothes or bridge or her best friends, instead of asking him if he didn't think he'd better do a Sunday article on the invasion of the local field by foreign stars, or whether he'd seen that awfully important news note about the sale of one of the big studios. He hadn't.

He would lounge on the foot of the bed—there was only one comfortable chair in the room—and look at her; that lovely curve of brow and cheek and throat, that cunning way she had of lifting her head when she was talking earnestly—they led straight to the ever-fresh realization of the way it felt to have her body nestle close to his. It set his pulse racing madly merely to think of it. And her flesh—soft and silky-feeling as a baby's. And the helplessness of her, the sweetness of the way she clung to him, lifting her lips to his, shaping her hands about his head, making little, crooning sounds as he kissed her.

He would snatch his thoughts back to what she was saying, which, likely as not, would be, "And, Greg dear, I've been thinking—why don't you do a special story on the Goodhart Bill? I've made a little summary of the main things it stands for, and the campaigning that's gone on; it's awfully important. Of course, you haven't had the time to go into it thoroughly, but my notes would give you what you need."

Thunder! He didn't want to take her notes and her ideas and do a special story! She'd pretend, always, that the whole thing had been his idea; apparently she'd believe it had. He felt angry and guilty at the same time. He'd got to get out of this hole he was in, he'd got to; he was beginning to fidget every time she spoke to him, fearful of what was coming. "Greg dear, I've been thinking—" He braced himself every time she began that way.

How hard she was trying to make a success of him, so that she could be proud of her husband! "And now I'm like the ham

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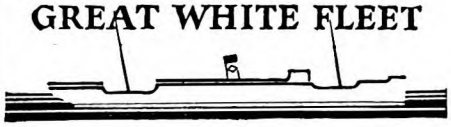

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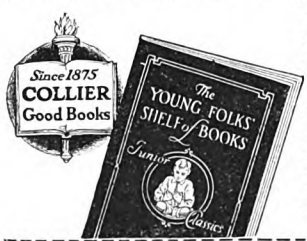

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and eggs at the Bee-Bee Lunch!" he told himself, bitterly.

He liked movies well enough, could see a future in the industry for himself. What he wanted was a job in one of the studios, writing original stories or making adaptations of books and plays. He knew that he needed special training for it; he knew nothing of camera angles, for instance. But he felt sure that there was a golden mean between the successful novels and plays which were bought and the devitalized, burlesqued versions of them that usually reached the screen, and he was confident that he could find it. Meanwhile, he took time to study the good photoplays that he saw and to revise the poor ones, trying to improve them.

HE DID not dare to tell Janie of his hopes. She would begin at once to pull strings, make suggestions, lace about him a new strait-jacket as irksome as the one he was wearing now. He felt like a gladiator of old, fighting with a man armed with net and sword. No matter which way he turned, there was an idea of Janie's, a deftly dropped hint or a pertinent remark. She went to all the new pictures with him, and was ready with a comment the moment the lights went on at the end.

He knew that he was thinking too much about the situation, letting it become an obsession, just as, at home, he had detested arithmetic and flunked it, because his mother had always helped him with his problems, when he really enjoyed wrestling with them alone. He'd let his resentment toward his mother push him into failure, and he was letting his feeling about Janie push him into wishing that he could lose his job and get another with which she couldn't interfere. But what was the use? Janie'd take on anything, from building a skyscraper to digging a subway. No matter what he did, she'd help him!

One day he went down the bay with the ship-news men to welcome a foreign star. They left the Battery before the sun had pierced the early morning mists; Greg, standing on the tug's upper deck, shivered, not with cold, but with pure ecstasy. After his first year at college he had gone abroad, working his way over on a freighter with Lynn Jarvis. The year after that he had gone to South America, again with Jarvis. Now, back in the setting that had once before stood for escape to him, he found the emotions that he had felt then enfolding him like a perfectly fitted garment. He could do it again, could slip away, be free to be himself.

Yes, but Janie—Janie, with her gorgeous gift of companionship, her delightful sense of humor, her enchanting yielding to the ways of love—he couldn't leave her. He couldn't go trudging through life without her, instead of racing along at her side! Even if he hadn't loved her, he couldn't have left her, of course. And he did love her, more than ever.

But that wavering ghost of a plan to get away from her sent him back to her more eagerly than ever, and then continued to haunt him. Each time that she pricked him with the tiny pin-point of a suggestion he found himself returning to the thought of going. More and more often he went down to the docks; more and more often, as he dropped off to sleep at her side, he was working out the details of a vision of himself in that other environment. The mere thought of going excited him. He'd be free from that feeling of inferiority that Janie's helpfulness had created, that conviction that he was just something that she had to make the best of, before the world.

He did not know that plans inspired by such strong desire and worked out with so much detail, though they seem hopeless, have a way of taking things into their own hands, of betraying the person who makes them into carrying them into fulfillment.

Then, one afternoon as he was watching a huge new liner being prepared for its midnight sailing, he ran into Lynn Jarvis. Lynn fairly bellowed his delight.

"My Lord, Vickers! Haven't seen you for—say, come aboard and have a talk. Sure, I'm tied up with the Company; got an uncle who owns a chunk of it. And say, Greg, how'd you like to go exploring with us?"

"Exploring?"

"Sure. You've seen stuff in the papers about this new North Pole expedition, haven't you? Well, the Crandall who's backing it is this same uncle. Want to go along?"

"But I—I couldn't—I'd be no use—I'm married—"

"Oh, I'm married too!" Lynn dismissed holy matrimony with a wave of his hand. "Do you good to get away for a while. Sure, you'd be of use; this uncle of mine's taking along a regular army, and I know what you are on the sea, and you're a good scout, and he's got half a dozen posts you could fill. Won't be starting for six weeks or more, anyway. Say, Greg, remember that time we shipped to Europe?"

GREG went home tingling with excitement, shaken by new hope, and new fear. Lynn could get him a good job with Jack Crandall; he'd have plenty of money for Janie, if he took it. He'd be free of her, too. Oh, but he didn't want that. It wasn't Janie, it was that eternal helpfulness of hers that he wanted to escape. If it had been anything but that, he could have told her about it. But it would hurt her pride too much. And of course he'd have been nothing at all without her. He could see now how little he knew of writing, what a mess he'd have made of it if he had dedicated himself to it in the first place, as he had wanted to do.

Well, he'd tell her that night, anyway, he decided. He couldn't go on with things as they were.

But that night she sank wearily down on the edge of the bed and bent to take off her shoes. He knelt down and did it for her. Gay, high-heeled, smart little shoes they had been in the beginning, but now they had lost the trim lines that had given them their gayety, and the leather was scuffed and shabby.

He'd brought her to this, to wearing shabby clothes, to saying, "I'll wear my evening gown" instead of "I think I'll wear my blue dress." He'd wanted to marry her, wanted to support her, begged her not to get a job of her own. And she'd pitched in valiantly and helped him, using the intelligence and ability that would have won her a far bigger place than the one he occupied, he told himself. And he was thinking of running away from her. What a cad he was!

She'd been such a good little thing, such

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a good sport. Why, he'd given her money for a dress that she needed, and she'd gone straight to his tailor and paid it on a suit of clothes for him.

He couldn't sleep that night. Neither could Janie, though he did not suspect that.

Janie was doing a bit of serious thinking. Something was wrong with Greg lately, she told herself, and she must find out what it was. He was uneasy, absurdly annoyed over small difficulties that he had brought upon himself, like not realizing in time that his shaving cream was all but gone. And his courtesies to her had taken on a new emphasis, as if he were trying to remember to be courteous.

Now, Janie had always been forced to look behind the masks which people hold up between themselves and the world. She had never been able to let life merely happen to her; she had had to take the trouble to study everything and everyone with whom she came in contact. Finding herself in a blind alley, she had always had to locate the one way out of it.

She began to go over her life with Greg, bit by bit. She had learned that the more vehemently people slam the door on their real desires, the more certainly they reveal those desires in the insignificant actions which they don't bother to watch. She felt like some wretched hag, old as time itself, as she lay there trying to use her knowledge to ferret out the mystery of the change in her husband. If he was different lately, how was he different?

She came to no conclusion that night, though she approached one. She worried through the next day without success But in the evening, as she and Greg were walking down Broadway, they encountered Lynn Jarvis.

"Greg!" he exploded, with his usual vehemence. "Made up your mind about that North Pole trip?"

Janie felt as if someone had handed her a popover that proved to be a bomb.

"Why, I—of course, I have. I'm not going!" Greg answered. And Janie, whose perceptions were always heightened by the feeling that she was involved in a crisis, knew that he was forcing himself to say it, knew that he was hiding his real inclinations when he brought out that last sentence.

"Oh, say, you can't back out; why, I've told my uncle all about you, and he says you're the man he wants, absolutely, to record the trip officially. Listen, Greg, that answer doesn't go. Why—"

JARVIS talked on and on, until Greg wrenched himself and Janie away from the loquacious grip of his friend.

"He's got a crazy notion that I'd like to go to the North Pole with him," he told her, managing a fairly convincing laugh, as they walked on. And Janie, obediently walking at his side, heard none of the clamor of Broadway, saw none of the little hole-in-the-wall shops that sold phonograph records and hats and salted nuts and violent-hued lingerie.

For she knew that Greg wanted to go with Lynn Jarvis, wanted to get away from her. Yet she knew, too, that he loved her. Then what had she done to him to make him want to go? Painstakingly, fighting the tears that came crowding to her eyes, she fitted her answer together. It was living with her that he couldn't stand. And who had shaped their life.

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dictating its every detail? She had, of course; she'd begun on that sunny morning when they were married, when he said that he wanted to write, and she promptly outlined just how he was to go about it!

"I'm the one who's made him so wretched," she told herself fiercely. "But I'll make it up to him. I'll simply manage him until I drive him into going off on this trip, make him take this chance to be himself once more. Things won't ever be the same again; he'll be quite different when —if—he comes back to me. He's got to go, though—and, oh, what'll I ever do without him?"

She wasted no time in wondering how she could have been so blind; time enough for that later. She devoted herself to doing one more bit of planning for Greg, so that he could have his heart's desire without suspecting that she had given it to him.

The picture that he had come to review was merely one more program picture, but it was good enough for Janie's purpose.

"You've simply got to discover somebody, honey," she told him, afterward, and winced a little when she saw how he braced himself. "Chris Carney has built for years on the reputation he got because he was the first one who thought that Harold Lloyd was funny, and Jean Torrey gets an awful lot of credit for picking that little Mexican girl out of the shuffle; the J—G people gave her a gorgeous job selecting stories on the strength of that. You must discover someone right away, and comment on their work, and boost them all the time. It's the way to make the industry notice you. Lots of good jobs come out of things like that."

Greg winced; watching carefully, she realized that, and it hurt but that hurt she saved till later; there'd be plenty of time to go back to things like that when he was on his way to the North Pole!

AS FOR Greg, he was telling himself that of course she would lay her hand squarely on that secret hope of his of getting a job with one of the producing companies. He rubbed his hands together, their palms icy cold and drenched with perspiration.

She went on to select his victim. It was a slim, blond girl, who had had a small part. To Greg she had looked like just any other blonde, and had played her one emotional bit as if she were a goldfish gasping for water. But Janie's eyes glowed as she talked of her.

"She's really remarkable, that girl who plays the sister," she declared. "Sheila Farley; what a lovely name. She must be that society girl—you remember, dear, her sister married one of the Catherwoods two years ago. I recall hearing that this one wanted to act. Well, she certainly has talent!"

"Talent your grandmother!" retorted Greg. He was telling himself that Janie had a memory like a carpet sweeper.

"But didn't you notice the way she uses her hands? It's remarkable. Of course, she has a lot of things to learn; her timing is all wrong, she moves much too fast. But she certainly has a simply astounding gift for pantomime."

Greg hardly heard her. Seeing Jarvis again had loosed the forces that were tearing him to pieces these days. He would have to get away from Janie—and he couldn't leave her!

Two evenings later Janie greeted him with what she declared was important news. She'd got it from *Variety*, a weekly paper devoted to the stage and screen. Sheila Farley was going to make a picture of her own, "Next Stop Paris," and she was going to finish it in a month.

"Isn't that marvelous? She'll show everybody what it means to work efficiently, instead of wasting a lot of time and money having conferences and making retakes and all that. Better run a note about it, honey."

He did. Later on he ran more notes, as it became apparent to even the most skeptical that "Next Stop Paris" would indeed be shot, cut, and edited in thirty days. He devoted space to Sheila Farley, not because he thought she deserved it, but because he felt so guilty about his own secret feeling toward Janie. Miss Farley's picture was being backed by a man from the Southwest whose oil wells had brought him so much money that he was enjoying throwing it away, and she had engaged the highest-priced press agent in the industry to ballyhoo her. That press agent was as violently active as Lynn Jarvis. The two bombarded Greg almost daily. His face had taken on a taut, grim look, and even when he was asleep the muscles of his mouth twitched.

A PRINT of "Next Stop Paris" duly arrived in New York, just a week before the date of Lynn Jarvis' uncle's departure with his polar expedition. That crusty gentleman, besieged by men who wanted to go with him, had determined that Greg must go, principally because Greg was consistent in his refusal.

The picture was to be given a special showing in the large ballroom of the Cavendish.

"That's a good break; we won't have to take a taxi," remarked Janie, as she slid into her one decent evening gown. "Of course, they want to sell the picture right away to one of the big releasing companies—it'll mean a lot to have good reviews. That man who's backing Sheila Farley is going into producing; did you know that? He's engaged some of the big people who are really established and he's taken over the old Double Square studios on the Coast. It would be marvelous for you to have a job with him, dear. Your review of this picture will make such a difference. Chris Carney told me the other day that the producers think a lot of your opinions."

"Yes, they do!" scoffed Greg.

"They quote you in trade papers when you say favorable things about their pictures," she reminded him.

"Sure; I said that 'Heartsease' was one of the worst pictures it had ever been my fate to see, but that it should be an overwhelming success with people who went to the movies to talk to each other, and that company quoted me in their advertising as saying, 'An overwhelming success.' Not a word of the rest of my review!"

"But you know, you do think Sheila Farley has a future. And if you give this picture a good review, it'll probably mean a job with her company—"

"Janie, do you know where my clean dress shirt is?" His hands were clammy, as they always were when she rode him too hard, and the pulse in his temple was beating out a maddening tattoo. A mo-

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ment later, as he managed the tricky little fasteners that held the wisp of chiffon over Janie's dimpled shoulders, he bent to kiss the dimples. And Janie, giving up a furious search for her handkerchief, was openly mopping her eyes with the sash of her frock.

In the ballroom they found an audience different from the usual motion picture gathering. Society had turned out to applaud its own, and as a result the blue bloods of motion-picturedom had come to what they confidently expected would be a public slaughter—little, dark men in whose speech the consonants were blurred, men who were too meticulously dressed, busy with the talk of the trade which enveloped their lives.

There were stars of the screen on hand; and press agents, and newspaper folk, and a few leading lights of the stage.

Janie squirmed about in her gilt chair, busily nodding to her friends; she had made many in the industry since Greg entered it. He sat staring gloomily at the program, fighting anew the battle from whose field he never could escape these days.

As "Next Stop Paris" unrolled, he ceased to wonder at Sheila Farley's making it in a month. There was no reason why she shouldn't have made it in a week. The director, trying to be artistic, had gone in for freak camera angles and strange double exposure effects; the leading man had found, after years of longing for it, a chance to prove that Emil Jannings had nothing on him. As for Sheila Farley, she was all things to all movie fans. She was coy and cute, with her hair in Pickford curls, in the first reel; in the second she turned Talmadge; and the intermission found her giving a rather painful imitation of Gloria Swanson.

The instant the lights were turned on, Janie went into action. Greg had known she would. Just two rhapsodic sentences crystallized the immediate future for him.

"Janie, I may not stay for the second half," he cut in. "I can write this thing up without seeing any more of it. You won't mind, will you?"

"No, of course not, if you think you ought to go, but—"

"Might make an earlier edition of the paper this way, and there's no chance if I wait for the rest, they started so late," he mumbled, and plowed his way toward the nearest door, heedless of the orchid-laden, ermine-bearing females who blocked his path.

Janie, watching him go, heard clods thumping down on the coffin of her happiness. Probably he'd head straight for a telephone and call Lynn Jarvis. Well, why shouldn't he? Hadn't she smothered the very life out of him, with all her plans, and brought that grim look into his face, and wretchedness into his eyes?

Well, she'd finished her work now, made him feel that she was an insufferable meddler, that she'd torture the very life out of him if he let her dominate him any longer. She left the ballroom and walked upstairs, her body aching as if it had been beaten, her heart crying out that she and the man she adored were as irrevocably separated as if vast, icy seas already rolled between them.

As for Greg, he made an honest effort to do one last thing for Janie. But his typewriter fairly balked at the words he tried to

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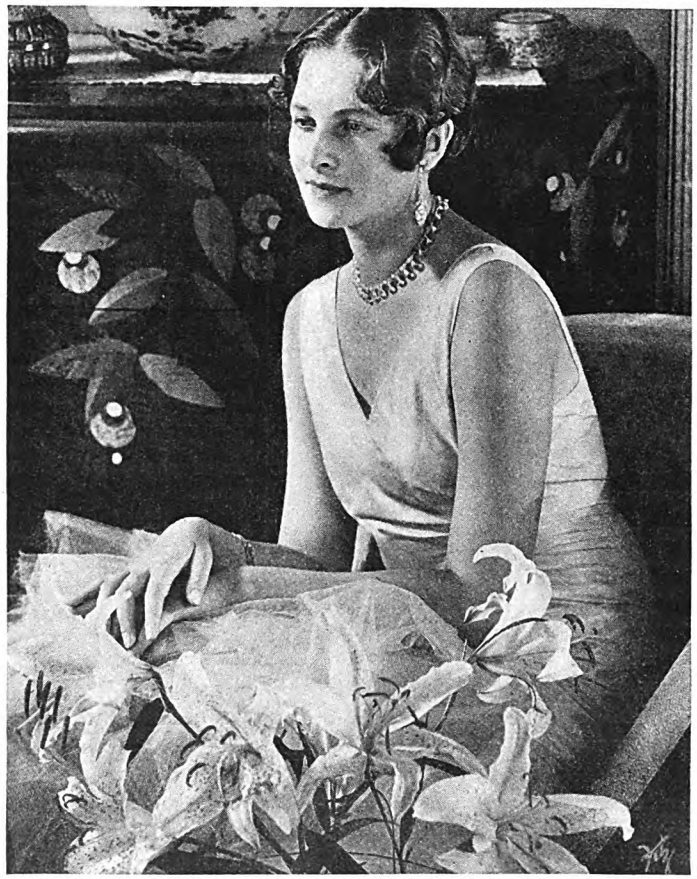

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write. Finally, he gave up the struggle and cut loose. He flayed "Next Stop Paris" alive. He told just how bad it was, and why. Thought of the approaching scene with Janie drove him into a fury that exhausted itself on the picture. A good story had been wrecked, he wrote, in the way it had been adapted to the needs of Miss Sheila Farley. Absurd sequences had been dragged in, and opportunities to develop the story logically had been ignored. He'd advise the backer to re-make the story with a good director and an actress who didn't think that emotion was something you did with your tonsils. He outlined the story as it should have been screened, and concluded by recommending that Miss Farley go to school by playing small parts for D. W. Griffith, if Griffith would have her.

And then he went home, home to Janie, and to heartbreak for both of them, he told himself.

She was pretending to be asleep when he came in and he was too tired, too broken, to notice the way her breath caught in her throat as he crept into bed and gently kissed the palm of one of her outflung hands.

HE SLEPT late the next morning and woke to find that she had prepared breakfast on her electric grill. It was the most delightful breakfast they had had in a long time. Desperation found for Greg new ways to express his love for his wife, and Janie, who had rushed out for a copy of the *Gazette*, read his review, accurately gauged that desperation, and urged herself into a gayety rivaling that which had first endeared her to him.

"Now I've got to tell her," he told himself, as he finished his second cup of coffee.

"He's trying to make himself tell me now, the poor dear," she told herself, as she filled his cup again.

The telephone rang just then, and they both whirled about, annoyed, to glare at it. How could anyone intrude on them just now?

"I'll answer," he said abruptly, and strode across the room to snatch the instrument from the table. Janie went over to the farthest window and stood there, staring into the murky gloom of the airshaft. If only she could keep from crying!

"Yes, this is Greg Vickers," he was saying jerkily. "Yes. Why, of course I wrote it. What? You what?" A long pause, torture to the girl standing there with her back to him, her hands clenched on the handle of the coffeepot, which she had forgotten to set down. "Why—why, er—sure! Sure, I'd like to! Oh, that's great. It's exactly what—yes, I can manage it. I'll be there at two."

He slammed the phone into its place, ran across the room to catch her up in his arms.

"Honey, it was that man who backed Sheila Farley! He read my review—I panned the life out of the picture; I meant to tell you—and he wants me to work for him; we'll start for the Coast in two weeks—he's going to make the picture over as I suggested. It means—it means—"

But Janie had dropped the coffeepot and was openly weeping on his shoulder. She failed to hear the rest of his sentence. To her it all meant just one thing—that never again, no matter what happened, would she let herself try to help him!

Christmas Eve at the Red Moon

(*Continued from page 40*)

"Sure, read it! Maybe it says he's the Crown Prince of Germany or something."

Betty read it aloud. She read: "'Girls, for old times' sake, will you find him a good home? I'm all in. Florrie.'"

A hush fell upon them at that, a hush which only the baby broke with happy gurglings.

At last Mazie said, "Florrie! For heaven's sake! It's Florrie's kid, then!"

"Yeh, but what can we do?" asked Betty, almost in tears. "We don't know what to do with a baby."

A plump girl who wore a black dress glittering with sequins said sharply, "The best thing to do is call a cop and send it to the police station. They'll know what to do. They're used to it."

"Like fun we will!" said Mazie.

"Then what *will* you do?" asked the plump girl.

"Well, maybe if we wait, Loretta, we can find a good home for him like Florrie asked us to. You didn't know Florrie, did you?"

"No, I didn't and I'm just as glad I didn't," Loretta answered, drawing her scarf around her shoulders with a virtuous air.

"Aw, can that stuff!" said Mazie. "You make me sick! Florrie was the best of all of us. The trouble with Florrie was she was so darn' innocent she didn't watch her step."

"Maybe that goes for you too," Betty interpolated.

"Oh, lay off, Betty, can't you?" Mazie said angrily. "This is no time to talk about that. I know what I'm doing and Florrie didn't. When she fell in love she thought it was pure wool and a yard wide. But I'm not going to listen to anything against Florrie. Not from anybody!"

"But what will you do with the baby right now—tonight?" Loretta persisted.

"Well, if it comes to the worst he can come home and sleep with Betty and me," said Mazie. "Thank God, I ain't got a heart of stone. Not on Christmas Eve, anyways."

"Poor Florrie!" said Betty. "She never would have did this if she hadn't been in the last ditch."

"Yeh, maybe it is the last ditch!" Mazie agreed somberly. "The last ditch that we'll all come to some day whether we're wise or innocent. Well, the best we can do for Florrie now is see her kid's fed and made comfy. Come on, Betty!"

BETTY, Mazie, and the baby disappeared through the red-curtained doorway of the Ladies' Room, leaving the others gazing at each other.

"They're just plain dumb!" exclaimed Loretta angrily, "I've got as much feelings as anybody but how are we going to look after a baby? Me, I hate the messy little

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things! Wait till Jake comes! He'll throw that brat out all right. It'd been much better to send him off to the police station—better for him and for all of us."

"Florrie was an awful pretty girl," said the hostess in yellow chiffon.

"Yeh, she was a good kid," said the violinist. "She come here from the country and she didn't know nothing about this kind of jazz."

"She ain't never ought have been in a place like this," a waiter volunteered. "What'll Harry say when he hears the kid is Florrie's?"

"What's Harry got to do with it?" asked Loretta sharply.

"Oh, he was crazy about Florrie," the girl in yellow chiffon explained. "Just nuts! And she was crazy about him. But they had a fight and Florrie was so busted up about it she run away with a good-looking bum she met here one night."

JUST then, Harry returned with the milk and the nursing bottle. "Where are they?" he asked. "Say, make out they didn't razz me down at that drugstore. I guess I did look like a fool askin' for them things. Still an' all, we had to do somethin'. He's sort of a cute kid when he's not bawlin', ain't he?"

"Did you hear whose kid it was?" asked the violinist.

"No!"

"Florrie's."

Harry's pink-and-white complexion became entirely white. "Florrie's! The Florrie who worked here?"

"Sure!" The violinist pointed to the note which still lay on the table. Harry picked it up and read it. He said nothing.

Mazie, Betty, and the baby now emerged from the Ladies' Room. Held high in Mazie's arms, the baby was laughing.

"We're all ready for the eats," sang Mazie. "Look at him, folks! Did you ever see such a bouncing bimbo! Say, this makes it seem like Christmas Eve, don't it? Maybe we ought to have a Christmas tree and everything. Where's the milk and the bottle, Harry?"

Harry produced them, and in handing them to Mazie, gazed long and earnestly at the baby. Harry's stare was strained and a little diffident, but the baby's stare in return was utterly bland. In fact, the baby shot forth one pudgy fist which touched Harry's cheek and Harry jumped as if he had been stung.

"The little son-of-a-gun!" he muttered. "What a fresh little guy he is! Friendly, too, ain't he?"

"We got to warm the milk first," said Betty sagely, "and we got to add a little water to it. A little baby like that can't take milk straight."

"I can warm it over that old gas jet in the hall," Harry said, and whispered to Mazie, "Say, Mazie, look at him! Ain't his eyes like—like hers?"

"Just like hers," said Mazie, and patted Harry's sleeve.

At last the milk was watered and warmed and poured into the bottle. And the baby gave it a chuckling, ecstatic welcome.

Cradled in Mazie's lap, he was draining the last few drops with sleepy, satisfied grunts when Jake burst in upon them.

He bounded across the floor and stood gazing down at Mazie and the baby, his legs spread, his hands in his pockets. Jake

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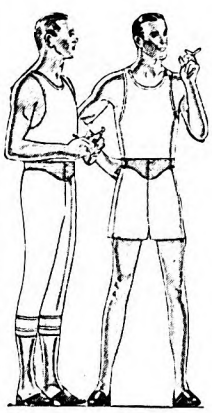

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your hair

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WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo

was a tough guy if ever there was one. Short and stocky, his chest rose like a barrel from his thin thighs. His remarks now were no remarks for a baby to hear, although Mazie received them with the utmost indifference. For once, she was not afraid of Jake. And the baby, too, remained indifferent since, fortunately, Jake's profanity—while expert—was of the low-voiced, sibilant variety.

Jake summed up his remarks with: "We got to get him out o' here, see!"

"Yeh?" drawled Mazie, this new Mazie who no longer feared Jake. "Yeh? Well, it'll be over my dead body!"

"But we can't have that brat *here*. What'll the customers think?"

"Where are the customers, Jake?" Mazie asked, unperturbed. "Aw, be human for once! It's Florrie's kid! Didn't they tell you?"

"Well, when the customers come, out he goes!" Jake grumbled. "You can't turn a night club into no swilling nursery."

"Yeh, and when he goes I go with him, see!" said Mazie. "I guess you don't need the Red Moon's best little entertainer tonight. The other girls can look after all the customers you'll get this night."

"I told you we might as well close up, Jake," Betty put in.

"Dry up, all of you, can't you?" Mazie ordered. "Don't you see his nibs wants to go to sleep?"

BUT again Bill Brennan came clattering up the stairs. "She was here!" he shouted.

"Who?"

"Florrie."

"When?"

"Just now! She said she had to come back to see what happened to him. She said she had to be sure we'd took him in. Then she sort of cried and said she wouldn't be back again. I ast her to wait a minute, but she run away."

Abruptly, Harry leaped up. "Which way did she go, Bill?"

"Down the street toward Sixth."

Harry grabbed his hat and ran.

"Where you going, Harry?" Jake yelled.

In flight, Harry called back, "I'm goin' to find her."

"Who's going to look after the bar?"

"Look after it yourself, you big bum!" Harry shouted from the stairs.

"Say, is this place going cuckoo tonight or ain't it?" asked Jake plaintively, as in mingled anger and disgust he sank upon a cushioned seat. "Bring me a drink and make it a double-header," he said to a waiter. "I ain't running a club. It's a bug-house!"

A queer calm descended then upon the Red Moon. Against the wall, Mazie sat with the baby sleeping in her arms. The girl in yellow chiffon was huddled in a corner weeping furtively into her handkerchief until Jake ordered her to cut it out. Otherwise, Jake sat brooding over his drink. Very softly, the pianist was playing the Russian Lullaby. That didn't help any. Betty sat with her troubled eyes upon Mazie and the baby. . . .

And from far away, muffled, came the sound of church bells—telling once again that long, long ago on this Eve another Child was born, a Child who grew to be a Man who told us that we should be kind and tolerant and forgive each the other his sin. . . .

Then, for the third time, Bill Brennan came up the stairs. But this time he didn't clatter. He stole up quietly, his huge weight squeaking on his toes. He went over to Mazie.

"Harry's downstairs. He wants his coat an' he wants to see you. He don't want to see nobody else. An' he don't want to come up."

"Did he find her?"

"Yeh!"

"Where?"

"Down at the corner. I guess she just couldn't tear herself away from that kid. She told Harry she was going to wait till morning to see what happened."

"Where is she now?"

"She's down in that drugstore."

Mazie rose and handed the sleeping baby to Betty. "I'll be back in a minute, Betty," she said, and to Bill, "You get Harry's coat. It's hanging up in the bar."

Downstairs, in the narrow passageway, Harry was leaning against the wall. And there was something new in his face, something new and determined and dazzling.

"I found her, Mazie," he said.

"Yeh, I know. Bill told me."

"She looked so bad I took her in that drugstore and the doc he said she ought to go to the hospital for a coupla days. He said he'd fix it up. It seems she's sufferin' from mal—malnutrition. So the doc says. She was givin' the kid food when she had nothin' herself. An' she's still worried about the kid, Mazie. I told her how you'd took to him. An' she wants to know if you could look after it for a coupla days until—until we can come around and get it."

Mazie laid her hand on Harry's arm. "Harry, are you going to look after—after both of 'em? Florrie an' the kid?"

"Yeh," Harry said. "I think I better. Who else is there to look after 'em? An' that's a cute kid, ain't it? Certainly, nothin's his fault!"

"An' you and Florrie'll be getting married, I guess."

"Sure, we will," said Harry. "Why not? I'm crazy about Florrie. Always was. We was just two fools—that's all. Why, it's like goin' home to have her back again!"

MAZIE did not speak for a moment, then she spoke emphatically. "Well, you tell Florrie the kid'll be all right. You tell her not to worry. I'll look after the baby—me and Betty. Betty knows a lot about babies. She had a lot of little brothers and sisters. You tell Florrie that. Don't you remember how Betty said we got to put water with the milk? Now, who'd know that if they didn't know something about babies? Tell Florrie that. Say, Harry, got any money?"

Harry looked troubled. "Well—not much," he admitted.

"Well, you wait here," said Mazie. "You wait here just a minute. I'll be right down again."

She entered the main room of the Red Moon in a very different manner from that in which she had entered it an hour or so before. She held up her hand, but the fingers were not twinkling.

"Listen, folks," she said. "I got to make a little speech. Harry's downstairs. He found Florrie. She's down at the drugstore and she's got to go to a hospital.

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Betty and me are going to look after the baby for a coupla days. But all that ain't the point. The point is Harry and Florrie are going to get spliced. We got to give 'em a little Christmas present that'll also be a little wedding present. Now, listen! All of you got to come across good."

Then Mazie took a plate from a table. First of all, she approached Jake. "Now, Jake, show that you got something beside a liver under that thick skin of yours. Come across, big boy!"

"He called me a big bum," Jake complained.

"He might of called you much worse than that and been closer to the truth," said Mazie. "Come through, dearie!"

Jake pulled a wad of bills from his pocket, peeled off a ten-dollar bill and put it on the plate. Then, in turn, Mazie went to each of the others. The waiters, the musicians, the girls, all came across. Even Loretta.

"I don't even know Florrie," said Loretta.

"I guess I don't want anything from you anyway, Heart of Gold," said Mazie. At that, however, Loretta drew a bill from her stocking and insisted that Mazie take it.

Finally, upon the plate piled high with silver and bills Mazie emptied the contents of her own purse. But then she withdrew one bill. "We got to have a Christmas tree for that kid," she thought.

Then she took the money down to Harry. "Give Florrie my love," she whispered. "And—and Merry Christmas, Harry!"

AFTER that, apathy settled once more upon the Red Moon.

At last, however, some guests did arrive. Shortly after two, there entered a large party of men from out of town who had somehow been left stranded in New York. They were eager to forget it was Christmas Eve or, rather, Christmas morning. The baby, sleeping soundly, was laid upon the couch in the Ladies' Room. The orchestra blared. Jake, happy at last, was at the bar. The waiters scurried madly with drinks. The hostesses crowded around the guests. The Red Moon had returned to normal.

It was a few minutes after six when the last guest stumbled out.

"Come on and hurry, Betty!" said Mazie. "We got to get that bambino home before he wakes up!"

"What about Curly Moran?" Betty asked in a worried way. "I thought you were going to spend Christmas with him?"

"Aw, forget it!" said Mazie. "I got something more important to think about now. Come on, Betty! That kid'll start squawking in a minute."

"It's been a funny night, ain't it?" Betty said.

"Funny! That ain't the half of it," said Mazie. "Look, Betty! Here's a twig of holly one of them hicks dropped from the buttonhole of his coat. Let's stick it in the baby's bonnet."

Valiantly, the three of them, Betty, Mazie, and the baby, descended the stairs. The door opened. Like a tiny banner, the twig of holly glistened bravely in the first gray light of a Christmas morning!

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Let a week's free supply tell the amazing story of this new-type shaving cream

FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 212.
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me one week's supply of MOLLÉ without cost to me.

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MANY *new-type* shaving creams have recently come out. Most of them, we think, are superior to old-type creams. They save time and make shaving easier. Among the *new-type* creams is MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*)—an outstanding success—a product used daily by more than a million men. A product whose popularity increases hourly.

The astounding, quick success of MOLLÉ is due, we think, to that *coupon* above. Men who try MOLLÉ *like* it. We employ no extensive sales force. We are not extravagant advertisers. We don't believe in much talk.

For words are weak things compared to *performance*. That is why we urge the *free trial*. It proves or disproves our case instantly.

Send us the coupon for a week's free shaving supply of MOLLÉ. Then see if we are wrong or right in our opinion that MOLLÉ excels in these important ways:

FIRST—MOLLÉ *leaves the tenderest skin more comfortable than before shaving. Positively no after-lotions are ever needed.*

SECOND—MOLLÉ *ends razor-pull and razor-scrape forever, no matter how tough or wiry the beard.*

THIRD—MOLLÉ *shortens the shaving operation two to three minutes. (Requires no brush. Just three simple steps.)*

It's a Different Cream!

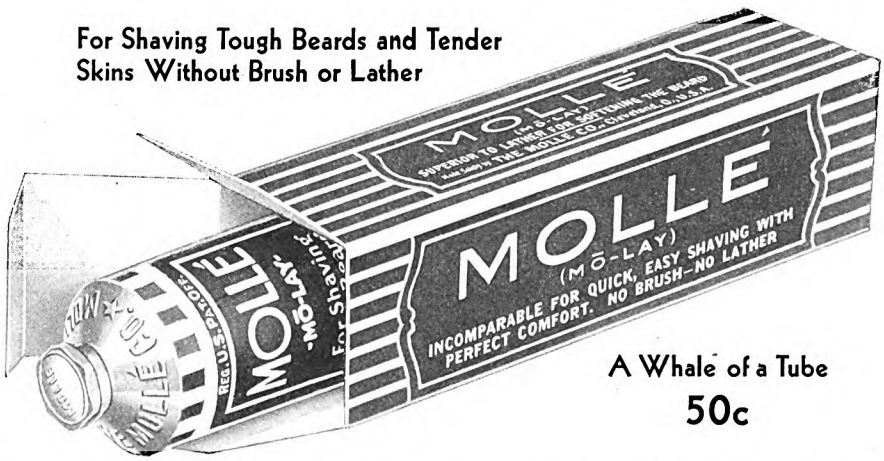
MOLLÉ is a *different* cream. It is a true *emollient* cream; contains no alkali or caustic. Makes no bubbles, no lather. Instead of irritating, it *soothes* the face tissues. MOLLÉ is a skin specialist's discovery—originally the private formula of a learned physician. Decidedly different in countless ways from *old-type* creams and all other *new-type* creams. Men tell us it excels ordinary creams as far as safety razors excel old-fashioned straight razors.

Two Ways To Try It

Fill out and send to us the coupon above and you will receive promptly a full week's supply free.

Or—if you want even quicker action, go to your nearest druggist and buy a full-size tube, with the understanding that if after one week's use you are not satisfied, you may return the remainder and we will refund your purchase money. We stand squarely behind MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*).

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather



A Whale of a Tube
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THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 212, CLEVELAND, OHIO

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Amazing Invention Revolutionizes Shaving!

THINK of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere!

This amazing invention marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

KRISS KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, *with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!*

New-Type Razor Blade FREE!

To introduce Kriss Kross stropper, we are including this month free samples of a revolution in razor blade construction. Made to fit your present razor. Guaranteed to last longer and shave better than any other. Expect a new shaving sensation—Kriss Kross blades are made of a unique steel, made a new and better way.

Get Details

Send for details on these surprising inventions and free razor blade offer. They're much more remarkable than I can tell you here. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!

AGENTS

Make big money as a KRISS KROSS representative. J.C.Kellogg made $200 in 7 days. H. King earned $66 in one day.

Spare-time workers, office and factory men make $5-$10 extra in a day just showing KRISS KROSS to friends. Check bottom of coupon and mail at once!

KRISS KROSS

KRISS KROSS Corporation

World's Largest Manufacturer of Mechanical Stroppers

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Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

( ) Check here for agents' money-making plan, full time or spare hours.

How the Weather Affects Your Health

(*Continued from page 59*)

are chiefly transmitted by physical contacts or by germ-laden air. For this reason avoid crowded rooms. Whenever possible, ride on the platforms of packed cars or trains. Particularly, of course, keep away from coughing, sneezing people. If you *do* catch cold, see your doctor immediately and do what he says. Even a mild cold, allowed to run on indefinitely, will sap your remaining health reserve.

MARCH: If you started the hardening process systematically in January, you have little to fear from changeable March weather. In fact, these weather changes will add to your physical tone, provided, of course, that you avoid such extremes as getting *thoroughly chilled*. The worst thing that the "unpleasant" weather can do to you, if you let it, is to keep you huddled up indoors. Go out and meet it with vigorous open-air exercise. Take long walks and breathe deeply and continue the February precautions.

APRIL: While the average health of the population reaches its *lowest* ebb about this time, the foundation of the grave April diseases is usually laid earlier in the year. April might be called the month of relapses. Now is the time to start getting all the sunlight you can, for the ultra-violet rays which have been kept from those of us who live in the city by the smoke and fogs of winter are beginning to filter through once more. And take this to heart: One day's sun-bathing in April or May is worth far more to the health than one in August; so expose yourself to sunlight at every opportunity.

MAY: For most people this month is a period of comfortable relaxation, but for those who have overworked or otherwise weakened their vital energies it is often a very trying month. Cases of insomnia, hysteria, and general irritability tend to increase. Keep a tight hold on yourself, walk a good deal, get out in the country whenever you can; also try to get your summer clothes on a little ahead of the customary time.

JUNE: This is the month in which you should lay in earnest the foundation of your summer tan. On week-ends get into a bathing suit at the beach, even if the water is still too cold for a swim. Bask in the sun. And, by the way, there's nothing to prevent your getting into a bathing suit if you are in the country or in your own back yard or on the porch. The point is, get as much of you exposed to the sun as possible. A word of warning, however: If the sun seems hot the first time you expose your back and shoulders, don't stay out in it too long. A violent sunburn does more harm than good.

JULY: If you began getting your real sun-baths in June, you can by this time stand almost any amount of exposure. But don't remain in the sun on oppressively damp and muggy days. During the hot weather eat sparingly of light foods, including plenty of roughage, salads, fruit. Drink lots of cool water (not iced). Hot tea and coffee are better than the same drinks cold. Lukewarm baths are more effective than chilly showers. Mop off dripping water with a bath towel and let the rest dry by evaporation. Wear loose, porous clothing, and as little of it as possible. When it comes to clothing, the women are putting it all over the men, with a subsequent improvement in general health. Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute, finds that the summer clothing of women averages two pounds ten ounces and that of men eight pounds six ounces.

AUGUST: We have learned that a well-weathered skin resists cold well. It also resists heat better than a tender and protected skin. If you have a good tan at this time of the year, the August hot spells will find you comfortable and vigorous instead of annoyed and languid. Be sure that what you eat and drink has been properly protected from germ growth by being stored in a good refrigerator. Don't order perishable foods in ill-kept restaurants or at wayside stands. Don't drink doubtful water without first boiling it. The summer intestinal diseases have been pretty well banished, but some of their germs still lurk around for the careless and unwary.

SEPTEMBER: During this month your health reserves reach their highest point for the whole year. The disease-resisting effects of the ultra-violet energy you have received from the sun have accumulated in your body. From now on, the sunlight grows gradually weaker in these invisible rays. But to hold to your reserves, you should keep up your sun-baths and exposure as late as possible in the season.

OCTOBER: As the fall advances and the ultra-violet rays disappear, the chances grow better of building your health reserves through skin exercise as distinguished from solar exposure. October cold snaps alternating with days of mild weather produce this exercise, by which the skin learns to adjust itself quickly and beneficially to temperature changes. Thus, your whole body becomes better able to stand winter cold without excess clothing or high indoor heat. Don't start the furnace unless the outdoor temperature falls below 60° for considerable periods. Don't bundle up when the first frost comes along. Stick to your summer clothes. Take brisk walks on chilly days.

NOVEMBER: If you have obeyed the calendar so far, you will be surprised how little you mind the onset of winter. Your purpose now is to avoid getting "soft" again. Avoid heavy clothing. Remember that the average *indoor* temperature in winter is up to summer heat. A good overcoat to put on when you go out is all you need. Begin the winter program of opening the windows to chill off the house or office for a few minutes from time to time.

DECEMBER: Even when the weather gets very cold, it pays to step out into it for a few minutes, morning, noon, and evening, without overcoat or hat and so let the frigid breeze reach the skin. So long as you feel the cold without actually *getting* cold it is doing you good. . . .

By faithfully following this calendar, winter and spring can be turned into an invigorating, stimulating season instead of being a time of danger.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Outlaws of Eden

(*Continued from page 62*)

water over some sixty thousand acres of Forlorn Valley. I have had the county surveyor ride over the ground and he states that the project is feasible."

"And your diversion dam would be in the public domain, eh? Have you sufficient political influence in Washington to induce the Department of the Interior to grant you permission to construct such a diversion dam, dig your main canal, and impound your water in the public domain?"

Babson smiled. "I feel assured we can work that game through our local congressman and senator. I fail to see what objection might be advanced."

"Nathan Tichenor and Lorraine Kershaw," Gagan reminded him smilingly. "They own lands riparian to Eden Valley Creek below the proposed diversion dam and may block your aspiration with the Department by claiming you are diverting water from riparian lands to non-riparian lands, to their signal loss and damage."

"But we won't divert their share of the water, Mr. Gagan. Our plan is to divert only that portion of the flood or waste waters allocated to us by the Division of Water Rights, which is under the control of the State Water Commission."

"THAT will be fine, provided you can get away with it," the lawyer replied dryly. "But my partners and I have considered this new law very carefully and it is our opinion that it is subject to successful attack, by an energetic and belligerent riparian owner, as unconstitutional."

"Tichenor and the Kershaw girl will not fight us," Babson declared confidently. "They can irrigate their meadows from the normal flow of Eden Valley Creek. They've done it before in dry years."

"Nevertheless, if they're smart, they'll fight you. And from what you tell me, these people come of fighting stock."

"Well, suppose we lose," Babson countered. "The district can get rid of them by condemning all their water rights and buying their ranches, can't it?"

"Yes, of course. But you'd still have the power company on the creek below you, clamoring for more water than they would then receive."

"Let 'em clamor. That's their funeral. They can fill up their lake from the normal or summer flow of the creek. And, of course, after our reservoir was filled they might get billions of gallons of overflow or storm waters anyhow. I think there's water enough for both."

Gagan pondered. "Well, that might create an interesting situation, and I know of no precedent in law. However, if the Forlorn Valley Irrigation District gets on the job first, its prior claim, plus Federal permission, would be hard to combat. You could probably compromise with the power company."

"Wouldn't the State Water Commission have to adjudicate the quarrel?"

Again Gagan smiled his enigmatic smile. "I suppose so. Still, with these two riparian owners eliminated by a condemnation suit, the issue would lie between you and the power company, and if, as you seem to think, there is water enough

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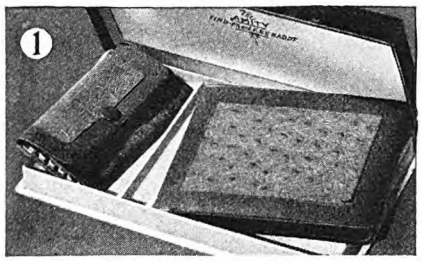

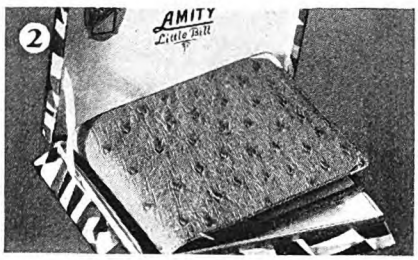

1. FIND-EX *and Key Kaddy come in beautiful matched sets, different leathers and designs to choose from.* $7 *in a handsome gift box.*

2. The Amity "Little Bill"*—made especially for the new-size currency. Featherweight and trim, it is one of the thinnest, most compact wallets made. Automatic expanding bill compartment prevents bulging.* $1 *to* $15.

3. Amity ladies' handbag of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored and tool embossed, with attractively laced edges. Fitted with mirror and purse, $16.50. *Other bags from* $5 *to* $25.

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"*Little Bill*" is a beautiful single-fold, small, slim and flexible. Transparent, removable envelopes hold cards, auto-licenses or passes.

Another ideal gift for busy men is FIND-EX, the famous Amity wallet that files all cards, tickets and memoranda in transparent envelopes, visible and removable.

Choose FIND-EX or "*Little Bill*," singly or in matched gift sets, richly hand-tooled embossed, plain or hand-laced, in a variety of leathers. You'll find them at your druggist's, jeweler's, stationer's, department store, luggage or men's furnishing store. Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wis.

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Only genuine Amity leather products are plainly stamped with the name Amity. Look for it—it is a guarantee of quality.

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Now You Can Have Glorious Sunshine in Your Own Home!

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To keep your vitality at par—to be always alive and enthusiastic—you need Ultra-Violet Sunshine. It will bring you a healthy tan, sparkling eyes, and a keener mind. Invaluable for children and babies—helps them build strong bones and teeth. Protects you from colds and infectious diseases. Your physicians will recommend Ultra-Violet for many ailments and for convalescents, old people and "shut-ins."

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We invite you to enjoy the unrestricted use of this amazing new lamp in your own home for ten days. Mail coupon for details of this unusually liberal offer, and our fascinating booklet which tells why you need Ultra-Violet.

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for both, a compromise should not be difficult to reach."

"It's a chance I'll have to take," Babson answered doggedly, thinking of the mortgages his bank held on dry-farming lands in Forlorn Valley. Once he succeeded in getting surface irrigation on those lands, their values would be stabilized—likewise the value of his bank's capital stock. Large banks in San Francisco and Los Angeles were busy buying up country banks and welding them into a gigantic string of chain banks; he would sell out to one of these octopi promptly, devote his time to his other interests, and leave the new owners of the bank to worry over such action as the enemy might take.

HAVING gorged himself with legal information on every angle of the situation that confronted him, he paid his bill and returned to Valley Center in great good humor. If his plans matured in advance of those of the power company he suspected of having interest in the Eden Valley water, he was safe. If they didn't, he would still not be ruined. And once safely out of the unpleasant situation in which he found himself, he cared not a fig should ruin overtake the district subsequently. He told himself it was high time he liquidated his various interests and retired on the income from his capital.

The bank was closed for the day when Babson reached Valley Center, so it was not until he sat down at his desk next morning that Mr. Henry Rookby was enabled to impart to him such news of local interest as had developed during Babson's absence.

"Rance Kershaw's dead," Rookby announced. "Dropped dead of heart disease the day you left for San Francisco."

Babson's face expressed a hypocritical concern. "That's much too bad, Henry," he replied. "I'm sorry about Rance. He was as hard as a picnic egg, but honest. You never had to guess where Rance Kershaw stood on any proposition." Secretly he could have given three long, raucous cheers at this evidence that the Almighty was fighting on his side.

"I suppose the girl will have to liquidate now," he continued, after a moment's thought. "She can't carry on with that business alone, and the estate is broke. Why, Rance had to borrow a thousand dollars for his payroll just before he died. I'll be hanged if I see, Henry, how the bank is going to carry the Kershaw estate along and take a chance on getting its money back."

"So I thought," Rookby answered. "By the way, Nate Tichenor's come back to Eden Valley."

Babson started as if bee-stung. "Rance Kershaw owed the Bar H a lot of money on chattel mortgage for cattle he bought in nineteen-twenty. I've watched Kershaw's checks for six years and I've seen just one canceled check for thirty thousand dollars to the Bar H. That was the first year's lease money. Henry, Rance must owe the Bar H four or five years' rent."

"Undoubtedly," Mr. Rookby opined.

"Nate Tichenor's let that steer have all the rope he wanted; now that the estate is in so deep it can't climb out, he's come back to give the Kershaw clan the final clout that will finish it."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that, Mr. Babson." And Rookby went on to describe Rance Kershaw's death in front of the gate leading to the Bar H headquarters, the summoning by Lorry Kershaw of Nate Tichenor in that hour of stress, the kindly and neighborly action of Tichenor thereafter, the arrival of Rube Tenney to take over the job of riding boss on the Circle K, and the apparent friendliness existing between Tichenor and Lorry Kershaw, as faithfully reported by Miss Lizzie Bachman to all in Valley Center who would listen to her eager recital.

"Henry," Babson said, "this is the most hell-cracking piece of news out of Eden Valley since Taylor Hensley and Rance Kershaw had their ruckus. Just the same, I'm banking Nate Tichenor's no softy in business matters; he's half Hensley, and a grouch don't die easy in that breed. The Hensleys always did want all of Eden Valley, and now that Nate Tichenor sees a bully chance to get it cheap, together with the Kershaw cattle, he'll grab it, if he can finance the deal. Has Lorry Kershaw been in here to see me since her father died?"

"In yesterday. Told her you'd be back last night, so maybe she'll call today. Pert as they make 'em."

"I'm not surprised. Nothing weak about the Kershaws. Well, Henry, we shall see what we shall see."

AFTER luncheon Lorry Kershaw came into the bank. Babson led her at once into his private office and with protestations of sympathy at the loss of her father and regret that his absence from Valley Center had prevented his attendance at the funeral, he begged her to be seated and inform him in what manner he could be of service to her. To his amazement the girl looked him over coldly.

"You *should* be sorry for Father's death," she shot at him. "You killed him."

"I? My dear Lorry, how can you say such a thing?"

"You wrote him a letter and he knew you were going to close in on him. You knew he had a bad heart—that shocks were bad for him—yet you shocked him. You wanted to. You bought up our mortgage and called it and our notes. You're a two-gun man, aren't you?"

"My dear girl, permit me to explain. Your father's notes have been renewed four times; they were overdue and the interest was in default, and the superintendent of state banks had jumped me about them more than once. I forgot your father should be spared shocks. I didn't intend to shock him. My letter was entirely a routine affair. I didn't really intend to call his notes, but unless I have visual evidence to prove to the bank examiner that I am making a healthy effort to collect, I'm liable to get into trouble for helping my friends. The law forces us to protect the money of our depositors. I—"

"Granted. But you bought up our mortgage. Why?"

"For an investment, and to save it from falling into the hands of your enemy?"

"What enemy?"

"Nate Tichenor." This was fast thinking and Babson felt a thrill of pride in his cleverness.

"I see. But you called the mortgage! Why?"

"To scare your father into selling some cattle to pay up the overdue interest. Rance Kershaw knew I was his friend,

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that I'd protect him in every way possible; he should have understood my reason. Why, I have to make little bluffs like that every day of my life. Don't be silly, Lorry."

Her dark, flashing eyes bored into his soul. "I think you're a contemptible liar!"

He paled with anger, but controlled himself. "You will, of course, understand why I do not argue with you, my dear. You are under a strain—overwrought. In a few days you will come in here and apologize to me for that unkind statement. Now I will repeat a query I made you when you first entered this room. In what manner can I be of service to the daughter of my old friend and revered customer, Ranceford Kershaw?"

"You say you bought the mortgage as an investment. If I pay up the overdue interest, will you renew it for three years at the same rate of interest?"

"The present mortgage is at six per cent. It was made when money wasn't quite so tight as at present. I'm sorry, but a renewal will cost you eight per cent. I'm getting that from others."

"Will you renew the unsecured notes and cut the interest on them to eight per cent?"

"Perhaps. I'll have to have a statement of the financial condition of your father's estate first.'

"The estate is land poor and cow poor and it hasn't any money. It's practically insolvent."

He threw up his hands and smiled wearily. "How like a woman to ask such favors in the face of such a statement," he sighed; then brightened suddenly. "However, we might strike a happy compromise. I was interested to note recently that your father made you a deed of gift to four thousand acres in the lower part of Eden Valley."

She nodded.

"I would be glad to entertain a proposition to buy that land from you, Miss Lorry. As agricultural land it is worthless, as grazing land it is very poor, but as hunting and fishing preserve it is excellent. I know a man who would be willing to pay you a fair price for that land."

"How much?"

"Well, I'm pretty certain I can unload it on him at ten dollars an acre. I'd expect you to sell to me for nine, of course. I've got to have a profit."

"And if I agree to sell to you at that price, what?"

"That will enable you to take up your father's unsecured notes and rehabilitate your credit at this bank. It will also save me the embarrassment of having to stall off the bank examiner, possibly the embarrassment of a forced suit and attachment of your cattle if the bank examiner insists, and yourself the embarrassment of being sued. In return I'll renew your mortgage for three years."

"At six per cent?" she insisted.

"Can't possibly," he defended.

"Is that your final decision, Mr. Babson?"

"Absolutely. I dislike to appear harsh, but business is business and if I permit sentiment to—"

"Please spare me your stereotyped and hypocritical maunderings," the girl interrupted angrily. "I'm not a fool and I

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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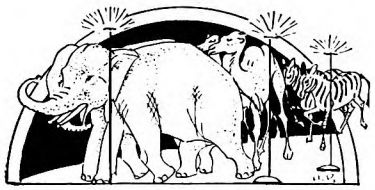
Teaching Animals to Behave

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER



ALL the animal training that goes on in a circus is not that which the audience sees. If it were not for the infinite pains, the endless lessons in behavior that are taught behind the canvas walls, there could be none of the astonishing obedience that is exhibited at the apparent risk of the trainer's life in the arena.

One of the first lessons that elephants, zebras, camels, and other "led stock" must learn is to "follow the torches." When a circus engagement is ended at night and the big top comes down, the streets from the lot to the railroad yards are lined with torches to mark the route for the drivers. Every animal knows that the lights lead to bed and, although the drivers may fall asleep atop their wagons and the tired elephant men lag behind their hulking charges, the animals are sure to follow the flickering trail to the circus train.

Once, for instance, on the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, Old Betsy, a work elephant, was walking off the lot when something came up from behind and walloped her. It was a drunken man in a flivver, driving without lights. Nobody saw the accident; Betsy simply disappeared. She didn't know what had hit

her; something had just whacked her from the rear and Betsy, with true elephantine trepidation, squealed, doubled, and then moved for open country. But she was at the loading runs in plenty of time to be put into her car. A torch had beckoned from a corner, and Betsy, over her fright now, trumpeted gladly, took the route, and went home.

Following the torches is just one of a dozen pieces of (*Continued on page 172*)

see through you as if you were a window. Make out a satisfaction of mortgage, sign it before a notary public, and give it to me. In return I will give you a cashier's check for the exact amount due. Hand me those unsecured notes, marked 'Paid,' and you shall have another cashier's check for the amount of them, with interest. There are the checks," and she tossed them on the table before him.

He stared at them in frank amazement. "Why, where did you get all that money?" he demanded.

"That's none of your business, sir. You called upon my father to pay up in five days or stand suit. He's dead, but I'm obeying orders. Your bluff's called. Nobody has ever run a blazer on the Kershaw clan and gotten away with it. And you *were* trying to run a blazer. Tried to scare me into selling that land of mine.

I'd rather give it away than sell it to you!"

HE FLED from her stormy presence, and in about fifteen minutes Henry Rookby pussy-footed in and handed her the canceled evidence of her father's indebtedness. Babson was at his desk in the main banking room as she passed out; she paused a moment beside his desk.

"Speaking of hunting and fishing," she reminded him, "you've been using the Circle K Ranch as a private preserve for twenty years. That privilege is withdrawn. You disregard the signs I'm going to put up, and I'll haze you out of Eden Valley with a quirt!"

Mr. Rookby heard her say it, and his eyes were round with wonder and resentment as he watched her climb into her battered old car at the curb and roll out Valley Center Boulevard in the direction of Gold Run. He knew she was going to the county seat to record the satisfaction of mortgage.

"By George," he said to Babson, "that's certainly one salty damsel!"

"She's a devil, Henry—a she-devil on wheels. She's all the wild Kershaws rolled into one—and I'm a star-spangled jackass without brains enough to pound sand in a hole!"

At three o'clock he went home, suffering from a violent headache, due solely to futile rage. But he was not at all in danger of a nervous collapse now, for the fight was in the open at last and he drew a subtle comfort from that knowledge. He knew where Lorry Kershaw had gotten all that money. Undoubtedly she had sold her land to that mysterious power company. Well, he was routed in the lower end of the Pan, but he would go to the attack again at the upper end of the Handle.

NATE TICHENOR was at the Circle K headquarters when Lorry Kershaw came in that night from her trip over to Gold Run.

"Welcome, stranger," she greeted him as she drove up. "Come out and help me admire my new car."

He came and looked the new car over soberly. It was a convertible cabriolet—a medium-priced car and very swanky. "Aren't you a little bit reckless and improvident for a girl in your financial fix?" he demanded.

"You talk like Silas Babson," she retorted gayly. "I didn't think you were the sort of creditor who would pick on me for buying something I very much need in my business, if I am to work that business out of debt and pay you. The monthly repair bill on the old car was just half the monthly charge for buying this car on the installment plan—and I turned the old car in for more than it was worth."

He looked as dissatisfied as any pawnbroker. "Well, I'm not objecting, Lorry, but I greatly fear that new car will be regarded by Babson as an extravagance; it's bound to hurt your credit."

"Nate, Silas Babson can take a jump into Eden Valley Creek for all I care. I'm all washed up with him and his bank."

"No!" he cried, simulating amazement. "How come?"

"I've sold my four thousand acres below the main ranch of the Bar H for four hundred thousand dollars—cash! Do you understand? C-A-S-H, *cash*. And I've cleaned up Babson and his little red brick bank and have a hundred thousand dollars working capital left."

"Not in Babson's bank—I hope!"

"You hope like a sensible man. I've opened an account in the First National at Gold Run. I've given the bank a statement of the net worth of the Kershaw estate, and as soon as I need more operating capital I'm to have an open credit of fifty thousand more."

"Then God's in his heaven and all's well with the world. But why did you sell your land and keep the impending deal a secret from me? Somebody wants to put a dam in the gorge and they needed your land for the reservoir. You know very well the Bar H owns the dam site; if we'd worked together we could both have sold, but now that they have your land, they have a terrific advantage over me. Why, the Hensleys have held that dam site fifty years, just waiting for this day to dawn!"

"And the Kershaws have paid taxes on that worthless four-thousand-acre reservoir site equally as long. It was time to let it go and I let go, and I'm so happy I could scream. But you're a low-flung rascal, Nate Tichenor, to suspect I'd leave you holding the sack. I told that man I wouldn't sell for a million dollars unless they secured your dam site first, but that I would sell for four hundred thousand if and when he came back with a deed to his company signed by you. Well, he took me over to Gold Run and showed me the deed in escrow there. Smarty!"

SHE gazed upon him affectionately. "I wonder if you Hensleys will ever get over that habit of trying to run blazers on the Kershaws," she told him. And then they both laughed and shook hands.

"I suspected the sort of girl you are, Lorry, but I wanted to make certain. Forgive my little deceit. I took the liberty of deciding to sell your land and naming the price to the Mountain Valley Power Company. I would never have sold my dam site to that corporation until assured there would be no argument with you over the price of your land. The agent didn't try to make you come down, did he?"

"Not at all, Nate. He was awfully nice about it. Had a certified check all ready for me. However," she added with faint ego, "little Lorry Kershaw knows why the Mountain Valley Power Company had to work so fast. Other interests, working through Silas Babson, were after the same property."

He was instantly interested. "Now,

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"Cimarron"

an epic of Indian Territory in the days when life was cheaper than land—and land was free

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"If your missus wasn't with you"—

But horrified protest didn't halt a lightning finger on the trigger. "Just a little friendly shooting," she was told. There would be other shooting not so friendly in the life of Yancey Cravat and of Sabra his wife, who wore the first feathered bonnet in Osage City and cried when a drunken cowpuncher kissed her . . . . . .

Don't miss a chapter of "Cimarron," *now appearing.*

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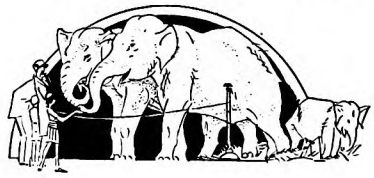
TEACHING ANIMALS TO BEHAVE

(*Continued from page 170*)

private education which the circus animal learns. Once, for instance, in an untamable lion act trained by Captain Dutch Ricardo, I saw the trainer fall, and whitened with the fear that Duke, the lion, would be on him in an instant. But, instead, Duke halted suddenly, glanced anxiously about him, and then moved swiftly back to his pedestal and seated himself until Ricardo was on his feet again.

"It's the first thing I train a cat animal to do," said Cap afterwards. "That's insurance. A person may trip at any time. If a trained animal doesn't know that's his cue to go back to his pedestal, then the trainer is in constant danger of death. So with any kind of a cat, leopard, tiger, lion, jaguar, or puma, my first work is to sink that in their heads stronger than any other part of the act. They have to know it better because it isn't a part of regular routine—when anything unusual happens, they must go to their pedestals. Of course, that training is wasted as far as the audience is concerned, but it's a life-saver for the man in the steel arena."

Or, you may have seen a menagerie boy or a patrol in front of the cages given over to young animals, armed with a light stick with which he now and then whacks the protruding paws of the young lions or tigers. The reason is that it is part of menagerie training for all animals to keep their paws inside the cage. This is an inviolable rule. Cat animals often are treacherous. If they are allowed to put their paws outside their cages, and if some human violates the circus rules by crawling inside the menagerie ropes, there may be an accident. The animal may hook a claw into the visitor just for the fun of it. (*Continued on page 174*)



how do you know that? It is true that some time ago I had a request to name a price on the entire Bar H ranch—"

"That was camouflage and the offer originated with Silas Babson. He asked Father for the address of your attorney and said he knew a man who wanted to buy your ranch. But they didn't want the ranch, Nate. They wanted your dam site and were prepared to buy the entire ranch to get it. If they'd asked for a price on the dam site alone, you would have become suspicious, would you not?"

"You grow smarter and smarter, Lorry. I'm proud of you. Did Babson try to trade you out of your land today?"

She laughed, and recited to him in detail her interview with the banker.

"He's a bit of a dog, isn't he, Lorry? Well, he can't fish or hunt on the Bar H either—just for that!"

"Did you get a good price for your dam site, Nate?"

"I think so, but time will tell that tale. I traded for stock in the Mountain Valley Power Company. I didn't need the cash, so I thought I'd gamble a little. I think the company has possibilities and that in a few years its stock will go well above par. However," he added, "I should say you gave Babson a poke under the heart. How did he assimilate it?"

"As if his world was crashing about him. Perhaps I should not have attacked him with such ferocity, but I have a temper, Nate, and when a lying, scheming, hypocritical, cold-hearted snake like Silas Babson crosses my trail I like to shoot his head off."

HE SMILED approvingly. He liked the fire in her. Here was no wishy-washy, clinging vine of a girl, dependent, selfish, and sex-conscious—a man's woman with a code of conduct like unto that of a very gallant gentleman. A *rara avis*, he thought.

"Foxy of me to have made friends with you, young lady. You'd make a mean neighbor if put to it."

She laughed, walking around her new car and admiring it.

"A carload of smooth two-year-old steers, averaging ten hundred and fifty pounds, sold for seven cents in the Union Stockyards in Los Angeles today," he announced. "Things are certainly looking up for old Rance Kershaw's girl!"

She turned on him with shining eyes. "How did you get the news so quickly?"

"Broadcast over the radio, of course. Haven't you got a radio?"

"No. Couldn't afford one. How long has this broadcasting been going on?"

"I don't know. My valet has a portable radio—"

"Your *what?*"

"My valet."

"Oh, Nate, I'm ashamed of you. A great, big, strong man like you, with all your heads and legs and arms and teeth! A valet!"

HE BLUSHED. "I've been afraid to visit our family cemetery, Lorry. I'm quite confident I'd observe violent seismic disturbances in the earth there, due to all my ancestors rolling over in their graves."

"I knew you had a chauffeur, which is bad enough, but you've kept the valet in hiding. And here I've been wasting sympathy on you baching it down there at the Bar H!"

"Oh, Joseph's a good cook and housekeeper as well as valet. Nevertheless, I've been feeling sorry for myself; that's why I came up for dinner."

"Good. You know you're welcome. Nate, I must buy a radio. With rising beef quotations flying through space that way I'll go crazy if I'm out of it. The day I can sell my beef f. o. b. cars Gold Run, at eight cents with a three per cent shrink, the Circle K will start climbing out from under your paw, young feller, m'lad." Then she was suddenly tender. "Ah, Nate, you're a dear. I had thought Eden Valley would be unbearably lonely when Dad left me, but it isn't."

"I had thought the same thing with respect to myself. It wasn't my plan to remain here more than a week—"

"But you're not going away so soon?" She was genuinely concerned.

"Why not? I've completed my business—all except renewing the lease on the Bar H to the Kershaw Estate, its heirs and assigns. I suppose you desire to renew it."

"Just because you know I have a hundred thousand dollars you want thirty thousand of it." With this light banter she strove to hide the shock his announcement had given her. "Yes, I'll want a renewal."

"I brought the new lease up with me."

For a fleeting instant she could have struck him. How coldly businesslike, how casually matter-of-fact he was! Couldn't he understand?—but why should he? What was there to understand? After all, why should he bury himself alive in Eden Valley? He had no interests there that required watching. . . .

"When are you leaving, Nate?"

"Tomorrow morning. Will you drive this shining new car over to Gold Run tomorrow, lunch with me there, and see me off on the train?"

She shook her raven head. "No, I think not. Partings are little deaths—and we start our calf-branding tomorrow. There are only two men on the payroll who can rope a calf by the hind legs and drag him to the fire. The others are Indians—neck ropers; so I have to take a hand myself. Got to get the branding done quickly."

His face brightened. "If you'll give me a good horse and a riata, I'll stay over a few days and help you. It's so long since I've worked in a branding corral—and I ought to keep my hand in."

"Are you a neck roper?"

"I forgive you the insult. Rube Tenney would have me out of your corral if I tried that. Rube's of the old school and so am I. We wouldn't handle a cattle that was dragged to the fire by the neck."

"In spite of your valet, you still retain some reverence for the ancient order of things. Well, that's good, Nate. It proves your new world hasn't spoiled you."

THEY sat down on the running board of Lorry's new car and chatted until Mrs. Tenney called them in to dinner, served them, and discreetly retired to the kitchen. For a long time Lorry was silent, then, with the impetuosity of her nature, suddenly she returned to the subject nearest her heart.

"Why do you have to go away, Nate?"

"Got a couple of deals on and I can't handle them from here."

"When will you be visiting us again?"

"When I've cleaned up my business affairs. In the fall, probably."

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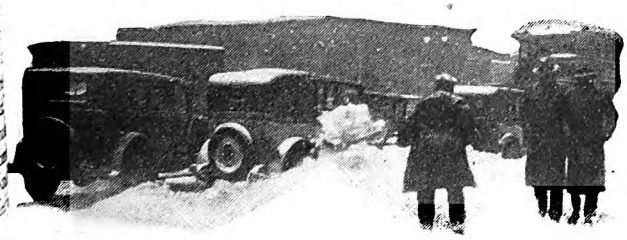

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6. **You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere, anytime. Buy it when you need it, wherever you are.**

Save time and money with

DENATURED ALCOHOL

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TEACHING ANIMALS TO BEHAVE

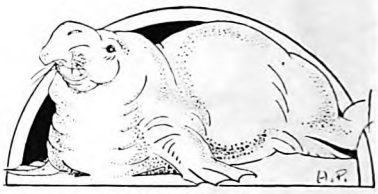
(Continued from page 172)

Therefore, claws are barred, except in their proper surroundings.

In a like manner, spring in the elephant house of any of the big circuses which open their season in New York or Chicago, usually represents a bedlam. Strings of tin cans are swung from the ceiling and rattled at intervals. Circus dogs are allowed to run through the elephant house—an exercise usually barred. Sirens screech. Drums are beaten. Boards are dropped, whacking, to the cement floor and every other possible noise is made. The reason is that the circuses, in those cities, exhibit in permanent coliseums, where there are echoes and reverberations which might jar the delicate nerves of the elephants. So they are trained to be oblivious of any sort of noise; and thus danger of panic is avoided.

But the strangest bit of training is that of Goliath, the monster sea elephant with the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. He is trained, once he has reached his tank car which carries him from town to town, to exist through the night with as little movement as possible, and under no circumstances to turn over. The reason?

Well, Goliath weighs a number of tons. All that weight is in one lump. When he



turns over, he does it with a relish and considerable of a flop. So, early in his circus life, while the train was rocking along on its way to the next town, Goliath gave a tremendous surge, swung his tonnage into action and turned over. The flop was so great that his car was derailed, and a number of other cars behind him. And the next afternoon, the wife of the President of the United States waited three hours to see the circus.

Goliath doesn't turn over any more.

"Are you returning to New York?"

He nodded.

"Will you take the valet and the chauffeur back with you?"

Again he nodded.

"And your car?"

He nodded a third time.

"You must be very rich, Nate, to be so extravagant."

HE REMINDED her that he had a competence, with nobody to spend it on but himself.

"If you're coming back in the fall," she suggested, "you should have the Bar H place put in order. It's fallen into decay; it smells neglected. It isn't a nice place for you to live in, even with capable servants to care for you."

"I had thought of that. Indeed, it's one of the reasons I have to leave Eden Valley. Got to engage an architect to draw plans for a new house, new barns, four-car garage, kennels, and such. Got to engage a smart gardener to put in a nice lawn around the new house and plant flowers. Got to contract for a small electric light plant to be installed under a perennial eighty-foot waterfall a quarter of a mile back of the house. Got to grade a new, graveled road from the main highway to the ranch-house and plant a border of trees."

"Box elders?" she queried hopefully.

"If you prefer." He smiled at her eagerness. "And I wish you'd sort of superintend the job while I'm away. There may be matters to decide, so you decide them. I'll open an account in the First National Bank at Gold Run, with authority for you to draw against it. I wish you'd check all the bills and pay them and see to it that the work gets forward and that they don't graft off me. And when the house is finished I'd be obliged to you if you'd run down to San Francisco and buy the furnishings for it. I want everything brand new, and you can give the old furniture, bedding, utensils, and what I have to the Indians hereabout."

"Nate Tichenor," she challenged, "do you know what you're doing to me?"

"Of course. I'm giving you a job of work. However, I've treated you decently and I expect you to reciprocate."

"Oh, I'll be so glad to. Nate, you're giving me an interest in life—a woman's interest. I'm kept pretty busy operating the Circle K, but it isn't my job and—"

"That's why I sent Tenney to you. And that's why I'm paying his salary. He represents my interests here—and you'll be free to represent them down there. I'm obliged to you, Lorry. You'll have a free hand. Buy the best and I'll like it."

She sighed ecstatically. So he *was* coming back, after all. He needed her and he hadn't scrupled to tell her so. Yes, there he was, at his old trick of giving orders again. And yet she wanted him to do that. What a grave chap he was. . . . She wondered if he was lonely, and finally she asked him if he was.

"Not now," he answered enigmatically.

That night, when he departed for the Bar H, the girl walked with him to the gate. A full moon rode the sky above them, and Eden Valley was filled with the silvery light. Not a breath of wind stirred the sugar pines, and the night was heavy with the perfume of sweet grasses, of tarweed, of the fecund earth, and the pungent aroma of pines. Far up the hillside coyotes uttered their strange, weird, unearthly cries; down in the valley a heifer lowed and her calf answered her.

IT WAS a night for love, and Nate Tichenor, who had never felt his heart beat high in any woman's presence, was suddenly thrilled to the core of his being at sight of Lorry Kershaw leaning over the gate. He had a sudden mad impulse to place his hand under her adorable chin, tilt her face upward, and kiss her on the lips.

For the strangest of all reasons he refrained. He had been reared in Eden Valley; he was old-fashioned, the victim of an iron code of morals and social procedure. Her father hadn't been dead long enough! So he compromised and said, with an effort paternally patronizing:

"Good night, Lorry dear. I've had a delightful evening."

But his burning eyes betrayed him. The girl smiled up at him wistfully, reached out, and gave him a little pat on the cheek. "You're a sweet old thing, that's what you are," she declared. "Thanks to you, I'm happy for the first time since Owen went away!"

He pondered this as he drove home. He had many large projects in prospect and he knew he was going to enjoy bringing them to fruition, but it seemed to him then that the largest and most delightful project of all was his task of making this lonely girl happy.

At his gate he stood for a little while, gazing over the hills toward Forlorn Valley. "Coyotes!" he growled. "Not one of you, except Doc Donaldson, would come to her father's funeral—and Doc couldn't. And not one of you came to my mother's funeral, either. She was an angel, and Rance wasn't less than a man, if he did bump Uncle Taylor off. . . . Well, one day some of you may come asking me for a favor, and when you do, by heaven, I'll remember and charge accordingly. Coyotes!"

SILAS BABSON rose next morning sans headache and with a very definite realization that he had many busy days before him. He drove over to Gold Run first, to interrogate the county recorder, from whom he ascertained that a deed to a quarter section in Eden Valley from Nate Tichenor to the Mountain Valley Power Company and another deed for four thousand acres, from Lorraine Kershaw to the same company, had just been sent over by the First National Bank to be recorded. Babson understood. The deeds had been in escrow until the money had been paid.

He had been thwarted by the interloping power corporation, just as he had feared would be the case. Well, no matter. The Mountain Valley Power Company could not thwart him in his plan to secure from the Department of the Interior permission to erect a diversion dam in the Handle and dig a canal from Eden Valley Creek down that lonely cañon to the natural reservoir in the hills beyond the western buttress of Forlorn Valley.

His first step was to create public interest in the proposed irrigation district, not at all a difficult task, since the *Valley Center Register* was the only newspaper in the valley, and its editor, Joe Brainerd, had financed his venture on money borrowed from the Bank of Valley Center. Brainerd must attack the power com-

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"Take a tip from an old timer!"

Most people are awfully modest about what they'd like for Christmas. Even your best friend won't commit himself. But according to St. Nick, who is rather well versed in the niceties of giving, it's the thought behind your gift—not the price of it—that carries your message of Christmas cheer.

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pany and pay the community's respects, in no uncertain terms, to those two Eden Valley outlaws who had betrayed them, or at least sought to betray them. Babson felt convinced that Nate Tichenor and Lorry Kershaw would oppose any effort to divert water from Eden Valley Creek. But the public was too well aware of its rights to permit two selfish individuals to nullify the natural law that the greatest good must ever go to the greatest number.

Suddenly, as he drove home across Forlorn Valley, a thought occurred to him with such force that he jammed on his brakes and stopped in the middle of the highway; stopped so suddenly that a car, coming behind him, smote his car in the rear and skidded it off the right of way into a ditch. Babson emerged from the wreckage unharmed, but frightened and exceedingly angry, just in time to come face to face with a young man emerging from a limousine driven by a liveried chauffeur.

"WHAT in thunder's the matter with you," he cried furiously. "Can't you stay on your own side of the road?"

"I'll answer your question with another, sir. Why did you stop so suddenly, without giving the legal warning by thrusting your hand out? My chauffeur is not a mind reader."

"You've wrecked my car, damn you, and you'll pay for it!"

"I'm not wishful to argue that point." The young man's tones were crisp and unafraid. "I got out solely to see what damage has been done to my car. Very little, I observe. Bumper thrust back on the frame and twisted a little, that's all." Then, to the chauffeur, "We'll stop in at a garage in Valley Center and have it repaired. Lucky you had most of the speed off the car or we'd have knocked this peculiar person over into that alfalfa field."

"This peculiar person wants your name and your license number," Babson shrilled.

"I'll give you my card, sir; help yourself to the license number. You will furnish me with your name and address, and I'll help *myself* to *your* license number."

"My name is Babson, and I'm a responsible and reputable citizen."

"Ah, Mr. Silas Babson. I didn't recognize you. But then I never knew you very well and I haven't seen you since 1917. My name is Nathan Tichenor and I, too, am a responsible but, alas, disreputable citizen—at least in these parts."

"Hum-m-m!" Babson, nonplused, simmered into silence.

"Not so much belligerence now, I observe," Tichenor's voice dripped sarcasm.

"I beg your pardon, Nate. I didn't know who you were."

"Your excuse is a sound one and your apology is accepted." Tichenor glanced down the long, straight white highway. "Sorry we couldn't avoid hitting you, Mr. Babson. However, since we've set you afoot some six miles from Valley Center, we'll not desert you. Hop in and I'll take you home. You'll have to send a wrecking car back for that mess."

"Thanks." Babson hopped in. "Well, well," he began unctuously. "You've changed, Nate. I should never have recognized you. Back in Eden Valley to stay?"

"Maybe. How are things with you, Mr. Babson?"

"Fair, fair! Forlorn Valley, like the rest of the country, is recuperating gradually."

"It's good to hear that." Tichenor's glance roved out the window to the pleasant green fields of alfalfa and the long, straight rows of orchard. Above the rush of the tires on the concrete highway he caught the throb of pumps and the staccato exhaust of gasoline engines; he saw the shimmer of the sun on the dirt-diked reservoirs on the high points of the farms and the water running down the alfalfa checks and ditches. "Yes, it's a fair land, isn't it? Quite a number of small lots of feeder steers, I observe. Mostly three-year-olds." With the eye of the trained cattleman he had noticed that. "They've been holding them over, I see."

"Don't I know they've held them over!" Babson complained. "No, they haven't either. I've held them over. The bank's had to carry this dog-gone valley since the post-war depression struck us."

"Well," Nate soothed, "you'll soon begin to get your loans in. Beef's coming up. The cattlemen have certainly taken a bad licking, but those who have held their breeding stock intact will make a clean-up within three years. I was saying as much to Lorry Kershaw recently. Old Rance's estate is in a bad way and Miss Kershaw was feeling a bit downhearted."

"Well, she's light-hearted today." Babson was pleased that his host had opened this subject of conversation and little dreamed that Tichenor had purposely done so. "She's sold four thousand acres of worthless land her father gave her to the Mountain Valley Power Company. Must have got at least three hundred thousand dollars for it. Cleaned up the mortgage and paid old Rance's notes." He glanced slyly at Tichenor. "Unless you close in on her, I reckon she'll work out of the hole she was in."

"I think so, too. No sense crowding her, in that event. She's a capable girl and will make good if given a chance. So I'm going to give her that chance."

"Sounds funny to hear you speak kindly of a Kershaw. By the way, I hear you've sold your dam site to the Mountain Valley Power Company."

"Yes, they made me an offer—a mighty fine offer, in fact, and I couldn't see any profit in rejecting it. News reaches you very promptly," he added.

"A new company, I believe. Know anything about this outfit—who's back of it and why?"

"It is a Delaware corporation capitalized for five millions, with a license to do business in California. The corporation plans to construct a dam, impound the flood waters of Eden Valley Creek after they have passed over the Circle K and the Bar H ranches and use the water for the production of power. The company will probably announce its plans in due course."

BABSON now remembered the dazzling thought that had operated to wreck his automobile. "You may have noticed the large number of gasoline-driven pumping plants, Nate."

"I did, and guessed the reason. The water tables are receding and the lift is increasing; hence, more power is required to pump. I hear the power company's rates are pretty high, so I suppose the farmers are trying out a cheaper method of pumping, although, since gasoline is not cheaper than electricity, I surmise the gasoline farmers must have had their power cut off because they didn't or couldn't pay their bills to the power company."

"You've gone straight to the milk in the coconut, Nate. I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea for the farmers of Forlorn Valley to organize an irrigation district and make a contract with the Mountain Valley Power Company to sell it water for surface irrigation?"

"A good idea for the farmers, but a bad idea for the company. Of course, in years of unusually heavy freshet it might be glad to divert its excess water to Forlorn Valley, but in subnormal years, such as we have been experiencing the past three winters, the demands of Eden Valley might lower the water in the reservoir to a point below the power company's ditch and operate to close down its power plant. No matter how attractive such a contract might appear, the power company will decline it, because of this danger, since failure to deliver Forlorn Valley the proper amount of water for irrigation would involve the company in suits for damages under the contract."

"You seem pretty sure of your premise, Nate. How do you know that?"

Tichenor smiled a prescient little smile. "Because I'm president of the Mountain Valley Power Company. In fact, I'm the entire company!"

FOR the remainder of the trip into Valley Center Babson was glum and silent to such a degree that Nate Tichenor noticed his preoccupation; saw that Babson's hands were trembling. "For some reason or other," Tichenor decided, "that was a direct hit. I'll have to figure this out."

On his part Babson was thinking confusedly: "As yet the Mountain Valley Power Company exists on paper only. It has its charter from the state of Delaware, its permit to do business in California, a dummy board of directors, and the lands it has recently acquired. If this wretch I am riding with should die suddenly, the Mountain Valley Power Company might die with him—" Then, aloud, he said, "Do you mean to tell me, Nate, that you are alone in this power enterprise?"

"I own all of the issued capital stock of the Mountain Valley Power Company, and I intend to keep it. It'll be valuable."

"Guess it will, Nate." Again Babson's wild thoughts took possession of him. "This fellow is liable to ruin me. He's no mean enemy. He may have more money than we have, damn him. He'll fight us as the power company, and he'll fight us privately as a riparian owner. But if he should die, who are his heirs? He's the last of his line, so far as I know. His executors would not be liable to carry through his plans for the Mountain Valley Power Company . . . the scheme would die with him—and we might be able to buy the company with all its assets. He'll have to do some tall financing, just the same—his executor might not be capable of the financing—damnation, what am I thinking of? But he may ruin me . . . we've got to have that water . . . got to have it . . . got to have it . . . got to have it. . . ."

The phrase beat like a hammer in his brain. (*To be continued*)

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Age of Indiscretion

(*Continued from page 57*)

. . . indeed, he had every idea Della would run over and take little Walter back the next day, and before he went off to his match, he bade him good-by, thinking it only too likely they would not meet again for some time. It never crossed his mind that Miss Vye would be sent after the child, or that she would come if she were sent. . . .

NORA VYE arrived at the gray stone house a little after seven. The butler, a careful soul, had already telephoned the country club that she was coming, but Mr. Vernon had not then arrived and a club servant took the message. Of course, nothing in the world . . . not even an international polo match, let alone a mere local affair . . . would have kept Tom away if he had known Nora Vye was staying in his house. But, as luck would have it, the club servant simply forgot to give the message, and so Nora was left undisturbed with little Walter in that very schoolroom where once she had been so inexplicably kissed.

All evening long little Walter talked of his father and the lions, and how the elephant blew a peanut back to you, so that you could throw it again, and how he was going to be sent over to see the polo match the next day.

"And you want to do that, Walter?"

"Mornanything I ever knew," said Walter.

And the next morning at breakfast he kept asking the hour at which they were going to start for the polo field.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Prescott was rapidly approaching to the rescue . . . through Princeton with its towers and its winding lake . . . through Trenton . . . over the great new bridge. . . .

She had made up her mind that the success of her mission would depend on not exciting suspicion in the first few minutes of her arrival.

"A fool," she said to herself, "can deceive a sage if there is no ground for suspicion, and a wise man cannot deceive a fool if there is."

To this end she had made up her mind not to arrive in her own car, which bore, it is true, a New Jersey—not a New York—license, but which, not being a Pennsylvania car, might start servants and detectives thinking.

She drove, therefore, to the station at North Philadelphia, and there she allowed Achille to lunch comfortably while she herself took a cup of tea; and then she hired the oldest, feeblest taxi she could find . . . the sort of vehicle in which no one could expect to make speed. In this she approached the house of her ex-grandson by marriage, Achille being ordered to follow at a distance and not to enter the place, but to park outside the gate behind the high wall, with his motor running and his head turned toward New York.

On the way she had confided the whole secret to Achille. She did it tactfully and in a way to win Achille's sympathy for her granddaughter, which was not easy, since Achille disapproved of divorce . . . not only on religious grounds, but because he regarded it as a brutal and uncivilized method by which American women forced American men to pay in good, hard American dollars for natural, inevitable, universal masculine lapses. She dwelt, therefore, more upon Mr. Vernon's unkindness than upon his turpitude.

"*Enfin, madame,*" he said, shrugging his shoulders, "*c'est le mariage.*"

Nevertheless, he was caught by another national tradition, and that was his appreciation of the flavor of Mrs. Prescott's personality . . . he admired her as no one but a Frenchman can admire an old woman . . . He would have done anything for her . . . even now and then miss a meal . . . and the idea of her kidnaping her great-grandson delighted him.

"*Allons-y!*" he said, and yielded himself completely to her plans.

Having received this endorsement, Mrs. Prescott stepped out at the station as if she had just arrived by train, and hired the worst-looking taxi and the stupidest driver, and directed him to drive to Vernon's suburb.

As she jolted about on springs that had long since lost their resilience, she thought to herself:

"Are there any contingencies I haven't allowed for? . . . Suppose the child has become attached to his father . . . seduced by ponies . . . children are so venal, poor little things. . . . What is that quotation about between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion all the interim is like . . . like . . . ? I can't remember what, but it's certainly true . . . hideous dream. It isn't that I'm afraid, but I do hate to make a fool of myself, and have everyone say . . . imagine her attempting it at her age, the old fool . . ."

"Guess this is Vernon's place," said the driver over his shoulder.

THEY turned in . . . there was no lodge . . . the gates stood open. They drove up to the front door of the gray stone house. The taxi-man was so kind as to ring the bell, and a tall English manservant in very elegant striped black and gray trousers and a morning coat appeared on the steps.

"Is Mr. Vernon in?" said Mrs. Prescott, as if there really were no doubt about it, and she pushed forward the bag that had once contained Achille's food.

The butler came down and took the bag in a hesitating sort of way, saying noncommittally that Mr. Vernon was out "at the moment."

"But he's expecting me, isn't he?"

"He did not mention to me, madam, that he was expecting anyone."

"He did not say he was expecting me?"

"No, madam, but if you would come in, I might be able to reach him on the telephone. Mr. Vernon is playing polo this afternoon, but the game does not begin until three, I think. . . ."

Mrs. Prescott had no intention of getting out of her cab until she had secured her great-grandson. She put out one foot, and drew it back. "Very curious," she said. "I might go over there and meet him. Is it far?" And before the man had time to answer she went on more sternly: "There must be someone in the house who is responsible and knows about Mr. Vernon's plans . . . a housekeeper or a secretary."

"Perhaps the governess might know . . ."

"The governess!" cried Mrs. Prescott. "Has Mr. Vernon set up a governess for himself?"

The butler just smiled, though really he wasn't amused. "No, madam, it is Master Walter's governess."

"Master Walter!" cried Mrs. Prescott, as astonished as she ought to be. "But I thought . . . I understood . . ." What she was really thinking was that her vocation should have been on the stage instead of rotting in Bernardsville, New Jersey, for she was certainly putting on a magnificent act.

"Master Walter is stopping with us for a few days."

"Oh," said Mrs. Prescott, not betraying the least interest in this news. "Well," she added, as if she were doing the butler a favor, "I'll speak to the governess."

THE man went back into the house and presently Nora came out, and, running down the steps, she stuck her head into the taxi window so that their conversation was not audible.

"The coast is quite clear," she said.

"I hope your virtue has received no rude shocks," said Mrs. Prescott.

"I have been entirely alone except for little Walter."

"They didn't tell him you were here?"

"Indeed they did, but . . ."

"My dear, how disappointing, after all your alarms."

Nora Vye colored . . . not at the old lady's words, but at her own sudden recognition that it had been annoying to her . . . very annoying indeed . . . or no, she would put it like this: but that her emotion on finding that Vernon did not mean to return had not been only relief.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Prescott, who could not endure suspense, "run in and send Walter to me, and we'll be off."

"And leave me behind?"

"Oh, you can follow by the first train . . . only it's very necessary that you stay a few minutes and hide our exit."

Miss Vye nodded and went into the house, and the next minute young Walter came bounding out of it . . . the old lady held out her arms and he flung himself into them.

"Oh, Grandma," he said, "are we going back to Mother?"

"Yes, dear. Aren't you glad?"

"Yes . . . I want to see Mother . . . but I can't help liking my father. Do you think it's wrong for a boy to like his father?"

"No, of course not, Walter. Your mother would want you to love your father, even . . ."

"But she doesn't, Granny. She always calls him 'that-man-I-mean-your-father' and her face looks like mine does when I suck a lemon after castor oil. . . ."

"*As* yours does, darling . . ."

"And Miss Vye doesn't like him either . . . they made me sort of afraid of him,

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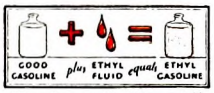

Knocks out that "knock"

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Grandmamma, but when he took me to the Zoo yesterday . . . Gee! but we had a great time . . . we made the lions roar. . . ."

Without interrupting the flow of this narrative, Mrs. Prescott leaned forward and said a word to the taxi-man, and the next instant they were off down the drive. She looked back. There seemed to be a most unflattering indifference to their flight on the part of the Vernon household. A turn in the road hid the house . . . the gates were just ahead . . . the taxi passed slowly through them . . . just outside, Achille and the car were waiting. . . . Victory . . . Victory! . . . Hurrah for Grandmamma and old age in general!

Young Walter, unaware that his fate was hanging in the balance, was still talking: "I don't think Father hates Mother. He speaks pretty decently of her . . . that is. Grandma, do you know, there's boys in the school I go to that have kept the same parents from the start. . . . That must be swell . . . they both come together to school parties. . . ."

The taxi stopped a few feet behind the cream-colored car.

"Walter, dear, there is Achille. Run and get in. . . ."

"Oh, hullo, Achille. . . . Are you going to let me drive? Hi!"

THE boy sprang into the seat beside the chauffeur. He and Achille were old and very dear friends. No one has so happy a control over a small boy as a kindly chauffeur.

Mrs. Prescott was about to follow her grandson, without the formality of paying her taxi-driver; but he called the omission to her attention, with a touch of irritation, long experience having made him skeptical of these lapses of memory.

For the first time Mrs. Prescott became aware of her nervousness . . . her hands shook so that she could not get her purse out of her handbag, and when she did, she dropped it on the floor of the taxi and stooped to find it amid a layer of cigarette ashes and burnt matches.

Rising, she glanced out of the back window and saw, with a wild leap of her heart, that the enemy was approaching. Round a curve in the main road came a small but very smart green car. Mrs. Prescott knew Vernon by a polo mallet sticking out of the rumble, and he must as quickly have seen the red béret of his son, bobbing on the front seat of the buff-colored car.

The green car had been slowing down to make the turn at the Vernon gates, but now the driver straightened the wheels and came on toward the taxi. Mrs. Prescott leaned out and shouted to Achille, waving eloquently. Achille, who had taken in the whole situation even before she had, caught the idea, slid in his gear, stepped on his gas, and was off alone with young Walter on the New York road.

"Go on, go on!" said Mrs. Prescott to her driver. "Follow that car!"

She could not say afterward exactly why she gave this order, except that she may have wanted the joy of actually seeing Achille and her great-grandson disappearing in the distance; so there, first, was Achille going like a bird, then the old taxi lumbering along, and, third, the green car gaining fast. . . . Perhaps it could catch even Achille . . . there she was between them, yes—the green car would pass her in a few seconds. . . .

The taxi-driver turned. "I can't catch that feller," he said. "He'll get pinched!"

She had a sudden idea. The road turned sharply to the left . . . a blind corner blocked by a great, solid Pennsylvania barn. There was just a chance, for here the road narrowed.

She leaned through the front window. "Stop!" she roared in the driver's ear.

Automatically the driver put on his brakes . . . they were recently relined . . . and the car, shrieking and careening, came to a full stop, as the green car swung round the corner on top of them, hardly lessening its speed, and rammed them squarely from behind.

The taxi lifted and seemed for an instant inclined to fly, then turned across the road. The driver shot out between the car and the windshield, and landed unhurt after a graceful trajectory through space; a wheel came off and rolled with a slow, hooplike motion into the gutter; the fender of the green car bent very slightly—and Mrs. Prescott was lying in a crumpled heap on the floor of the taxi.

A young man in polo clothes came running up, with his chauffeur. He did not immediately recognize his former wife's grandmother, about whom it may be safely said he had not thought at all for several years. He imagined that in the pursuit of his child he had run into an innocent taxicab and its fare.

It was the driver who enlightened him. The driver was torn between two emotions . . . fear that he would be held responsible for the old lady's injuries and hope that he might make the young man in the queer hat pay for the destruction of the cab. He said menacingly:

"Say, this wasn't *my* fault . . ."

"It wasn't!" said Tom, kicking away the last remnant of door now hanging by one hinge. "You stopped dead, round a blind corner . . . that's all!"

"But, say, she *told* me to stop . . . she yelled at the other car to go like hell, and then she made me stop . . . 'Stop!' she hollered at me. . . ."

"And you have to do everything you're told, I suppose."

"She seemed to want that boy to get away," said the driver, and Vernon, just lifting Mrs. Prescott out, saw the sequence of the whole thing.

It would have annoyed her immensely to know that she gave two little screams of pain before she lost consciousness.

"I think," Vernon said, "that that was the bravest thing I ever saw done." But there was no one to hear him except his own chauffeur, for the driver had gone to look at his engine, and Mrs. Prescott had fainted.

PRESENTLY, under Vernon's direction, they took a gate off its hinges and laid her on it, as if she had had an accident in the hunting field. The distance back to the gray stone house was not great, nor Mrs. Prescott a heavy weight. They started, the chauffeur carrying her head, and Tom her feet, but they carried her head first, so that as she opened her eyes, she met Tom's clear blue eyes, dark under the shadow of his helmet, bent upon her face.

"I think," he said, "that that was the bravest thing I ever saw done!"

"Not really . . . just idiotic . . . I didn't stop to think . . ." She broke off . . . because there was a wild, searing pain down her left side that seemed to take away her breath.

"I'm afraid you're in great pain," he said, and his fine, handsome blond face was quite pale with sympathy. "Can't you scream, or curse, or something, to make yourself feel better?"

"Don't know any really good oaths."

"Let me say them for you. . . ."

He did . . . so sincerely that she almost laughed . . . only, laughing racked her with agony, and stopped her merriment.

It amused her afterward to think that she had been able to tell the instant at which, looking ahead of him, he had first seen Nora Vye standing on the steps of his house . . . several minutes it was before Mrs. Prescott heard the girl's voice beside her.

"Oh, is she hurt? Oh, dear Mrs. Prescott? What happened?"

"She smashed herself up so that the boy could get away. Go and tell Ecclesfield to telephone for Doctor Brennan . . . he knows how to get him . . . the bravest thing I ever saw. . . ."

Flattery, Mrs. Prescott thought, was the only element left out of the life of the old . . . everything else they have . . . and now she was getting that too . . . undeservedly perhaps . . . but no matter . . . it was delicious . . . it helped her bear her pain.

THEY carried her upstairs and laid her on the bed in the largest spare-room . . . a room with wide windows and flowered chintz and maple furniture . . . a room Mrs. Prescott had occupied once or twice in the past. She heard them in the semi-consciousness of great pain, which is not faintness, but merely complete concentration on the immediate problem of bearing pain.

They were talking for the most part about the surgeon's arrival, and turning back the bed, and just how she would be more comfortable, and whether brandy or whisky would be better. . . .

Something fiery and unpleasant was forced between her lips . . . she hated raw spirits, but it certainly produced a warmth . . . an ability to bear the continued tortures of their ministrations.

Then she heard Nora say: "I think Mrs. Prescott-Vernon ought to be telephoned to at once."

"No," said the old lady . . . only she could not be quite sure she had spoken.

"Della? . . . Of course," said Vernon. "Only, then I suppose I've got to get out."

"Yes, I should think so."

Mrs. Prescott pulled herself together. "Don't!"

"Do we hurt you, Mrs. Prescott?"

"Don't telephone Della!"

She saw them look at each other in surprise . . . trying to interpret her words . . . inclined to put some noble construction upon them.

"Why not, Mrs. Prescott?" asked Nora very gently. "Why don't you want Mrs. Prescott-Vernon telephoned for?"

"Because she *bores* me!" said the old lady.

Her closing eyes caught the first friendly smile that the two young people bending over her had ever exchanged.

(*To be continued*)

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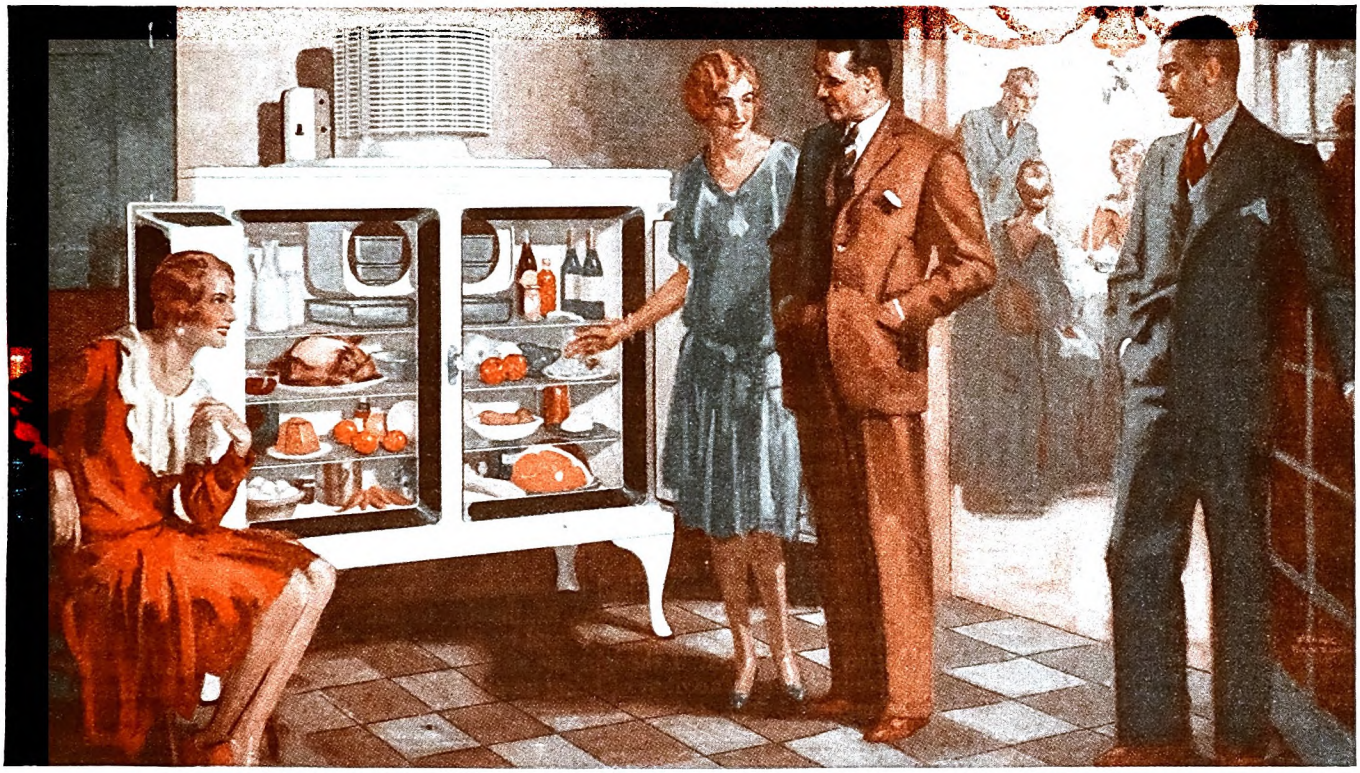

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When you buy a General Electric you are choosing the one and only electric refrigerator which has an *all-steel* cabinet. It is rust-proof, warp-proof. Its doors are finished with trim black Textolite edges, an attractive contrast to the whiteness of the cabinet. The inside corners are rounded so that they are most easy to clean. And the graceful legs leave plenty of broom-room under the cabinet.

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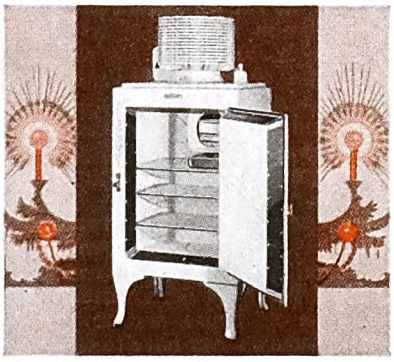

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For complete information about all the models, write to Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Ask for Booklet A-12.

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IN the life of everyone some one particular Christmas stands out. And it is always that Christmas at which some gift awakens their minds to the beauty or the wonder or the knowledge of the world.

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

How We Solved the Problem of a Dependent Parent

THE death of my father brought the biggest problem to the members of our family that I ever remember having to solve.

I am the youngest and only sister to four splendid brothers. I think I have an exceptional husband, and my brothers' wives are above reproach.

Well, the problem we had to solve was what to do with Mother. Now, Mother is the sweetest thing in the world, and we all fairly worship her. I thought she should live with me on account of being an only daughter. My brothers thought she should live with each one of them, in turn.

We called a conference of the four brothers, their wives, my husband, and myself, to see if we could reason the matter out.

In the case of my brothers' wives, we felt that it would be impossible for two women loving the same man to get along amicably, no matter how sensible the wife might be. Mother, we well knew, had been used to directing her own household, and with such experience, naturally she'd think she knew more than her son's wife, and there'd be a clash. We also had to take into consideration the children, because no house in the world is big enough for three generations to share in peace and harmony.

Since there was a mortgage coming due on Mother's house soon, we had to take that also into consideration. We discussed the matter pro and con but could come to no agreement. Mother wasn't sick; she still had all of her faculties; she enjoyed running her own home; she loved cooking; and, most of all, we knew she cherished the old house because of its pleasant memories. If she came to live with any of us, we knew that she could not sit with folded hands, as we'd certainly want her to do. And, too, we figured she'd have a few whims which we would undoubtedly protest against, and that might make her miserable.

Furthermore, we all lived in apartments in big cities, whereas Mother was used to her garden, lots of space, and country air. I recalled Mother's sentimental attitude toward her old house, and how she said she hoped she'd never have to give it over to strangers until she left it for good. I remembered that she wept over all of the events that had happened in the old parlor; her happiness at the birth of her children, their tiny footsteps and gay laughter. Mother was like a hen with a brood of little chicks in that old place with so many memories. Each one of us was imagining herself or himself in Mother's position, if she had to leave the old place.

Well, we debated for one whole day and tried to reason it out from different angles, and then we decided to ask Mother herself, as she was the one to be satisfied. That night we sent her a wire, asking her to come to visit us.

Jim, her first-born, was delegated as speaker for all of us. "Mother," he said, when we were comfortably seated in a circle around her, "we want to do what's best for you. Now, we all want you to live with us, but since that is impossible, we are going to let you decide the best course to follow."

The plan worked like a charm. All along, it seems, Mother had been worrying about the same thing, and she was real glad we'd brought it to an issue.

"Now," she said, in her gracious way, "you know, I love each one of you, but, as you say, I can't live with all of you at the same time. I hesitated about the mortgage because I didn't want to bring it up until you children had talked it over, but since you've asked me, I sincerely feel that I'd be a whole lot better off in my own place, with my own tastes and privileges, than to try to live with some one of you under conditions totally unlike those I have known. You'll all agree with me on that, I'm sure."

"Well, Mother," Jim replied, "if you feel that way about it, why not let us pay off the mortgage and leave you in peace in the old home, with your memories, your garden, and your own self-respect? I know all of the children want you to be happy because you made so many sacrifices for us when we were under your care."

I DON'T think I can picture the look of complete joy that beamed from my dear mother's countenance. Her face lighted up with a glow of happiness such as I never saw on it before. She wept for sheer joy at the thought of remaining in the place she loved so well.

"And, Mother," Jim went on, "each one of us will contribute an equal amount, from our finances, to be sent to you each month, for the upkeep of yourself and the house. You may consider it your own, and spend it any way you see fit."

The reunion of our family that week will never be forgotten. Mother seemed years younger. I could tell a great load had been lifted from her mind.

Would you believe it, the next month she surprised us by joining a club? She went in for exercise; she took short trips; she had company over the week-ends; altogether she was like a person who has cast off a heavy burden for good; and best of all, she took a new lease on life. Even her grandchildren cannot talk enough about "the good times at Grandma's in vacation."

Really, I think we took the best course. Don't you agree with me that we solved our problem to the complete satisfaction of all concerned?

S. M. C.

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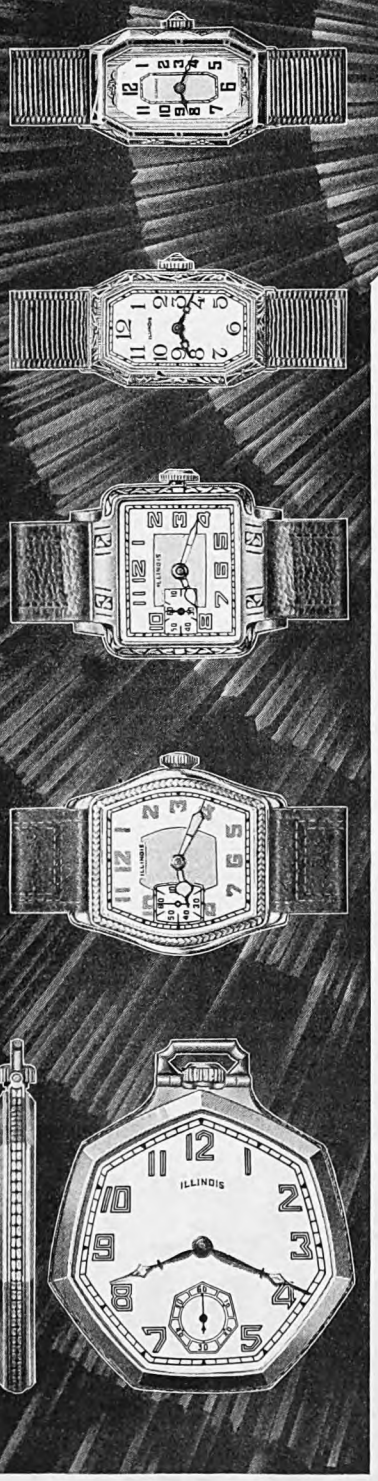

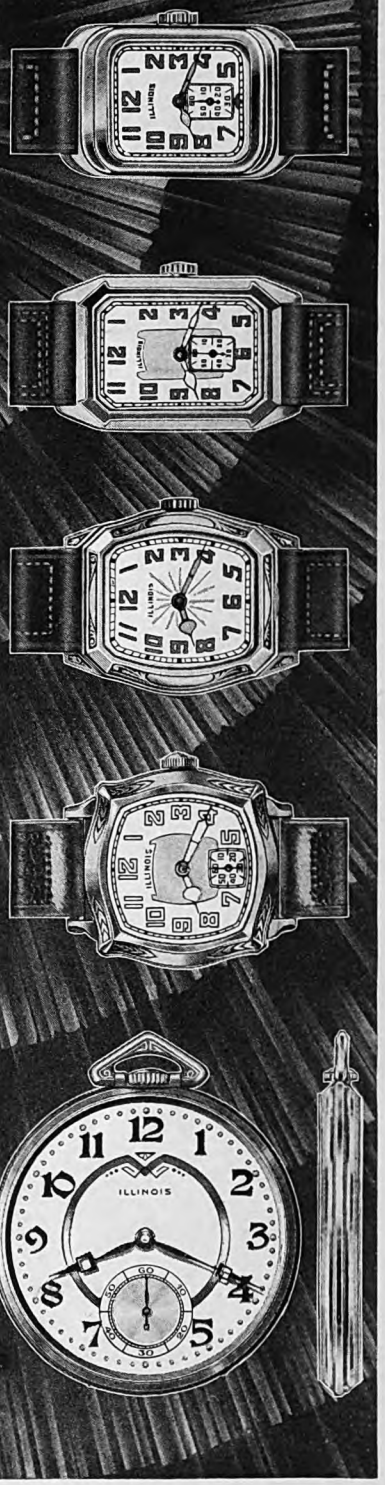

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For full particulars of this different, year-long Christmas gift turn to page 175. Or use the coupon bound into this issue.

Vol. CVIII

Contents for December 1929

No. 6

ARTICLES

Cover Design . . . . . John LaGatta
You Can't Build Skyscrapers with Your Head in the Sky . . . . . Helen Christine Bennett 16
One Night in Flanders . . . . . Captain Bruce Bairnsfather 21
Illustrated by the Author
Our Family Pets . . . . . Mrs. Calvin Coolidge 24
One Hundred Best Books . . . . . Will Durant 26
Drawings by J. E. Sandford
The Grand Champion . . . . . Will Rogers 34
Illustrated by F. Strothmann
Fringe of the Fantastic . . . . . E. Alexander Powell 42
Prince Edward—The Island Where There is No Divorce and No Crime . . . . . William S. Dutton 48
How the Weather Affects Your Health . . . . . E. E. Free 58
Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson
Our Billion-Dollar Christmas . . . . . Ronald Millar 63
Illustrated by Russell Patterson

FICTION

The Scarab Murder Case. *A Detective Novel. Part I* . . . . . S. S. Van Dine 11
Illustrated by R. G. Sisley
A Seat in the Subway . . . . . Gerald Mygatt 18
Illustrated by Joseph Simont
Crucible . . . . . Hal Field Leslie 30
Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt
Christmas Eve at the Red Moon . . . . . Oscar Graeve 38
Illustrated by Henry Raleigh
Abigail Wants a Ring . . . . . Dorothy Walworth Carman 50
Illustrated by C. R. Chickering
Age of Indiscretion. *A Novel in Three Parts. Part II* . . . . . Alice Duer Miller 54
Illustrated by John H. Crosman
Outlaws of Eden *A Novel. Part III* . . . . . Peter B. Kyne 61
Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt
Such a Good Sport . . . . . Inez Sabastian 64
Illustrated by Joseph Chenoweth

SHORT FEATURES

Travel Trails. *Prize Contest* 29
If You Ask Me:
We'd Better Start a Society for the Conservation of Cheer . . Merle Crowell 41
Interesting People
Dean Smith — *Article by* Rosa Strider Reilly 68
Mary A. Lindsley — *Article by* Helen Christine Bennett 69
James D. Fooshe — *Article by* Edith Bell Love 70
How They Got That Way (*Michael Pupin*) . . Dale Carnegie and Albert T. Reid 73
The Great Tomorrow . . . . . Walter B. Pitkin 74
The Sportfolio: *Sportsmanship—The Diplomat* . . . . . Charley Paddock 109
Solutions of November Travel Trails 133
Not in the Headlines 134
Labels. *A Poem* . . . . . Carolyn Wells 135
This Picturesque World 140, 142, 144
In Retrospect. *A Poem* . . . . . Berton Braley 156
Teaching Animals to Behave . . . . . Courtney Ryley Cooper 170
The Family's Problems: *How We Solved the Problem of a Dependent Parent* . . . . . S. M. C. 182
Index to Advertisers 184

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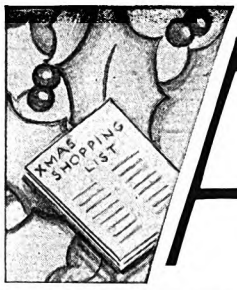
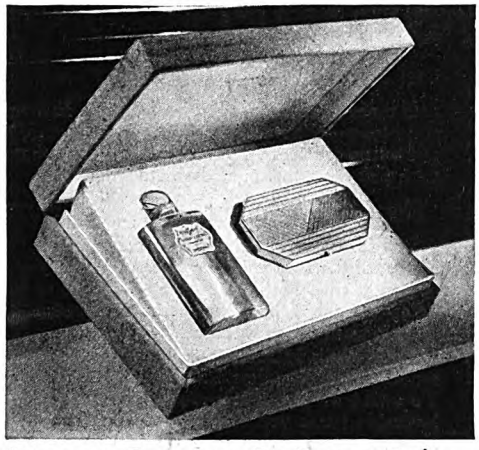
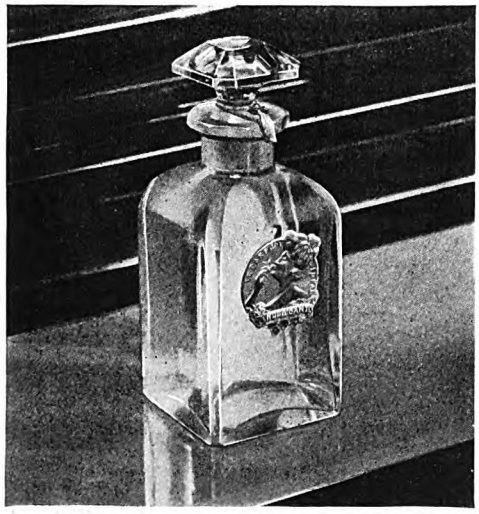


ADVICE TO THE

QUELQUES FLEURS — *The Perfume that has enslaved the smart sophisticates of two continents. In an exquisite silk-lined gift box, $7.50. Other sizes at $1, $2, $4 and $15.*



QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL— *in a silk-lined Chamois case with Houbigant's new gold-toned Triple Vanity containing compact powder, rouge and lipstick, $6.00.*



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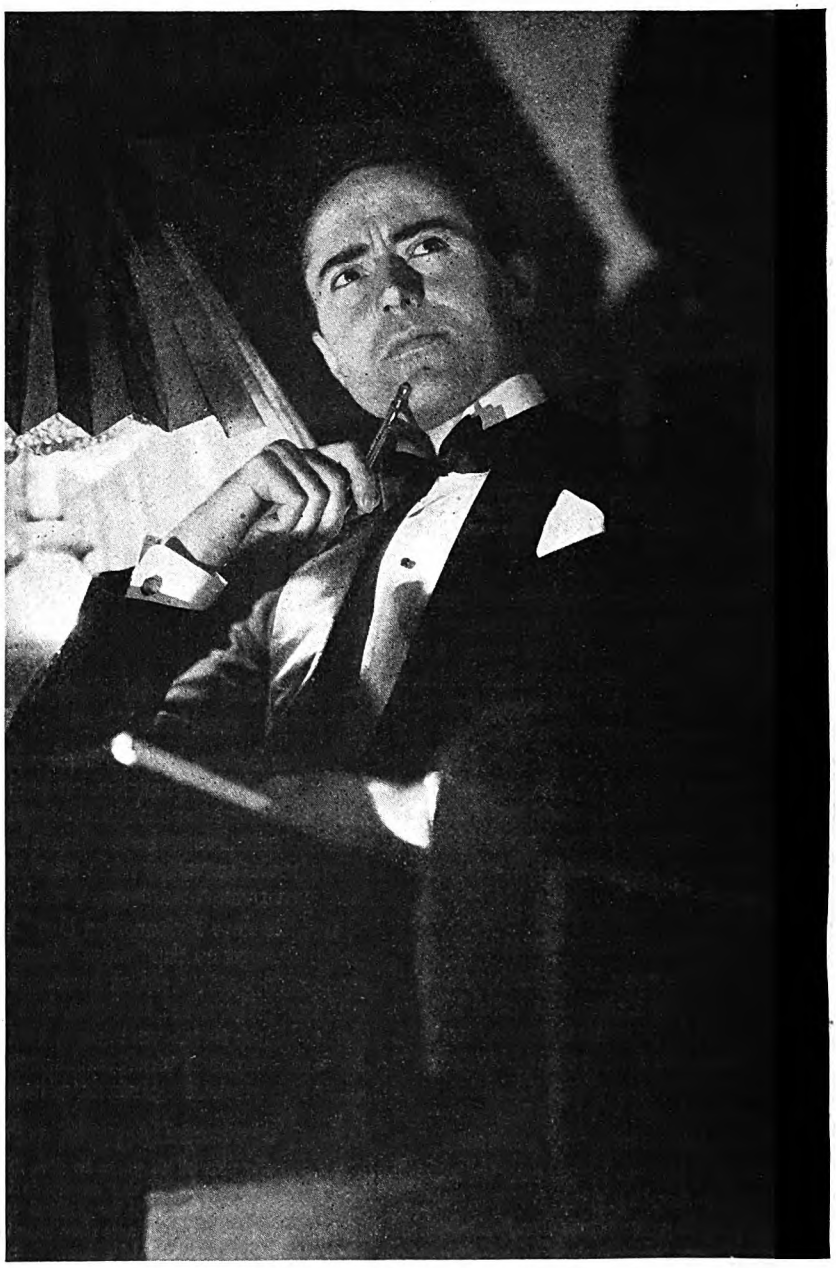

This is America's Lovers, Brothers, Sons, Husbands and Fathers —all rolled into one composite, worried male—all pondering the eternal question—"What shall I give HER this Christmas?"

HOUBIGANT

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GIFTLORN··

All men know that all women treasure perfumes. And all men undoubtedly think of perfumes first, when planning Christmas lists.

Why some afterward discard the selection of perfumes may, in part, be attributed to masculine ignorance and fear.

Ignorance of what and who constitutes the best in the art of perfumery.

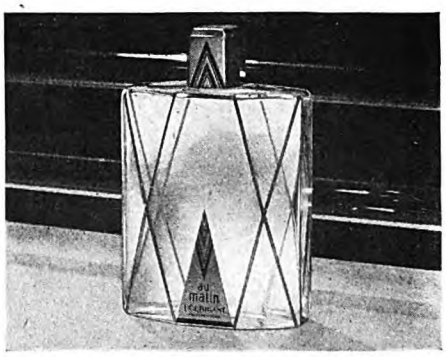
Fear, that their fragrant gifts may be critically received.

To all these men — to this one composite, worried male — to America's Lovers, Brothers, Sons, Husbands and Fathers—may we suggest — HOUBIGANT.

For, in smart feminine circles—among women who know Perfumes—Houbigant is King—the master parfumeur of Paris—and the world.

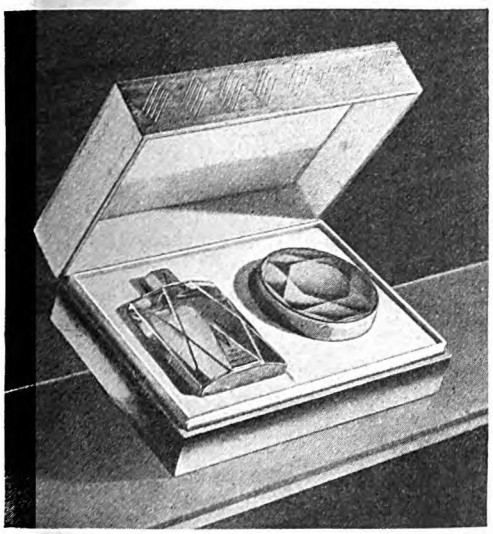
On these facing pages are his supreme odeurs—flaconed with a court jeweler's craft — and priced neither modestly nor extravagantly.

If you would experience that deep, inner satisfaction that accompanies the gift intelligently chosen and gratefully received — give Houbigant Perfumes.



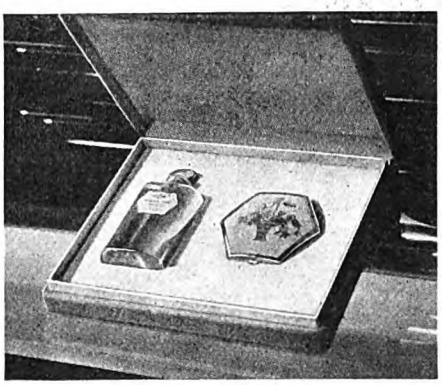
AU MATIN—*ecstatic fragrance of the French modernes—breath of dawn's awakening flowers. $10 the Modèle Originale. $18 the Grand Flacon. $20 the Grand Flacon with Atomizer.*

FOUGÈRE ROYALE SHAVING SET—*the Man's Gift—containing one tube of Shaving Cream, one flacon of After Shaving Lotion, and the Talc. $2.00.*



AU MATIN—*a Perfume and a Face Powder achieve an exquisite kinship through a bond of rarest fragrance—breath of flowers at dawn. In a charming silk-lined Gift Set, $10.*

ESSENCE RARE—*the world's most perfect fragrance—the ultimate in parfum elegance — the supreme gift! Enshrined in jewel-like splendour, $25 to $125 the flacon.*



QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL —*a Gift of exceptional attractiveness. The silk-lined Chamois case including Perfume and the hexagonal single Compact, $3.00. Items separately, $3.50.*

IGANT

RIS

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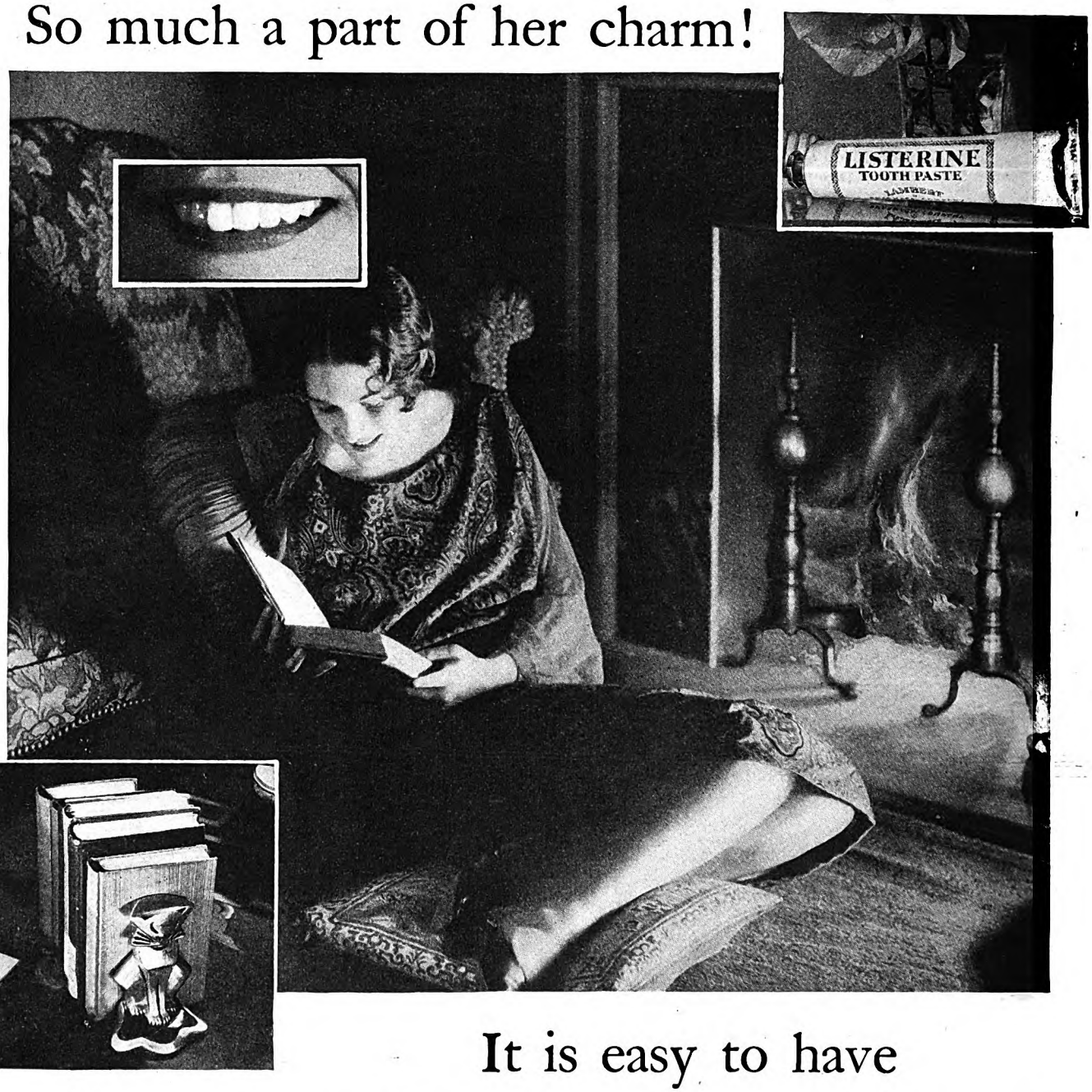
So much a part of her charm!



It is easy to have *white, lustrous* teeth and *pink, healthy* gums

DO you think it necessary to pay 50¢ for a dentifrice in order to have attractive teeth and healthy gums?

Risk 25¢ on Listerine Tooth Paste and let it answer you. You will be delighted with its results. You will welcome its clear-cut economy.

This is the remarkable, modern dentifrice that has swept to leadership in a few short months. It is made by the makers of Listerine—a guarantee that its ingredients are the best procurable, that its quality is beyond question. Only mass production and selling permits such a paste at such a price.

Get a tube today. Begin using it. Note how quickly and thoroughly, yet how gently it cleans the teeth, removing tartar, food deposits and discoloration. Then, note how lustrous teeth become. Note, too, that wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration in the mouth that follows its use.

Then reflect that Listerine Tooth Paste costs you about half of what you ordinarily pay for a dentifrice. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy a set of book-ends with what it saves you

You can get a most attractive set for $3—the amount that Listerine Tooth Paste saves you each year. Assuming you use a tube a month, the cost is $3.00 per year as compared to $6.00 when you use a 50¢ dentifrice.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

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In every puff of every Raleigh you taste a rich cool blend of

31

fine tobaccos. Each is distinct, from some warm field of Turkey, or Virginia, or Kentucky where the sun and soil and rain and dew do certain magic to a certain plant. Raleigh compounds them to a formula it took him years to come by, and then lays them lengthwise, *blending while they're being rolled*—so that you taste the identical flavor in every single puff. It is this flavor which has made Raleigh, in a few short months, the most-called-for twenty-cent cigarette in America.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky

Raleigh
Cigarettes

Twenty Cents
PLAIN OR TIPPED

Blended
PUFF BY PUFF

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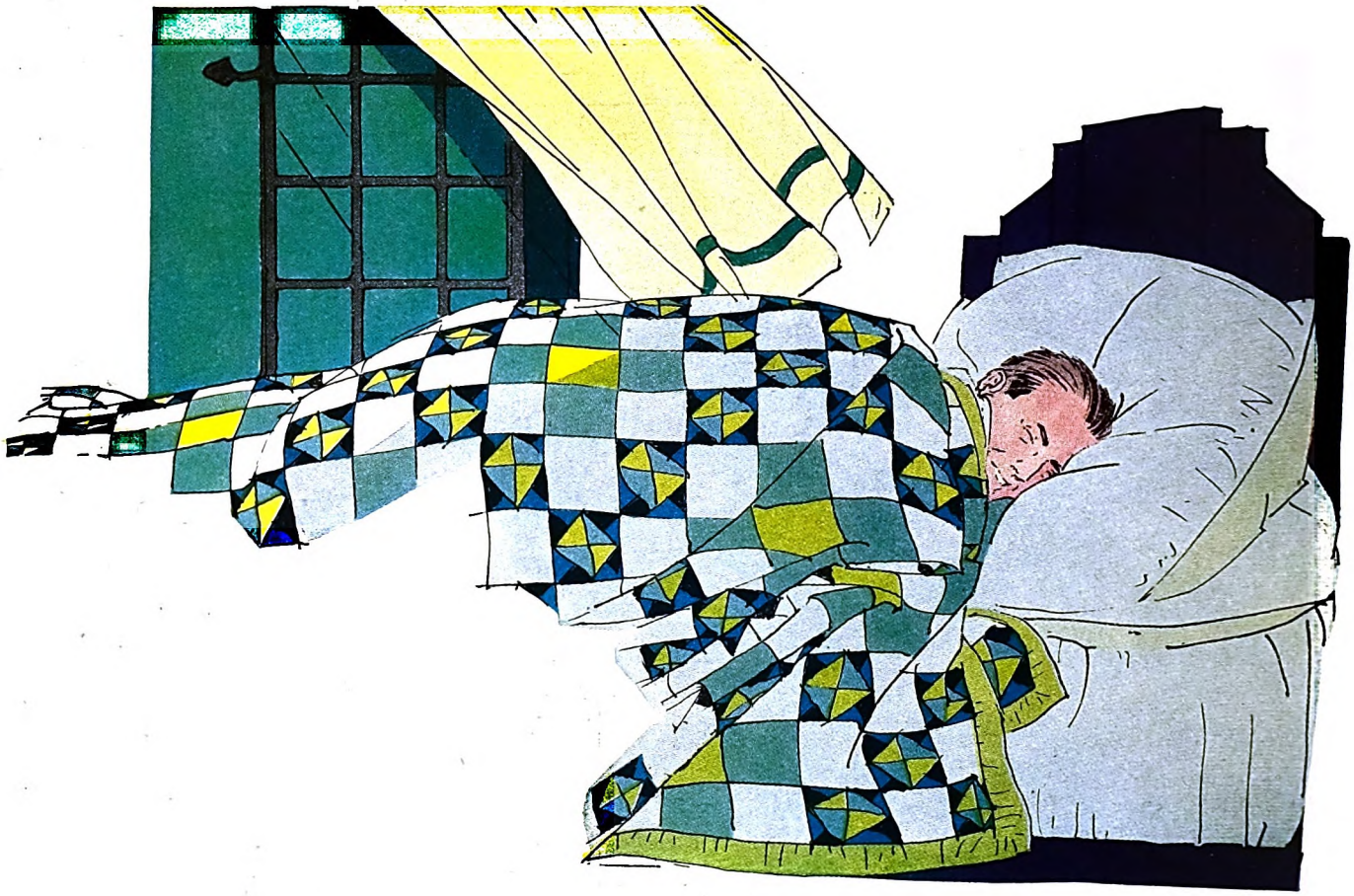


"Daddy's gone a-hunting"

His desk is clear. His office-door is locked. The evening paper lies heaped beside his chair. The detective story has slipped to the floor beside his bed, two chapters before the end!

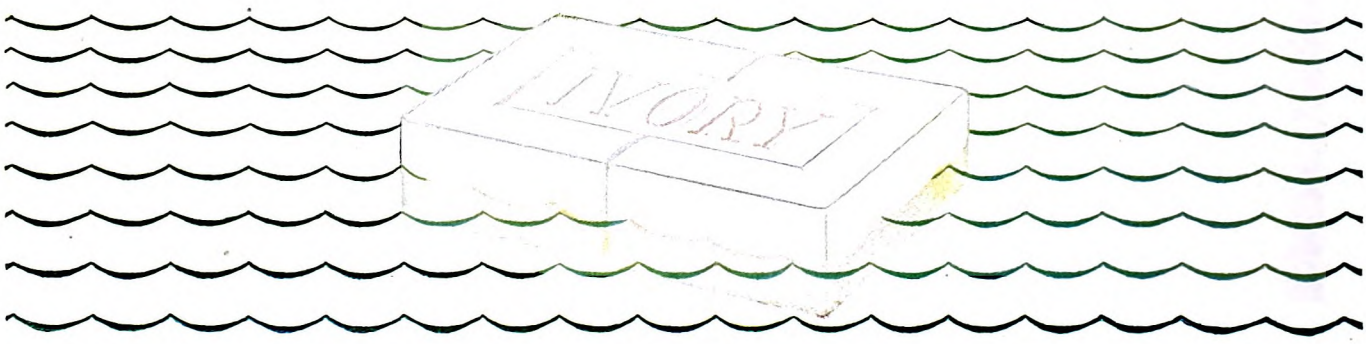
The gate of dreams has opened—and another hunter has joined the happy throng.

How quickly and silently they make that journey to dreamland—those smiling men and women, boys and girls, who end their busy day with a soothing Ivory bath!

But once there was a man who took his midnight bath with a cake of *sinker* soap. And all night long in his dreams he dived and dived. At dawn he woke, gasping for breath and weary with the struggle.

Ivory floats!

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats"



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It opens closed doors

. . *cleanliness*

Doors, doors, doors . . . how many important ones there are in life!

Doors of *your individual destiny* . . . when on your chance to enter, good fortune and great happiness may hang.

To every man, whether or not he realizes it, some doors in life stand closed. Which ones, however, and how many, depends on him.

For now-a-days, in business as well as social activities, probably nothing whatever wins the ready acceptance (opens the closed doors) that cleanliness does. And anyone can be clean.

Everyone knows this is true

Every day, wherever we go, we are being "sized up" by the people we meet. And their appraisal is *quick* . . . based largely on appearances.

Now we ask you, has anything more to do with a man's general, at-a-glance appearance, than the looks of his shirt, his cuffs, his handkerchief; the cleanliness of his finger-nails, hands, hair, face, neck?

There's no question about it, cleanliness standards have changed. Today, to be liked, a man has to be clean whatever his job.

Perhaps this is because modern conveniences make cleanliness so easy . . . killing all excuses, and showing *just* how clean one really *wants* to be.

The only kind that counts

In another way, too, there can't be any cheating with regard to cleanliness: no now-and-then bather, or "this-shirt-will-do-another-day" exponent, ever truly fools his friends.

Nor does he succeed for a minute in achieving either the vivid vigor or the substantial self-assurance of the man who takes his cleanliness straight — 100% fashion, from the skin out, every morning.

If other reasons are needed

We lose in perspiration, it is said, an average of nearly a quart a day. Why shouldn't we then, feel prouder of ourselves, when we change our underwear and hosiery often (daily if possible)?

What circumstance so easy to avoid can make a man ashamed so quickly, as a dirty handkerchief?

Black heads and pimples are caused very frequently by improper or insufficient soap and water cleansing. (Providing not a few men with something to think about.)

It takes mirrors and contriving to see the back of our own necks, to get a side-view of our ears. Yet others see these possessions of ours daily . . . and form their own conclusions.

And lastly, considering how good-looking hands can be after the thorough bath, aren't there plenty of possibilities for men in the more regular use of a good hand brush?

Cleanliness opens doors like these

It's a mighty advantage to a man, that on-top-of-the-world feeling found in the every-morning bath and change of clothes.

Office information clerks are quick to recognize it; private secretaries are impressed; the big bosses themselves pay it interest and respect. More important still, it opens socially to you the doors of people you're anxious to know.

Indeed, cleanliness unaided, goes far toward opening those most priceless of all doors: those leading to Good Health and Happiness.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

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Index of Products Advertised

THE appearance of an advertisement in The American Magazine is a specific warranty of the product advertised and of the integrity of the house sponsoring the advertisement. Only those products which live up to the claims made for them can be advertised in these pages

Page

Absorbine, Jr. 101
Aerial Electric Company 147
Allied Radio Corporation 142
American Flyer Mfg. Co. 139
American Landscape School 148
American Products Co. 159
American School 154
American School of Photography 150
American Telephone and Telegraph Company 87
Amity Leather Products 167
Arnold Check Writer Co. 145
Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers 183

Baby Calculator Machine Co. 150
Baird-North Co. 150
Beeman's Pepsin Gum 162
Bogue Institute 157
Brunswick Home Billiard Tables 125
Brunswick White Seats 135
Buescher Band Instruments 148
Bulova Watches . . . . . 3d Cover
Bunte Brothers Mi Choice Chocolates . . 115
Burgess Batteries 186

Campbell Co., Wm. 144, 151, 155
Campbell's Soups 71
Capitol Candy School 155
Central States Manufacturing Co. . . . 141
Chesterfield Cigarettes 110, 111
Chicago Rubber Tire Roller Skates . . . 152
Chicago Salvage Stock Store 157
Chicago School of Nursing 149
Chrysler Motors 79
Cody School of English, Sherwin 153
Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream 90
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream 85
Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia . . . 182
Conn Band Instruments 144
Corona Typewriters 185
Coyne Electrical School 143
Cream of Wheat 92

Davey Tree Expert Co. 151
Directory of Schools 4
Dole Valves 149
Duofold Health Underwear 163

Eastman Kodaks and Brownies 137
Edgeworth Tobacco 106
1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate 129
Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, Dr. . 130
Encyclopaedia Britannica 5
Ethyl Gasoline 179
Evans & Co., Victor J. 150

Federal School of Commercial Designing 159
Feuchtinger, Eugene 159
Fireside Industries 145
Flexible Flyer Sleds 1

Page

Fougère Royale Shaving Preparations . . 116
Frigidaire 93

General Electric All-Steel Refrigerator . 181
Gillette Safety Razor Blades 138
Glover's Imperial Scalp Remedies . . . 150
Gruen Watches 105

Hamilton Watches 123
Hesslein, Wm. 150
High School Home Study Bureau 145
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 122
Hirsch-Weis Stags 147
Home Correspondence School 155
Hoosier Institute 151
Hoover Vacuum Cleaner 99
Houbigant Perfumes 6, 7

Illinois Watches 2
Industrial Alcohol Institute 173
International Accountants Society, Inc. . 150
International Correspondence Schools . . 155
Iron Clad Hosiery 128
Ivory Soap 10

Japanese Tea Growers 100
Junior Classics 158

Kelsey Company 150
Kriss Kross Stropper 166

La Salle Extension University . . . 124, 151
Lewis Hotel Training Schools 141
Life Savers 107
Lincoln Logs 155
Liquid Silmerine 157
Listerine 89
Listerine Tooth Paste 8
Longines Watches 94
Louisville & Nashville R. R. 112
Lundstrom Sectional Bookcase 152
Lyons Ejector Cigarette Case 154
Lysol Disinfectant 161

Magnesia Products Co. 154
Mapleine 157
Menhenitt Co., The 150
Mentor Magazine 177
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company . 83
Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator . 98
Mobiloil 81
Mollé 165
Moody Bible Institute 147
Murray, Kathryn 141
Musterole 149

National Art Studios 150
National Casket Co. 133
National City Co. 140
National Health Appliance Corp. . . . 168
National Radio Institute 159
New Departure Ball Bearings 91

Page

New York Publishing Co. 159
North American Accident Insurance Co. 147

Oakland Motor Car Co. 97
Orange County Chamber of Commerce . 159
Ovaltine 134

Palmolive Shaving Cream 75
Pan-American Band Instrument & Case Co. 150
Parker Duofold Matched Pens and Pencils . . . . . 2d Cover
Pines Winterfronts 96
Provident Mutual Life Insurance Co. . . 104

Radio and Television Institute 154
Ragsdale, W. Hillyer 150, 159
Raleigh Cigarettes 9
Resinol Soap 157
Rocky Ford Cigars 121
Rough on Rats 157
Royal Portable Typewriters 114

Santa Fe System Lines 127
Scholl's Zino-pads, Dr. 157
Sears, Roebuck & Co. 72
Selmer Band Instruments 155
Simmons Watch Chains 103
Simoniz Company 109
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops 160
Spur Ties 142
Squibb's Medicinal Products 126
Standard Diaries 131
Stephenson Laboratory 150
Straus & Co., S. W., ... 95
Studebaker Automobiles 119

Tower Exerciser and Reducer 153
"Travelo" Knit Jackets and Vests . . . 136
Tropic-Aire Hot Water Heaters 118

Union Pacific System 169
United Fruit Co. 157
Universal Aviation Schools 144
University Extension Conservatory . . 157
University of Chicago 159

Victor-Radio . . . . . 4th Cover

Wadsworth Watch Bands 117
Waterman's Patrician Pen & Pencil Set . 113
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary 153
Webster's New International Dictionary 142
Weiler & Sons, Jason 149
West's Tooth Paste and Toothbrushes, Dr. 108
Westfield Watches 102
Whitman's Chocolates 77
Wildroot Hair Tonic 164
Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva 120
Winchester Repeating Arms Co. 146
Woman's Home Companion 171

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CORONA *for* CHRISTMAS

The best fun in the world is winning with brains

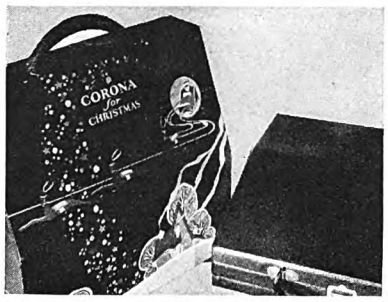
YOU know, quite a lot of people make good with just brains. Successful creative work and high scholastic standing are just as exciting and gratifying as winning in other sports. In the end it gets down to a competition in brains and nothing else.

Brain muscles keep on winning after body muscles have softened.

The point is that in brain sports, Corona is as useful as matched golf clubs or a well-strung racket are in other sports. Of course, in college, you can hardly make the grade without a typewriter. Typewritten work invariably gets higher marks. Written work often gets no marks at all simply because no one can read it. In any form of literary competition, Corona is as necessary as running shoes to a runner or sharp skates to a skater.

As a matter of fact, every member of the family needs Corona. Mother's club work, for example—papers to be read, resolutions, committee reports, publicity work; also the conduct of household affairs. Many times a year it would be a help to Dad when he has night work to do—speeches, articles for technical papers, an occasional important letter.

It's up to you to let the family know that your big Christmas need this year is a Corona. Families are often hazy about presents without a little guidance. It might work just to mail this advertisement to one of your parents. A subtle hint like that is sometimes as effective as coming out and asking. The family will thank you for getting Corona into the home.



We show here attractive Christmas gift carton and the regular carrying case.

Corona is a great machine. You'll know that the instant you get your fingers on it. Smooth running as a new car, durable as a good reputation, easy to learn, so sturdily simple that it never goes wrong.

There are two Corona models: Corona with standard keyboard at $60, and Corona Special with three-row keyboard at $39.50. Attractive carrying case comes with either model. Both are finished in many different colors. Sold by all typewriter dealers and in stationery stores, department stores and specialty gift shops. Dealers will be glad to send one on trial and arrange for gradual payment. An allowance will be made on your old typewriter. L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc, 51 Madison Ave., New York City.

CORONA

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No Store *"Around the Corner"* At the South Pole

So the Byrd Expedition Couldn't take a Chance

Exploring dangerous and unknown regions, with serious injury and death stalking every footstep, scientists take no needless risks. Dependable radio battery power might mean the difference between life and death. That is why four successive Byrd Expeditions have used Burgess Radio Batteries . . . why the Wilkins South Pole Expedition, and countless others—both in the past and right now—are relying upon them.

Scientists take nothing for granted. Boastful, or misleading statements are ignored. Entirely! Numberless tests . . . electrical, chemical, physical, mechanical . . . prove absolutely and conclusively that Burgess Radio Batteries have no equal in power, capacity, length of service, dependability and uniformity.

They are the best to be had . . . and it will pay you in many different ways to use, in your own set, Burgess Radio Batteries.

ASK FOR THEM BY NUMBER:

"Super B" No. 21308
Made especially for heavy-current consuming sets
$4.25

"Super B" No. 22308
Designed for general, all-around use on sets requiring only average power
$2.95

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
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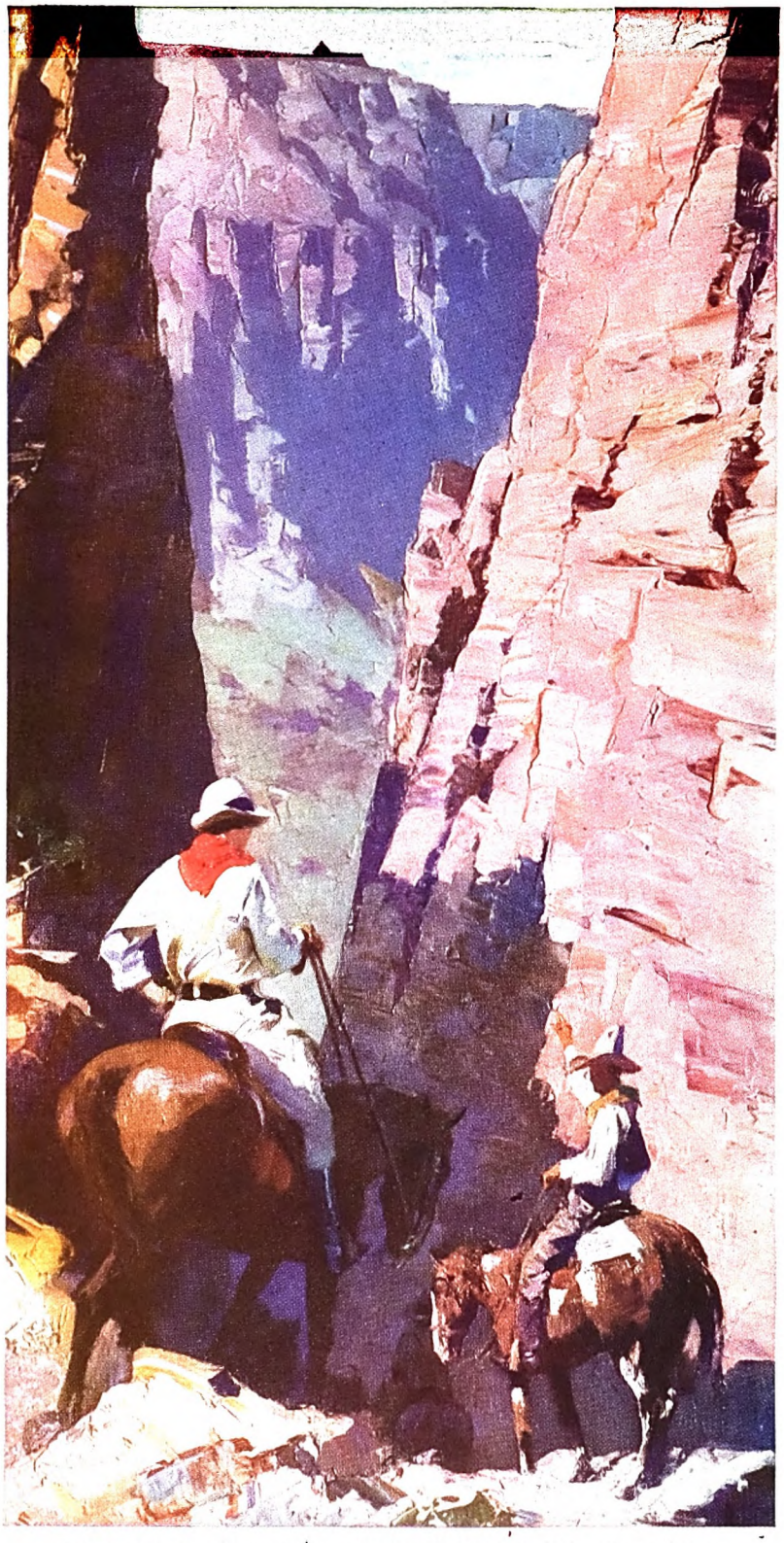
Even Bright Angel Trail leads to a soda fountain and *the pause that refreshes*

A BIGHORN sheep might venture within easy sight. A drouth can bring a herd of deer into the open for food. Bold hunters win bounties for mountain lions. Far-away, vast, untamable—the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Yet Bright Angel Trail, mountain-side path into the heart of this wild beauty, like the busy, paved streets of cities and towns, leads to a soda fountain and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Many thousands of tourists recall the day they climbed this trail on a pony or a mule. Then at El Tovar fountain learned what the pause that refreshes really means—and learned why Coca-Cola, with its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, is ready around the corner from anywhere.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.



On the rim of the Grand Canyon, in a wing of El Tovar Hotel, the little red Coca-Cola sign flashes its invitation to a cool and cheerful fountain—telling you how, when and where to pause and refresh yourself.

It had to be good to get where it is

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At Last—

A Radio that is really a Musical Instrument

"Victor-Radio is musically a singing likeness of the actual performer ...a revolutionary achievement. I close my eyes and imagine I hear the artist in person."
Lawrence Tibbett

"I have not words enough to express my admiration of the new Victor-Radio with Electrola. It should be called the 'eighth wonder of the world'."
Hulda Lashanska

"The new Victor-Radio with Electrola far surpasses the performance of any instrument I have ever heard... And on it my own records are so beautiful I am flattered to think that they are mine"
Beniamino Gigli

The perfection by Victor scientists of two remarkable new instruments suddenly revolutionized the world's standards of sound reproduction.

Here for the first time is a radio that meets the exacting requirements of the world's greatest artists—of every type of voice, of every instrument. With Victor-Radio, all the subtle variations of tone are *duplicated* without distortion. Only Victor could achieve this unvarying fidelity.

Victor-Radio is the only radio that is micro-synchronous. There is no guesswork about Victor performance. Tuning? You get your station with one motion... Hear Victor-Radio whether you have a radio or not!

And hear the sensational new Victor-Radio-Electrola—the ultimate—the finest of musical instruments. It brings you—from the same revolutionary Victor electro-dynamic reproducer—music from the air that sets a totally new standard of realism... and recorded music, brilliant and rich far beyond anything you have heard: all the music of the world, at your fingertips!

Play it from softest lullaby to full orchestra—Victor tone quality is unaltered!

Never before have even Victor craftsmen built cabinets of such distinction—so compact, exquisite. These instruments are wholly Victor-built—of world-famous Victor quality throughout.

Only unparalleled Victor resources make such low list prices possible. The Victor-Radio Console is only $155*—Victor-Radio-Electrola only $275*. Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victor-Radio-Electrola. The modern, complete home instrument; reproduces records electrically. List price $275. Less Radiotrons*

Victor-Radio Console R-32. Modernized circuit to meet present-day broadcasting requirements. List price $155. Less Radiotrons*

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